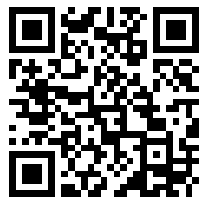

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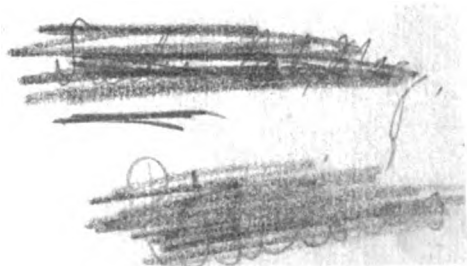
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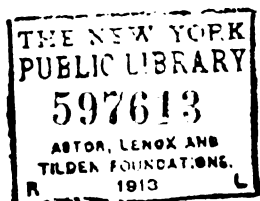
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1843

C.J. PETERSON.



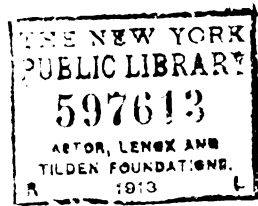
THE
LADY'S WORLD
OF
LITERATURE AND FASHION.

EDITED BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

VOLUME III.
FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, INCLUSIVE.

PHILADELPHIA:
CHARLES J. PETERSON.
1843.

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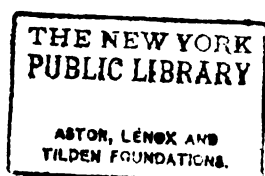
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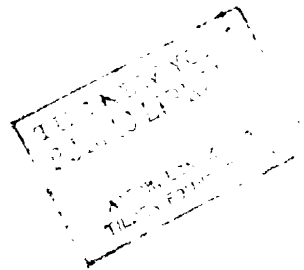
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Modelling of Dresses for January 1876.
Designed by Mrs. J. C. Wood.



THE LADY'S WORLD.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1843.

No. 1.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

As the season for balls and parties is now at hand we have chosen this month to present to our readers the most approved ball and evening dresses. The annexed engraving, in which these costumes appear, is the most elegant and costly fashion plate which has ever appeared, at least in the United States. The pictorial effect is exceedingly well managed, and the engraver has done all that his art permits, while the coloring is executed in a style of richness never before attempted. But one walking dress is represented in the plate, though full descriptions of carriage and promenade dresses are given below. In describing the figures we begin at the left hand of the picture.

Fig. 1.—A BALL DRESS of satin, the *jupe* being made excessively long and full, ornamented down each side of the front with a splendid facing of blonde, disposed in the perfect form of the capital letter A.; at distances upon the blonde are placed small roses made in pink *arcophane*; the *corsage à pointe*, cut square on the shoulders, and finished with a splendid stomacher *berthe*, attached in the front with small roses, reaching from the point of the waist to the top of the bust. The sleeves tight, and ornamented with a double *sabot* of blonde, caught up in the front of the arm with a single rose.

Fig. 2.—AN EVENING DRESS in a style which is becoming quite popular, it having a singularly spirited air. The dress is of tarlatane muslin, the skirt in the tunic form. The corsage is low, fitting tight to the top of the bust, but gathered in plaits in the centre of the waist. Short tight sleeves. A narrow cashemire border forms the girdle, and ornaments the sleeves, and skirt. The head-dress is of white gauze, edged with a narrow fulled blonde, falling lower on one side than the other. Over the top of the head is worn a garland of small daisies; while the hair is exposed on the back, there being no crown to the head-dress. The daisies, at the side, are intermixed with blonde.

Fig. 3.—AN EVENING DRESS somewhat in the same spirited style as the last, though less airy. The corsage

VOL. III.—1

of this dress bears some resemblance to that in figure 1. The other peculiarities of the costume are less striking.

Fig. 4.—A BALL DRESS. The upper *jupe* is chiefly remarkable for the large bows and lace with which it is trimmed, giving the costume an unusually rich appearance. The *corsage à pointe*, and the sleeves short. A bunch of delicate roses may be worn in the bosom. The under *jupe* is white, whatever may be the color chosen for the other.

Fig. 5.—A WALKING DRESS, whose elegant air has induced us to admit it into our engraving. The material of the dress is plain white organdie, merely finished round the bottom with a broad hem; Crispin body of deep blue *gros des Indes*, the form round and deep at the back, the front sitting close to the figure, and forming a perfect stomacher body attached down the centre of the front with buttons; the collar, arm-holes, and cape edged round with a light gympe trimming and narrow fringe; a splendid blue cord and tassels depend from the stomacher, the end of the arm-holes ornamented with smaller cords and tassels. Bonnet of white slightly turned back at the edge, and rather shallow at the ears, the crown decorated with a splendid shaded ostrich feather, the inside ornamented with bouquets of wild roses shaded pink and *mauve*; long streamers of *mauve* colored striped ribbon. This costume is especially appropriate for the milder days of winter.

Pelisses, cardinal mantles, and cloaks are in vogue for out of doors. Several elegant varieties of each have been reported to us by our London and Paris correspondents, from which we make the following selections.

PELISSES.—For promenade velvet or satin is worn, trimmed with flowers and sable or ermine. For carriages the white cachemire, lined with plaided silk, pink or pale blue, are most fashionable. Fancy buttons of silk, mother of pearl, gold or silver, are much used for decorations. One of the most beautiful is composed of French blue cachemire, trimmed with sable; up the centre of the skirt and body is a light kind of trimming composed of silk cord, and attached with small buttons; tight high body and sleeves; pelerine collar; jockeys and manchettes of sable. With this dress might be worn

a bonnet of a dark maroon velvet, the crown being a perfect round, and trimmed with small knots, with long drooping ends of striped terry velvet ribbon. Another walking pelisse is of rich shot Pekin silk, green and white, the front of the *jupe* handsomely ornamented with a vandyked trimming of open net work *passementerie*, attached here and there with buttons of pale green velvet; high corsage, forming a *point* in the front, and trimmed with vandykes to match those on the skirt; the waist a perfect point; the sleeves very tight, with very deep *jockeys* reaching nearly to the elbow, decorated with fancy vandykes round the edge; *manchettes* of the same. With this pelisse may be worn a bonnet of pale pink *velours épinglé*; the centre of the crown decorated with a roseatte of shaded pink, and white taffetas ribbon, from which stream two long ends; a beautiful shaded *coq* plume is placed so as to heighten the appearance of the left side of the crown; *brides* of blonde, interspersed with half wreaths of the American daisy. In Paris, a pelisse—in form a mixture of the *paletot* and pelisse—has appeared. It falls in large folds and is attached round the waist. The beauty of this pelisse consists in its not adding to the size of the *tournure*. Those in velvet, embroidered down the seams with *soutache* are by far the prettiest; the end of the *jupon* descending within a foot of the ground, and opening up each side; a pelerine is attached to this pelisse, opening also upon each arm, so as to allow of the sleeve passing.

CLOAKS.—For cloaks, velvet is the favorite material—though satin will be worn, embroidered in fine *soutache*, or braid of different shades, which gives the embroidery a raised appearance. Fur trimmings will be worn. A very beautiful cloak is made of velvet *oreille d'ours* or bear's ear color, the whole of the *manteau* being encircled with a rich embroidery of the same color but of different shades, and edged with a broad fringe in points of *guipure*. A small twisted rouleau *manteau* of myrtle green velvet is worn over a dress of French grey popelin, the skirt made very full and long, and trimmed round with a double *volant* of very deep silk fringe. The *manteau* is edged with a stamped arabesque border, encircling the entire mantle, collar and arm-holes; the collar and bottom part of this elegant cloak being finished with a broad bouillon fringe, just surmounting the top *volant* of fringe on the dress. With this mantle is worn a bonnet of black velvet, edged with pink plush, and trimmed with pink ribbon, and a magnificent ostrich plume, curled at the tip and just touching the shoulder; the interior of the brim decorated with a plain *bias* of pink tulle, surrounding the face, and interspersed at the sides with small pink branches of the almond tree. The **CARDINALS** have been elongated, and changed into cloaks, being called in this state, cardinal mantles. A very pretty style of these is made in violet colored velvet, embroidered *à colonnes*, and edged all round with a fall

of rich black guipure lace, headed with a *râche* of violet satin; small round collar of velvet, attached in front with a splendid silk cord and tassel.

WALKING DRESSES.—Satin, Scotch velvets, and dark plaid tartans, either of silk or cachemire, are the most favorite materials. Skirts are made longer and wider than ever, with three rows of tucks or flounces. The depth of the waists remains unaltered. The sleeves Louis XIV., and *à la Richelieu* retain their popularity. Pearls and French grey are, perhaps, the most fashionable colors. For styles we have one of this color with an open skirt trimmed on each side with a fringe of the same color, the centre breadth being *bouillonnée* across the whole length of the skirt, as well as the front of the corsage, the other part being tight and high, opening, however, in a point, so as to admit of the fullings: the sleeves plain, over which is worn a double pelerine cardinal, trimmed all round with a puffing of the same, and edged with a fringe. Another very beautiful walking dress is of fawn colored *moire*, the skirt ample, and ornamented with four rows of *bouillonnée* fringe, of a moderate width, and of the same shade and color as the dress; the body and sleeves perfectly plain. One of the new splendid cachemire scarfs is worn with this dress, of a beautiful cerulean blue. Bonnet of white *velours épinglé*, the brim ornamented with folds of areophane, the interior with small puffings or loops of pale pink ribbon. The crown of the bonnet decorated with three magnificent white marabouts, the under one being placed so as to fall rather low on the right side. And we have another style in Ottoman satin beautifully shaded, and made perfectly plain, but full and long in the skirt. Cardinal of rich black velvet, magnificently decorated and embroidered with *soutache*, *à la militaire*; round collar. Bonnet of purple velvet, decorated on the right side with four small *neige* plumes *nuée* gold color, the interior ornamented with small puffs of shaded ribbon of the same color as the feathers.

BONNETS.—We have already given several styles of bonnets, in the descriptions of the preceding costumes. Generally the velvet bonnets incline over the face, are low at the ears, and of rather a close shape. Young persons look best in *velours épinglé*, the form low—say, decorated with a wreath of eight *coques* of velvet encircling the crown, or are in white *gros d'Afrique*, having a wreath of small pink *Marguerites*. The bonnet *Marquise*, and the bonnet of velvet *Marguerite* are the two richest styles. The first is composed of apple green velvet, and lined with white velvet, the form slightly inclining over the face, and decorated in the interior with very small white *marabouts*, the exterior being ornamented with two branches of the Indian currant bush, and green *marabouts*; the other of *Marguerite* velvet, being trimmed with a drooping style of feather, composed of *marabouts*, attached with a daisy flower,

its leaves surrounding it, the inside of the *chapeau* having small tufts of feathers. Upon the richest kind of satin bonnets, trimmed with lace, are placed the heron plume of Dalmatia, being a description of *aigrette*, in its natural color. The *coq* feathers in all colors are much in vogue in Paris.

HEAD DRESSES.—Black lace is now being much used for Evening Costume: they are not fixed upon any foundation, but simply ornamented with bunches of orange colored *antilles*; this style of head-dress is called the *Clorinde*. *La Pompadour* is also a most becoming coiffure, being composed of white lace intermixed with roses. For full dress a coiffure of gold net-work and grenat velvet, having very long ends descending on each side, and terminated with long gold tassels reaching to the waist, is the favorite. A popular head-dress, called "*Coiffure Anne d'antruche*," is formed in velvet of four different colors, and ornamented with lace; there is also the *Chapeau Cardinal*, a simple and charming fantasie, composed of either black velvet or black lace, and decorated here and there with pale pink feathers.

BALL DRESSES.—Perhaps the most fashionable ball dresses are in *organdie*, beautifully embroidered à *colonnettes* in white, the dress being composed of three skirts, worn over the other, and all of the same color, though of three different shades, such as *rose Turc*, *rose de Provence*, and *rose pâle*, or the same in blue or lilac. The effect of these dresses is of the most pleasing and coquettish description. For *petites soirées* the most becoming material is decidedly *point d'Alencon*, or musline *brochée*, trimmed with a mixture of lace and ribbons *posés* in the most graceful manner. Some of these are called *robes dahlias*, and others the *robes odalisques* or *robes Christines*. We must not omit mentioning, for *les grandes soirées*, the dresses of Pompadour silk, richly trimmed with berthes and ornaments in guipure, called *royale*; also a dress à *triple jupe* in gaze d'*Ispahan*; the hem of the *jupe* headed with an open net-work of *passenterie*.

ROBES DE CHAMBRE.—The most beautiful robe brought out this season in Paris is of purple cachemire, lined with amber colored *gros de Naples*, the whole handsomely ornamented with amber colored cords and tassels, rich *cordillière* of the same. With this costume the hair is worn in curls. In London the latest styles are in Scotch plaid *mousseline de laines*; sleeves à *religieuse*, and in *mousseline* cachemire, lined with satin and embroidered in *soutache* of two shades, the shades being in harmony with the principal material and lining down the fronts of the *jupe*, and round the sleeves and pelerine. One of the principal modestes has brought out one in white flannel embroidered with a Greek border in *soutache*, and others in cachemire à *palmes*; the corsage having facings of satin.

MUFFS.—These are made of various furs—the most costly being of ermine or sable. In form they are even smaller than those worn last winter, and are ornamented at each end with broad white satin ribbon.

BAGS.—These are very fashionable. They are quite small, and mostly composed of velvet or cachemire, beautifully embroidered in pearls and gold, and silk braid.

DIRGE.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Low upon the cold earth lying,
Winter winds above thee sighing,
Sullen streams to them replying,
Thou art laid at rest.
Narrow is thy bridal bed,
Cold the pillow for thy head,
Strangers o'er thee careless tread,
And the common earth is spread
On that holy breast.

When the crescent moon is fading,
Mournfully through cloud-rifts wading;
And the solemn sea upbraiding
Wails upon the air—
Then I wander at midnight
Where thou liest out of sight,—
All things in the spectral light,
Driving cloud and hill-top white,
In my sorrow share.

In the whirling tempest drifting,
Over thee the snow is sifting—
Hark! the wind its lone cry lifting
Lost upon the lea.
Giant trees above thee grow,
And their ghastly arms they throw
On the bleak sky to and fro,
With a sound of utter woe—
Mourners there with me.

By thy side the icy river
Plashing wildly foams forever,
The long drooping grasses shiver,
Crisping in the wave—
O'er thee lonely bitterns cry,
The sea-eagle screams on high,
And the wild fox brushes by—
Yet all calmly thou dost lie
In thy quiet grave!

Oh! this bitter, long forsaking,
Oh! this anguished heart and breaking,
Woe is me! there is no waking
From thy sleep, my bride.
Scarce an hour we were wed—
With the blossoms on thy head
Thou wert laid amongst the dead—
Would to God 't were me instead,
Or that both had died!

HOUSE OF THE CACIQUES.*

CHI-CHEN RUINS.

BY B. M. NORMAN.

SITUATED about three rods south-west of the ruins of the Dome are those of the House of the Caciques, a sublime pile, and in the most perfect state of preservation of all those of Chi-Chen. We cut our way through the thick growth of small wood, and reached the eastern front of the buildings by means of the compass. Here we felled the trees that hid it, and the whole front was opened to our view in good condition, forming a most strange and elaborate piece of workmanship, entirely beyond our comprehension—no order of architecture

with which we were acquainted being perceptible. This front measures thirty-two feet, and its height twenty; extending to the main building fifty feet.

Over the door-way, which resembles, in a very slight degree, the Egyptian, is a heavy lintel of stone, containing two double rows of hieroglyphics, with a sculptured ornament intervening. Above these are the remains of carved hooks of stone, with raised lines of drapery running through them; which, apparently, have been broken off by the falling of the heavy finishing from the top of the building; over which, surrounded by a variety of chaste and beautifully executed borders, among which is the unique Chinese, encircled within a wreath is a female figure, in a sitting posture, in basso-relievo; having a head-dress of feathers, cords and

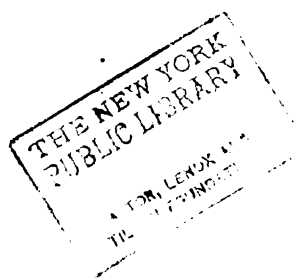


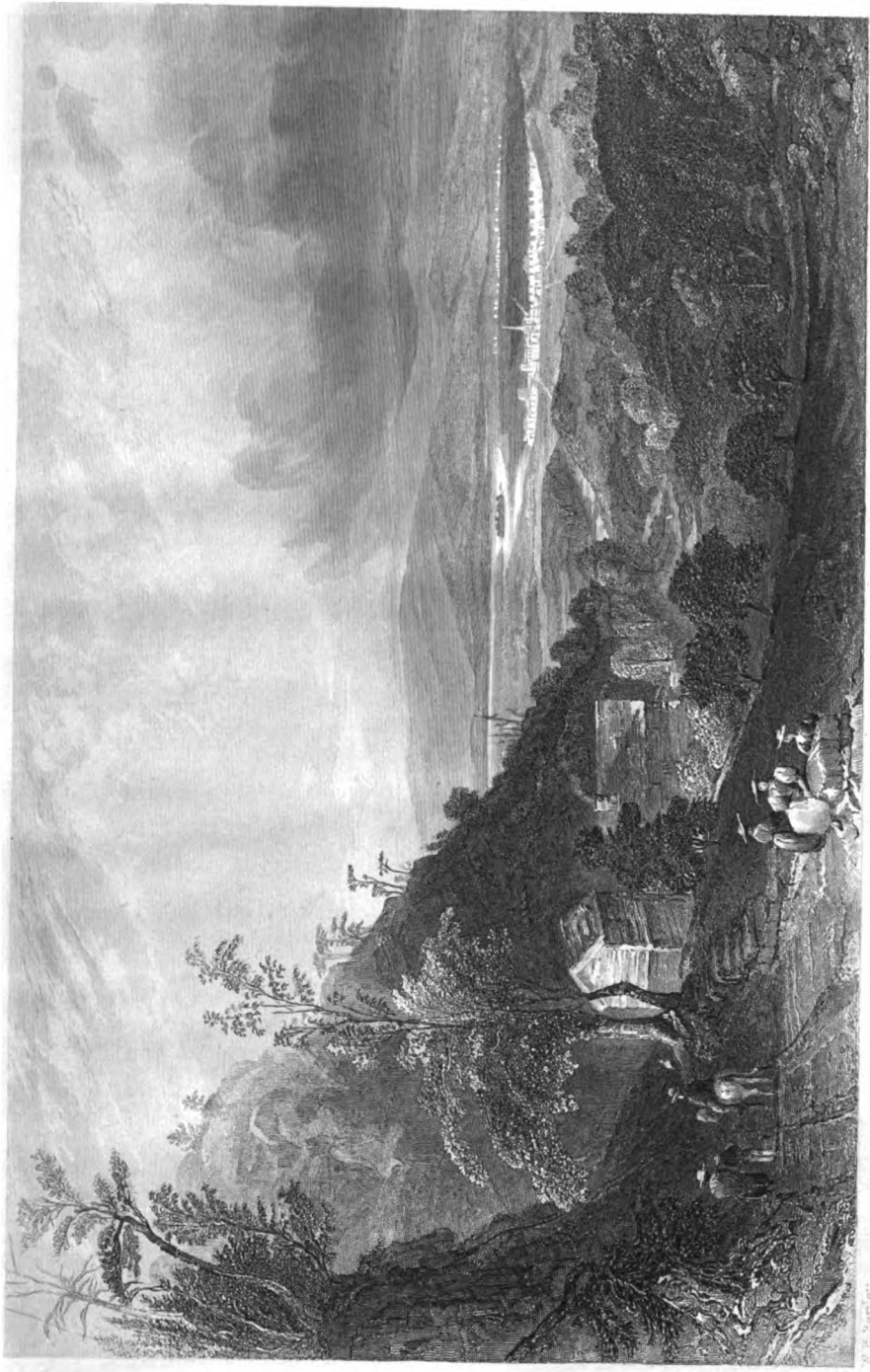
assels, and neck ornaments. The angles of this building are tastefully curved. The ornaments continue round the sides, which are divided in two compartments; being different, however, in the arrangement, although the style

is similar throughout. The large projecting hooks skilfully worked, and perfect rosettes and stars, with spears reversed, are put together with the utmost precision.

*The travels of Mr. Norman in Yucatan have lately excited much attention. The ruins of cities discovered by him prove, beyond a doubt, the former existence of a powerful and refined nation in the heart of Yucatan. But no traces of this once mighty people now remain except the crumbling and half buried edifices and temples which they reared. Mr. Norman has kindly furnished us with a drawing, accompanied by a description of the most remarkable of these ruins. We have had the drawing engraved to illustrate this paper.

The ornaments are composed of small square blocks of stone, cut to the depth of about one to one and a half inches, apparently with the most delicate and perfect instruments, and inserted or held by a shaft in the wall. The wall is made of large and uniformly square blocks of concrete limestone, set in mortar, which appears to be as durable as the stone itself. In the ornamental borders of this building we could discover but little analogy with those known to us. The most striking were those of the cornice and entablature, "chevron,"





THE DESCENT INTO THE VALLEY OF WYOMING

Engraved especially for the "Indian World."

and the "cable" moulding, which are characteristic of the Norman buildings.

The sides have three door-ways, each opening into small apartments, which are finished with smooth square blocks of stone; the floors of the same material, but have been covered with cement, which is now broken. The apartments are small, owing to the massive walls enclosing them, and the acute-angled arch forming the ceiling. The working and the laying of the stone are as perfect as they could be under the directions of a modern architect.

Contiguous to this front are two irregular buildings. The one on the right, situated about twenty feet from it, (about two feet off the right line) has a front of about thirty-five feet, ten wide and twenty high; containing one room similar to those before described. The front of this building is elaborately sculptured with rosettes and borders and ornamental lines; the rear and sides formed of finely cut stone, but which are now much broken. Near by are numerous heaps of hewn and broken stones, sculptured work and pillars.

The other building, on the left, is about eight feet from the principal front, measuring twenty-two feet in length, thirteen in width, and thirty-six in height. The top is quite broken; and has the appearance of having been much higher. The "Cactus" was growing thriftily upon its level roof. On all sides of this building are carved figures, broken images, in sitting postures; rosettes and ornamental borders, laid off in compartments; each compartment having three carved hooks on each side and angle. This building contains but one room similar to that on the right. Soil is collected on the tops or roofs of these structures to the depth of three to four feet, which is covered with trees and other vegetation.

From these portions of the ruins we worked our way through the wild thicket, by which they are surrounded, to the north side of the main building; in the centre of which we found a flight of small stone steps overgrown with bushes and vines; which we cut away and made an ascent, by pulling ourselves up to the summit, a distance of forty feet. This platform is an oblong square, one hundred by seventy-five feet. Here we found a range of rooms, occupying about two-thirds of the area; the residue of the space probably formed a promenade, which is now filled up with crumbling ruins, covered with trees and grass. These rooms varied in size; the smallest of which measured six by ten, and the largest six by twenty-two feet.

The most of these rooms were plastered, or covered with a fine white cement; some of which was still quite perfect. By washing them off we discovered fresco paintings—but they were much obliterated. The subjects could not be discerned. On the eastern end of these rooms is a hall running transversely four feet

wide, (having the high angular ceiling) one side of which is filled with a variety of sculptured work; principally rosettes and borders, with rows of small ballustrade pillars and pilasters; having three square recesses, and a small room on either side. Over the door-ways of each are stone lintels, three feet square, carved with hieroglyphics, both on the front and under side.

The western end of these rooms is in almost total ruins. The northern side has a flight of stone steps, but much dilapidated, leading to the top; which, probably, was a look-out place, but is now falling to pieces.

The southern range of rooms is much broken; the outside of which yet shows the elaborate work with which the whole building was finished.

We vainly endeavored to find access to the interior of the main building. Two apertures were discovered; caused, probably, by the vastness of the pile, or by some convulsion of nature. In these apertures we made excavations, but could not discern any thing like apartments of any description. It seemed to be one vast body of stone and mortar, kept together by the great solidity of the outer wall; which was built in a masterly manner, of well-formed materials; its angles finished with circular blocks of stone of a large and uniform size, in good keeping with the whole.

WYOMING.

BY HARRIET SIMMES

LOVELIER than the orange bowers

In the eastern clime,

Where the silver-footed hours

Tripping gaily o'er the flowers

Chase away dull Time—

Lovelier than the star of night—

Lovely ever to my sight

Art thou Wyoming!

Through the valley gently flowing

Winds the stream away—

Slant across the landscape throwing

Golden showers brighter growing,

Sinks the orb of day—

While the shadows far and wide

Lengthen from the mountain side,

Lovely Wyoming!

By that river calmly sleeping

In the sunset still,

Once were babes and mothers weeping,

Death his crimson harvest reaping,

Reaping to his fill—

Yet so quiet now thy vale

We could almost doubt the tale,

Peaceful Wyoming!

THE DOVE.

BY MRS. E. H. MAY.

"How beautiful," said Eveline, "not a speck any where on his glossy coat—oh! what a pet we shall make of him," and she gazed up in admiration at the dove which her cousin held caressingly to her lips.

"It is indeed a treasure," said Alice, again caressing it, "how thoughtful in Roland! Let me see, I will call it Roland, after the donor; and so think of him and of the time when he will return."

Alice and Eveline were cousins; but Alice was a rich heiress, while Eveline depended on the bounty of their mutual uncle, Sir James Morton, the guardian of the orphan heiress. Brought up from childhood together, the two cousins had scarcely one thought which was not in common, each sharing the others little confidences, and evincing a love which led many to suppose them sisters. If Alice was sick, who watched by her so tenderly as Eveline? If Eveline could not leave her chamber, did not Alice deny herself the glorious sunshine and the gallop through the park that she might read to the invalid? In childhood they had slept together, and now, though both were budding into womanhood, they still shared the same couch. Eveline knew, as well as Alice knew herself, the whole progress of the affection which had grown up between the young heiress, and Roland De Villiers.

But who was Roland De Villiers? A young cadet, descended from a distant branch of the family, who had come, about a year before, to reside at Morton Castle in the capacity of secretary to Sir James. Graceful, and accomplished in every manly exercise, it became at once his understood duty to attend the cousins in their rides, on one of which occasions he opportunely rescued Alice from a frightened horse who had galloped with her to the very edge of a precipice, and who in another moment would have plunged with her into the abyss below. The gratitude which this act called forth soon ripened into love on the part of Alice, and it is scarcely necessary to say that the feeling was returned, for, from the first moment when the young cadet beheld her, he had imbibed for her a passion which was to end only with his life.

The growing attachment between his secretary and ward escaped the notice of Sir James; and both, yielding themselves to the delicious emotions of the hour, took no thought of the possibility that other destinies might be planned out for them by the haughty baronet. Thus a year passed smoothly on, in such unmitigated happiness, that even Eveline, in beholding their felicity, grew happier herself. Oh! there is nothing like a first and unclouded love. In that delicious dream every thing lends its aid to increase our joy. The flowers seem

more beautiful than before; the brook sings on its way with a gladness which makes our very heart leap; the birds have a carol sweeter than the music of Eden; and winds and woods and skies, the leaflet and the verdant grass, hill-top, and valley, all rejoice with us.

But every dream has its waking, and Alice and her lover were to be separated. The baronet's attention had at last been called to the intimacy existing between the lovers, though he was still ignorant that their vows had been exchanged. Dreading, however, such a result—for he had other views for Alice—he determined to banish Roland from the castle, and accordingly procured him a commission in the Guards, of a character so honorable that the young man would not hesitate to accept it. His scheme succeeded, and Roland left the castle, full of gratitude toward his patron, and burning with enthusiastic hopes of winning wealth and fame to lay at the feet of the Lady Alice.

The evening before his departure was spent with Alice, and many were the vows exchanged between the lovers. A favorite pet, a snow-white dove, which hitherto had been the inhabitant of his room, was commended to the care of his mistress, and then, imprinting a last kiss on her lips, he tore himself from her. The next morning at daybreak he departed, but not before Alice had caught a last look at him, as she watched from behind the curtain of her chamber window. Thenceforth the pet dove, that last gift of Roland, was to become her almost constant companion.

A few months after the departure of her lover, Sir James announced the expected arrival of Lord Balmerine, a young nobleman who had lately come into possession of a handsome estate, but of whom more than one unpleasant rumor touching his character had already got afloat. Sir James, however, alluded to these in order to deny them, when he announced the intended visit.

"He will perhaps spend a month with us, perhaps longer," he concluded, glancing at Alice, "he is certainly a most agreeable as well as worthy man." Her guardian spoke this in a meaning tone which required no interpretation, and the heart of Alice sunk as she listened.

"What shall we do, Eveline?" she said, when alone with her cousin, "the meaning of Sir James is evident. You know he is my guardian, and I believe controls the disposition of my estates unless I marry to please him. And this dreadful Lord Balmerine, who is so cruel, and the prey of the worst vices."

"Heigho!" said the gayer Eveline, "we shall have quite a pretty romance of our own yet. But I see you are too serious to laugh. Well, then, if we can do no better we can give up our estates sooner than marry this wicked lord. I suspect that, after all, he cares more for your rich manors than for yourself."

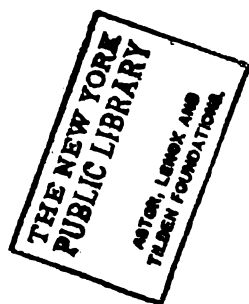
When the expected suitor arrived his appearance and



Fig. 1. 1801

Fig. 2. 1801

Fig. 1. 1801
Fig. 2. 1801



demeanor fulfilled the worst fears of the cousins. He was about thirty, and had once been handsome; but something, apparently a life of dissipation, had erased every lineament of beauty, and impressed on his countenance selfishness, coarseness and brutality. Under what strange hallucination Sir James had been led to favor the suit of this nobleman was a mystery to the cousins. Their minds were too innocent to suspect the truth. The baronet was addicted to play, and in his last visit to the capital had lost such large amounts to Lord Balmerine as to place himself in the nobleman's power.

The attentions of Lord Balmerine soon became so obtrusive that Alice found difficulty in avoiding him, even for the few hours each day which she had been wont to dedicate to private study; and notwithstanding her coldness and even hauteur toward him he persevered in these attentions, as if conscious that the influence of her guardian would remove her scruples, whether they arose merely from maiden coyness, or from a more serious source. But the vain nobleman, who prided himself on his successful gallantries, never entertained the thought that his daily rebuffs arose from any thing but the modesty of a young and inexperienced girl. He had been about a month at the castle, when one morning Sir James entered the boudoir of Alice, and politely requesting Eveline's absence, took a seat by his fair ward, who trembled violently, in anticipation of his errand.

"My dear niece," he began, with his usual courtly suavity, "I am growing old, and have long been casting about in my mind how I should best fulfil my trust to see you properly settled in life. At length fortune has come to my aid, by introducing to my acquaintance my Lord Balmerine, a nobleman of sufficient rank, of ancient family, and of extensive possessions," he paused to see what effect his words had on her, but as she continued silent and with downcast eyes, he resumed. "My lord yesterday honored me with a proposal for your hand, and as you must have seen the particularity of his attentions toward you, and had, by your silence, encouraged his hopes, I did not hesitate to accept him for you."

Alice felt as if she could have sunk into the floor, but rallying her reeling faculties, she made an effort to look up, and gasped rather than said,

"But—but"—she could utter no more.

"But what?" said Sir James, somewhat sternly, "surely you have not deceived Balmerine and myself."

Alice felt that her suitor could not be deceived, but her uncle's assertion staggered her as to his own impressions. Alas! she little knew the deep plot that had been laid against her. At length she spoke,

"Oh! do not," she said, clasping her hands, and looking up into her uncle's face, "marry me to that man. Indeed, indeed I can never love him."

"Pshaw!" said Sir James rising, for he wished to avoid expostulation, "a mere girlish whim. Nor do I," he continued with a sternness that silenced Alice with fear, "intend that any such foolish notion shall prevent you from securing your own happiness; for with one so high in rank and so opulent as Lord Balmerine how can you be else than happy? And mark me, I have noticed an improper intimacy between you and De Villiers; and shall, therefore, deem it my especial duty to see that you do not fall a prey to a designing fortune-hunter. You will yourself thank me hereafter for any vigor I may now use toward you. Prepare then to marry my lord in two days. This is Monday—on Wednesday you become his bride," with these words he left the chamber, and Alice fell fainting on the floor.

Sir James had calculated on overawing his gentle niece, and perhaps he would have succeeded if she had been alone. But Eveline possessed a determination united to an energy which rendered her a dangerous opponent; and her sympathies were fully enlisted on the side of her cousin. From Alice she learned all, and at once began to look about for means of circumventing the plot.

"Cheer up, dear Alice," she said, winding her arm tenderly around the neck of her cousin, "it is the darkest day, you know, just before the dawn; and who can tell but, ere three days, instead of being the wife of this hateful lord, you may be the wife of Roland"—Alice hid her blushing face in the bosom of Eveline—"we must think of some way to circumvent this foul plot against him and you; and it would be a pretty tale indeed, if the wit of two women cannot hit on an expedient." She spoke thus gaily to re-assure her companion.

"Oh! you do not know my uncle," answered the desponding Alice, "when he has once made up his mind nothing can move him. Besides he has, you know, the sole disposition of my hand."

"And what of that? Are you to make yourself miserable for life to please him?"

"But my father commanded it in his will, and it is his wish, and not my uncle's, which I am called on to obey."

"Now, if you talk in this strain, I shall give up all hope. Do you think your kind, good father would ever have asked you, much less forced you to marry such a man as Lord Balmerine. The idea is not to be thought of, dear Alice."

"But what shall we do? Oh! if Roland was here," she said, wringing her hands.

"And yet," continued Eveline, after a pause, "I scarcely know how he can get here in time. It is a three day's journey to London—that is six days to go and come—and the wedding is named for Wednesday," and she paused again in perplexity. The space of a minute elapsed, during which neither spoke.

"The dove—the dove," suddenly exclaimed Alice, her face lighting up with hope, "I remember that Roland once told me his pet belonged to the carrier species, of whose wonderful sagacity and swiftness we have read such marvellous accounts."

"Oh! what a happy thought," said Eveline, springing up and clapping her hands with delight, "we will tie a billet to the bird and let him fly, when he will make for his old home in London. Long before night Roland will be on his way hither. I will run and bring the precious messenger."

All was now delight, for the revulsion from despair to hope is ever extatic. The carrier dove was soon freighted with his precious billet, in which Alice and Eveline narrated, in as few words as possible, the extent of the danger which surrounded the heiress, and conjured Roland to come to their aid, and if possible to save her. When the bird was loosed, he paused an instant and looked back on his late friends, as if conscious of his important mission, and anxious to assure them, and then wheeling in the direction of the capital, shot off like an arrow from the bow.

But though, during the rest of that day, the cousins were full of hope, night brought with it doubts and fears which until then had been overlooked. The bird might deceive them after all, or Roland might not be in London, or he might be unable to reach them in time, and, even if he did arrive before the ceremony, could he prevent the sacrifice? Such questions they asked each other until finally, long after midnight, exhausted nature asserted her claim, and they fell asleep in each others arms. With morning hope assumed its sway, but long ere evening they began to despond; and when the fatal day arrived, bringing no intelligence of Roland, even Eveline was in despair.

Meanwhile the preparations for the ceremony were in progress, and the company had met in the great parlor. Alice had suffered herself to be attired in a rich dress, Eveline assisting her with trembling hands. At first they had thought of flight, but when Eveline would have reconnoitred, she saw that they were watched by confidential servants at every avenue. In despair she returned to Alice, admitting that there was no hope; for escape was impossible, and the hour had long passed when Roland, by riding night and day, would have arrived. More like a victim therefore than a bride, the almost fainting Alice, attended by Eveline, descended to the parlor. A cold shudder seized the bride when her intended husband approached her; and she would have again besought her uncle's mercy had not his stern frown at her imploring look forbidden all hope. Nor did the company afford one to whom she could turn for aid except only Eveline.

The bridegroom assumed his place, the ceremony began, and the priest had asked if any one there forbade

the marriage, when a rush was heard at the door, and three individuals entered, one of whom exclaimed in answer to the question,

"I do—I, Roland De Villiers, as holding the maiden's plight, and in the name of these two companions, trustees of the will of the late Sir Edward Lennox, father of the bride."

All started, and the priest paused; while Lord Balmerine moved closer to the bride, but Alice, evading him, flew to her lover, shrieking,

"Save me—save me!"

"I will, dearest," said De Villiers, tenderly pressing her to his bosom, "Lord Stanhope will you be so good as to read the certified copy of the will."

One of his companions, an elderly gentleman, stepped forth, and read aloud from a parchment which he held in his hand, to the effect that Sir James Morton was to have the guardianship of the heiress until her eighteenth year, and the right until that age of controlling her choice in marriage; but when her eighteenth year had been reached his right was to cease, and *the penalty of losing her estates if she married against his will was to be thereafter of no effect.* "And now," continued the reader, "I hold in my hand the certified register of her birth, by which it appears that the Lady Alice Lennox is eighteen to-day, and consequently your right, Sir James, has passed away," he continued, turning to where the baronet had stood. But Sir James had slipped off unobserved while the will was reading.

The discomfort of Lord Balmerine can be better understood than described. He saw that his scheme had failed and did not pause long before he followed his confederate. It was subsequently learned that Sir James was deeply in his debt for sums lost at the gaming table, and that the marriage of the niece to the nobleman was to have been in discharge of these claims. The baronet hoped, by deceiving Alice as to her right to choose her husband, and by overawing her timid nature, to force her into a union with Lord Balmerine before she should become aware of her rights.

"But how came you to arrive so opportunely?" exclaimed Eveline.

"The dove, faithful to his errand, reached me on Monday evening, flying in at the window of his old chamber. I saw the billet at once and learned all. Happily I bethought me of Lord Stanhope, whom I knew to be one of the trustees, and who could not, I felt assured, see you thus sacrificed. To him I hastened, and then, for the first time, learned your rights. Before midnight we had procured the necessary documents, and have posted hither day and night."

Our story is done. There was a marriage, but it was that of the Lady Alice and her lover, for now that she was her own mistress, on whom else could she bestow her hand?

THE BELLE OF RANK.

BY MRS. C. K. FOWNELL.

"BROTHER," said Isabel Melville, "who was that outlandish creature I saw you with in Main street yesterday? I mean the girl in the plain, white silk bonnet, and drab dress that looked as if it had once been on a mummy."

"Oh! you mean Emily Payne, I suppose, for she does not dress as a fine lady like you would."

"And who is Emily Payne? Your washerwoman or her daughter?" said Isabel, with a toss of her head.

"Neither," replied Alfred, with a quiet smile, looking his sister in the face, "she is the daughter of a reduced family, and lives with her widowed mother. They have heretofore resided in one of the northern counties—lived in a log hut I believe—but have now come to Cincinnati, where they talk of opening a millinery shop. I can promise them your custom, I suppose," continued the brother, with that same provokingly quiet smile, as if he foresaw the horror, which his fashionable sister would entertain at the idea of employing such a person for a milliner. Nor was he disappointed.

"My custom!" replied the indignant Isabel, "indeed, sir, you have odd notions if you think such a fright is capable of making my dresses. The idea is preposterous, and I beg you will never mention it again. She may do to supply the wives and daughters of day-laborers. But how, in the name of common sense, did you become acquainted with her? I am shocked at you for walking with her in the street."

"I met her last year when I was travelling to the lakes. You know I was thrown from my horse, and confined three weeks with the injuries. Through that illness Emily Payne was my nurse, and I think even you will admit that I owe her some gratitude," and he spoke with deep feeling.

"To be sure, to be sure—no one questions it. You ought to get her recommended about, though don't you see how indelicate it is for you to do it personally? I'll mention it to the housekeeper, and tell her to send all the servant girls there. Now that I'll do—no thanks. But, for mercy's sake, don't be seen again walking the streets with such an antediluvian relic of a woman, or I shall be forced not to recognize you," and Isabel sailed from the room, in all the dignity of a lady patroness, imagining that her brother was grateful of course for the customers she had promised to send to Emily Payne.

Alfred stood looking out into the street from the window until her retreating footsteps had died on the hall stairs, when he burst into a hearty laugh.

"My good sis!" he said, "one cannot help smiling at her weakness. She is all for aristocracy, fashion, and the other jargon of the silly portion of her sex. Poor

Emily! you will have a hard judge in her, when we are married. But faith! a thought has struck me, and I'll see what can be done. I'll outwit Isabel yet, and make her love her new sister-in-law past all description," and with a face glowing with his new project, he seized his hat and hurried from the house.

Isabel had an excellent heart, but had one weakness—the pride of birth and fashion. She sought no one's acquaintance unless they came recommended by a coat of arms, or the fame of the ball-room. Her brother was totally dissimilar in this respect; regarded no distinctions except those of merit; and was as willing to shake hands with an honest laborer as with a millionaire or the son of a duke. On this subject the brother and sister could never agree; and consequently when Alfred met with the accident to which he alluded, and was carried to the house of Mrs. Payne insensible, where he remained until well, and where he learned to love her daughter, charmed by her thousand good qualities, he said nothing on the subject to Isabel.

Alfred soon reached the humble dwelling of Mrs. Payne, and in a moment was sitting by the side of his betrothed. We will not pause to describe her beauty: it was striking and unrivalled; though half destroyed by the plain, old fashioned dress which she wore, and which certainly did merit a portion of Isabel's anathema. But then Emily had already had to struggle with the world, and poverty and the distance she had lived from the city were sufficient reasons, in the eyes of her lover, for her costume. He had determined, however, that she should no longer do injustice to herself.

"I have a favor to ask of you, dear Emily," he said, taking her small hand in his, and looking fondly into her clear, blue eyes, "you must grant it, before I tell what it is, for I will pledge you there is nothing wrong in my request."

"On that pledge I promise," said Emily, "and now what is it, Alfred?"

"There is to be a ball this night week, where all the belles of the city will be gathered. My boon has relation to this ball and is twofold—first, that you go there with me—secondly, that you wear a dress of which I will select, both the materials and style of making. No objection now—you needn't shake your head—mind, you have promised. It's a whim of mine, and for the reasons, I'll tell them some other time."

Emily would have argued, but Alfred playfully silenced her; and finally she gave him her consent to his plan. The week soon passed away. Isabel and her brother had no more conversation about the milliner; but the sister was anxious to know who he intended taking to the ball, and Alfred determined on a deception which he thought, under the circumstances, innocent.

"One of the most glorious women you ever saw, sis—a perfect goddess. She is a stranger of noble

birth, and will produce quite a sensation. As for the rest 'meet me at Philippi,'" and he lounged laughing out of the room.

Isabel was now dying of curiosity to learn who this stranger might be—she made enquiries who had come to the city, and thought it singular that she had not met this new beauty. But the very day of the ball she heard that the Hon. Mr. Worthington and his sister Lady Emily Worthington had arrived in the city, and, as she had heard her brother speak of knowing this gentleman in Europe, she concluded the sister was to be her brother's partner that evening. Her suspicion was strengthened by the knowing look her brother put on when she alluded to the subject at the dinner table.

That night the ball-room was in a buzz for the arrival of the two distinguished strangers. At length they appeared, the brother and Alfred Melville attending the sister, whose extraordinary beauty and the richness of whose dress attracted the mingled envy and admiration of our sex. The Hon. Mr. Worthington was introduced in form, but, what was singular, the sister was presented by her christian name alone. However, at the time, this was not noticed; and all strove to make the acquaintance of so magnificent a creature, whose affability equalled her beauty. Among the foremost to pay court to the stranger was Isabel Melville, who never ceased in her praises, and, as her word was the law of a large set of fashionables, the Lady Emily became, before the evening closed, the acknowledged idol. Without exaggeration we may say, never had so brilliant a creature appeared in Cincinnati.

"How could you deceive me so," said Emily reproachfully, when Alfred took his seat by her in the carriage, after the ball was over, "you know I consented to do no more than go with you and dress as you pleased, and you know I did both unwillingly. But I never dreamed of this imposition—indeed, indeed, you have gone too far," and she burst into tears, covering her face with her hands.

"Dear Emily," said Alfred, "forgive me, or at least hear my story." He then related his sister's character, and the plot he had formed, continuing thus, "It was only yesterday that my friend Worthington came to Cincinnati. We were bosom friends in London, and I knew he would aid me in any thing. It struck me that, if I could present you as his sister, my triumph over Isabel would be complete. He entered heartily into the plot. It was kept secret from you however; and you see how we have succeeded. I will take all the blame on myself. And now will you not forgive me for this innocent trick?"

When did lover, pleading eloquently, plead in vain? Much as Emily disapproved of the deception, she saw no course now but to submit to circumstances and award forgiveness to her lover.

"What a perfect beauty—what an angelic face!" were the exclamations of Isabel next morning at the breakfast table, "how sweet the manners of Lady Emily—with what a distinguished air she moves and talks—oh! I am in raptures with her."

"And you really think her lady-like?"

"A perfect princess."

"And beautiful?"

"Why how you talk!—beautiful as Diana."

"And finished in manners."

"A very paragon."

"Do you think you could love her, especially as a sister-in-law?"

"Oh! of all things—but surely you jest."

"Not at all, my sweet sis—I am going to marry her."

"And it is true? Now, do you know, in spite of all your levelling doctrines, I said you'd never marry any body but a lady of rank?—for they only have those graces which are inborn and come from blood. How magnificently she was dressed!"

"Are you quite sure though that the dress had nothing to do with her beauty?"

"Oh! she would have looked the lady in any thing. I have a quick eye for high birth."

"And yet," said Alfred, with that old provokingly quiet smile, "do you know, my good sis, that this Lady Emily was one day seen walking with me, and that you called her, simply from her dress (which I admit was old fashioned and not very pretty) an outlandish antediluvian? In short, do you know that the Lady Emily, and Miss Payne, the milliner, are one and the same person?"

Isabel let fall her coffee cup, and stared incredulously at her brother. His quiet smile assured her that he spoke the truth, and, at first, she was disposed to be angry; but remembering that she had committed herself in favor of her brother's partner, and perceiving how very ridiculous anger would be under the circumstances, she said,

"Well, Alfred, you have outwitted me for once. Your betrothed is certainly beautiful, accomplished, and very lady-like—what a pity she is not really Mr. Worthington's sister."

"Her birth is noble, however, if that will quiet your scruples, sis; for her grandfather was a baron of the realm. But now own how great a difference dress makes in personal appearance, and don't say hereafter that you have a peculiarly quick eye to discern high birth."

Isabel, on a closer acquaintance with her new sister—for Alfred led Emily to the altar immediately afterward—found no cause to change the opinion she had formed on their first interview. And through the influence of her brother and his lovely wife she soon learned to discard altogether her ridiculous notions respecting rank.

MEETING OF THE YEARS.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

I SAW them meet, the old year and the new
 In ærial pomp beside my wild wood home.
 Night lay upon the forest, cold and still,
 Like hope upon my pathway. The bright moon
 Pour'd from her silver bowl a flood of light
 Upon earth's ermine robe of drifted snow,
 O'er which innumerable diamonds flash'd,
 Dazzling my weary eye with piercing gleams,
 Shifting and quivering, even amid the gloom
 Of the dark foliage of the noble pines
 That border the bright hill-side. Lo! a sound
 Of spirit pinions passing to and fro,
 Among the moving branches, while the trees
 Majestically bow'd their plumed heads
 Unto the airy ministers of heaven,
 Whose voices blend in a mysterious hymn
 Of liquid melody, that fills the night
 With wordless worship to the living God;
 Worship far more appropriate and pure
 Than all the studied harmony of words
 That man has mind to frame, or voice to chaunt.
 Flashing like ice-drops in the morning beam,
 A group of glorious creatures swept along.
 First one of lofty and majestic mien,
 And strange and dreamy beauty, which the eye
 Could gaze upon forever and not tire.
 Her foot upon the snow-drift left no print
 And waked no echo, silently and swift
 She moved, like a bright dream, all unadorn'd
 Save her own heavenly beauty. In one hand
 She held the seal of fate and key to heaven;
 The other grasp'd a sceptre of strange power,
 The touch of which changes all things on earth,
 And writes on all life's glories Vanity.
 I knew the silent angel, she is Time
 The eldest daughter of Eternity,
 Immortal youth and chastity are hers;
 Though all mankind with ardent sighs and tears
 Pour out their prayers before her, every one
 Beseeching her to stay and be his own,
 She passes on unheeding. At her side
 With measured solemn pace and weary air
 A fair æthereal creature held her way,
 Her feet were stain'd with blood, and her dark locks
 Were thickly gemm'd with tears, and deep sad sighs
 Were breathing round her like the atmosphere
 Which the green nightshade gathers round its bower.
 Her ample robe which had been purely white
 Was written o'er with myriad tales of sin,
 And dark deceit, and suffering, and woe.
 While glittering here and there like radiant gems
 Amid the dross and blackness of the mine
 Worthy and generous deeds were chronicled,
 And penitential tears were sprinkled o'er
 In beautiful relief to the dark lines
 That spake of shame, and wrong. She bore a vase
 Fill'd with sweet faded flowers which she had torn
 From many a bleeding stem. Hark! A deep peal

Startled the dreaming midnight, and a sigh
 Heaved the dark bosoms of the solemn wood.
 And died in cold dark silence. Lo! a sound,
 And a young regal spirit was display'd
 In robes of glistening white. A radiant smile
 Play'd o'er her features, like the morning beam
 Upon the robe of May. Her right hand bore
 A dewy cluster of the richest balm
 That ever grew on Gilead. But a sword,
 Keen as the quivering lightning, graced her left.
 "Sister!" she cried, as the old year advanced,
 "God calls thee to thy rest. I come to bring
 Healing unto the wounds that thou hast made,
 And to inflict others as dread and deep."
 They joined their hands a moment, while the winds
 Paused on their moonlight pinions. Then young Hope
 Came with her magic smile, and golden curls,
 Gemm'd with sweet dewy buds from the wild rose;
 Her silver lute was perfectly in tune,
 And warbled symphony to all her songs
 Of soul entralling promise. Gracefully
 She led the welcome New Year. But I saw
 Time walking still beside them, unperceived
 By those who revel'd in their joyousness.
 The old year dropp'd the pale flowers from her grasp;
 Gather'd her robe of record round her form,
 And the pavilion of eternity
 Enclosed her in its misty drapery,
 And she was gone forever. Then remained
 Of all the pageant of that midnight chime
 One pensive angel, with bright fragrant tears
 Upon her smiling beauty. Carefully
 She gather'd from the snow those scatter'd flowers,
 Wreath'd them in garlands for her breast and brow,
 And sung such sweet sad legends of their bloom,
 Mingling their incense with her tuneful song,
 That the pent waters of my swollen heart gushed
 And flowed in cooling drops o'er all the wounds
 That burned within my bosom. Memory!
 How kind thou art, thus to preserve life's flowers,
 And soothe the mourning spirit with thy hymn
 When years have past, and Hope sped gaily by
 To dwell with young glad hearts.

RACHEL.

I CANNOT paint thee as thou art to me—
 A being luminous with heavenly truth,
 Gentle, retiring, mild as patient Ruth,
 A seraph sent to teach us how to be:
 Oh! in thy face such purity I see,
 That I am minded of a quiet nook,
 With snowy lilies sleeping on the brook.
 And leaves of summer rustling pleasantly:
 And yet within thy modest bosom lies
 Stern resolution for the right to act;
 No sophistry can e'er thy heart mislead;
 Silent thou art, but with a soul compact,
 Enduring, strong for every noble deed,
 And Home and Heaven arc in thy meek blue eyes!

LUCY WYNNE;

OR, RUSTIC FELICITY AND FASHIONABLE MISERY.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

CHAPTER I.

THE term fashion is merely the *elite* synonyma of display, and near a city every object is indelibly and universally stamped with it. What in its original beauty the Great Author sealed Nature, the art of man contorts into a second edition marked Fashion. Modesty is not the germ of a court, and if by accident it blooms among the weeds of fashion, it becomes by the contrast an eccentricity—it is turned into ridicule by the congregation of arrogance around it, in which vanity struggles to out-brazen vanity. Devoid of modesty, the fashionable man of the city is only happy when prominent: and like the man are his works. If you would seek his mansion, you must raise your eyes to where it frowns upon the hill-top, or towers up from the lowland to a height that is immoderately disproportioned to its base, as if its aspiring chimneys were endeavoring to overreach the more elevated situation of its neighbors. And strange, that the monuments of his pride should so reflect upon his silly vanity, that where by his works he has most labored to show his superiority his insignificance should become most apparent. For amidst all his gaudy grandeur, is not the plotting denizen of the city less noble than the rustic who dwells and meditates honestly with nature in her plainest garb: or can the one, who revels in the artificial haunts of luxury and vice, enjoy a tithe of the happiness of the other, who sits at feasts of the Omnipotent's preparation, and pledges Heaven in the pure nectar of the forest fountain? Ere the interrogation is answered, permit us to make a narration.

It was near the midnight hour of a still November night, that a light still glimmered from the windows of a cottage, whose plain walls were modestly half concealed in a locust grove, at the extremity of a romantic vale in Western Virginia. A lone female, and handsome, though rather beyond the meridian of life, kept vigil by the fire-side, within a small and rudely, but comfortably furnished room. The Holy Book was open upon her knee, and she was poring over the sacred pages like one engaged in seeking provision for her spiritual necessities; but as at intervals a stirring of the air without would awake the midnight stillness to a whisper, she would start—erect her bowed form and lean her head in a listening attitude, which betrayed there was something of earth not wholly banished her bosom.

She was a mother; and closely enshrouded in a bed that graced the room, slumbered her charge, a light-haired boy. The child stirred, and, as if the day's

sport lingered in his dreams, dashed the bed-clothes from his slender form, and laughed aloud. The mother approached the bed, re-composed the disturbed covering about the boy's frame, kissed his unconscious cheek, and then, startled by the sound of horses' feet without, turned, with an eager smile, to the door. In another moment she was clasped in a husband's arms. After the mutual congratulations and endearments of the meeting were over, the wife spread a slight, not inelegant repast, and while the travel-wearied man refreshed himself he rehearsed what he had seen in his absence.

He had been in New York some weeks endeavoring to secure a small claim of which some heartless worlding had attempted to defraud him. Tardy justice had awarded him his due, and that was a source of gratification to both—not that they needed or prized the "lucre," for their little farm afforded them an easy living, and they were not of a discontented disposition: but they possessed no little moiety of parental pride: they had formed large plans to educate and start their boy in the world. And as the father spoke of his success, he glanced toward the bed as if he would fain have embraced the child.

"He sleeps," said the mother in a suppressed tone, as if she feared to disturb the little slumberer; and the father resumed his narration. The few weeks he had spent in the North had been peculiarly marked by the boisterous spirit of political excitement. He described the nocturnal meetings and the torch light processions; the endless arrays of mottoed transparencies, and the thousands of voices that shouted response to the words of impassioned orators.

The child roused by the familiar voice, slipped from the bed and crouched his slight form, silently and unobserved, by the father's side. With an eager ear did he drink in the glowing descriptions, which, although he scarcely comprehended them, conveyed to his delighted imagination an idea of something greatly wonderful—something that made his little heart leap wild, with an indistinct anticipation of sometime mingling in these glorious scenes himself—*glorious*, because novelty and pageantry constitute the Eden of a childish fancy. At length as he became more excited by the picture, he laid his hand upon his father's arm, who, for the first time conscious of his presence, regarded a moment in mute surprise the tiny wonder-wrapped features that were upturned to his, and then clasped the little one fondly to his heart in an embrace of parental love. He little imagined, however, that his words had made an impression upon that young mind which would only be dissipated by the sad reality of future experience. But it was so! The slightest circumstance in childhood has often fixed the colors of an after life, and from that moment, a dream of ambition filled the boy's breast—at first only manifested in a longing for the empty

gorgeousness of the, to him unknown, world; but in time assuming the deeper shade of ambitious aspiration.

CHAPTER II.

As we have but brief space to chronicle the events of nearly a life-time, we must start an avalanche of ten years from the hill-side of futurity into the valley of the past. More hopes and lives were buried in that avalanche than we can tell of. Among the rest, the father and mother, whom we introduced in the foregoing chapter, slept beneath the sod; the cottage and farm were tenanted, though not owned, by strangers, and the child was sprung into the proud youth. He had become the ward of a wealthy farmer, whose domains were adjacent to his father's, and who, during the latter's life had been his most valued friend. And well did farmer Wynne acquit himself of the duties of guardian. He reared his ward as one of his own children, and improved and watched over his little estate, with as much care as if it had belonged to his own issue. All the accomplishments and knowledge that might be obtained from the academy of a neighboring county town, he was made master of, and at the age of eighteen Rufus Barton began to think of choosing an occupation for life. There were those in the neighborhood who thought that his guardian's only daughter, the lovely Lucy Wynne, had done some execution on his heart—and they thought right, for he did love the girl, and not vainly: they were long ago betrothed. There were those who thought, too, that with so gentle a being for a companion, and so noble an heritage as the Wynne estate superadded to his own, he would be contented to settle himself quietly for life in his native county. But in this they counted without their host, for the youth had a strange yearning to mingle in the mad struggles of an ambitious world. Ever since his childish ear had been delighted with the scenes described by his father upon the night of his return from New York, his breast had been filled with a desire to behold the fulfilment of his dreams of pagantry; and now that the time had arrived for him to select a profession, he determined to seek one somewhere in the turmoil and excitement of a great city.

His guardian opposed the determination. He had himself known something of the vices and dissipations of the city, and he felt that to throw the boy alone amongst them would be tempting his ruin. He therefore reasoned, commanded, and entreated, but all to no effect. Rufus persisted, and as he could not obtain his guardian's consent, prepared to go without it.

The hour he fixed for his departure arrived. It was a sultry morning in August—scarce nine o'clock, and yet the sun's intense beam had already drank every particle of dew from the blades of the tasselled corn. Leaf and shrub were drooping lazily, or seemed to shrink from its ardent ray; the flocks had ceased to

graze in the fields, and sought shelter in the woodland shades, and scarce a plumed aërial citizen but had furled his wings close in some leafy nook. Rufus, after a final interview with his guardian, left the mansion-house, and, with feelings too ardent to be affected, even by the fierce summer's sun, pursued his course toward a thick grove that stood isolated in a broad tract of meadow-land. That grove was the appointed spot for his farewell interview with the little mistress of his heart. He entered it.

With her small feet—the delicacy of whose proportions a Chinese princess might have envied—pressing a moss-fringed rock, her fair form bent slightly forward, with one round arm resting upon the bared limb of a shrivelled oak, which leaned half horizontally above the noisy brook that dashed by its roots, and with her blue eye fixed thoughtfully on the whirling eddies of the stream, stood Lucy Wynne. She was clad in a simple white dress of lawn. The broad calash bonnet that had shaded her brow was laid aside, and the dark ringlets danced unconfined about her graceful neck, while the blue scarf, thrown carelessly back, fell mingling with the folds of her dress, leaving her fair shoulders, and the outline of her lily bust, exposed to the soft breeze that stole through the sylvan spot. She seemed tracing a dream in the silver spray, that leaped, as if in vain endeavor to reach the ruby lips that mocked it from above.

Rufus Barton almost feared to disturb the picture, and hesitated—but too late, for her quick ear had caught his step. She dropped her careless attitude, and modestly reinstated the truant scarf in its proper office. She only half smiled as she extended him her hand, and vainly struggled to be playful, or to seem indifferent, as she said:—"Rufus, you only jest—you are not going to leave us!"

"I am earnest, Lucy; I have come to bid you a short adieu. In three years I shall be what the world calls a man—"

"Of the world!" added Lucy, half reproachfully.

"In the world, I hope," continued the youth. "I hope I shall have found a home, and a reputation in it. Then I shall return, and lead you to share them."

"Men keep no promises!" sighed the girl, with an air of unaffected melancholy.

"Then call me not a man," said the youth with warmth; "and reserve your gloomy quotations until there is need for them—which trust me shall be never! But come, now, let us think lightly of it. The separation will be short—only three years."

"Only three? And you call it short!"

"Surely! Lucy. Look back. Three years ago we had just learned to love, and it seems but yesterday."

"Ah! but that time has been like a pleasant dream," replied Lucy. "No parting—no absence—no fears."

Besides, how do I know but that you may make love to a dozen others in your absence?"

"Well, dearest," pursued the youth sportively, "so I return true at last, it will be more delightful, by being so much the more romantic."

"But in that case," rejoined the girl, "you would be enjoying *all* the romance at my expense."

"Are you selfish?" enquired the youth, in the same playful strain.

"In nothing but your affections," she replied, and a tear that trembled in her eye betrayed how little she relished such jesting.

"Nay, then, if you take light words so unkindly," returned Rufus, "I must needs be serious, and *swear* constancy if you like. But come, a parting kiss, and then adieu, for I have tarried too long."

"Nay! that would ill accord with the modesty you so much admire."

"Modesty! To love as we have—and even a single pressure of the lips on such a separation?"

"You called it short but now."

"And yet long enough to atone for the sin of a parting——"

Lucy laid her finger on his lips to prevent the words, then yielded as reluctantly, and as timidly as if she feared the very trees would prate of the guilty license. A pressure of the hand—a tear brushed from either's eye, and they parted.

"'Tis well," soliloquized the girl, indulging in those feelings of melancholy presentiment, which, no matter how much confidence may be placed in the possessor of the heart, will present themselves on such occasions; "'tis well, I gave no more lasting token to be laughed at and mocked when vows are broken."

"Many a true word spoken in jest," whispered a voice. Lucy trembled, and glanced searchingly around her. Had there been a silent witness of the scene? No! 'twas only imagination. And yet she doubted. The next moment her doubt was confirmed. The figure of a small woman, with brown features and jetty eye-brows, sprang nimbly from behind a tree, and tapping a tamborine with her slender fingers, laughed in the astonished girl's face. Lucy shrank from her gaze with an exclamation of terror; but soon recovering, in some measure, her self-possession, she asked, in a faltering tone, "what creature are you?"

"Not a fairy," replied the woman, while a smile lighted the brown features that once, certainly, had been fascinating. "But you are a fairy," she continued; "your's is a sweet face, and I marvel much if the youth can soon forget it. No!—what?—have I lived and beheld so many false lovers, to marvel at one? No! no! But may be he will be true—he looked as if he meant to be."

"Who, and what are you?" interrupted Lucy, her

curiosity and interest awakened by the manner of the strange woman, and her stranger prattle.

"Who, and what?" reiterated the woman. "Does not this speak me a wanderer?"—and she threw her tamborine into the air, dexterously catching it as it descended, and poising it on her thumb, then passing her fingers lightly over its breathing surface, she sung—

"Oh, I have roved in many lands,
And many friends I've met"—

"No! not many—not many friends, but many mortals. I've been in England—I've been in France—I've been in Italy, and I shall die in America."

She paused, and Lucy, emboldened by her singular familiarity, as well as pleased with her voice, which was sweetly rich, asked her to sing again.

"Lady!" said the minstrel woman, "I often think of England, the dear land of my birth, and remember how my young days were passed in roving its bright hills, and then I can only sing—

'In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago,
The lads and lasses in their best
Were drest from top to toe.
We danced, and sung the jocund strain
Upon the forest green;
And nought but mirth and jollity
Around us could be seen.
And thus we passed the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care nor woe,
In the days when we went gipsying
A long time ago.'

Ah those happy, happy days—they are gone! Like you I had a lover then—he's gone, too! Pretty lady! did you never hear of a—*gipsy*?"

At the effect which the last sentence produced upon Lucy, the woman burst into a wild, loud laugh, which she suddenly checked, laid her hands convulsively upon her heart, and bounding with a fearful shriek, fell into the arms of the bewildered girl. A serpent which had stung her, fled hissing, and disappeared with its slimy folds in a clump of tall weeds that grew by the margin of the stream.

CHAPTER III.

THREE years passed, and Rufus Barton kept not his promise with Lucy Wynne. He had reached the city of Baltimore, and applied his mind to the study of law. By the aid of a tolerable figure, and a tolerable address he had been enabled to move in the first of the fashionable circles, and had become initiated into all the tolerable vices, and intolerable extravagancies of *the ton*. In short, he had spent three years in a round of continual enjoyment, and, as might be expected, had ceased to think of Lucy, except as a *quondam* rustic flame—a simple blossom of the country garden, not to be compared with the gaudy flowers of the city *boudoir*. Moreover, he had run this very fashionable career, without—a by no means rare example—ever pausing

to *count the cost*. It may for a while be avoided, but the day of reckoning eventually *must* come. It did come to our hero.

He was sitting in his room on the evening of his twenty-first birth day, for the first time engaged in serious reflection upon the course of his past life, and for the first time he began to entertain a doubt of the future. He was pondering over a letter just received from his guardian, which closed thus:—"The sum enclosed includes the last cent of principal and interest of the four thousand dollars which your departed father left in my hands for your disposal. How you have managed to squander that amount in three years is best known to yourself. With economy and prudence, you might have been enabled to live upon little more than the interest, and at the expiration of your minority, which will be in a few days, might have had at your command a reasonable capital to invest in some profitable business. All that now remains in my hands is the little farm, with the buildings upon it, which are worth probably a thousand. What your prospects are you have never given me to understand, but I hope the least of my fears may never be realized."

This was rather a gloomy source of contemplation, and for the moment he deeply felt the merited rebuke. After the first harrowing feelings subsided, he began making himself promises of amendment. But those promises somewhat resembled the hints of political economy so often thrown out by our legislators, the commencement of which is dated at some point a little distant in the future—which point, however, they wisely endow with the power of locomotion, so that it recedes with an impetus exactly proportioned to the momentum with which it is approached. Making resolutions is an easy way of compromising matters with conscience, and after an hour thus spent, Rufus rose, and with his accustomed buoyancy of spirit, prepared his toilette for an evening party.

A few months afterward he was admitted to the bar, and prepared to enter upon the duties of a practitioner. He had taken a little office in Court-house Lane, and put out his "shingle," where day after day he looked anxiously for some stray case, in which to try the strength of his new fledged pinions. At length his good, or ill, fortune sent him a client. He entered into the case with an alacrity and vigor which could not but promise success. The day of trial arrived. The court room was crowded, as it was a case of some interest; and after the usual routine of examination and cross-examination of witnesses was gone through, our hero arose to make his maiden speech. The commencement was tolerable, but he soon became so confused that he scarce uttered a sentence without a blunder. He stammered on, however, unencouraged by any manifestation of applause from his audience, and at length took his

seat amid jibes and whispers too loud and plain to be mistaken. The feelings of mortified pride, despair, and anguish which were moving him inwardly, might easily have been traced upon his brow, as he passed from the court room. Although the cause was decided in his favor, he drew no consolation from it, for he knew that the success was not to be attributed to his own ability, but to the incontrovertible nature of the testimony adduced on the part of his client. Many bitter taunts from the crowd around him met his ears, and fell like searing-irons upon his brain. He reached the door, and in the excitement of his feelings was muttering a sentence of despair, when a voice whispered in his ear, "Try again for the love of Lucy Wynne." He turned as quick as thought, but not quick enough to detect the speaker, for whoever it was, he or she had disappeared, and left him upon the rack of profound mystery. An idea at first crossed his brain that Lucy herself might have been lingering near him unknown; but a moment's reflection proved that such a thing was preposterous. Besides the tones still rung in his ear, and they bore no resemblance to Lucy's, or time had marvellously changed them. His next impulse was to return and seek the unknown speaker in the crowd, but another thought showed him the madness of such an attempt. Continuing his steps to his office, he threw himself into a chair, and gave himself up to gloomy speculations upon the events of the last few brief hours. The breast full of hopes with which he had entered the court-room, his mortifying failure, the taunts of the crowd, and lastly, the mysterious voice, all whirled before his mind, until in the intoxication of grief and wonder, he could scarce persuade himself but that all was a dream.

CHAPTER IV.

For several days Rufus' mind was haunted with thoughts of his early love. Conscience smote him for his forgotten vows, and all the delightful hours he had passed with Lucy rushed back upon his memory. What a reproachful host of feelings the words of the mysterious voice had awakened! Recollections that wrung from his breast the deep groans of repentance, for they came like avengers of true affections slighted, to scourge the false heart. How he longed to return to the home of his childhood, and to lay himself at the feet of the mistress of his young affections—to be forgiven for all his errors, and to luxuriate once more in the quiet of love and seclusion. But oh! the pride of the human heart, that strongest cord that binds men to misery! Iron fetters, from Vulcan's forge, could not more effectually have restrained Rufus from obeying the dictates of his inclinations. If he returned, might she not now reject him, and would not her father spurn him as a beggared spendthrift? To entertain the idea for a moment was worse than lunacy. He had plunged into the flood and

there was no returning, the only alternative was to swim it through or sink. He tried to forget—to banish the galling reflections; and circumstances which soon began to transpire in the busy life he had chosen, favored his endeavors. He applied himself closer than ever to study and to his business, and in the course of a year, a brighter prospect dawned upon him. He really possessed talent, and notwithstanding the chagrin of his first unsuccessful effort, he had soon the satisfaction of feeling his merits appreciated. His success exceeded even his fondest anticipations. He had acquired a tolerable practice, which was daily increasing, and he was already gaining an enviable popularity as a public speaker.

Two years more rolled through their seasons, and placed our hero, by a succession of the most fortunate circumstances, in the possession of some little wealth, and of prospects, the realization of which would have filled the cup of any moderate ambition. Among other things, he was a favored suitor for the hand of the daughter of one of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of the city of monuments.

With a tall and voluptuous figure; a face in which sweetness seemed to blend with intellectuality; a mind stored with the rich treasures of learning, and conversational powers the most engaging, Clara McAlvin stood the foremost of city belles. With the rest of her accomplishments she was, without seeming so, a finished and heartless coquette; and our hero's growing reputation made him an enviable mark for the battery of her artful charms. She found him an easy conquest. He soon made advances, which she encouraged with such a semblance of reciprocal attachment, that he was convinced he had only to demand the hand of the "most amiable creature in the world" to obtain it; and he only waited an opportunity.

One delightful evening, early in September, the steamer — ran down to Annapolis, with a select party upon a pleasure excursion. Soft music, and the sound of footsteps in the gay dance, echoed through the decks, and many an hilarious sally as the boat cleft the sparkling waves, betokened that care was not a guest on board. Conspicuous among the dancers, with a face wreathed in smiles, moved the graceful figure of Clara McAlvin, with Rufus Barton for her partner in the cotillion. It was near twilight when they reached the harbor of Annapolis; but the young revellers were bent upon a stroll through the streets of the ancient city, even if it were to be ended by moonlight. Consequently the company went ashore, with the exception of a few, whose inclinations led them to pass the hour on the broad decks of the —. Among these was Clara. She felt or feigned a slight indisposition, and of course Rufus was but too happy to linger in attendance. For a while they strolled the deserted upper deck, and then paused to watch the moon as she rose from the East-

ward wave. The beauty of the scene, the balmy breath of evening, the twilight melting into moonlight—all disposed to the communion of sympathising hearts. And especially did the influence of the hour steal over the heart of the young lover. His feelings struggled into words, and his passion was soon declared. He clasped the hand which she yielded passively to his pressure, and raising his eyes, he saw that a tear trembled in hers. This mute acknowledgment was enough. He expressed his gratitude for the token, and was indulging her ears and his own heart with the eloquence of a rhapsody, when he was interrupted by a voice near him which sighed, "alas! poor Lucy Wynne." He looked around. There were several persons, male and female, upon the after part of the deck, but none of them so near as the voice had seemed, nor even so near that words spoken in a common tone of voice could be distinguished.

"There must be spirits in the air," laughed Clara; "for surely that voice seemed just at your elbow."

"I could have sworn it," replied Rufus, "yet it must have been an illusion." That he did not really think it an illusion was plain from his agitation, which happily his fair innamorato attributed to a different and more self-gratifying cause. The incident, however, ended our hero's rhapsodies for the evening.

Soon after, the rest of the party returned aboard, and the boat was again put under way, homeward bound. The trip proved an unfortunate one for Rufus. It was one o'clock in the morning before the boat reached Baltimore, and exposure to the night air, and the damp dew that was falling heavily, gave him a violent cold, which, with the extreme excitement of mind *that voice* had occasioned, brought on a fever that prostrated him for several weeks.

He had recovered so far as to be able to leave his room, and was standing in the door of his boarding-house, conversing with several of his fellow boarders, when their attention was attracted by a party of rambling minstrels, who, with a crowd at their heels, had halted upon the opposite side of the street, and with a hand organ and several other instruments, were galloping through a variety of tunes to the infinite amusement of some half dozen little misses, who were giggling at them, and dropping them half dimes from the windows above. Presently one of the musicians, a little woman with a tamborine, left the crowd and crossed to the door of the boarding-house. Here she performed several pieces, at the same time tossing the instrument through so many evolutions that it seemed to be endowed with volition, and dancing a tune in the air of its own accord.

"Do you sing, good woman?" asked Rufus.

"A song!" exclaimed several of the others at the same instant.

Fixing her black eyes steadfastly upon Rufus, who wrapped in his cloak to guard against the dampness of

the atmosphere, was leaning against the door frame, the woman struck her tamborine and sung :

"Let him who loves a maid,
Never, never leave her:
When absent she's afraid
He may oft deceive her."

She paused a moment, as if to see the effect of her song. Rufus averted his face from her gaze, with a feeling of uneasiness he could not himself account for. The woman proceeded, finished her song, and received from each of her auditors a small coin by way of dismissal, for a crowd was gathering about the door, and they feared it would become annoying. As she left, she turned to Rufus, who was the last to throw in his donation, and whispered aside: "Meet me in Howard's Park at six o'clock, and you shall learn a secret."

He started. It was the mysterious voice. He would have detained her, but without pausing for a reply she leaped nimbly from the steps, and rejoining the crowd, disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

It was about noonday that the incident last related occurred. Rufus spent the evening in a state of excitement not to be described. The revelation of one mystery had started another. What could that woman know of his early love, and what could be the nature of her secret? It was surely connected with Lucy Wynne, and in the relation which he now stood with another, what could be more unwelcome. Several times he determined not to go; but the pitch to which his curiosity had been aroused, together with certain undefined feelings that involuntarily intruded with the thoughts of Lucy, urged him on, and at six o'clock he repaired to the appointed place. The Park was deserted, and wore an air of loneliness unusual for so fashionable a resort, and the strange woman was not there. Muffling himself closer in his cloak, and leaning against a tree, he waited minute after minute, in impatient expectation. Ere long his thoughts were thrown into a new channel by the sight of a couple of figures who entered the Park. One was a tall, graceful female;—he could not be mistaken, it was Clara McAlvin. She was hanging rather more fondly than he thought became his *accepted*, upon the arm of one of his most detested rivals. They made a circuit through the Park, and then promenaded around the Washington Monument, which they entered. Jealousy was a disease that Rufus had never suffered with, but it must be confessed that this sight created sensations within him of a somewhat dubious character. He felt an irresistible desire to see farther. A misgiving had entered his mind, and he knew he could not feel easy until it was reduced to certainty. He determined to ascend the Monument and meet them. Of course they could not suspect but that his appearance there was accidental, while he could easily discover, from

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Clara's reception of him, whether he stood as fair as he had imagined, or was supplanted. Actuated thus he entered the Monument, and receiving from the courteous janitor a lighted lamp, commenced winding his course up the dark, damp, and narrow stairway. He had gotten about half way up when the light he carried went out, and he soon became aware of his imprudence in venturing to ascend in the feeble state of health under which he was laboring. Disease and mental excitement had made him extremely nervous, and in that condition his rotary progression up the narrow flight, in darkness more gloomy than midnight, soon produced such a giddiness of the brain that he was unable to proceed. He seated himself upon the cold steps, and, for a moment, the Monument seemed spinning around with fearful rapidity, while a faintness of the most sickening nature crept through every limb. To those who have never experienced it, an adequate conception of the misery of the sensation cannot be conveyed. Fearing lest he should lose his consciousness, he roused himself, and with a desperate effort succeeded in reaching the top. Here he sank exhausted; but the pure air quickly restored him, and rising he stepped out into the ledge. The first object which met his view could scarcely be said to repay him for his painful ascension. Clara stood with her head reclined affectionately upon her companion's shoulder, while one of his arms encircled her lovely waist. She and her attendant were talking low and earnestly. Rufus thought, too, that just then the youth received the tribute of a kiss; but the dazzling effects of the light, upon emerging from the dark stairway, had partially blinded him, and he might have been mistaken. He saw enough, however, to break the spell which had bound him, and whatever of real passion he might have entertained toward the fair coquette, was, in that instant, changed by pride to hearty contempt. By a step forward he made them aware of his presence, and startled them from their loving position—the lady with a blush of confusion, and her companion with a smile of triumph. With an air of indifference, scarcely affected, Rufus apologised for the interruption. Clara soon regained her composure, and a short reserved conversation ensued between the *trio*, in the course of which our hero made several remarks of cool sarcasm, which, although not comprehended by his rival, had their intended effect upon the false lady, and he could easily perceive that she writhed under them. Soon after they left him alone upon the ledge, thanking his lucky stars that he had been delivered from the deceitful accomplishments of Miss Clara McAlvin. Though not entirely freed from regret of the defeat, he was, at least, cured of the folly of loving a coquette.

It was almost twilight ere he descended from the Monument, and when he did he found the minstrel woman waiting in the Park.

"If I had not a woman's curiosity," said he, as he approached her, "you would scarcely see me here; and now that I am here, I pray you, good woman, withhold not your secret."

"I suspect you have anticipated it," replied the woman. "I merely intended to show you that Clara McAlvin was false."

"I have seen it," said Rufus; "and truly I should thank you as a deliverer. But what of Lucy Wynne?"

"I said nothing of *her*."

"But you seem to know something of her—where is she?"

"A deserted flower beneath her father's roof," replied the woman.

"And you—what know you of her early love? You have been her confidant."

"I knew of your declaration to Clara McAlvin. Remember the excursion to Annapolis. And yet you will hardly accuse me of being *her* confidant."

"Then for good or for evil, why do you haunt me? You are really a riddle."

"A riddle you will not be able to read, until your broken vows are atoned for," replied the woman.

"You seem strangely to have become possessed of truths. Perhaps you are a sybil," he continued with a smile, "and can tell of the future. What if I should return to Lucy Wynne?"

"So you return true at last, it will be the more delightful, by being so much the more romantic," returned the woman with an arch smile, repeating the words he had made use of at parting with Lucy six years before.

"Then you have overheard more of my declarations than one;" before he could finish the sentence his strange companion turned upon her heel and left him alone.

He reached his boarding-house that evening an altered man, in more feelings than one, and began seriously to meditate a return to the home of his nativity. He had grown weary of the reverses and disappointments he daily encountered in the life he followed. The wealth he was acquiring was hardly a compensation for the cares it engendered, and the frivolities of fashion had no longer a charm for him. His mind once impressed with a discontented idea, day after day only served to strengthen his convictions of the incapability of his present pursuits to constitute his happiness; and in proportion as those convictions increased, a moiety of his early vision came back until his heart turned again to Lucy Wynne, with as much fondness as in days of yore. A few months only elapsed, ere repossessed of health and strength, and tolerable fortune, he bade adieu to the city.

"And what can you tell of the strange maid of the tambourine?" asked the happy Rufus, as one week after

his return and reconciliation, he seated himself by the side of the mistress of his young affections in her own pretty bower.

"A wandering gipsy overheard our parting words in the grove," replied Lucy Wynne, in a voice which a few years had only rendered more melodiously sweet and rich. "In return for her curiosity she was bitten by a serpent, and during the illness which resulted I was her constant attendant. When she recovered she expressed the deepest gratitude for my little kindness. She was a creature full of more singularities than I can recount, and when she left us she said, I thought in jest, that she would go seek my lover and send him back true. She has kept her word."

"And deep is the debt of gratitude I owe her for restoring me to my treasure—to you, dear Lucy!"

"But how long is the restoration to last?" asked she archly, "you will roam again."

"Never!" he exclaimed. "Next week (you have consented) we shall be united, and then where I roam you will. But banish your fears; for I have had too bitter experience ever again to forsake *RUSTIC FELICITY* for *FASHIONABLE MISERY*."

THE DESCENT OF THE CROWN.

BY JOSEPH C. PASSMORE.

WHEN the leaves turn sere and yellow,

Then we know their fall is near:—

But a lusty, stout old fellow

Seems the silvery-headed year.

Hark! his laugh at merry Christmas,—

How it makes the roof-tree ring!

Trust not croaking fools who tell us

He must die before the Spring.

But a week!—the festal season,

With its hundred joys, is o'er;

And again the voice of reason

Bids us labor as before.

A knell!—it falls with thrilling sadness,

Just at midnight, on the ear!—

What muffled death-bell mars our gladness?

'Tis the dirge of the Old Year!

Weep, children! for a parent taken

Now forever from the world!

Weep, subjects! for a throne is shaken,

And your monarch thence is hurled!

But hark! The sound of merry voices

Makes again the welkin ring!

See! the multitude rejoices,

For they greet a new-born king!

Thus, one by one, Time's offspring vanish,

As the swift old Reaper flies!

But his race we cannot banish,—

Whose dominion never dies!





. AGNES .

On Stone by E. J. Pinckerton for the Lady's World.

P. J. Partridge Ltd.

AGNES; OR, THE MOSS ROSE BUD.

BY MARY SPENCER PEASE.

"I say my dear—"

"Well my dear—"

"Well my dear," repeated Mr. Woodville, looking up from the paper he was reading, and gazing over his spectacles upon his better half.

"Well my dear," a third time responded the patient spouse, laying down the newspaper.

"Don't you think, my dear, our Arabella has grown up into a very handsome girl?"

"Why, my dear," replied the affectionate husband, "I cannot say I have thought much upon the subject. But now that I do think—yes, Arabella is well enough; a fine girl: but wife, I must say my quiet, good-natured little Aggie far surpasses her."

"My goodness! Mr. Woodville; what a singular taste. How *can* you say so? Agnes is a good girl—still a mere child, but just turned of sixteen, quiet, and good-natured as you say; but Arabella—so accomplished—so perfectly lady-like—with so much taste—such a magnificent figure, and *such* eyes. But some folks have strange notions. What I wished to say, my dear, was this—Arabella is getting quite old enough to be settled in life. Now there's that—"

"Old enough!" interrupted the father, "why wife how old is she?"

"Arabella," gravely responded the wife, "is twenty years of this very day, and to-night—"

"Twenty!" exclaimed the father, "who could have believed it? I never thought of it. How quickly twenty years fly by."

"You are a strange, unthinking man. Why time might come and carry us half a century into eternity, and I do not believe you would ever know it. You are just like Agnes—forever at your books."

"Any thing more my dear?"

"No, my dear."

The husband resumed his reading, and for a short time all was silent.

At length spake Mrs. Woodville,

"Richard," said she, "I have invited a party of friends to meet here to-night, to celebrate Arabella's birth day. Have you any objections?"

"None in the least, my dear."

"I wish Arabella was well married; she would make a splendid wife. No longer ago than yesterday she had an offer, which, at my instigation, she declined accepting."

"Why so, Matilda?"

"Because, husband, I am determined my Arabella shall never marry a plebeian. Her offer yesterday was nothing but a wholesale dealer in tea. He is

a very worthy young man, but not a suitable match for my daughter. She has refused a great many such offers."

"A wholesale tea dealer! Why my dear Matilda, what was I when you married me! If you will think a moment you will recollect I was but an under clerk in the very house I now own. A plebeian, Matilda! Do you expect our daughter to marry a duke?"

"Nonsense, Richard: how can I expect any such thing as that, in our republican country?—though she would not disgrace any kingly court. No, a member of Congress, or some other distinguished—there is that French Consul: he has been here quite often since he was introduced to Arabella, three weeks ago. I should not wonder if he should soon propose for her: he seems very much struck with her."

"What, that young Desmarlie? He is a fine fellow, talks English like a native—has no foolish Frenchified way with him. I like him. He played back-gammon with me all one evening."

"He is to be here to-night; and, if I can manage—but I hear Arabella calling me."

Mrs. Woodville left the room, and her spouse, after looking at his watch, left the house. He was soon immersed in business; forgetting all about Arabella, or her party. So, when he came home in the evening, he was surprised to find his house all bustle, and brilliantly illuminated. Being a very quiet man his surprise did not last long.

Mr. Woodville began life a poor boy: now he was what the world calls wealthy. He owned ships and houses, and was the head of a flourishing mercantile establishment. Through all, he had been upright and honorable—a plain, straight-forward, sensible man; fond of his home, and fond of peace.

The party, that night, was to be a splendid one. No pains or expense had been spared, by either Arabella or her mother, in arranging every thing in the most magnificent style.

When Mr. Woodville entered the drawing-room, he found the guests partly assembled, and Arabella, dressed in the splendor of an Eastern princess, ready to receive them. The father's eye, as he glanced upon the noble looking girl, acknowledged she *was* handsome. But when he turned to his youngest, his gentle, quiet Aggie, his heart felt the difference.

Her dress was of simple white, with no ornament save one little moss-rose bud, half hid among her soft brown curls.

She looked very lovely; so thought her father—and so Eugene Desmarlie seemed to think also; for there he stood close beside her gazing into the blue depths of her well-like eyes; no doubt thinking of her sister Arabella.

"Mrs. Woodville did not observe any of this; or if

she did it never once entered her head that any one *could* prefer the timid Agnes to the brilliant Arabella.

Throughout the whole evening Desmarlie showed the most marked attention to the shrinking Agnes. Once in the dance the little moss bud fell from her hair. Eugene picked it up and said to her, in a low voice—

“Sweet Agnes, give me this. I will look at it when alone, and think of a far lovelier flower.”

Agnes held out her little hand for it; but he kept the rose, and earnestly pressed the hand. All this was done very quickly and very quietly. The warm pressure of his hand thrilled to her very soul. The first approach of love brings with it a strange emotion. Agnes felt as though a new being had sprung up within her, and taken its abode at her heart. That heart seemed full even to pain: and yet it was the pain of joy. The fullness there poured itself from her soft eyes: Eugene drank the love, beaming forth from them, until his heart was full like hers.

The party was over, and Eugene went home to dream of her. The moss-rose bud lay next his heart: it seemed the fitting place for it; it was so like the gentle, blushing Agnes.

And Agnes?—love in her young bosom was a new guest. She cried herself to sleep, and awoke the next morning a new being; a being with a soul: a child no longer.

When Arabella found herself in her own apartment, alone, she threw herself on the nearest seat that offered itself. Her bright smiles were gone: she looked weary and unhappy. She buried her face in her jewelled hands, and seemed for a long time lost in sad thoughts. She arose at length and stood before the mirror.

“I almost thought,” said she aloud, “I had grown ugly and deformed. Vanity is very foolish and spoils beauty: I am not vain; but I am very beautiful, and beauty is power. Every eye around me tells me I am beautiful: my glass tells me so, but I am not *conscious* of possessing any beauty, oh, no, I am *very* artless, and am not in the least aware of my own surpassing loveliness; therein, also, lies power. What a good actress I should have made. What the world has lost.”

She still looked at her own glowing form in the large mirror, and still mused on. Her musings were a type of her own character.

“He was with *her* all the evening, with my sister. That was to try me. He cannot admire the baby face of my sister more than the one I see reflected before me. He *shall* love me: as I *live* he shall. I will sleep to-night and wear my gayest smiles and brightest eyes for him to-morrow. And to make all sure I will say to my good little timid sister that Eugene Desmarlie is a very naughty boy, and a great flirt, and warn her very kindly to beware of him. I will tell her how many hearts he has broken, but that I am certain if he loves any one it

is myself—that he has told me as much. Yes, that will do. Agnes is truth itself—all I tell her she will believe. So good night.”

The morrow came, and with it came Eugene Desmarlie to the house of Mr. Woodville. He found the sisters alone in the drawing-room.

Agnes almost immediately left the room, but not until Eugene had placed within her hand a small bouquet of rare flowers, and not until she had given him a warm blush and a half glance from her soft eyes in return.

Eugene was angry at her for going. He talked and laughed the morning away with her sister; and almost vowed to himself to love her out of spite. Arabella had done what she promised herself the night before: so far she had succeeded. She had given her brightest smiles, and her dark eyes had beamed so much fascination that Eugene seemed charmed in spite of himself. Agnes did not doubt the tale her sister told her. She felt so fearful of betraying the love she felt for Eugene that she shunned him. Arabella saw that so far her plan had succeeded. She was one to dazzle—to take captive the heart of man by storm. Agnes could win love: she was formed to steal into the heart like low, soft music. Therein lay the difference between those two sisters.

Eugene came again the next day. Arabella was not at home—he saw Agnes alone. She seemed very shy, but her reserve gradually melted before his frank, earnest manner. She forgot her sister's caution, was her own natural self, and Eugene thought he had never seen so lovely, so loveable a thing as she was. She played and sang for him, and as he looked into her young, half down-cast eyes, and upon her blushing, tender face, he wondered how he could ever, for one moment, have admired her sister. He was on the point of telling her how lovely she was, and how well worth living his life would be with so sweet a spirit forever by his side, when the door opened and Arabella entered. She was so full of bright spirits, and looked so gay and radiant that his gentle dreams vanished with her presence. Agnes tried to make one in the conversation, but her timidity returned before her sister's sparkling sallies. She soon found an excuse to leave the room. Eugene wondered why, thought it very strange, was again half angry with her; but he soon forgot all in the syren smiles of her brilliant sister. Arabella exerted herself to the utmost to please without appearing to do so. That she did please she was sure: she always knew just what to say; and what she said was with a sprightliness and grace peculiarly her own.

Eugene was completely bewildered: scarcely a day passed that did not find him at Mr. Woodville's. Sometimes he saw the whole family, but more frequently no one but Arabella. Agnes grew more and more shy. At times when he saw her alone he could bring her out; and then he discovered what a

well of rich thought lay hid beneath her every day diffidence.

Eugene was where many like him have been before—halting between two opinions. The one dazzling, bright, beautiful—the other equally beautiful, less dazzling, more loveable, more gentle.

Agnes was sitting alone, so deeply engaged in thought that she did not observe a figure entering the room until it was close beside her. Her thoughts were not happy ones, for tears were in her eyes.

"My Agnes! my dearest daughter! Agnes tell me what ails thee?"

The father sat down and gently drew his child to his bosom.

"You are not the same you were a month ago, Agnes. Tell your father all that troubles you, for something *does* trouble you. I have watched your color come and go, and your eyes dim with repressed tears. Tell me, Aggie. Tell me all."

"Dear papa," said she, sobbing, "I cannot, I cannot."

"Has Eugene Desmarlie any thing to do with your grief, Aggie?"

She hid her young face in his bosom.

"I thought so. Agnes, dear Aggie, calm yourself; do not give way to so much sorrow. He shall not—"

"Do not blame *him*, dear papa. He has done nothing. I have been very foolish, and—you are so kind, my dear father, I will tell you how silly your child has been."

Her sweet face burned in blushes as she revealed her heart.

"I did not know how much Mr. Desmarlie was in my thoughts, how well I liked him until my sister told me that he—that he loved her. Since then I have tried hard to forget him, but, dear papa, I cannot when I see him every day. I cannot."

And she burst into tears afresh.

"Let me go to my aunt's in Virginia, dear father," said she struggling with her tears. "I am young. What I feel for him may be only a fancy that absence may remove. Dear papa, let me go, I cannot stay here."

"If you wish it you certainly shall." And the father fondly kissed his child and tried by words of kindness to win her from her sorrow.

Eugene Desmarlie had not been that day at Mr. Woodville's. He had spent the hours in his own room looking into his own heart; the dejected expression of his face plainly indicated that he was not satisfied with what he found there. His spirits were depressed to an extent of which persons, with a less quicksilver temperament than his, know nothing. In fact conscience, that had slept so long, was aroused within him. He thought how wrong he had been. He thought of how unhappy Agnes had looked the day before, and of the bright smile of triumph her sister wore. He looked at the moss-rose bud and reproached himself that the heart of

the one that had worn it, seemed withered like itself. He resolved to go to the father of Agnes and confess the wrong.

A rap came at the door of his room, and at the same moment a young man, apparently a few years the senior of Eugene, entered.

"Welcome, George," said Eugene, warmly clasping the hands of the new comer, "you, of all others, are the being I most wish to see."

"What! You surely forget Arabella."

"Name her, not to me, George."

"Ha! ha! has your song changed since I have been away? Three weeks ago the burden of it was Arabella, the bright-eyed, radiant, glorious Arabella! But Norton, friend, you look unhappy; what is the matter? Speak out, man, what is it?"

"I am a villain; that's all."

"What have you done, robbed Uncle Sam's letter bags?"

"No, Willard, I have only robbed a heart of its happiness."

"I do not wish you to be any more communicative than suits your humor," said Eugene's friend, after a silence of some moments. "But we have been friends together in sunshine and in shade, from boyhood and—"

"You have always known my heart and shall. You remember, George, before you went to Baltimore, that I had much to say of Miss Woodville—Arabella?"

"Yes," replied his friend, with a half laugh, "I think I do."

"I had not then seen her sister. Beautiful Agnes! she loves me, George—and I am not vain; but her sister Arabella loves me—and—"

"And you love them both,—two at once; is that it? nothing strange in that if they are loveable girls. I love more than two—I—"

"I do not feel in a trifling mood, George. You remember I saw Arabella at the theatre the first night I arrived in the city. I did not hear a word of the play—I saw only her; she seemed conscious I saw nothing but her."

"Yes, I remember all that. I also remember I told you both she and her mother were bent upon having the one for a husband, the other for a son-in-law, no common personage."

"Yes, and I like a simpleton got introduced to her as a French Consul."

"It was foolish; but I did nothing to discourage your mad freak. What do you intend doing now?"

"I shall see the father and—"

"Shall you ask him for one or for both of his daughters?"

"Agnes I love; but when I am with Arabella, I cannot but be fascinated; cannot think of aught save the

bright creation before me. She is a bewildering, bewitching creature."

"She is all you say. I have been in love with her myself. A word in your ear, Eugene,—I have been rejected there because, forsooth, I am not a Count Longjumeau."

"You take your dismissal very coolly."

"Ay, I agree with Tom Moore; there is more than one sweet rose in the world. But Agnes, is she as beautiful as her sister?"

"She is more lovely, perhaps, though not as strikingly beautiful. The deuce of it is, George, that I told Arabella I loved her one evening when she looked her brightest, and she promised to be mine."

"That is nothing; when she discovers you to be plain Eugene Desmarlie, a young limb of the law not yet practising, she will resign you."

"Flattering, very. Shall you be at the Fenton's to-morrow evening?"

"Yes, I received a card just before I came here. I have an engagement at four—it is now half-past three. Farewell."

"The sisters will be there."

"Yes; good-by."

The morrow evening came. Among a brilliant party assembled at "the Fenton's," were Eugene and his friend, and but one of the sisters. Agnes was not there.

Arabella danced and flirted the whole evening with a Don Mustachio, who sported a long, unspeakable German name, Count Von ——. He talked broken English, and was extremely polite, and extremely well-dressed. She had no look for any one but him.

"You see I am right," said George Willard as the friends were on their way home.

"Yes, she is a coquette, and heartless. I wonder how I ever loved her."

The next morning Eugene went to Mr. Woodville's with the determination of quarrelling with the false Arabella, and to confess *all* to the father. He found the family engaged,—went back to his hotel; a note was there awaiting him. It was beautifully written on satin paper, saying that Miss Woodville would be "*at home*" that evening. Within the note were enclosed two cards tied together with white satin ribbon. Miss Arabella Woodville was upon one, the other was the unwritable name of Count Von ——.

Arabella and her mother obtained their wish. She was married to a real count, a German count, with an almost empty title. But what of that? Arabella had gold enough for both. Then he was a coxcomb; but what of that? He was also a *count*.

The affair was somewhat suddenly got up; but then the mother consoled herself with the knowledge that her daughter was a countess. Count Von ——, with the

unpronounceable name, brought letters with him to prove that he was no cheat.

The *noble* pair started for Germany the morning following their marriage.

That morning Eugene went to see Agnes. He found her ready for a journey to Virginia. Her father was to accompany her. How he prevailed upon the gentle Aggie to stay, history does not relate. He did prevail however, and was referred to papa for answer to the ardent suit he pressed.

"Mr. Woodville, I have a few words to say to you," spake Eugene, after the servant, who showed him into Mr. Woodville's sanctum, had left the room.

"Say them, my boy."

"First be so kind as to read this." Eugene handed him a letter of introduction from a friend of Mr. Woodville, saying that Mr. Eugene Desmarlie was the son of Robert G. Desmarlie of Baltimore; that he was a young man of fine talents, having a thorough knowledge of the law, &c. &c.

"What is this? I thought you a French Consul."

"There is where I have deceived you," and Eugene frankly told him *why* he had passed for what he was not; and ended with avowing his love for Agnes.

"Then you are not a Frenchman?"

"No. I was born in America."

"From my heart I am glad of it, Eugene; that was the only thing I had against you. I liked you from the first—and like you better now. You are manly and frank. Yes, you shall have my Aggie, dear boy."

Eugene looked his thanks; but the happy look passed quickly from his eye, and he said—

"Mr. Woodville, I am poor. I have nothing but my profession to depend on, and I am not yet in practice. I intended to start in this——"

"I am glad of it, my boy. I was once poor myself. You shall have practice and you shall have Agnes. Yes—that is, if you can get her, and Eugene, I think you can. That is—yes, I think you can get her boy."

"I hope in a few years to be able to——"

"Say no more, my dear boy. All will be right. Yes, Agnes *must* love you. I shall be proud of you for a son. Agnes is a good girl,—a kind, affectionate daughter. She will make a good wife, Eugene. She is a dear girl. You must treat her kindly, young man."

A tear glistened in the good old man's eye. Eugene felt his own moisten at the father's earnest manner.

"I have no fear for you," continued Mr. Woodville, wiping his eye. "But see, there is Agnes in the garden—go and join her. God bless you, my dear boy," and the father warmly shook his hands.

Eugene found Agnes looking brighter and happier than any of her sweet flowers.

History does not tell all their conversation. It only tells how Eugene picked a little bud from a moss-rose

bush and placed it among the shining locks of the blushing Agnes' soft brown hair. And how he took from his bosom a locket and showed Agnes a *withered* moss-rose bud. And then it says that Agnes Woodville and Eugene Desmarlie were made one just two years after the Count and Countess Von — started for Germany.

I MUST LEAVE THEE NOW.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

GIVE back the heart I brought thee
In love's first, happiest hour!
Ere other lips had wrought thee,
A spell of deeper power—
Ere thou had'st learned less kindly
To gaze upon this brow;
Oh! I have loved too blindly,
But I must leave thee now!

Give back the chain that scattered
Rich gleams in other days!
Ere the bright links were shattered,
Its gems had lost their rays—
Ere at another altar
Thy spirit learned to bow;
Oh! though the heart may falter,
Still I must leave thee now!

The heart that loved thee only,
That treasured up each word,
Now desolately, lonely,
Must sigh unwept, unheard;
The chain, so rich in gleamings,
Lies shattered, rayless, low,
Quenched all its spirit dreamings
Since I must leave thee now.

THE LIKENESS.

BY JOHN S. JENKINS.

THOU art too like thy mother, boy!
Thy soft blue eye, thy chestnut hair,
Thy dimpled cheek, and, lurking there,
That rosy laugh, so full of joy,
And love, and glee, are hers' alone—
And hers' thy voice's lute-like tone.

Thou art too like thy mother, boy!
Whene'er I listen to thy sigh,
Thy mother gone seems hovering nigh;
And when I call thee all my joy,
I see her smile upon thy cheek,
And, breathless, wait to hear her speak.

Thou art too like thy mother, boy!
And Death may tear thee from my heart:
Ah! shall I ever, ever part
From him, my bosom's only joy?
I could not hear his dying sigh;
Sooner than that, oh! let me die.

THE VIRGIN'S TRIUMPH.

BY HARRY DANFORTH.

"Do you know me, girl?—ha! you have not forgotten. Then prepare for your fate."

As the Rover uttered these words he entered the after cabin of the ship, by lifting up the curtain which divided the apartment from the larger room in front, and stood face to face with the shrinking and terrified girl, whose ashy paleness, when she saw the countenance of the intruder, told that his character, if not his person was already known to her. And if ever before she had seen that face it could not be forgotten; for no one looked on the Dark Rover without having every feature of his countenance burnt into the memory. He had apparently been handsome once, but his face was now brutalized by the indulgence of strong and evil passions. The stern, frowning brow—the keen and glittering eye—the compressed yet voluptuous lip—and the expression of settled malignity over the whole face, left an impression on the gazer's mind which neither time nor events could eradicate. So, at least, it seemed in the case of the young girl, for she uttered a stifled shriek, and turned away shuddering from his look, as if she had seen some deadly serpent. His eyes lightened with licentious passion, when, burying her face in her hands, she exposed to sight her rounded and snowy shoulders; but checking any other outward manifestation of his evil thoughts, he curled his lip in a bitter sneer, and said ironically,

"And so you *do* know me—*me* the despised suitor—the good-for-naught of whom your canting guardian bid you beware, because, forsooth, I was a cavalier and not a rascally, snivelling round head like himself. Ah! my pretty Puritan," he continued, exchanging his tone for one of more freedom, and advancing toward her, "times have changed since then. I swore, on that day, to have revenge; and the hour for it has come. Will it please you then to accommodate yourself to your destiny, or must I use force? Out of this cabin you go not until you have become worse than the meanest thing of your sex, whom yesterday you would have cast from your doors."

Up to this moment the victim had remained with her face buried in her hands, and her head averted from her conqueror; and, while he was addressing her, wild and fearful thoughts had been passing through her bosom, so that at first she scarcely comprehended his words. All the horrid events of the last day had passed in hurried review before her. She stood once more on the deck of their gallant ship, as it left the port for old England, whither her guardian was returning after having settled her West Indian possessions—she stood and watched with him the setting sun go down behind the inland hills, while the parting beams stretched a

bridge of gold across the deep, on which, even as the old legend fancied, angels might have walked to glory—she lay again in her couch, with the silvery moonlight looking in through the little window, while she dreamed sweet dreams of home, and of one to whom her virgin love had been plighted, the graceful, and high born Everard—she saw, with despair, the low caravel that had shot out from behind the deserted headland at break of day, and made for them with clouds of canvass swelling in the breeze, and the bloody flag, whose solitary red field was unrelieved by a single emblem, waving high at the peak—she beheld the gradual approach of this relentless foe, the collision of the two vessels, the crowds of ruffians who leaped on the almost unarmed ship, the short but deadly conflict, the decks slippery with blood, the fall of her guardian, their servants, the captain and the rest of her defenders, and her own wild retreat to the after cabin, a few minutes before, where she had prayed for death: she saw all this, and well might these memories, combined with the clash of arms, the shrieks of the wounded, and the curses of the pirates, still ringing in her ears, prevent her from hearing what her captor said. But when he came to his last dreadful annunciation, those fearful words penetrated even to her paralyzed heart, and she started up, while terror dilated her eyes, and her hands involuntarily rose in supplication.

"Oh! spare me," she cried, falling on her knees, and clasping the feet of the Rover, "by the memory of your mother—by your hopes of salvation—spare me, spare me!"

The pirate looked down on the agonized countenance at his feet, but the bitter sneer on his lip faded not, nor did a single muscle of his face relax. At length he burst into a scornful laugh.

"And is it to yield to a girl's tears that I have plotted, and toiled, and suffered for years, in the hope of one day having my revenge?—and now, when the goal has been gained, and I am about to drink the cup for which I have worked so long, are you mad enough to think that a few tears, or a well-acted part will induce me to forego my prize? Tush! girl, you are a fool! No—by heaven!—you shall be mine—on my own terms—and that ere the day is many minutes older. Pray not to me," he continued, as his victim clasped his feet convulsively, "my heart is as hard as yonder steel, for I have taught it to look forward to this moment with delight. And have I not cause?" he asked, lashing himself into a rage. "Was I not rejected in favor of a beardless boy, ay! and was not added insult heaped on that rejection? Roysterer, profligate adventurer, knave—were not such the terms with which I was repelled?"

"No—no. I never called you such, let me not answer for what others have done."

"Not answer, ha! And what is it to me whether *you* spoke them, or your canting guardian? Were they not uttered in your own halls, and before grinning grooms and horse-boys? Was I not almost thrust from your presence? Did not the names stick to me afterwards? and was not my companionship shunned, and my hopes of advancement cut off? Ay! you know all this, and yet tell me it was not *your* fault. *Your* fault, indeed!—and who would have dared say these things, or who would have dared repeat them, if the heiress of Stratford Castle had accepted me! No, by the God above us! your plea shall be of no avail. I set in motion—it costs nothing to tell how—the train of causes that induced your guardian to leave home and take you with him. I have dogged you ever since you left England, but never found an opportunity to strike the blow. I have turned pirate to get you in my power: the laws have outlawed me already; and think you my peril is increased by this new outrage, as men will be pleased to call it? Talk to weak women, or beardless boys of pity; but ask not, nor expect mercy from Reginald Willmot!"

"Oh! yes—you wrong yourself—you *will* pity—mercy, mercy, mercy!"

"Was there mercy shown to me," he exclaimed, spurning her with his foot "when I knelt to you? Did I not tell you how for years I had loved you—how I had watched by day and dreamed over you by night—how I had been spurned on to deeds of glory by the hope of winning your smile—and might I not have told you, as you were told by others, how I had reformed my life, left my old associates, and sworn never to see them again, trusting thus to gain your favor? Did I not speak of the fiery depths of my heart, and tell you that my love for you had become a part of my life? But what," he continued savagely, his face assuming the look of a demon, "was your answer? 'You were young, forsooth,'" and here again his accents became those of bitter scorn—"you knew nothing of love—'you mistrusted my passionate nature'—God's death! was I to be spurned like a hound, and my past life thrown in my teeth after all my sacrifices for amendment. Girl," and the words hissed through his teeth, "I became, from that hour, more like a fiend than a human being; for my love was changed into hate—hate the most bitter, and unrelenting—a hate that has never slept since day or night. You scorned a love such as no mortal ever before felt. You may judge of its intensity by my present hatred. Hearts like mine are hot as lava—and wo to those who rouse my vengeance! But away with this trifling! Once I would have kissed the earth where you trod if you had promised to be mine, but now you shall pray to me for the rites of the church, and pray in vain," and he laughed mockingly, gazing on the agonized face of his victim in triumphant malice.

"Oh! for one moment," shrieked the girl, again clasping his feet, and looking up into his face imploringly, "hear me. I know you have been wronged, though never, as God is my witness, did I say or think aught you have attributed to me. I will be your slave for years, aye! for life itself—I will do the most menial offices for you—or I will surrender my estates and swear never to marry any one, if you will only save my honor. Oh! turn not away. Remember the grave—eternity—the judgment day. Only save me, and I will bless you forever"—and she gazed up into his face with a countenance that might have moved the tempter of mankind himself. It was in vain.

"Tush, girl," and his dark eyes glowed with unholy passion, "you only look more beautiful, and thereby hasten your doom. Ha! it would have been a refinement in revenge if I had saved your guardian till this hour, that he might have seen your degradation. But come now—let us have done with this trifling. Your charms would render an anchorite callous. Must I need use force?" and, for the first time, he laid his hand on the suppliant, and would have torn away the covering which veiled her panting bosom.

Had he beheld the fabled shield reversed and gazed upon the Gorgon's face—had he seen one of his murdered victims start up through the deck before him, the Rover could not have been more confounded than at the instantaneous and unexpected change which came over the virgin when she felt his unholy touch. Hitherto she had played the part of the suppliant, exhausting all the eloquence of words, tears and looks to save herself from foul dishonor; and her captor would as soon have looked for the lightning to have burst from the calm, sunlit sky overhead, as for her to have evinced any thing like daring or defiance. But she did do it. The instant that she felt the brutal touch upon her shoulder, she started to her feet, and sprang back, with eyes flashing fire, and nostrils dilated.

"Off—off, miscreant," she said, with a proud wave of the arm, such as a queen would have used, "as there is a God in Heaven, if you approach one step nearer, you die."

Perhaps there was something of admiration for this conduct which induced the pirate to pause, even after his first astonishment had subsided; for he certainly saw no means by which his victim could carry her threat into execution. Folding his arms composedly on his bosom, he laughed contemptuously and said,

"Really your rage becomes you, and I like your spirit. You are not the tame dove I thought, and I must watch you well. But pray," he continued sneeringly, "how long am I to wait your pleasure, or by what means do you expect to keep me away?"

"Do you see this train of powder?" said the girl, pointing to her feet, while she kept her eye keenly

watching the face of her captor to anticipate any movement he might make, "it reaches to the magazine, and was laid after we saw you would overtake us; but in the strife of the battle was forgotten. A lamp burns here at my side, and with a single dash of the hand I can throw the fire on that train. I have known this all along; but life is a precious boon, and we dare not part with it without weighty cause. Think you else I would have knelt so long to you, miscreant, murderer as you are! While there was hope I prayed for mercy—I now demand safety at your hands. Swear by your knightly ancestors—for that oath alone you will not break—to restore me unharmed to my friends as speedily as possible, or I fire the train."

The cheek of the Rover might have turned a shade paler when she mentioned the means of destruction she possessed; but, if so, the change was only momentary, and long ere she had ceased speaking, his sunburnt face was as dark as before. Not that he misdoubted what she said, but then he had too much confidence in his agility to suppose she could carry her design into execution; and besides he was constitutionally brave. The scornful look still wreathed his lip, but he spoke not; and his eye dared not leave that of the maiden. And there they stood while one could have counted ten—each as motionless as if carved out of stone. She pale as death, but with a form proudly erect, and an eye as an eagle's in its wrath—he, like a sneering fiend, awaiting the first symptom of faltering on her part, to spring upon her and prevent her executing her threat, for well he knew that her excited nerves must eventually give way, if only on account of the unnatural tension to which they had been drawn. But he mistook his victim. If he knew her weakness, she knew it also; and during the short interval we have described her keen eye was reading his soul. She knew that all succor from without was hopeless—that they were on the broad sea, and leagues from any other ship—and that her deliverance must come from herself, and in the way she had threatened, or come not at all. The scanty space of time had scarcely elapsed—though to her and to her confronter it seemed an age, for moments in situations like theirs are counted by the emotions they witness—when she said, still keeping her eye fixed on those of the Rover, and with the accents of the haughtiest of queens.

"Do you consent?"

She saw he was about to spring on her, and without pausing, she continued,

"Then I summon you to the bar of God!" as she spoke dashing the lamp on the train.

The Rover was at her side as she ceased speaking, but it was too late. The fire whizzed along the deck, even as the words fell from her, and with their close, pirate and victim, and all the crowded population of the ship, were hurled, with a noise as of ten thousand batteries,

into the air. The whole of that living freight was in eternity. The awful citation of the maiden had been answered.

MELODY.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Oh! bend those breathing lips to mine,
Sweet spirit of the starry eyes,
Oh! smile in sadness while I twine
These golden memories as they rise,
My lips are wet with oozing slime—
My lips are cold with chilly dew,
But not a thought of guilt or crime
Is with the love they bear to you.

I am a worn and wayward thing,
Grown almost old in early youth,
And I have half forgot to sing
My old time lays of love and truth;
Yet by my altar fires I keep
One memory beautiful and true,
And on my lips the breathings sleep—
The saddened love they bear to you.

Oh! bend those breathing lips to mine,
And I will bow on bended knee,
And see my guardian angel shine
In the dark eyes that look on me.

I only know to ban and bless,
And all the world must share the two,
Still bend those lips while mine caress,
And trust the love they bear to you.

THE BRIDE.

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLAN.

SHE is standing in her beauty
With a veil around her spread,
And the orange blossoms gleaming
Like starlight on her head,
But she trembles as the aspen
When her finger feels the ring,
She hath fainted at the altar—
Poor, broken-hearted thing!

She was once a happy maiden,
And her song was light and free,
On her face the smiles were dancing
As sunlight on the sea;
And her eyes were full of gladness,
And her cheek was never pale—
She is lying like a lily
Down-beaten by the gale!

For she had a youthful lover
Whom they severed from her side,
They have dragged her here for lucre.
A victim for a bride!

But her heart-strings crack to bursting.
And they shriek, the swoon is death—
Go! and wail, ye horror-stricken!—
Ne'er shall ye feel her breath.

LUCY ASHTON.

BY A. W. NONEY.

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm, i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek."

"HER case, I fear, is a hopeless one!" said the physician mournfully. "There is an unrevealed malady, which, like the rapid decay of consumption, is wasting her vital energies, and baffling our utmost skill."

CONSUMPTION! How many a fair cheek and manly countenance blanches at even the sound of that fearful word, and what sad images of faded beauty rise, like the gaunt spectres of the grave, to sear the view and thrill the soul with terror! Forms once perfect in their loveliness, pass before the mind's eye, clad in pale habiliments, and bending like the fragile lily to the storm; features once glowing with the roseate flush of health and youth, now appear wan and wasted by suffering and disease; and eyes, which erst were filled with the soft, sweet light of love and gladness, are sunken and glassy. Human nature shudders at the vision conjured up by that single word, and the heart weeps over the fell doom which it imports.

When the sick maiden knew that her life was despaired of, she wept; not so much, however, at the bitterness of her sad destiny, as at the grief of those by whom she was surrounded. She felt that they loved her, and she regretted to think of the sorrow which her melancholy fate would occasion them. But for herself, she heard the dread decree of destiny not as a condemned criminal, but as a child who was going home to her parents, dwelling in a brighter and better world.

Lucy Ashton was an orphan, but not without friends or fortune. Her father had been a clergyman in a beautiful little village situated upon the banks of the Lake George; from whence, at his death, she was conveyed to this city by her uncle, and installed as a member of his own beloved family. She was treated here with lavish kindness and attention; for it was impossible not to love the sweet and amiable simplicity of her character, as well as to admire the simple and native beauty of her manners and person. But she was then scarcely sixteen, and from her susceptible age, to appearance sorrow for the irreparable loss of her parents, together with grief at being thus early torn from all the loved associations of childhood, seemed to lie heavy at her heart—weighing it down with a melancholy sadness, which chilled all its youthful aspirations. Every resource was tried to re-inspire her spirits, but without avail; for, the impression of grief, so powerful upon her tender nature, had already begun to harden or congeal within her breast, and not even the warmth of kindness and friendly affection could stay its icy progress. She appeared to droop like a lovely

flower transplanted from its native soil; and neither care nor attention could re-animate her languid and pining energies, or restore the fading hues of her beauty.

Consumption had now indeed fixed its terrible fangs upon her delicate constitution, and she withered with all the suddenness of an exotic plant, blighted by the chilling blasts of winter; but, without a murmur, she resigned herself to her sad fate. She asked merely to re-visit the loved scenes of her happier days, that she might take a last fond leave of her dear associations, and bid the warm friends of her childhood farewell ere she departed forever. Her request, urged with much of feeling and earnestness, was at length granted, though her anxious friends feared that the journey would prove too severe for her fragile energies, and perhaps hasten the already too fearfully swift progress of the dread destroyer.

When she arrived at her native village, the news of her return spread quickly, and those who loved her, not only for her own sake, but also in memory of her deceased parents, flocked around with anxious hearts; all eager to give her a fond welcome, though sorrowful that it was under such painful circumstances that she came. Their kind greetings and ardent sympathies, at first seemed to have a most beneficial effect upon her spirits, and to those who were not familiar with the nature of the disease, her sudden revival appeared a harbinger of good; yet ere the day passed, she sunk again, beneath the fatigue of excitement, and her situation assumed a critical and alarming aspect. Her spirit seemed to hover over the verge of the grave, while the light of its existence flickered with a faint and feeble glow, which threatened each succeeding moment to expire forever. It seemed as if her suffering weakness could now hold out no longer; and that the hope of even a few days sojourn amidst the scenes of her infancy was utterly lost—while she herself felt that she had returned only to die, without even the poor privilege of saying to each loved haunt or bower “adieu!” or of bedewing with the tears of filial affection the unforgotten graves of her once dear parents.

And now, as she lay, as it were, upon the extremest verge of the precipice of death, without the hope of clinging to life and safety—waiting in inert helplessness for the passing breath which should vibrate the fearful balance, she faintly murmured forth a request for a moment's interview with one whose features she had not yet seen among those of her friends who welcomed her return.

“He has doubtless forgotten me,” she sighed; “but tell him that a dying girl—one with whom he used to be intimate—desires to look upon him, and say ‘farewell,’ ere her eyes close forever.” Tears gushed involuntarily forth as she spoke, and those who heard her request looked with mute wonder upon each other. A

light seemed just dawning upon their understandings—which yet they could scarcely comprehend.

This person was an estimable young man of the village, named Edgar Clayton, with whom, it was recollected by her country friends, she had been much associated before the death of her parents, and her consequent departure for the city; but none of them had suspected that she was, at that time, from her extreme youth, in any way attached to him, though after her absence they discovered that he remembered her with feelings of deep interest. He did not visit her upon the first day of her return, because he doubtless feared the effect of fatigue upon her weakness; but on the second day he called, when, from the cause he had anticipated, he was not permitted to see her.

“He has already been here, Lucy,” said her kind uncle, “but on account of your very weak state we did not deem it advisable that your feelings should be again agitated; as the excitement of your previous interviews with the many friends who have called, has been too powerful for your feeble faculties.”

“Then he has not entirely forgotten me,” she murmured, while a faint smile illumined her pale features. “But, dear uncle,” she continued, after a moment's reflection, “I have no hopes of life—I feel that my fate is near at hand; and my only wish can at this period be to look upon the faces of those long absent friends whom I have journeyed to see, and to bid them farewell.”

“It shall be as you desire, my dear niece,” replied her uncle with a despairing voice, for he feared that this one meeting might prove far more injurious than all the rest. He suspected the truth, and regretted deeply that the secret had not been discovered ere her disease had made such fearful progress. He knew that *secret* love did sometimes exist, and he had heard that its hopeless concealment often proved injurious, and even fatal. But he deemed that it was now too late to dream of hope in this—the malady was too near its crisis to admit of remedy; while his fear was, that the effect which might have proved beneficial in the earlier stages of decay, would now but agitate the feeble and tottering fabric of her existence to its final dissolution.

A messenger was forthwith despatched with Lucy's request, and the young gentleman came without delay. But ere he was admitted to her presence, Mr. Ashton took the opportunity of suggesting to him a proper mode of action, with a careful consideration of her critical position, in order that he might not pain in the slightest degree her very sensitive heart.

“My poor niece, Mr. Clayton,” said he, somewhat reproachfully, “is now far gone, and we fear each hour may be her last. She has requested to see you, that she may bid you, among the remainder of her friends, a last farewell before she dies; and her wish should of course be gratified. She mentions that you and herself were

once very intimate, and for that reason I have to beg that you may carefully avoid re-calling to her memory aught which might have the slightest tendency to depress her feelings. Speak to her as you would to *one whom you love*, for she cherishes very dearly the remembrances of all her early friends."

The young man was evidently surprised at Mr. Ashton's manner and words, and therefore waited a few moments to reflect upon their import. There was some emotion expressed in his countenance, and he appeared to be struggling with inward agitation, as if there were feelings of regret at work within his bosom. He replied,

"You have spoken to me, Mr. Ashton, as if you deem that I am indifferent to the situation of your dear niece. But, sir, it is not thus; I will candidly avow that I have loved Miss Ashton from her earliest childhood, and that my heart is as deeply connected with her approaching fate as your own can be."

"Then why, Mr. Clayton, have you not before sought her? Why have you thus coldly suffered her to pine away and wither under the blight of neglected love?" returned Mr. Ashton harshly.

"Neglected love!" echoed Clayton, with an appearance of astonishment.

"Yes, sir, *neglect*!" returned the other rather warmly, for he deemed that the cause of Lucy's concealment of her love was now apparent; "or did you but trifle with her feelings; and, when she was conveyed from your presence, and from her native home after losing her parents, did you bid her a cold farewell, and then desert her sorrows—turning your attention upon some other object?"

"Sir, I do not deserve this reproach," replied Clayton with mixed feelings of pain and indignation. "She cannot think that I would act thus; even had I known or dreamed that my affection for her was returned. True, we were very intimate, and she was frank and kind toward me; yet, when we parted, we had never spoken of love, and I dared not hope so much as to mention the feelings which I cherished. She was the daughter of a wealthy and honored clergyman, while I was poor. She went far off into a large city, where I could but deem that she would soon forget aught that she ever felt for one who was merely the *companion* of her *childish* days, and, therefore, I struggled to repress, if not overcome the passion, which had unconsciously been enkindled within my bosom. Did I dream that she cherished for me aught save the friendship of childhood, I had sought her long ere this!"

"But though I had forgotten it, I now remember there came a rumor of your engagement to another lady."

"It was false—never have I loved any one but your niece."

"Pardon my warmth, sir," said Mr. Ashton; "I spoke hastily and under a wrong impression. But your

words bear their own evidence of truth, and the supposition which we a short time since entertained, relative to the origin of her disease, is of course by them refuted."

"Still it is not improbable," he continued in a musing tone; but recollecting himself, he arose and observed, "Lucy is waiting for us, Mr. Clayton, and we will now see her, if you please."

They entered the apartment of the sick girl, who sat propped up by pillows on her bed, and apparently watching for their coming with eager attention. She was looking more cheerful and life-like than she had appeared of late, and her eyes beamed with a new and joyous light. When the door opened, a bright flush passed across her pale features, and as Clayton advanced to her bedside, both appeared for a moment embarrassed in their greeting. She, however, quickly recovered, and holding out her thin hand, said—

"I have sent for you, Mr. Clayton;" but as he caught her hand, and with a fervent movement pressed it to his lips, she suddenly paused in her explanation, gazed sadly for a moment into his expressive countenance; then burying her face in the pillows upon which she rested, she appeared to hide a flood of tears. Oh! there was a language there which none could fail to understand. The secret which had preyed upon that poor girl's heart was now fully betrayed. Sympathy, wonder and anxiety were blended in the countenances of those who gazed upon the scene, and the young man himself was affected almost beyond control. The knowledge of the feelings which dictated his own action, added to the expressed suspicion of Mr. Ashton, gave him at once a clear insight into the nature of her tears, and his heart yearned to console them; but how he scarcely knew. In the wildness of his agitation, however, he bent forward and whispered in her ear what, in the excitement of the moment, he himself knew not; but *she* faintly sobbed forth the murmur,

"It is too late!—I am soon to die."

"Oh, no! not so, dear Lucy!" he passionately replied; "you shall yet live to make us all happy, and myself, oh, more than happy! Think not of dying, dearest, for hope still exists, and death may not snatch you from me at the moment when my joy is discovered."

As he spoke, Lucy's agitation overcame her weakness, and all was still, save the deep groan of despair which issued from the hearts of her friends. They thought her spirit had taken its flight; but it was soon evident that she was only fainting, and remedies were quickly offered to restore her. With a heavy sigh her eyes again languidly opened, and she looked around for her lover, who had bowed his head down to conceal the intensity of his emotions. While she waited for a moment, as if for strength to speak, her uncle interfered, and would have closed the interview; but she motioned for Clayton to remain.

"You are very weak, my dear Lucy," said Mr. Ashton, "and unable to bear this effort. Permit us, then, to defer farther conversation until you recover a little from your agitation."

She now acquiesced in her uncle's desire, and rested with her gaze fixed fondly upon the countenance of him who had been the object of her secretly cherished affection; while a faint glow, as of returning happiness, seemed gradually overspreading the pallor of her face. It was a joyful omen to the eyes of all, and their hearts began to swell with hope and gladness.

From that moment may be dated the commencement of her return to health. Before that interview was ended, she herself spoke of hope, and every one joyfully felt that such was at length dawning. Love had administered an antidote to the disease which originated in itself, and thus was she snatched as it were from the portals of the tomb. Her recovery was thenceforth as rapid as had been her decline, and in a few short months the lately despairing invalid was fast acquiring once more the bloom of health. Day after day Clayton was constantly at her side, and evincing by every method his fond affection. The gratification of the deep attachment which she had so long sighed over, the renewal of early friendships, and the residence amid the bright scenes of her loved home, all combined to reanimate her drooping energies.

Lucy did not return to Philadelphia again with her uncle, for it was evident that the salubrity of the country climate best agreed with her delicate constitution, and before a year had passed, she took a permanent residence in her native village, where she now resides as the wife of him for whose love she had before secretly pined. But, alas! how many others, less happy, pine away from broken hearts, and are called the victims of consumption?

DEATH—A FRAGMENT.

BY EDWARD G. SQUIER.

AND is this Death, that steals so quiet o'er,
Like the soft radiance the pale moon sheds
On Western waters, at the dewy eve?
Can this be Death that whitens each blue vein,
That stamps each lineament with its marble seal,
And chills the fount whence animation springs?
Strange spirit Death! how calmly doth it move!
Like the thin shadow o'er the glassy lake,
It presseth with its spirit wing, and lo,
How changed! Health's rosy hue has passed away,
The bright eyes closed, to dwell on mortal scenes
No more! The mounting blood no longer sweeps
Like autumn's sunset gleams o'er that fair brow—
For Death has set his rigid impress there,
So cold, so chill, and yet so beautiful!

THE EMIR'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

"Sing again, Christian," said the Emir's daughter to the captive who knelt at her feet.

"What shall I sing?" asked the minstrel, starting from a reverie, and carelessly running his fingers over the instrument, giving utterance to a prelude of wild but exquisitely melodious tones. "Shall I sing of war, or love, or," and his voice became suddenly sad, "of captivity?"

The princess turned her large dark eye on the speaker and involuntarily sighed, for she felt how much that little word meant.

"No—no, not of captivity—sing of some gayer theme—let—let it be of love," she continued, and the blood mounted to her forehead as she spoke.

"There is but one song I remember of that kind," replied the minstrel in a sad, but musical voice, whose softened accents told how grateful he felt for the sympathy of the maiden—"there is but one song of that kind I remember, and it is of my own far off home. Lady, I know not that I can sing it, for it fills my heart with tears when I think of it now; but your wish is my law," and again running his fingers over the instrument he evoked a strain of melody that might have been breathed from the stars.

The maiden leaned her fair face on her hand to listen; and, as she reclined thus, the minstrel thought he had never seen any thing so beautiful. Her brow was smooth as marble; her mouth and chin cut in the most exquisite proportions; while her long lashes drooping over her eyes gave them the depth of shaded water. If there was majesty in that face there was also grace: if the classic features made it for a moment seem stern, the kind smile and softened look of the eyes relieved you instantly from the feeling. And now, as she gazed on the minstrel, there was a dewy tenderness in those full, dark orbs which might have told volumes to him if he had noticed them closely, which, perhaps, he did. He raised his head and spoke,

"The words are in my own language, but the music you can understand."

The princess nodded and he began. The song was mournful, and before the minstrel had finished he had drawn tears into the eyes of his listener merely by the touching pathos of his voice. A pause ensued.

"Sir minstrel," she said suddenly, "you pine for your country—do you not?"

"Can I forget the home where I was born, or the church-yard where my fathers sleep?" he answered sadly. Again there was a pause, and there seemed a struggle in the lady's bosom. When she spoke there was deep emotion in her voice.

"And you would run the peril of reaching the Christian camp, if your escape hence was connived at?"

"Dear lady, yes!"

"You shall go. To-night there will be one at the seaward postern—you are allowed the freedom of the interior—the gate will be opened for you and a boat left at hand. And may the God you worship bless and preserve you," and she turned away to hide her tears.

A new light broke in on the minstrel. Could it be that he was beloved? Was this the cause of the kindness with which he had been treated? With a sudden hope he was about to fling himself at the feet of the princess, when one of her father's eunuchs entered the apartment, and he was forced to resume his instrument in order to conceal her emotion. No further opportunity to speak with his mistress occurred during the day; and he left her presence toward evening in despair.

Should he avail himself of her offer to escape? If he were certain of her love nothing could induce him to fly without her; but *did* she love him? This question the captive could not answer. Harassed by doubts he saw the appointed hour arrive without having come to any conclusion. A new hope now arose. He would meet his mistress at the postern. Alas! there was no one there but a eunuch whom she had bribed, who was perversely silent. The minstrel was still in doubt when lights were seen in the garden advancing toward the postern. No time was to be lost. The eunuch pushed him into the boat, the crew of which instantly rowed off from the land, and the captive, yielding to fate, bade farewell forever to the Emir's daughter.

But he could not forget her. Even after arriving at the Christian camp and resuming his rank, (for all had thought him dead) his only thought was of the Saracen beauty, and long he lingered in Palestine, when his interests should have called him home, hoping to hear of her. But despair at length took possession of him, and he returned sadly to Europe, where the fairest ladies of his own gay Provence strove in vain to win him by their smiles.

Oh! had he known the agony with which the Emir's daughter watched, from her tower, his departure—had he been told how, day by day, she sought to glean some intelligence of his safe arrival at the Christian camp, he would have left his broad possessions at once, and found his way back to her, through a thousand perils, rather than she should consider him ungrateful. But little did he imagine the sacrifice she had made. Since the first day she had seen the pale, but still noble-looking captive, she had surrendered to him her heart, and the offer of his freedom sprang from the heroic wish to see him happy even though at the sacrifice of his company. Had he spoken his love then, and she almost felt he would, few words would have induced her to

sacrifice father, country and faith, to follow him; but he was silent, and she feared that her love was despised. Still her noble heart refused to take its revenge by interrupting his escape; but she watched his departure hoping to the last that he would communicate with her. And when she could no more catch the shadowy figure of the receding boat, she flung herself on her cushions and wept as if her heart would break. From that day her attendants noticed that she grew paler and thinner, as if some secret malady was eating out her life. But none suspected the truth.

In the proud castle of Limoges sat the owner, leaning his head with a dejected air on his hand. He was thinking of her who had set him free from his Moslem slavery, and when he recalled her beauty and gentleness, he felt as if it would be no sacrifice to surrender house and lands and knightly honors, to be again the captive minstrel at her feet, enjoying her smiles and sympathy, even though denied her love.

"It is vain," he said, "I can find no happiness here. Beauty has no charms for me. I will go again to Palestine, and never return until I see her." He was about to summon his squire when that individual entered the room.

"There is a page, my lord," he said, "without, who wishes to see you on urgent business."

"Let him enter."

A youth, apparently of Italian origin, appeared and stood humbly at the door until the knight signed to him to advance. The page looked at the squire, whom his master, understanding the hint, ordered to leave the room. Then hastily advancing, the youth threw off his hat, and exposed to view a countenance of singularly feminine beauty, for one of his sex.

"Henri! Henri!" said the page, and bursting into tears, fell at the knight's feet.

"My own—Zenora!" and the knight clasped her to his bosom; for it was the Emir's daughter.

"And how did you thread your way through such innumerable dangers?" asked the knight, using her own tongue, when, after weeping long on his bosom, she was somewhat composed.

"I know not. Your God—for him I now serve—protected me. I fled, bearing with me a few jewels, determined to seek you out, and be your minstrel as you had been mine. I assumed this disguise, and knowing nothing of your language but your name and nation, found my way hither, where, for three months, I have wandered up and down repeating 'Henri de Limoges.' At length a jewel of some price induced a man to bring me hither; and now—now may I be your minstrel, any thing?—only do not send me away."

"You shall be my own bride;" and so it was; and never in Languedoc was a more beautiful couple than the Count de Limoges and THE EMIR'S DAUGHTER.

THE SON'S WIFE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I know we shan't like her," said Aunt Sarah, decisively, putting her knitting needle in its sheath, "her mother was queer, before her; and every body knows the Stapleton's are an odd sett. A mechanic's daughter too!"

"But what have you against them?" asked the brother of the intended bridegroom, standing up against the whole host, "is she ill-bred, or no housekeeper, or a dunce, or extravagant, or a woman of ill-regulated temper?"

"Well, I don't know, but I've heard she has nothing to boast of in the way of manners," said Aunt Sarah.

"And I don't believe she's a housekeeper—who ever knew one of your prodigies that was?" said another.

"Then she is a prodigy," said the brother; but the storm went on regardless of his remark.

"She hasn't common sense, in spite of her romance," said one.

"She'll spend twice Tom's income," said another, raising her voice.

"She's no doubt a scold, for what thin body isn't?" said another, in a voice more shrill.

"And as proud as Lucifer," chimed in a sixth, in a yet higher key.

"And Tom will get enough of love and Mary Stapleton before six months, if she's the coquette I've heard," said the last, with a shrill intonation, that rose over the din of the battle. Tom's brother smiled, and to avoid the tempest he could not allay, darted out of the room.

Mary Stapleton lived in a country village, but mingled little in its gossiping society, for there were but few there with whom she could have sympathy. When we say that she was good-looking, if not beautiful; of singularly amiable disposition and gentle manners; well informed, graceful, accomplished, and of talents above mediocrity, we have told why she was loved by young Irvine, or, as his family familiarly called him, "our Tom,"—the most desirable match in the village. His father—who was now dead—had been a judge, and possessing much property, had been looked up to by the neighborhood as the great man of the county. Most of the females of the family gave themselves airs in consequence, for, by a singular fatality, all the daughters of Judge Irvine partook rather of the mother's vain and shallow character, than of the truly estimable disposition of the father—his strong common sense and liberal views having descended to his two sons, as if, these traits, to use his own expression, "had been entailed on his heirs male." The Stapleton's were a family of mechanics time out of mind, and therefore beneath the notice of the Irvine's, so that when young Irvine began visiting the daughter, a hubbub ensued, the like of which had

not been known since Irvinville was built. But the young man had an obstinate habit of having his own way, and all the sly inuendos of his sisters and aunts, and even one or two direct attacks of his lady mother, failed to have any effect on him. He still visited Mary Stapleton, and at length announced his approaching marriage with her.

The conclave of aunts and sisters and other relatives, who always constitute a sort of committee of advice on such occasions, was thunderstruck. *Marry* Mary Stapleton—the thing was preposterous! To *visit* her was bad enough, but to make her his wife—why, the blood of the Irvine's would cry out against it, and it was questionable whether their knightly ancestors could thereafter sleep quietly in their coffins. A grand sanhedrim was summoned, to which the offender's brother was invited, and the result we have seen. No one thought of remonstrating with the young man, for all knew the determination which formed the most striking part of his character, and they were, therefore, fain to content themselves with finding fault with the intended bride; and, since not one knew any thing of her, this was no very difficult task.

They were married. Now, as Mrs. Irvine prided herself on her politeness, she announced that all the outward forms of civility must be bestowed on the bride, though none were required to pay any further attentions, or to throw any real warmth of manner into the courtesies with which they received Tom's wife. The widow's word was law, and accordingly the whole family went, in due form, to the wedding. It was very generally understood, however, that no one was to like the son's wife if any decent reason to the contrary could be found in her looks, education, or deportment.

A round of parties ensued, for the Irvine's were determined to outdo the Stapleton's, and they resolved, therefore, to give a nightly succession of what they called "crushers," before the other side would have a chance to put in their claims. The wedding had been on Thursday, and on Monday the Irvine's began, monopolizing every evening that week. Whenever the Stapleton's could be decently omitted, they were not invited; but at Mrs. Irvine's it was impossible not to have the bride's parents and sisters. So, at Mrs. Irvine's, a regular attack was to be made on the Stapleton's, in order to expose their ignorance and ill-breeding.

"A song from the bride," said one, in the secret, as soon as the piano was opened.

Now it was generally understood among the Irvine's that the bride could not play, and the best performer of their party was, on her declining, to astound the Stapleton's. But the bride ignorantly threw consternation among her enemies by quietly sitting down at the instrument, and performing in a style which set all competition at defiance.

"How beautiful!" was the involuntary exclamation extorted even from those who envied her most.

"I had no idea she understood music, and so thoroughly," said one.

"When could she have learned it?" said another.

"But we will ask her to play on the harp to-morrow evening," said a third, "what a pity Mrs. Irvine hasn't the instrument, or we might see the Stapleton's discomfited to-night."

To-morrow came, and with it a party at a sister of the late Judge Irvine. It was known that Mrs. Seymour had the only harp in the village, consequently it was impossible that the bride knew how to play on the instrument. We shall not attempt to paint the astonishment of the conspirators when she walked composedly to the harp, and played a very difficult piece, accompanying it with her voice. An involuntary burst of delight testified the opinions of the company, the male portion of which, not being in the secret of the plot, did not hesitate to express approbation.

"Where did your sister learn the harp?" asked one of the Irvine's.

"She spent two years in Philadelphia," was the quiet answer.

Every evening during the week some new attempt was made to unmask, as the conspirators said, the want of breeding and accomplishments in the son's wife; but each trial met with signal disappointment; and, at the end of the marriage festivities, even the heads of the plot were forced to confess that the bride was a most accomplished lady, and that even her family were wonderfully well informed for the descendants of mechanic's.

But prejudice is always stubborn. The little clique which determined to put down the son's wife still insisted that she was extravagant, and that, however talented she might be, she needed that practical sense which is most valuable for the ordinary duties of life. Her demeanor in her new capacity of housewife was keenly scrutinized, and the transactions at the son's house became a daily subject of gossip at the elder Mrs. Irvine's. But even envy and prejudice combined could find nothing to blame; and before many weeks the conspirators began to grow heartily ashamed of themselves.

"Well," at length said Aunt Sarah to the elder Mrs. Irvine, "I do say that I never saw a neater house than Mary's is, and from what Tom says they make a little go a great ways. I'm beginning to think there's something in them Stapleton's after all. I'm sure Cicely here has improved wonderfully in her music since your daughter-in-law offered to give her lessons."

Mrs. Irvine was silent for some time, but at length looked up from her work.

"I don't find any fault with her, and I can't say I ever did. I had my suspicions that Tom had been

taken in, but I've found that he knew better than we what kind of a wife Mary would make. You know I told you all, from the first, that she was to be treated with due politeness as *my* daughter-in-law."

Notwithstanding this full admission, it had been long before the mother-in-law could be brought to acknowledge her new daughter's merits; but her prejudices had at length given way before the sweetness and many virtues of her son's wife. After this acknowledgment, it was wonderful how quickly the rest of the family saw the worth of the young wife; and indeed, in the short space of a year from this time, she became the oracle, in all matters of taste especially, to the younger Irvine's.

The son never alluded to the subject in their presence but once, when he said,

"And so, Aunt Sarah, you thought I was throwing myself away when I married; do you think so now?"

Aunt Sarah and the rest of the council looked down, and were silent.

THE EARLY CALLED.

BY WILLIAM H. CRANSTON.

I saw her in the Spring of life,

With glossy auburn locks o'erbent—

A peaceful, calm and winning smile

Played round her face where'er she went;

Of all that's good, she was the best,

Completed and perfected love—

She filled my soul with holy zest,

And led my wand'ring thoughts above.

I saw her happy, bright and gay,

Contented in this world of wo—

I saw her passing, day by day,

Through scenes of captivating show;

The rose of youth was on her face,

When last I took her gentle hand,

The smile of health beamed forth with grace

When last we greeted in this land.

I saw her next, still, cold in death,

The flush had left her chiselled cheek,

Her warm, inspiring, cherished breath

Had gone, and she could no more speak;

Those brilliant eyes were sightless now,

That wave-like breast was calm and still,

Her tuneful mouth, and lofty brow

Reflected Death's peculiar thrill.

I sighed! and said, can *this* be death?

So calmly bright—so sweetly fair—

It must be so—this changing heath

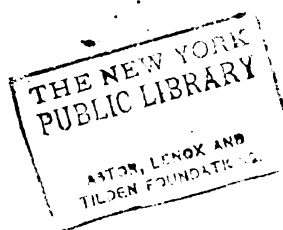
In life hath nothing half so rare.

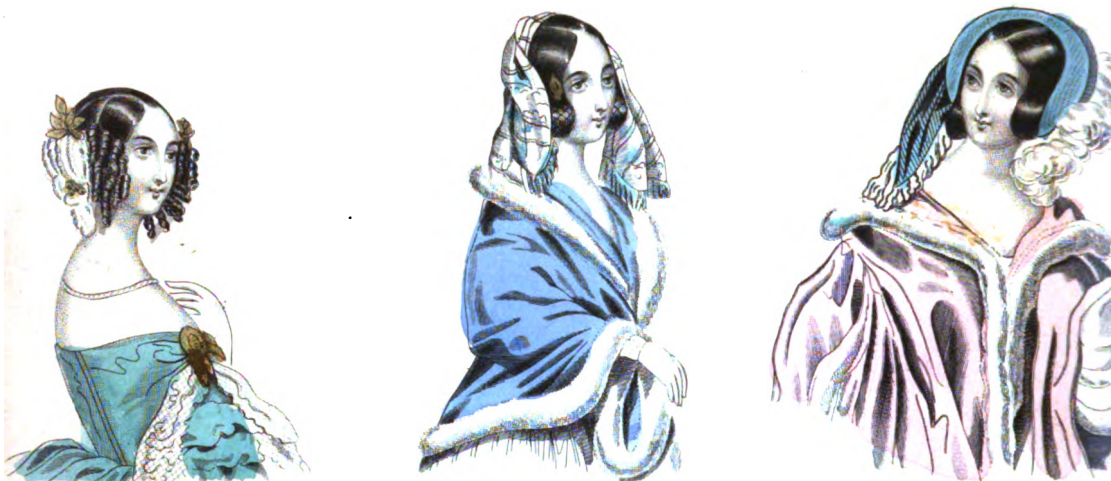
If *she*, in all her purity,

But hardly gain the courts of love,

Oh! how will *our* iniquity

Appear when round the throne above!





The Latest & Newest Fashions, Feb. 1843.

Engraved for the Lady's World of Fashion.

THE LADY'S WORLD.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA: FEBRUARY, 1843.

No. 2.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

THE costumes presented in our plate this month are of unusual beauty, and comprise varieties sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious. *Fig. 1.* represents a **WALKING DRESS**, worn with a shawl, splendidly fringed. Close-faced bonnet trimmed plain. *Fig. 2.* is an **OPERA DRESS**: the waist pointed. Over this is worn a short mantle, elegantly trimmed with fur. Head-dress of lace, ornamented with roses. *Fig. 3.* is a **WALKING DRESS**, half cloak, half pelisse, worn over a rich green silk, and lined with crimson. It is fringed all round, and adorned with tassels. Bonnet close to the face, and decked with *marabouts*.

WALKING DRESSES.—These are generally destitute of trimming, owing to their being concealed by the mantlelet, camail or cloak. Corsage high and plain: sleeves and skirt to match. Velvet dresses are much worn, both for morning and evening toilette, and are made perfectly plain. The other materials in vogue are satins of different colors, China silks, Indian damasks; levan-tines and pekims. We notice a costume made up of a dress of black satin, perfectly plain, and sitting close to the figure: over this is worn a *surtout* of French grey cachemire, fitting to the figure, and attached around the waist with cords and tassels; long hanging Persian sleeve; the cloak and sleeve lined throughout with blue *gros de Naples*, and bordered with round *soutache* embroidery: capote of rich amber *gros de Indes*, the interior of the brim lined with white, and ornamented with three small puffs of ribbon, interspersed with small green sprigs; the crown decorated with knots of amber velvet ribbon, and a fancy feather forming a half wreath on the front of the crown: muff of sable, lined with cherry color. Another costume is composed of a dress of blue Pekin silk, the skirt full and long, ornamented down the front with a *soutache* embroidery, having a row of large buttons decorating the centre; the sleeves ornamented to match: manteau of rich chocolate satin, opening on each side as well as the front, attached as far as the arm-hole with a broad rouleau or silk cord, finished with a *nœud* and tassels of the same; small round collar; the whole

of the mantle surrounded with a broad *bias* of velvet, headed with a vandyke of narrow silk braid, the lining white taffetas: capote of white *velours épinglé*, lined with pale pink, the left side trimmed with puffings of white *velours épinglé* ribbon, surmounting a small bouquet of roses, the puffings of ribbon reaching from the roses to the *nœud* behind.

BALL DRESSES are now much sought after. We have seen one made of white *crêpe*, trimmed with an embroidery of *ponceau* silk and Grecian gold, the dress forming three tunics. Another of three *jupes*, each embroidered in gold lama; pointed waist; tight low body and short sleeves, surrounded with a double square cape, embroidered to match; coiffure of rich blue velvet, decorated with pearls and a double plume of white ostrich feathers, the under plume falling very low on the left side: this head-dress is worn very much on one side: hair in ringlets. We have noticed also an Evening Dress of a delicate lilac peach-colored satin, the *jupe* very full, and doubly gauged round the waist; the bottom of the *jupe* trimmed with two deep pieces of velvet, of a shade darker than the satin, each piece being on the *bias*, and divided with a deep flouncing of white lace; the corsage low, and fitting tight to the figure; waist *à pointe*, the top of the corsage ornamented with a double fall of lace; short tight sleeves, trimmed to match. Another Evening Dress is of rich pink satin, trimmed handsomely round the *jupe*, with a broad flouncing of sable, headed by one rather narrower, which continues up each side of the front, narrowing toward the point of the waist; corsage and short sleeves, fitting tight to the figure, and ornamented with sable trimmings; waist *à pointe*. The hair arranged in bows behind, and caught with gold cord and tassels. Scarf of striped lama muslin.

BONNETS for promenade are of middling size, decorated with feathers shaded, the same color as the ribbon. Half dress bonnets are of *velours royal*, blue sapphire, *gris Mineral*, *vert de gris*, straw or citron color, and ornamented with *marabouts*: the interior trimmed with velvet ribbons of a light and lively color. In form, bonnets have undergone a slight change at the ears,

being cut in a kind of point, and curved very much at the side of the ears toward the back of the bonnet. A wadded capote is much worn in Paris, the quilting made to represent a raised wreath in a gymp pattern: the material is satin, either white or pink, and feathers *marabouts* or *plumes de coq*. Plumes are now generally worn drooping.

CAPS.—The *Charlotte Corday*, which we have heretofore described, is still much worn: also the Dubarry cap, of tulle trimmed with *D'Alençon point* lace: also the *Neathilde*, a coquettish affair, without a crown, and decorated with lace and velvet. In Paris a Grecian cap is much worn, made in a light style of open foundation, composed entirely of pearls and of gold, intermixed with small rouleaus of cachemire gauze or velvet, and surrounded with magnificent gold and pearl ornaments, falling upon the shoulders, and finished with tassels of an immense size, giving the entire head-dress a most oriental appearance, when the tassels are mixed with *ponceau*, dark blue or green. We can easily conceive how becoming the contrast must be with the color of the fair shoulders upon which they recline.

MANTLES and CAMAILS remain much the same, though new patterns are appearing daily. We have given already two specimens of out of door dresses. We add a mantelet of violet satin, rounded at the back and trimmed with a filling of the same: this mantelet is gathered in the front, at the waist, and on the shoulders; the whole faced with velvet and attached in front with a net-work of silk cord.

GLOVES are trimmed as much as dresses.

FLOWERS in coiffures are quite the rage.

COLLARS are worn very small.

THE WYOMING VALLEY.

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLAN.

Oh! bright is thy beauty, fair vale of the west—
Like a lily the white village sleeps on thy breast,
And the stream winds along in its sinuous sheen,
As a silvery thread through a carpet of green.

Far off the blue mountains uprise in the air,
A haze on their sides as if incense was there,
And their summits red-blazing as altar tops glow,—
While cloud-shadows flit o'er the meadows below.

How sheer is the precipice, dizzy the height,
And hark to the pine trees that moan out of sight!
Or see, far below, where the crags splinter out,
The foam of the cataract blowing about!

With thee, oh! Wyoming, my childhood was spent;
With thy image my dearest emotions are blent;
And I watch o'er thy mem'ry enshrined in my breast
As the dove watches over the young in her nest.

THE EMBROIDERED SLIPPERS.

BY MRS. C. H. FORD.

"How shrilly the storm whistles around the corners of the streets, or howls down the chimney: and hark to the sleet pattering furiously against the casement! Oh! the poor—what sufferings must be theirs on such a night as this."

The speaker was one in whom such language would have seemed to common ears strange. He was attired with great nicety, almost amounting to foppishness, and his broad forehead and handsome face betrayed none of the furrows of care. Rich, courted, and as yet a stranger to sorrow, Charles Harcourt had still a heart open to the miseries of his less favored fellow beings, and now, as he sat before the cheery fire in that luxurious parlor, his thoughts turned involuntarily to the houseless outcasts who might be wandering the streets. His words were partly in soliloquy, and partly addressed to a lady who sat opposite him on the sofa, her delicate foot buried in the soft velvet Turkey carpet, and her jewelled hand resting ostentatiously on the arm of the seat beside her. She was dressed fashionably, and with exquisite taste. Her face was lovely, surpassingly lovely, with regular features, and eyes, eyebrows, and forehead of unrivalled beauty. A small chain of gold crossed her brow, fastened in front by a diamond of great price, which blazed and flickered like a star. It was evident, from the look with which Harcourt turned toward her, that his heart had been touched, if not overcome by her beauty. She returned his fond look and replied,

"Yes! poor wretches—I fear enough has not been done for them this winter. You don't know, Mr. Harcourt, how my heart has bled, during the explorations I have lately been making among the lanes and alleys of the suburbs. Such scenes of destitution and sickness. Oh! I shudder even to recur to them," and she covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shut out some disagreeable object. Harcourt's fine eyes expressed deeper admiration at this evidence of her sympathy; and had they been alone perhaps his feelings would have hurried him into the declaration he had been long meditating. But there was a third person in the room, whom we have hitherto forgotten, though to be thus postponed to her cousin was the usual fate of Edith Melville. And yet, when one came to look at her, the causes of this neglect seemed doubtful. True, she was not as splendidly beautiful as Clara, but her soft, dove-like eyes shone with an expression which seemed more angelic than earthly; and her whole countenance impressed the beholder with feelings of purity and awe. She was sitting at a table, a little apart, busily plying her needle; and seemed to take no part in the conversation, though when her cousin answered Harcourt, she started and looked up,

first at her and then at him, and catching the expression on his face, she turned deadly pale. Bending over her work to hide her feelings, she remained silent and almost unconscious of what was going on, until Harcourt rose to take his leave.

"You have been quite still to-night, Edith," he said, "but I attribute it all to that beautiful pair of slippers you are working. I never knew before you loved embroidery."

Edith blushed, and without raising her eyes, replied quietly,

"They are not for myself."

Harcourt colored, and it was evident from his manner that what he heard was, from some cause, disagreeable to him. He looked enquiringly at Clara, and then answered.

"Whoever the person is, Miss Edith, he has great reason to be proud, and would be even more so if he knew how devoted you have been to your work," and without waiting for a reply, he bowed to both ladies and left the room, without noticing the flash of triumph in Clara's eyes. The instant the door closed on him Edith sprung from her seat, and left the parlor by the opposite entrance, while Clara flung herself again on the sofa, and following her cousin with her looks, burst, when she had departed, into a clear, ringing exulting laugh. Edith, the instant she left the parlor, burst into tears, and hurrying up stairs locked herself in her room. Then flinging herself passionately on her bed, she wept as if her heart would break.

"Oh! cruel, cruel," she sobbed, "to tell me I am working the slippers for another, when only he is in my heart. He little knows that I am embroidering them to raise a few dollars to assist nurse in her poverty. And Clara! heartless Clara! to talk about her sympathy for the destitute when she will do nothing for our almost second mother, who is now sick and in poverty. Could Charles only know the truth!" and she wept afresh.

Edith, unlike her cousin, was not an heiress, for the little pittance left by her deceased parent barely sufficed for her most necessary wants; and had not her uncle offered her a home, her scanty annuity would have been insufficient even for these. Thus, though her heart was open as day to charity, she had no means of relieving the necessitous, unless by the manufacture and sale of such articles as the embroidered slippers, on which she had been working that evening. These were intended, as her words implied, to relieve the wants of a sick, and perhaps dying old servant, who had formerly been a nurse in her father's family, and who was now in the lowest depth of poverty.

Our readers have already suspected the state of Edith's heart. Her love for Harcourt had grown up insensibly to herself. He had long been in the habit of visiting at her uncle's, and for awhile his attentions had been

equally divided between Clara and her cousin. And his warm heart, high intellect and extensive acquirements rendered him just the person to win the heart of such a girl as Edith. She would sit whole evenings listening to his eloquent conversation, never speaking unless spoken to, but busily plying her needle. Nor did she become aware of the nature of her feelings for Harcourt until the increased particularity of his attentions to Clara, awakened her to the fact that she loved him. Then she strove against her passion; but alas! it had become so interwoven with her gentle heart that only death could remove it.

Clara had long desired to become the wife of Charles Harcourt, for his standing in society was high, and his fortune almost that of a millionaire. She had early seen that he wavered between her cousin and herself, and all her arts had been exerted to win the prize. She, therefore, assumed feelings she did not entertain, as in the conversation we have just recorded; and, at length, by such duplicity, united to her extraordinary and striking beauty, she succeeded so far as to regard her ultimate triumph certain. The consciousness of this caused the exulting laugh with which she saw Edith depart from the parlor.

The next day Charles Harcourt called, and invited the cousins to go with him to a beneficial concert that evening. Edith would have declined, but had no sufficient plea, besides, her uncle, who was present, insisted on it. After the concert there was an address for the poor, to be followed by a collection. The speaker was one of the most eloquent men in the city, and on this occasion he surpassed himself. The enthusiasm he awoke was perceptible when the plates were passed through the assembly. Many who had left their purses at home, took off their rings and threw them down for alms. Among these persons was Clara, who drew a valuable diamond from her finger, and thus gave it away. Harcourt saw the action and mentally resolved to wait on the committee in the morning and redeem the ring, and with this determination glanced at Edith to see what would be her offering. Ignorant of her pecuniary situation he saw with disgust that she merely bowed and suffered the plate to pass on, though a deep blush mantled her cheek.

"How mean!" was the inward ejaculation of Harcourt, "well have I chosen between the two. But, selfish as she is, she has yet the feeling of shame." Edith caught his look and understood it; and when she returned home she spent the night in tears.

The next morning Edith entered the parlor with a note in her hand.

"It is from nurse," she said, "she has got the poor woman who waits on her to write it. She is failing fast, and wishes, dear Clara, to see you; for, she says, she has not forgotten when we both were in her arms together."

"I cannot go," said Clara peevishly, "the carriage is in use this morning, and the snow is a foot deep on the ground. I wouldn't walk out in the suburbs, to the dirty den where she lives, for any thing. Besides, how unreasonable she is! Did I not send her five dollars when she was first taken sick?"

"But that was a month ago."

"And what if it was?" said Clara sharply, "one isn't made of money."

"But for our old nurse."

"For our old nurse," said she, mimicking Edith, "why I can't see what *peculiar* claims she has on one. I shan't go to see her, that's certain; and as for giving her any more money, I can't afford it. I gave away a ring last night worth a hundred dollars, and shan't give a cent again for years. The county takes care of the poor, and we all pay taxes for them. Let aunt Betty go to the poor-house."

Edith sighed, but said nothing. She took up, from the table, the embroidered slippers, and, wrapping them in paper, was about to leave the room. But, with her hand on the door, she turned and said hesitatingly,

"Aunt Betty doesn't ask you, dear Clara, for money—she only asks to see you; it would be such a comfort to her, she says, before she dies."

Clara turned around, for she was looking at the fire, and with an angry tone answered,

"Do shut the door—the chill air of the entry makes me shiver. If you are fool enough to go out on such a bitter day as this, go—but assuredly I shan't go with you."

With a sad heart Edith departed, and arraying herself warmly, and in a partial disguise, left the house. She first went to the rooms of a society which purchased fancy articles from indigent females, and resold them to those wealthy persons who preferred patronizing a benevolent institution to buying elsewhere. This society was the one whose concert she and Clara had attended the night before, and when she entered the sale room, Harcourt was, by chance, in an inner apartment, where he had been shewn while the ring which he came to buy had been sent out to be valued by a jeweller. He was listlessly reading a newspaper, when his attention was arrested by a voice in the outer shop.

"Can you buy these slippers?" said the voice to the shopwoman. A pause ensued as if the woman was examining them, and then came the reply.

"Why, Miss, they are not finished."

"I know that, I know that," quickly said the other, in emotion, "but I am in want of the money for purposes of charity. The comfort, perhaps the life of an aged person, is at stake. If you will advance me the money now, I will finish the slippers."

"This is a strange request," said the matron, "but, as you seem honest, and wish the money for charity, I

will accede to your terms if you give me your name and residence."

There was a pause, as if a struggle was going on in the other's breast: then she asked for a piece of paper to write her address.

"Miss Edith Melville," said the matron, in some surprise, "I have often heard of her, though I do not know her personally. Surely, Miss, there is some mistake here. *That* lady is, if I mistake not, the niece of Mr. Townley."

But Harcourt had risen from his seat, for now recognizing the voice of Edith, he was about to enter the shop. He checked himself, however; but the matron, hearing him rise, fortunately left the shop to see if he wished her. In a few hurried words he told her to buy the slippers, placing his purse in her hand. He then waited until Edith had left the shop, when he followed her at a safe distance, until she entered a narrow lane, and passed into a dirty, rickety house. He could not resist going in after her, and cautiously opening the door, saw her approach the bedside of an invalid old woman.

"God bless you, dear Miss Edith," she fondly said, "your visits are the only comfort I now have. But where is Miss Clara? won't she come once to see her old nurse?—I thought I heard a second step on the stairs."

"No, it was only the echo of mine. Clara can't come to-day, but I have brought you my little purse to buy a few comforts for you. You know it is a scanty one, but all I have you are welcome to."

"I know it, I know it. God bless you, for an angel as you are. And so Clara is not well, else surely she would have come to see me, after my dying request."

Edith avoided an answer, which Harcourt noticed, though the invalid did not. He had seen enough, and gently withdrawing from the door, was soon in the street.

"How have I misjudged this angel! And Clara, oh! how I loathe her hypocrisy. I cannot believe she is sick, but I will go at once and see."

Harcourt found Clara at home, and to an enquiry about her health, she declared she had never been better in her life. Convinced of her duplicity he departed, grateful for his escape, and resolving to give his hand and fortune to Edith, if she would accept them. What her answer was our readers, who know her feelings, can imagine.

"How I wronged you, dearest," said Harcourt to his young bride, a day or two after their marriage, "at that concert, when you gave nothing, while Clara threw in her ring. I little thought what sacrifices you were making at that very moment."

"Poor Clara!" said Edith, looking fondly up to her husband.

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DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.*

WE have more than once in our pages propounded the question "what is poetry?" and have satisfied ourselves at least, if not our readers, with the answer. Our attention has been recalled to the subject by a very elegant volume of the poems of Mr. Street; and, as these poems are chiefly of a descriptive character, we shall seize the opportunity to discuss, in connexion with them, the two great classes into which poetry divides itself, and to point out the difference between the mere copyist of nature, who appeals only to our admiration, and the truer, because more ideal poet, who elevates the mind with images superne, warms the heart with noble sentiments, and, like the prophet of old, makes us forget himself in the glorious truths he utters. And first for the poems.

The longest poem in this volume is a story of Indian warfare engrafted on a series of exquisite descriptions of natural scenery. The tale is of the simplest kind. After a panygeric upon America, the author introduces two lovers walking together on an August afternoon. They meet a stranger and proceed to the village, then a frontier settlement guarded by a block house. By a single leap we are now carried to the dead of winter, and a fine picture of a snow-storm and of our winter scenery ensues. We are then introduced to the revelry of a guard-room, whose soldiers are celebrating the bridal of the lovers. Suddenly an attack is made on the party by a band of hostile Indians, who have, when the feasters were rejoicing in fancied security, found a way into the fort. A combat ensues, the village is fired, and scenes of personal as well as general strife are recorded. The retreat and rejoicings of the victorious savages, and the pursuit by the colonists follow. The poem concludes with an elegant description of the graves of the lovers, who, we should have mentioned, fall in the attack. This tale reminds us of Brougham's description of the statesmanship of Sheridan. It is neither a bad story, nor a good story, nor an indifferent story—the fact is, it is no story at all. Of this, however, the author is aware, and has modestly admitted, in the preface, that his "slight thread of narrative" "does not aim at the continuous interest of a tale." The incidents are thrown in merely to connect the descriptions together, and fill the same position in the poem, as the thread does in a string of beads. We shall dismiss the incidents and characters without further remark.

Many of the descriptions, however, are eminently beautiful. The author has a keen eye for the characteristics of visible nature, and paints with elaborate nicety. The most ordinary person will perceive, in the

following picture, the minute skill of a finished artist, as well as the close observation of the man of genius.

"An August day—a dreamy haze
Films air, and mingles with the skies,
Sweetly the rich dark sunshine plays,
Bronzing each object where it lies,
Till stream and tree and rocky pyre
Seem lit with streaks of dusky fire.
Outlines are melted in the pause
That Nature veils; the fitful breeze.
From the thick pine low murmuring, draws;
And that light *Comus* of the trees
The aspen, as the balmy rover
Creeps by, with mirth is quivering over;
The bee is slumbering in the thistle,
And, now and then, a broken whistle
A tread—a hum—a tap—is heard
Through the dry leaves, in grass and tree,
As insect, animal and bird
Rouse, briefly from their lethargy:
Then, e'en these pleasant sounds would cease,
And a dead stillness all things lock,
The aspen seems like sculptured rock,
And not a tassel thread be shaken
The parent-pine's deep trance to waken,
And Nature settles prone in drowsy peace."

And again, when he describes a stream winding through the woods.

"There the thick alder-branches weave
A verdant net beside, across,
So dense and dark as scarce to leave
Glimpse of the water's sliding gloss.
Along, are scattered willow-groups,
Their yellow sprays the surface tipping;
And, roots half loose, half clinging, stoops,
The elm, its slant boughs deeply dipping,
Making the stream with bubbles froth
That, wheeling into coverts deep,
Mingle to clumps of snowy froth.
Whence, flakes detached, slow melting, creep;
The forest, in tall column'd ranks,
Forming mass'd backgrounds to the banks."

Equal in graphic force of language is the picture of twilight drawing on.

"With wide expanded feet, like wings,
The flying squirrel shoots his way;
And, grating on its tiny strings,
The cricket shrills its evening lay;
The cowbell tolls its curfew near,
Tinkling, like silver, sweet and clear,
The other air-boats, moor'd in nest,
Mutter and chirp themselves to rest."

His descriptions of winter scenery are no less forcible. Witness the following:—

"Now clothed in one wide sheet of snow,
Showing a pale and ghastly scene,
Save where pines lift their spires of green,
And surly hemlocks, pointing high,
Braid network masses on the sky.
"The stooping sun has found a shroud
Within a thick gray rising cloud:
A damp and chilling wind is fluttering
Through the slight softening air, and muttering
In low sounds, down a wild ravine
Whose sides jut out in rocky ledges;
On either hand, huge pine trees lean,
Grasping, with snake-like roots, the edges,
Shaping a bristling bower o'erhead,
Scarce pervious to the winter snow,
Where frozen moss, and pine-fringe, spread
Carpets, of brown and green, below:"

* The Burning of Schenectady, and other poems. By Alfred B. Street. 1 vol. Albany, W. C. Little, 1842.

"The hounds are crouching by the blaze,
Slow winking in their dozing gaze,
Mearing the drops of sap exude
In shrill hiss, from the steaming wood."

These quotations will give our readers a better idea of the elaborate touches by which Mr. Street brings out his pictures, than any thing we could say. Now and then a single word flashes a whole scene upon us, but more usually a succession of minute strokes produces the effect. We do not think, however, that the author has shewn his judgment in the measure chosen for this poem. We confess our predilection for the blank verse in which the masters of our tongue have ever clothed their thoughts. And we think we can convince even Mr. Street of his error by referring to the two poems, "The Forsaken Road," and "The Old Bridge," both in this volume, where the required effect is produced in half the number of lines that would be allotted to the same purpose in the octo-syllabic measure. If any thing more is wanting to ensure his conversion, let us call his attention to his description of a snow-storm, and compare it with the blank verse of Thomson and Cowper, on the same event. The following is from the poem of Mr. Street:—

"the dull thick cloud has spread
Its dusky blotting haze o'erhead,
Close narrowing the horizon's bound;
While a few snow-flakes, swerving, sail,
Like blossoms, that the breath of May
Shakes from the white garb'd cherry-spray,
Then, thickening to a light, loose veil
Woven of spangles, fluttering round:
Wildier the flakes chaotic teem
Until the gauzy atoms stream
In slant lines downward steadily
On mountain, valley, roof and tree,
Save when the wind, now rising fast
To the full fury of a blast,
Fitfully sweeps the gray streak'd haze
Into a dim and whirling maze.
The village dwellings scarcely show
Their outlines in the mist of snow:
Round the church belfry, whirls and floats
A quivering swarm of silvery motes,
And a white net-like curtain falls
Across the fort's large looming walls.
No colors tell the daylight's pass,
But darkness thickens to a mass.
Through the black gloom, hurl'd clouds of snow
Spinning aloft and dashing low,
Shoot in an instant flash of white,
Athwart the gazer's dizzy sight."

Apart from the excessive and often criminal elaboration here perceptible, which destroys the clearness of the passage by the multitude of objects presented to the eye, we can see how the poet is trammelled by the fetters of rhyme, forcing him to dilute into two verses what ought to be confined to one. Place, in contrast to the quotation, the blank verse of Thomson and Cowper, and the superior strength of the latter will at once be evident. We quote now from the Seasons.

"The keener tempests rise; and fuming dun
From all the livid east, or piercing north,

Thick clouds ascend; in whose capacious womb
A vapory deluge lies, to snow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the sky saddens with the gather'd storm.
Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends.
At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter-robe of forest white.
'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun
Faint from the west emits his evening ray
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer ox
Stands covered o'er with snow —"

And how, by a few dashing strokes, Cowper brings out the scene.

"Fast falls a fleecy shower: the downy flakes
Descending, and with never ceasing lapse,
Softly alighting upon all below,
Assimilate all objects."

But we will not argue so plain a case. Mr. Street himself has given testimony, as we have before said, to the superior efficacy of blank verse by numerous poems of that description. The finest one in the volume is "The Forsaken Road," which we quote. It is distinguished chiefly for the accurate observation of the author, and for the graphic, though minute skill of his descriptions. The verse is sometimes rugged, and indeed none of our poet's measures are remarkable for melody.

THE FORSAKEN ROAD.

In the deep shadows of the wilderness,
Arbor'd by branches a forsaken road
Winds on in two faint wheel-marks: striping now
The soft black mould, now hidden by the leaves
Dropp'd at the breath of Autumn, seaming here
The hollow wet with oozing springs, and there
Traced lightly on the firm and level glade.
Now it is lost within a sward of grass
Spread pleasantly, with scatter'd groups of trees,
A place to lie in, when the summer sun
Throws broken gold; thence winds it through the shade,
With time-stain'd blazes on the thronging trunks
Sliced either hand. Within the densest spot,
A pine has stretch'd its giant barricade,
Bulging with knots and fork'd with splinter'd twigs,
The shroud-like moss o'ermantling; as it lies
So motionless, so powerless in decay,
I start to think its shatter'd summit once
Flaunted its daring challenge to the storm
And told its fall in thunder. Still the wreck
Hath pleasant uses; its high twining roots
Are chambers for the squirrel, and its frame
Keeps bare a stripe of mossy nut-strew'd earth
From the white drift that blocks the opposite side,
So that the tenants of the base might steal
In the brief glimpses of the winter sun
To find the scatter'd treasures.

Onward still
I trace the road; tall saplings in the midst,
Then tawny grain-crack'd fragments, crumbling fine
As my foot sinks within them, then a mound
Of the sweet low-stemm'd wintergreen, a bridge
Of logs then lying crosswise o'er a stream,
Gaping with chasms and tottering dank with age

A frail support; until the stone piled wall
Cuts sharp across, and smiling farm-fields hide
All traces of the pathway.

As I tread
The lonely road, now scaring with my steps
The whizzing partridge, hushing with my form
The thresher's song, and baring with my knife
The darken'd hack o'erlaid with bark and rings
That years have circled, I give rein to thought,
And images throng round me. First the deer
Seeking the lick, leaves prints: the midnight wolf
Scenting his prey, tramps o'er: the red man fierce,
Treads in the faint but noted marks, lest moss
And mould should show his trail. In after years
His compass the surveyor stakes, and carves
Rude letters on the trees that, gifted thus
With language, tell the windings of the way.
And then the emigrant's huge wagon-tent
Gleams white between the trunks, with household goods,
Piled in and dangling round, and midst them group'd
Childhood and matron age, the flock and herd
Straggling behind, the patriarch and his sons
Loitering before with axes, hewing wide
The underbush, and bridging o'er the streams,
And kindling in the dell, when frowns the night,
Their bivouac for slumber.

Then with toil
The settler trudges o'er, his shoulders bent
Beneath his burthen from the distant mill,
To feed his famishing children. And as Time
Smooths the rough clearing to the smiling field,
The heavy wagon jolts across the roots
To the far market, and the tardy wheel
Therefrom bears loads of rustic merchandize.
And then as scatter'd walls of logs are merged
Into thick village roofs, the forest road
Is left, for the smooth spacious thoroughfare
Linking the hamlet to the river-side.
How like this lonely road, the track of life!
Our infant steps are Fear's. Dark Cruelty
And fierce Revenge then tread upon their way;
Till later Reason's compass points our course,
Marking the path with prudence. Daring Hope
The Pioneer, its bosom freighted deep
With all our feelings, follows; hewing down
The barriers with the edge of energy,
Bridging o'er Fortune's many adverse streams,
And lighting sorrow's frequent night with flame
Of solace till the morrow. Trials come—
Endurance hath succeeded Hope, and still
We tread beneath the burthens of our care,
For those we love are cherish'd. Then as home
Brightens to comfort; in our daily path
We reap reward of hardship; and as joys
Cluster around us, the smooth easy path
Of peaceful being leads us to the grave;
And the rough early road is shunn'd, for Time
To shroud its varied surface from our thoughts;
With proud Ambition lying prone across,
A dead and shatter'd wreck; yet sheltering close
(Its fragments turn'd by dire experience
To holier use than when it stood erect.)
By stern remembrance of its miseries,
Its wrestling warfare and its rending fall,
Home feelings, and the gentle ties of love
From perishing in the snow drift of the world.

Of the other poems in the volume all have been published in a fugitive form, except "The Old Bridge," "Moonlight," and one entitled "Seek and ye shall find." The poems in the Iambic measure are chiefly on sporting subjects; but we may remark in passing, that this verse, in the hands of Mr. Street, possesses unusual force. Those of our readers, who have seen "The

Grey Forest Eagle," will assent to the justice of this remark. But we will now dismiss the volume, and having accorded Mr. Street our praise for his poems, proceed to enquire into the rank which he holds in the great empire of mind.

Mr. Street is essentially a descriptive poet. In that term is embodied all his merits and defects. He paints visible nature with a fidelity that is wonderful, bringing up to the mind's retina, by a succession of minute touches, the picture he wishes to present. The most ordinary mind recognizes in his verse familiar objects, and can appreciate the skill with which they are drawn. The tree that overhangs the stream, the mossy mill that whirrs in the glen, the old hunting trail in the forest, the bridge whereon in childhood we sat to angle, the church spire in the valley, the mist upon the mountain, the whirling river, the spinning snow, the hiss of the angry freshet, the desolate block house, the haunt of the wild deer, the trout pound and the bivouac, all these are pictured in his rhyme with an accuracy that bewitches us. But he never, or rarely rises into the ideal world. With the spirits that hold dominion in the higher walks of mind he has no communion. To him the loftier inspirations of the muse are wanting. He sees common objects in common lights; but he sees nothing more. Around his landscapes may shine the brightest of earthly sunsets, but it is never given him to behold the golden twilight of the eternal city. What Teniers was among painters he is among poets. What the Old Mortality is to the Apollo a descriptive poem is to an ideal one.

We make no claim here which cannot be substantiated. It is the testimony of all ages that the mere observer is of a lower grade of intellect than he who both observes and combines. And this is true in every department of the human mind. A thousand men, before Newton, had seen an apple fall, without thinking of the cause. Mariners had often heard of the strange canes and human bodies floated to the Azores, but only Columbus saw in them the evidence of land to the west. The battles of Napoleon were won by availing himself of incidents which other generals would have thought useless; and Watt by a chain of splendid combinations gave to the world the steam engine. The sculptor who cut the Venus, and the artist who raised the Parthenon merely combined the forms of beauty which they had observed separate in nature. We question whether in the ideal world the same process is not going on. We are inclined to think that the results produced by the highest imaginative genius, and which flash across the mind as if from inspiration, come from a series of combinations carried on with a velocity which deceives us as to their origin. But this divine faculty is given only to the loftiest order of minds. Mere talent sees objects in nature, and truthfully depicts them, but genius

conceives visions of supernal beauty, by combining the elements of beauty which exist around us. Teniers saw in the Flemish peasants only the country servant and the boor. But Raphael beheld other things beside those of earth. In his wild longings for immortal beauty, his imagination learned to glorify and exalt every thing on which he looked, until prophets, saints and apostles, seraphim and cherubim crowded on his mental retina. He had visions of angles with harps of gold, of martyrs who had passed to Paradise from fire and rack, of the immaculate Virgin herself, and of that one, holier than all, the infant Saviour. And ever on his ear, sleeping or waking, fell hymns of heavenly melody. All these, as if inspired from on high, he made immortal on his canvass. And here we arrive at another characteristic of the superiority of the ideal over the common mind. We may gaze on the smokers of Ostend forever, and never think but of the artist's skill; but no man can look on the pictures of Raphael without feeling purer emotions gushing up within him. Visions of eternal beauty, strains of silent but celestial music, foreshadowings of the holy and the infinite break on us as we gaze: the mind expands; the bosom glows; and we long to soar upward to a brighter world, and hold communion with the beatified in heaven. So in poetry, the great masters not only evince this power of combination, but the emotions of beauty they kindle in us purify and exalt the soul. The grand old fathers of English verse seem especially to do this. Amid the tedious allegories of Spenser walks heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb, like an angel sent on earth to win us to heaven by her smiles. There is scarcely a female character in Shakspeare whose contemplation does not make us better men. No one can read the epic of Milton without catching a spark of his celestial fire, and seeming to hear the songs of angels, and the chaunts of the redeemed. To come down to our own time: even in Byron there are glimpses of supernal beauty, breaking through his stormy verse like a summer sunset through a thunder cloud. We have no doubt that poetry is destined to perform a high part in the amelioration of our race. We never knew a man who could truly admire our ideal poets, who was not, so far forth, a better man; and who, if he fell at last, fell because there were other tendencies more powerful in his mind to drag him down. And it is no answer to our position to ask us to shew the reformation that poesy has worked. She moves on the hearts of men like the face of Jehovah on the waters at Creation. We have all felt her power when tending to her a willing ear. There is, in the Pilgrim's Progress, a picture of a man raking among dust and ashes for dross, while an angel floats above his head, offering a golden crown: but he will not look up. So, the angel Poesy soars overhead, but few listen to her words; yet those

who do, win immortal wealth, and catch glimpses of Paradise from her serene face.

In mere descriptive poetry there is little of this divine power. But it must not be forgot that we speak now of *merely descriptive* poets. There are many who combine the qualities of both schools to which we have adverted, in their highest degree; and indeed the best ideal poets are usually the best descriptive ones. But the rule does not apply when the order is inverted. And that writer is a descriptive, in contradistinction to an ideal poet, whose fidelity to nature is his chief characteristic, even though glimmerings of imagination may now and then break through his verse. In this order we class Mr. Street.

But in so doing let us do him full justice. Though not of the highest order of genius, he claims precedence in the rank to which he belongs. He may not be a purely ideal poet, but he is the first of our descriptive ones.

LOVE.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

Long I wandered in the night,
To the pelting tempest bared,
Hideous shapes upon my sight
Through the ghastly darkness glared.

Voices wailed within the gloom,
Hollow echoes moaned around,
And I heard the traveller's doom
In the unseen river's sound.

Not a star was on my way,
Doubt and death my soul oppress,
And I sat me down to pray
While the rain froze on my breast.

Lo! a vision in the air
Fainter than dim altar spark,
And a voice of sweetness rare
Melted through the icy dark.

With a halo round her head
Then outshone a virgin tall,
Rosy clouds beneath her tread
Moved in circles musical.

Down she stepped, and kneeling, bound
Ointments on my bleeding feet,
Wrapped me in her garments round,
Cheering me with whispers sweet.

Then she sat her down by me,
Stayed my head upon her breast,
And with songs melodiously
Soothed me weary into rest.

Doubt and fear and pain were spent,
Love thereafter was my stay,
And rejoicing forth we went
Hand in hand upon our way.

THE DROWNING SKAITER.

BY J. H. DANA.

Come let us go out into the woods! The bracing air of morning invites us to the walk, and the low, plaintive wind, sighing among the leafless branches, is in strange harmony with our feelings. Yesterday was one of those warm, close days which sometimes appear in the very heart of winter; but, as night set in, a storm of rain and hail began, clothing fields, woods, and forest in a glittering panoply of sleet. Before midnight the wind changed to the north-west—for we heard its shrill whistle ere our second sleep—and now the trees are sheeted with frozen ice, glittering, like the armor of a god, in the winter sunbeams; while from every branch, and beneath the eaves of the barns and houses, myriads of icicles hang, diamond-like, quivering with the prismatic colors of the rainbow. How magnificent the prospect! Never was the mantle of the Cæsars jewelled thus. And hark! here and there, along the sunny side of the woods, or in exposed places, these icy pendants break from their hold, tinkling on the frozen crust with a sharp, silvery sound, like the ringing of a fountain on marble in the moonlight.

Here we are at the brow of the hill—wrap your furs closer around you—and lo! the splendor of the scene beneath. The landscape far and near is covered with a mantle of snow whiter and purer than an angel's wing. Everywhere the fences and other landmarks have disappeared, leaving a vast monotony unbroken save by a farm-house here and there, with its white smoke curling lazily up into the sky, and the old household trees shivering as they stretch their protecting arms over it. The streams are no longer to be seen, though their courses can still be traced along the lowlands, by the blue lines that wind in and out among the hills. And the forests!—are they not brighter and more glorious than ever? each lordly tree sparkling with its coronet of gems, and a halo of refulgent light coruscating around its time-defying brow. A few light feathery clouds skirt the horizon; but the blue of the zenith is undimmed; and so quiet is every thing around that it seems as if we might hear a whistle for miles across the hills. Come, then, let us on!

How the frozen surface of the crust crackles under our tread, with a sound like the snapping of dry twigs in a summer's drought. Step brisker, for the air up here is sharp, and when we reach the wood we shall be protected in a measure from this cutting north-wester. See yonder hoary oak, on whose front the records of centuries have been written—does not the melancholy wail, with which he heavily sways his branches to and fro, seem like a lamentation for the past? Not a bit does the tall fir there care for the tempest which only

ruffles his feathery foliage. In that black and gloomy swamp stands a mighty cedar, such as grew on Lebanon of old, its dark, funereal plumes nodding high over its compeers, as the banner of death waves over the sculptured knights in a cathedral. And now the wind rises far off in the forest—at first like the low sighing of a flute, but gradually increasing until it breathes out with the deep voice of a minster organ, and swelling higher and higher as it approaches, bursts on the ear as if the angelic choir was sounding its hallelujahs from the skies. And now it is gone

“through the dim woods dying
With a moan.”

But hark! a rabbit pattering across the snows, for an instant seen, and then shooting out of sight, a vision of a dream. See him peering from behind the root of yonder oak—how timidly he steals across the open space—and now he is peeping at us from the rotting trunk that lies along the walk. Ah! there he goes—you can hear him rustling through the dry wood—and no doubt ere this he is snugly ensconced in his quiet burrow, rehearsing to his dame the perils of his morning walk, and delighting himself with thoughts of the cozy dinner that awaits him by and bye.

We are out on the glade, and here is a quiet country sleigh coming leisurely down the hill—why! you might almost believe the driver to be asleep, so motionless he stands, muffled up to the chin in his great coat and kerchief over-all. Jog, jog go the two fat horses, and tinkle, tinkle goes the solitary bell—it makes one drowsy to listen to the sound. But this fellow, rushing like a whirlwind down the hill, is a lad of another mettle. Make way, for his blooded coursers are in a foam—and lo! with buffalo robe streaming in the wind, and scores of bells ringing merrily on the sharp air, he has shot by—and now you can hear his clear hallo in the valley beyond. There, he mounts the opposite hill—how gallantly his four bays stretch up the ascent—and, for an instant cutting the horizon with his outline, he whirls over the brow, and has passed away as an arrow from the bow, or a wild pigeon on the wing.

There must be a skating ground hereabouts, for the shouts of the revellers have been growing louder and merrier since we left the high road, and as soon as we get out of this second piece of woodland we'll catch a sight of the sport—ah! here the curlers are, for the high bluff overlooks the lake, and if you'll hold fast by this sapling, you can gaze down on the players almost immediately under us. See them flitting to and fro, like swallows on the wing, now intermingling as in the mazes of a dance, and now separating and flying hither and thither with the suddenness of thought. Hark! the ball rattling along the ice—and now a dozen start in pursuit—they have it—no! a second blow has sent it crackling far away, and onward they skim after it with

the swiftness of the wind, their sharp heels ringing as they go, and the hollow ice moaning under the pressure of the flying crowd. Yonder—by our lady!—is a fairy sledge, and in it one of the loveliest of her sex, her cheeks ruddy with the breeze, and her dark eyes sparkling from excitement, as she is whirled along by the skater who has harnessed himself—fit courser—to her chariot. Why, even here, we can catch the silvery laugh of the maiden in ecstasies at her ride. Away, away they go, and now he wheels suddenly and stops, the runners whirling around, and whirling gratingly on the ice as they turn. What merry shouting from the other maiden's welcomes the fair one as she descends from her car to make room for another!—and now a second gallant has seized the sledge, and away fly the new couple, skimming the icy surface as a cut-water flies along the deep. Here, under the bluff, in this quiet cove, is a solitary skater—but how graceful his every movement. He has chosen this spot, away from the rest, because he likes not the noise and bustle of the crowd. Lo! graceful as the swan that soars in the still night far up in the silent ether, he winds his airy evolutions, anon moving in slow and stately curves—anon poising, as it were, upon the wing—and anon proudly sailing onward in many a wavy line. Often, in the still moonlight have I sought some secluded nook like this, and, with my arms folded on my breast, slowly pursued my pastime, or watched the shadowy skaters afar off gliding to and fro like spirits in the mystic twilight. Ah! few things were more fascinating to me when young than this delicious pastime, and for it I passed through the valley of the shadow of death, tasting of all the bitterness of the parting of the soul from the body, and becoming, as it were, **THE DEAD ALIVE**. But you have never heard the tale, so, as we walk, I will tell it.

It was on a clear, frosty morning in early winter, when I was about nineteen, that I laced on my skates to try my favorite pastime for the first time that year. The ice had been making for several days, but had not yet attained much strength, so I proceeded for a while with caution; but finding the river safe, I gradually grew bolder; until finally I forgot altogether my original precautions. I had been idly manoeuvring for an hour or more, when the thought struck me to visit an old schoolmate, whose father's mansion was situated on the river about a dozen miles higher up. I will not deny that the vision of a dark-eyed sister, whose smile haunted my boyish memory with strange tenacity, was uppermost in my mind when the idea of the visit occurred to me, and accordingly thinking little of the distance and nothing of the danger, I started. The morning was without a cloud, the scenery wild and beautiful, and the air just bracing enough for the rapidity with which I moved. Mile after mile was

soon left behind, and ere an hour the white mansion of my schoolmate rose to sight a short league ahead. Thinking of the glad surprise with which I should be welcomed, of the smoking viands which would greet me, and for which exercise had given me a keen appetite, but, most of all, of the stolen kisses I would snatch from my old playfellow, now grown into a blushing girl, I sped on, whistling merrily, until the woods, which here crowned either bank, echoed to my gladness. Suddenly I heard a sharp, splitting sound, like the cracking of glass, shooting along after me, and looking downward, I saw with a start, a fissure in the ice following my rapid footsteps—the velocity of my progress alone preserving me from sinking into the current below. I struck out, at the sight, with desperate strength, hoping soon to pass the perilous point, but at every stroke that same splitting sound smote anew on my ear, piercing to my nerves as if they had been laid bare and pricked with a bodkin. Faster and faster I flew along, but more acute grew that sound, and now it was changed into a noise resembling that of rolling thunder, at a distance. Lateral fissures soon began to shoot out from the main one, that by this time extended a furlong behind me, and the quick cracking of the ice, on every hand, forewarned me of increasing and imminent peril. I was fully conscious of my situation, though calm and collected, for—thank God!—such a thing as want of self-possession at times of hazard, I have never experienced. Hastily casting my eyes before and behind me, as well as along either bank of the river, I saw that no one was in sight, and then, with a loud crack, I felt the ice giving way beneath me, and I sank into the river.

My sensations at that moment are indelibly impressed on my mind. My first consideration was that no one had seen me fall, and that I must depend solely on my own exertions to escape—my second thought was that the river grew unusually narrow at this point, and that consequently the tide running with increased velocity, I would probably, if not certainly, be swept some distance, before rising to the surface. All the various hazards that surrounded me, and the most practicable means of avoiding them flashed at once on my mind, and before I ceased descending, I had carried on several consecutive trains of thought, which singly, in ordinary circumstances, would have occupied many minutes. As soon as I felt myself rising, I gave a spring to increase my speed, eager to reach the surface quickly, and avoid the danger which I most feared. All at once my head struck violently against something overhead, and putting my hands up, I became conscious that a thick plate of ice intervened between me and the upper air. Oh! God I cannot even now recur to my situation then without shuddering. Shut hopelessly in this living grave, with all my faculties in full vigor, I was destined

to feel the slow approaches of death, until seconds should seem as hours, and the torture of minutes appear that of a life-time. To add to the horror of this dissolution would be the consciousness that only an inch or two of ice lay between me and life. Agonized with these thoughts I struck fiercely against the frozen roof overhead in vain attempts to break it. I might as well have directed my impotent blows against the armor of Achilles. To increase my despair I felt myself dragged by the tide along the under side of the ice, against which I rubbed again and again; while, through the transparent roof I was mocked with the sight of the blue sky far overhead, and the shadows which the giant trees flung fitfully across the surface. Oh! what would I have given to have had but one breath of the free air that stirred those branches, to have heard once more even the sullen creaking of the boughs, instead of the dull, roaring sound that now filled my ears. Once more I essayed to break the ice above me, but my strength was in vain, and now I felt myself again sinking. All this had not occupied more than a very few seconds.

Think not that my calmness deserted me, though despair was fast gathering around my heart. It is strange how coolly I reviewed my situation. I recollected that drowning persons were said to sink and rise three times ere they died, and I thought, with some elation, that this was only my second descent. I speculated also on the question whether this number was not merely arbitrary—in other words, whether the frantic struggles of the person might not be the real cause of so speedy a death, and whether, if the self-collectedness of the party was preserved, so that he should inhale little or no water, the struggle might not be protracted to an infinite number of times. I resolved to test the experiment. But suddenly I remembered that I had breathed no air on my ascent, a fact of which the rapidly increasing oppression on my lungs warned me. This sensation soon came to be one of indescribable agony. It seemed to me as if a mountain of lead was heaved on my breast, while every muscle within was simultaneously strained to cracking. The ringing sound in my ears became deafening, a dimness rose before my eyes, and I felt an almost irresistible propensity to gasp for breath, yet—will you believe me!—even then, ay! in that fearful agony, I had the calmness to reflect that, by opening my mouth I would inhale water, and thus hasten my death. I shut my teeth like a vice, but I felt the icy liquid shooting into my nostrils as if driven by a force pump. The awful sensation of suffocation increased, a thousand wild, whizzing sounds were in my brain—and I knew that my senses were reeling and growing confused. I strove to rally them, and even then could not help speculating on my situation. Can this be death?—I thought. My senses had now become

dulled to outward objects, but a crowd of thoughts and memories rose up to my inward soul. The home where I was born, and where I had spent my hitherto happy life—the old mill whose whirling wheel I loved to sit and listen to through the long, summer afternoons—the brothers and sisters with whom I played—the mother who cherished me in infancy, nurtured me in sickness, and smiled through her tears at my boyish triumphs at school—all these came up before my memory with startling vividness. To part from them—oh! that was the bitterness of death. But most of all I thought of my poor, poor mother, and of her agony when night should come without my return. How eagerly she would listen for every footstep, hoping it might be mine—how often would she go to the door and look out into the darkness for her absent boy:—and as hour after hour should pass on, with what a sinking of the heart ~~she~~ ^{she} would count the strokes of the clock, praying the Almighty with tears to restore her child, her fears for my safety deepening each moment, until at length she would know, by my continued absence, that I was indeed dead. And then how, on the morrow, the whole neighborhood would be raised in search of me, though perhaps my body would never be found, nor any one know the manner of my death. This, this was the bitterest thought of all. I could have borne to die, to perish alone, but that my mother should never see her boy's face, even in death, was too much for me. I groaned in utter agony. The cup of my despair was full.

But, in a moment, the struggle was past. God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and, when human nature can no longer endure the strain of the rack, he mercifully consigns us to insensibility. Gradually—I know not how—a dreamy ecstacy, such as falls upon us when, fatigued with incessant mental labor, we sink into a pleasant slumber over our books, stole over me, and I lost all sensation, save that of this delicious languor. I have experienced that feeling once since, during a severe fever, after all had given me over for lost. How long I continued in this condition I cannot tell—but when I recovered my sensations, after a long and painful inhalation, I found myself floating on the surface of the stream, amid fragments of broken ice. My first instinct—for thought I will not call it—was to strike out for my life. Shaking the water from my eyes I looked around and found that I had risen to the surface, at an air hole, about fifty yards from the spot where I had broken in. I could not, therefore, have been more than a very short space of time insensible, for scarcely two minutes had elapsed since my first immersion. And yet what an age to me! What a world of thoughts and feelings had passed through my mind in that short interval!

I now addressed myself to my new situation. The

difficulty was to climb safely out of the air hole; for the rapid whirl of the tide, acting with the force of a lever on the lower part of my body, sucked me in as into a mael-strom, and it was with incredible pains that I could prevent myself being again carried under. Turning my head against the current, however, I struggled to the upper end of the air hole, and placing my arms on the ice, endeavored to scramble out; but the frail support gave way beneath my weight, and I fell into the stream amid new fragments of broken ice, and was swept down with the tide, almost stifled with water. Death seemed now inevitable. Had I been preserved thus far only to perish at last? The thought strung my sinews with supernatural power, and, striking out, I struggled to regain my lost ground and prevent myself being again carried under the ice. At length, though weakened and panting, I reached the goal, only, however, to be again precipitated into the tide. But my energies rose with disappointment. Five times was I thus cast back into the icy current—and five times did I return to the conflict, battling my way back inch by inch. When I reached the goal for the sixth time I was as weak as a child, and had to rest awhile, clinging to the ice, before I dared to attempt climbing out. I was not without hope, however, for I noticed that the ice, naturally thinner on the edge of the air hole, grew thicker as I broke my way along, so that now it was fully two inches through perpendicularly. I proceeded cautiously. Raising my chest softly to a level with the ice, I drew it carefully forward, scarcely daring to breathe lest my support should again give way. How my heart thrilled when I lay at length flat on the frozen surface of the river! In a few minutes I had gained the shore, and falling on my knees I returned thanks to God for my preservation. But when this had been done, when the excitement of my spirits had subsided, and when I had leisure fully to contemplate the peril I had escaped, a nervous sickness seized every joint in my frame, my knees sank beneath me, my brain grew dizzy, and I swooned.

How shall I recount the joy with which, after the fresh air had revived me, I hurried to my destination, and, sitting beside the crackling fire, narrated, with an overflowing heart, the particulars of my escape, while my old playfellow listened with her eyes dim with tears, and her silver-haired father, placing his hand on my head, said God had doubtless preserved me for some peculiar duty? How shall I picture the sleigh-ride home, or the ecstasy with which I clasped my mother to my breast, or the tears that rained from my eyes that night when, at the household altar, thanksgivings were returned for my safe delivery from peril? Words cannot paint my emotions—let them rest in holy silence!

Ah! it is almost noon, but I might have known it,

without looking at my watch, by the perpendicular shadows which the sun casts from the trees around us. The skaters are leaving the lake; and the gay party of maidens has long since departed. And so we too will take our farewell.

OH, WRONG NOT THE DEPARTED.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

Oh! wrong not the departed!

But let their memories be
As pleasant as the tuneful songs
Of wild birds from the tree;
And let their kind words visit us,
As do our nightly dreams,
Fraught with all holiest images,
Like sunlight on the streams.

And well do kindly words beseech
Each treasured one that's gone;
An echo from the trusting heart
From which no dream has flown!
A sweet tone caught from memory's lyre,
That tells of other years,
And pours its sweetest melody
Upon the mourner's tears!

For what has envy's voice to do
With those who quiet sleep,
Under the shade of summer flowers,
Beneath the church-yard deep?
And what but hopes and tears have we
To lay, as offerings,
Upon the shrine of buried joys
To which our memory clings!

All have some in the spirit land,
The loved and lost of earth,
Who passed away as fresh and pure
As spring flowers at their birth.
Some one within whose priceless love
Our richest trust was urned,
A kindred spirit, 'mid the waste,
For which the lone heart yearned.

May not all cherish in the heart
Unseen to outward gaze,
The memory of some vanished one
The idol of his days?
A grief that has been hidden long,
Like water in the rock,
May flow in streams of agony
Beneath the slightest shock.

Then wrong not the departed!
But let their memories be
As sacred as the magic spell
Of saintly devotee:
And may a charm as pure as those
That circle 'round the blest,
Guard well the treasured memories
Of those who are at rest!

THE MAID OF SCATACOOK.

BY D. M. ELWOOD.

Behold yon hills in distance fade,
 Where erst the red-browed hunter strayed,
 And mark those streamlets sheen and blue,
 Where gliding sped the slight canoe,
 While through the forests, swift as light,
 The wild deer shunned the arrow's flight.
 MRS. SIGOURNEY.

CHAPTER I.

In the year 1728, at Scatacook, on the western bank of the Housatonic river, was built a solitary hunting-house, by Mowehue, formerly a powerful sachem of New Milford. History assigns several reasons why he chose to separate himself from his tribe; but we have occasion to believe that the real cause can be found only in tradition. The truth of the matter was this. Mowehue had taken to himself a wife of the pale-faces; and it was her solicitation, added to his own love of solitude, that led him to exclude himself from the society of his kindred and friends. But his love of the river and the forest could not always keep entire control over his ambitious spirit, and he soon began to gather adherents from every side, and especially from Chekameka, in the province of New York. His wife, having become accustomed to the Indian mode of life, was as well pleased as he at the idea of power, so that in ten or twelve years (at the time when the present town of Kent was settled by Europeans) Mowehue could muster an hundred practised warriors, and the whole number of his tribe was not less than six hundred.

It is necessary to pass over eighteen years from the time of Mowehue's marriage and settlement at Scatacook. By the year 1746, the white population of Kent was quite numerous. Settlers from Colchester, Norwalk, and New Milford had removed thither in considerable numbers, and the town presented quite a thriving and healthy appearance. Early in the spring of the above named year, a young man from New York, accompanied by his sister, passed through the place, and being pleased with its quiet and beautiful situation, he immediately purchased a piece of ground, and in the course of the summer erected a small, but neat and comfortable cottage. This he furnished with almost every luxury which the country could boast. Nothing was known concerning his birth-place, or parentage, or even the place where he had formerly resided. He appeared to have no business beyond that of amusement, yet never seemed in want of money, as his table was spread with the richest viands which could be procured, and large sums were expended in furnishing his cottage and improving and ornamenting his grounds. Until this was completed his usual employment consisted in overseeing the work; afterward his time was

spent in angling in the river, or sporting in the forest, or rambling about with his sister, a fair, dark-eyed girl, a year or two younger than himself. When they wearied of this, the large and choice library with which he had already supplied his cottage, afforded them amusement as well as instruction, and when even this was found irksome, the sister's guitar sent forth its sweetest sounds, accompanied by the still sweeter tones of her voice. Elegant drawings, the work of her own hands, adorned the walls; while the chaste, yet splendid appearance of the cottage outside, and of the grounds around, gave evidence that the taste of the owners had been highly and successfully cultivated. Still, though they were affable to all the villagers whom they chanced to meet, nothing was known of them, save that their names were Edward and Susan Morley.

One afternoon, some time in the last days of summer, the two strangers were sitting upon a large mossy rock that jutted far out into the musical stream of the Housatonic. A tall and wide-spreading elm hung its graceful branches over their heads, and a soft breeze, laden with the perfume of the wild flowers that grew in rich profusion about, played through the leaves, giving them life and motion; while the birds who had not yet learned to fear their destroyer, man, warbled their sweetest songs, and flew about in sportive chase, their glowing plumage glistening in the clear light of a summer's sun. Edward was angling, and many a shining trout glanced out from beneath the dark shade of the rock to bite at the delusive fly, and to be drawn out struggling and panting, quickly to breathe away its existence. Susan held a book, but every few moments her attention was drawn from it that her eye might feast on the beauties of the scene around, all fresh and glowing as they came from the Creator's hand.

While the brother and sister were thus engaged, a canoe came gliding silently along, unobserved by them until it was nearly opposite. As Edward suddenly perceived it, a low exclamation of surprise burst from him.

"Heavens! Susan," said he, "saw you ever such beauty? Can that be a creature of the earth, earthy? Is it possible that mortal clay can be fashioned into a form of such loveliness? And the coloring! it must have been such a being that the poet saw in his vision when he said,

"'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
 Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.'"

"She does indeed appear lovely," replied Susan, "but who can it be? Is she not an Indian girl?"

"It must be Mowehue's daughter by his English wife, of whom we have so often heard," answered Edward, his gaze still riveted on one of the occupants of the canoe.

There were two others besides the subject of the

above dialogue. One was our chief Mowehue, the other his wife, Alpoorah, (the name she bore among the Indians.) But were it possible for me to describe adequately the creature who had so excited young Morley's feelings, no one would wonder at the excess of his admiration. It was no other than Wcenora, the half-blood daughter of the Scatacook sachem. Her complexion was like that of her mother in her fairer and younger days; while from her father she had inherited the dark eyes and hair, and the well-rounded, yet sprightly and agile form peculiar to the maidens of his race. She was dressed partly after the Indian, with somewhat of the English style, in precisely such a manner as to exhibit her elegant form to the best advantage. Her long hair was skillfully wreathed with wild flowers, while curling tresses hung down on either side, half concealing the tempting cheek, and contrasting finely with her snowy neck and bosom.

As they passed the rock on which sat Edward and his sister, the former, as it were, mechanically raised his hat and bowed. The salute was returned by both the females in the canoe with a grace and elegance which he thought he had never seen surpassed. Mowehue slightly inclined his head, and the canoe passed rapidly on, and was soon hidden from their view. Edward again threw out his bait, but not another trout did he catch that day. Not that there was any scarcity of fishes; on the contrary, they drew off his bait constantly, and that too while he was gazing directly at them, or at least had his eyes turned to the water, though I cannot positively affirm that he did not see the lovely Indian maid at the bottom. His shrewd sister watched him for a time, an arch smile playing about her pretty lips; till finding that his success for that day, at least, was over, she inquired of him if it was not time to return home. Edward wound up his lines, and unconsciously drawing a deep sigh, turned from the rock.

"Heigho," said Susan, "what shall I do, brother, when you get a new house-keeper? I suppose I shall be mistress of our little parlor no longer. Eh? brother!"

"And why not, my sweet sis?" said he, in some surprise; but noticing the mischievous smile that was glistering in her dark eyes, he colored instantly. "Well, Susan," continued he, "since you suspect me already, it is useless to deny the truth. Nature will have its way, oppose it as we will; and I confess that since I saw that girl I have experienced emotions new and strange. In short, I believe that—that—"

"That you love her!"

"That is it precisely, though it seemed so odd I could not say it."

"How many times have you told me, brother, that you could never love a woman who was not perfect in beauty, intellect, and accomplishments?"

"Have I though? Ah—well—I did not mean to say

that I really loved this beautiful creature, nor should I have said so if you had not helped me out; but that I *could* love her if she had enjoyed the same opportunities for improvement that you have, for I am certain she would not have enjoyed them in vain."

"But what will you do as she is?"

"I shall visit her and see if she is as barbarous as the rest of her people about here. But I know she is not. Did you mark with what grace she returned my salutation? It absolutely made me ashamed of my own manners. Perhaps her English mother is intelligent, and has educated her too. Ah—that must be the case. It could not be otherwise."

"Ah! Edward, and is it possible that you can think of disgracing your proud relatives, and your family, of such pure and ancient blood as it is, by marrying a child of the forest—an Indian?"

"What care I for relatives?" replied he, with vehemence. "Have we not left them and their land forever? Have they any claims, think you, on my affection and esteem? Pure and ancient blood! Do you forget so soon that our mother was low born, and did that cause us to love her the less? Was she not in every other respect superior to any daughter of any line in the kingdom? Do you forget—"

"I forget nothing, Edward. I was only trying to discover how deep a hold this 'new and strange emotion' of yours had taken upon you. I thought not that you would be so earnest in advocating the cause of my pretty sister that I am to have. But when do you intend to make your first visit?"

"This very evening, that is if I can manage to effect an acquaintance. I shall sleep none to-night unless I do."

"And I fear not *very* much if you do, brother. But see, we are home, and I will have tea despatched as soon as possible—for fear your impatience should become unbearable. And, besides, I confess myself almost as anxious to see the termination of this affair as you can possibly be," and so saying they entered the cottage. Here we leave them awhile to follow the course of Mowehue and his family down the river.

A short distance below the spot where they passed Edward and his sister, there is a rift or rapid—through which, in times of freshet, the water runs with great velocity. This rapid is nearly equally divided by a large rock, on either side of which is a foaming eddy, where the water sweeps round in a perpetual circle, and then bounds and rushes along, as if vexed at the momentary delay, toward the smooth, deep flood beyond. Neither of these passes was considered very dangerous by the Indians, but when the river was high, as was now the case, canoes were frequently upset, especially on the western side. Mowehue had so often passed through this place in safety, that he regarded it with

indifference, but at this time, as his wife and daughter were with him, he was directing the canoe toward the eastern pass, when Weenora exclaimed—

"Take the other pass, will you not father? I love to go through there—the water sweeps and dances beautifully through its narrow channels; and the rocks rise so steep and high, and hang so threateningly over us—oh! I love the excitement!"

With a stroke of the paddle the chief changed the direction of the canoe. They had already gone so far in the other current that the attempt to cross was somewhat hazardous—but Mowehue, willing to please his daughter, and confident in his own strength, urged on the slender bark, though it trembled through its whole frame. On the instant it reached the western eddy, it swept round the rock with such velocity that for a moment the chief lost the command over it, and they were consequently plunged headlong into the gulf. Weenora, when she came to the surface, found herself close to the bank—and grasping a small shrub that grew out of a crevice in the rocks, clung to it for support. Her father, at a glance perceiving she was in no immediate danger, swam after Alpoorah, who, with the canoe, was fast drifting down with the current. But the shrub to which Weenora clung was too weak to bear her weight, and being unable from the boldness of the rocks to obtain a foothold, she fell back into the stream, where she must inevitably have drowned, had it not been for a young Indian who at that moment plunged in from the opposite bank, and soon brought her breathless and exhausted to the shore. Mowehue succeeded in recovering his wife, together with the boat, and in a few moments Alpoorah and her daughter were safe in each other's arms. Mowehue joined them in their thanks to the brave young Indian, and observing that he was a stranger and not of their tribe, insisted that he should accompany them home.

CHAPTER II.

"Well, Edward, what reception did you meet with from your fair princess?" asked Susan Morley of her brother, as he returned rather late in the evening from the tent, or rather house of Mowehue; "did she entertain you in a manner corresponding to her rank?"

"Ay—that did she—in a style that would be creditable to any princess of the East. I found her, moreover, every thing I could hope for—beyond my wildest expectation of what I supposed her to be. You have witnessed her beauty—but that will bear no comparison with the richness of her soul—and as to knowledge, she actually put me to the blush more than once during the evening! She conversed with the greatest apparent ease, and on any subject—while her remarks were evidently the sentiments of her heart, and chaste and pure as the source from which they sprung."

"Well, brother, you astonish me. But yesterday you were speaking to me in hearty dispraise of all women, excepting indeed my own dear self; and declaring that, inasmuch as it was impossible to find one who even approached the standard of excellence you had created in your own mind—one who united beauty with virtue, and simplicity with intellect and knowledge—you were determined never to marry; to-day you are fairly enchanted with an Indian girl—beautiful enough I grant you—but whom you never saw but twice in your life, and know nothing at all about except from your brief conversation with her this evening. This speaks well for your consistency—ah, brother!"

"But you must consider the circumstances. Yesterday I had no hope ever to meet with one who would, in every particular, please me; to-day I have accidentally discovered such a one—my determination, therefore, stands for nothing."

"And did you commence wooing immediately?"

"Ah! there's the trouble! I found a young Indian there who saved Weenora's life down in the rift, where the canoe upset after they passed us this afternoon. He is a stranger, from some one of the hills about, and Mowehue, as I fancy, has taken a sudden liking to him; and although I was received as graciously as, considering the circumstances, could be expected, yet the thought that the old Chief might compel her to marry that young Otho, as they called him, made me the most uncomfortable being alive."

"What, jealous already, Ned? Indeed I almost begin to pity Weenora now, in case she should ever become your wife. But do you think her mother would consent to her marriage with an Indian?"

"And why not, pray? Is not Mowehue an Indian, and her husband too? This Otho may be brave, but I had much rather he had staid away from Scatacook for the present. Now if I had been there to have saved her life, it would have been a glorious beginning—whereas now——"

"You must storm the castle if you would win it."

"Precisely so, and storm it I will, for take it I must. I envy Otho—confound him—why did he happen to be there just then? But if he had not been there Weenora would have been drowned. What a fool I was for not being on the spot myself—a veritable simpleton! Did you know it, sister?"

"Why I do really begin to suspect you have lost your senses. But why did you not persuade Otho to come home with you? He might have fancied me instead of Weenora."

"I wish with all my heart he would!"

"Whether I wish or not. Remember he is an Indian."

"So am I—or would be if I could, if that would gain me Weenora's hand."

"How did she appear toward her preserver?"

"Why, sufficiently indifferent I must confess, yet quite respectful. Otho scarcely spoke during the evening except to Mowehue in the Indian tongue, which, of course, I could not comprehend; and I suppose he was little wiser from my conversation; although several times when I looked toward him rather suddenly he seemed to be listening with much interest to what I was saying, as if he understood it all."

"Well, Edward, I would I could assist you in this matter. We will talk it over to-morrow; perhaps we can hit upon some expedient—good night."

A week passed on. Edward did not fail to carry into effect his resolution of besieging the citadel; and apparently with good success, for he had certainly become somewhat intimate with the maiden, notwithstanding the exceeding brevity of their acquaintanceship. But though he was overjoyed at this, there was still more gall in his cup, for the stranger was still there, and nearly as assiduous in his attentions as Edward himself. Weenora, moreover, intimated that Otho was a great favorite with her father, who naturally preferred one of his own race as a husband for his daughter. Still Edward would not give up the pursuit while there was a single chance of success.

One afternoon, as Morley and his sister were walking by the river side enjoying the fine air of that season, they met Otho and Weenora. This unexpected encounter was pleasurable to all parties, if indeed we except Edward, who was more than ever annoyed that he should find two beings, one of whom he loved most dearly, and the other hated most heartily, walking together. He stifled his feelings in a degree, however, while he introduced his sister to Weenora, but could not refrain from casting a glance at the Indian, that told more plainly than words how gladly he would have consigned him to the bottom of the rapid, which had so nearly engulfed the fair maiden, who was the unconscious cause of this most uncharitable desire. Susan, after conversing a moment or two with Weenora, addressed a question to her companion, and to her surprise was answered in as pure English as her own. Willing to give her brother a little time with Mowehue's daughter, she commenced a sprightly conversation with Otho—which was maintained on his part with perfect freedom, and without the least hesitancy. In short, after the party had separated, and they were returning home, Susan declared to her brother that she had not met with a more entertaining companion for many a day.

"How was that?" said Edward, "could he speak and understand our language?"

"Understand me? indeed could he, and answer me too as well as yourself, and perhaps much more to my satisfaction. I could hardly believe the evidence of my senses, but thought that either my eyes or ears were

deceiving me. Otho is as well informed, at least as your charmer, and but for his color I should take him for one of the higher class of our countrymen. Who knows but I may find a husband here after all!"

"What! a maiden of 'such pure and ancient blood' marry an Indian?"

"But you must consider the *circumstances*, my dear brother. Just to please you I have come here and secluded myself in this rude, out-of-the-world place, and most probably must take up with an Indian husband, or live single all my life, which you must acknowledge would be the severest affliction you could impose on me," she said laughing. "But how stand affairs at present between you and Weenora?"

"Well enough, I should hope, if that pest was out of the way. I made her acquainted with my sentiments toward her this afternoon, and met with sympathy at least in return. But when I offered her my hand, she referred me to her parents, at the same time expressing her fears that Mowehue would withhold his consent."

"Then there was no objection on *her* part?"

"Not the least as I could learn. But I am resolved to go to-morrow and learn the decision of her parents whatever it may be. Will you accompany me? You will find Alpoorah a very agreeable companion."

"With all my heart, Edward, I suppose Otho will be there!"

CHAPTER III.

ON the rock where Edward Morley sat fishing when he first saw Weenora, reclined Otho, the Indian stranger. For a long time he sat in moody silence, apparently watching the eddies of the stream as it whirled through the rocks. But his thoughts were away, and, at last, as if impatient at being so long pent up within his bosom, unconsciously to himself, they found vent in words.

"What can this be that comes over me at times like some dream of my childhood? As I look on the scenes around this spot, a dim remembrance of them creeps through my brain, as if they were familiar to me years ago, and then had been forgotten. This rock, the spreading elm above me—this river with its tiny whirlpools, and its frothy crests—and the huge walls that form its banks below, all—all seem like some friends with whom I have of old been intimate. Even some of the faces that here meet my eye bring to mind an indistinct vision of things I have seen before; and when I first look on them memory can almost grasp the circumstances—but then with the very effort to recall them they fade away, and leave me dark and doubtful as before. I cannot but feel as if Mowehue and his wife are in some strange manner connected with the days of my infancy. A regard for Alpoorah, for which I cannot account, has grown up in my bosom. It seems not new, but like some feeling nearly forgotten and now brought

to fresh life. And Weenora, how my heart yearned toward her as I drew her from the rapids below. Had I not known it to be impossible I could have sworn she was my sister. Ah! sister! Have I sister?—brother—relatives? I have thus far lived alone, with no object on whom to place my affections, warm, gushing as they were, and longing to flow out in the smooth channel of a brother's love. I have lived an Indian till tired of forests, and of wild beasts their inhabitants, I have thrown off my disguise and sought the dwellings of the whites. There did I live a new life—I pursued knowledge, and made myself well versed as they in the lore of other days. I sought amongst them that which I found not—pleasure—happiness; for such was their devotion to man now, and to the shrine of fashion and pleasure, that they found no time to think; and, disgusted with their hollow heartedness and pride, I returned again to the life I had despised. But happy I could not be. I could not now love one of the dark maidens of my own village, for I had ate of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and felt myself immeasurably their superior. Again I set forth—my steps come hither. Am I at last to find one to love? Weenora? Ah! I feel it—she is my sister. But one day ago I asked her hand—will it be given—do I wish it? The fair girl I met yesterday—she is not my sister—but can she love me? Oh! this is intolerable—I must—I will unravel this mystery.”

When Otho returned to Mowehue's dwelling he found there the two Morley's. The house, which was somewhat large and commodious, and erected far more substantially, and with much more regard to neatness than Indian wigwams generally were, stood but a few rods from the river on the western bank, where the scenery is unusually striking and beautiful.

They had been seated but a short time before Alpoorah observing that “the day was too pleasant to be lost by keeping within doors,” proposed a walk into the garden—“for,” said she, “we have a garden, although we live in humble style.” The spot to which she led them was not unworthy the name of garden. It was filled with thrifty vegetables and sweet flowers, many of them of a rare order, which had been procured from the coast by Mowehue as a present to his wife and daughter. And there were besides many wild flowers that gained new beauty by cultivation. In the centre was a large, but somewhat rude arbor, and covering it a most luxuriant vine, loaded with clusters of wild grapes. At one end of the garden was a grassy bank, shaded by several forest elms that had been spared by the axe, and at the foot, a small gurgling brook of the clearest water wound along, till it emptied itself in the Housatonic.

As Otho, for a time, monopolized the society of the younger ladies, Morley soon found an opportunity to converse with Alpoorah alone. He took advantage

of this moment to ask her consent to his union with Weenora.

She seemed somewhat surprised at the question—but after a moment's hesitancy replied,

“I should be pleased with it, provided you gain her consent, but it was no longer ago than yesterday that Otho made the same request of Mowehue.”

“Otho!”

“My husband referred him to me, but intimated his wish that they should be united. I have not yet spoken to Weenora on the subject, but she shall decide. I have an influence over Mowehue, and if she wishes, it shall be exercised in your favor.”

“Thank you, thank you, you have made me happy,” said Edward.

“Perhaps no time could be fitter than this for the decision,” continued Alpoorah, “for it is better that you and Otho be both present.”

They moved toward the bank whither the rest of the company had preceded them. Here she informed her daughter of the two proposals, and requested her to decide which of them, if either, she would accept.

“Oh! mother! mother!” cried Weenora, and hid her face in Alpoorah's bosom.

“Nay, my daughter, fear not to speak your preference. This is a matter of much moment, and you alone can decide it.”

“How can I mother?” said the blushing girl, while the fond glance which for an instant she cast on Morley told more plainly than words the decision which her heart had already made. That glance was not lost on Otho, but his countenance, Indian-like, changed not.

“If you will listen to me awhile I will tell you briefly my history,” said Alpoorah, “my life has been an eventful one, and the story might have some influence upon Weenora's decision. I have long waited for an opportunity to relate it to her, but never found one so favorable as this.”

All united in a request to hear her story, and after reflecting a few moments, she thus began,

“I was born in England, of wealthy parents, and till my eighteenth year had every desire of my heart gratified. My mother died when I was a few months old, and I was left to the care of a sister of hers, who, from mistaken kindness, indulged me in every wish, while she neglected to instil into my mind those principles which alone can effectually exclude evil or useless inclinations. She took every pains with my mental, but entirely passed by my moral education. The result was I grew up perfect in those accomplishments which adorn society, and especially our sex, but without any fixed principle—haughty in spirit, considering my own will as law, and all about me of equal or of lower rank, only as subjects of my control. In my arrogance I looked around upon those who constituted the circle in

which I moved, and proudly congratulated myself that I was superior to them all. My father, engrossed with public as well as private cares, supplied me plentifully with gold; convinced doubtless that no farther trouble was necessary to fit me for the life of ease and splendor which I afterward learned he designed me to enjoy.

"When I was sixteen my father brought a young man into our family, who, though of noble parents, was a younger son, and without a patrimony. He was a very distant relative of my mother's, and it was designed that he should qualify himself for the profession of the law, with a view to engage in the affairs of State. At the time he came to reside with us he was about four years older than myself, and being of a commanding and prepossessing appearance, and of refined and polished manners withal, I was accustomed to regard him as a sort of chaperon, and generally selected him as my gallant whenever I went abroad. I soon began to be proud of my very popular cousin, for so I usually called him, though the relationship was more distant—I received his attentions with much real satisfaction, but appeared to claim them as a matter of right. Thus we were in constant companionship, as all the time he could redeem from his studies was devoted to attending upon me.

"The necessary result of this was that we soon began to regard each other with a warmer feeling than that of mere friendship. At the commencement of our intercourse his manly and upright character had involuntarily commanded my respect; this quickly ripened into esteem—and ere many months had passed, his really noble and generous disposition had attached me so strongly to him that I found my very being was wrapped up in him. The praises—the flatteries of the world began to sound dull and dead to the ear, and the pleasures in which I daily engaged to pall upon the soul. One approving smile, one tender word from him was prized by me more highly than the costliest gem in my casket. My spirit, so proud, so cold and haughty to others, bent before his like the tender reed, and that consciousness of superiority which forever intruded itself upon me when I mingled with the world, was changed to humility when I conversed alone with him. And he—oh! he was worthy of the deep devotion which my heart gave him. Ay—worthy the devotion of many hearts purer by far than mine, and which would have known better how to have prized the inestimable boon of his love. In the excess of my passion—of my devotion to him, I never found spot or blemish in his character; nor have I yet observed a stain, though years, many long, long years have passed since then, and relentless time has sobered the love that still is cherished in my bosom, and though memory has not failed to dwell by day upon his image, and to restore him to me in dreams by night.

"On the morning of my eighteenth birth-day—how

well I remember the time—it was as bright a day as was ever seen in a climate like ours, but it was not more joyous than my heart on that morning, or brighter than its hopes. But how soon was that joy dispelled. My father sent for me to visit him in his study. I know not why, but I shuddered as I started to obey the summons—it was so unusual a circumstance that I felt a presentiment of some evil creeping over me. But I found him sitting alone, apparently in excellent spirits, for he drew me toward him, and playfully kissed me, and complimented me on my beauty, saying that I reminded him of my mother when he married her. He then went on to say, in a serious tone, that he felt anxious to see me well settled in life, as years were growing on his head, and he might not long be spared to protect me. I sobbed on his bosom at the thought of his leaving me, for unkindly as I treated him, afterward he was very dear to me. He then informed me that he had made choice of one for my husband of whom I could not but approve—that the gentleman had applied for my hand, which was cordially acceded to on his part, and as he supposed his will was mine, he had, even before consulting me, ventured to promise as much for myself. The thought that he had selected another than the one who already possessed my love never once crossed my mind, for though my father had never spoken to me on the subject, I supposed he was well aware of our attachment. I therefore answered that to obey his will would be my highest pleasure. Judge then of my dismay when he informed me that Sir William Halbert wished to have the nuptials immediately solemnized.

"Had not my heart been pre-occupied by my affection for Henry Ethland, I should not, probably, have been disposed to reject a proposal at once so favorable and unexpected. Sir William was a gentleman some ten years older than myself it is true, but his affable and polished character, added to his rank and fortune more than counterbalanced this objection. His large estate was contiguous to my father's, and he had for many years been a frequent and welcome visitor at our mansion. But become his wife I could not, for though no formal engagement had taken place between my cousin and myself, I felt that my faith was another's, and that it would be rank injustice both to Henry and to Sir William for me to wed the latter, while I could not have given him my heart. But I dreaded the consequences of a refusal on my part, as my father, with all his kindness and affection for me, was a stern man, and not accustomed to have his will disputed.

"I threw myself on my knees before him, and in the humblest accents besought him not to force me into a marriage which could not but end in misery and shame. I told him I had mistaken his meaning—I had never loved Sir William, had never been even intimate with him; but that there was one who already had a claim

upon my heart, one to whom there could be no objection but his want of a fortune, and mine, as I was an only child, would be sufficient for both. My father regarded me at first with astonishment, then in anger and resentment. I left him to recover from his disappointment, and hurrying to my own chamber, gave free vent to my feelings, and sought relief in tears.

"But mine was not a spirit to be crushed at once. Ere I was aware I found myself devising methods of escaping from the terrible fate that awaited me. A life of poverty, of obscurity with the one who was all to me, nay, death itself seemed preferable to a union with a man I loved not. My heated fancy was fruitful in expedient, and ere long I had resolved on a plan, which, though it promised and afforded comparative happiness for a brief season, has since been 'a poisoned arrow' to my breast. After remaining a day or two in my room, on pretence of illness, I appeared before my father, and with much apparent humility implored pardon for my conduct, and promised cheerfully to acquiesce in his decision. Alas, nothing was farther from my intentions. He appeared overjoyed at the change in my feelings, and commended me for my obedience, which was the more grateful to him, he said, because he saw it had cost me a struggle, and could not but arise from the depth of my filial affection. Oh! how his words tortured me! My heart misgave me for a moment, and I inwardly shuddered at my wickedness in deceiving a parent who had ever, till this sad mistake, been all kindness and love.

"That very evening Henry returned home. He had been absent a few weeks on a journey, and of course was ignorant of all that had transpired since his departure. Then began the severest trial I had ever experienced. I was about to practice deception with him who I knew could read my very soul. I received him as if nothing unusual had occurred, and we met as lovers who have been separated should meet. My object was to strengthen, if possible, the influence which I already possessed over him. To lull suspicion, however, I took care that my father should see us together as little as possible, and in his presence threw off in a measure my softness of manner, treating Henry with coldness and respect.

"But time would not stay its progress, and the day was fast approaching when I had promised to become the bride of Sir William. At last, therefore, I was obliged to disclose to Henry the terrible circumstances. It was done in a few brief but dreadful words, for my heart was so full I could scarcely find utterance. Oh! how I trembled lest he should hate me, when he found I had actually consented to wed Sir William; but gazing at me a moment, with a look of mingled grief and astonishment, he clasped me sobbing and weeping to his bosom. Oh! the bliss, yet agony of that short embrace.

It was the first, it might, perchance, be the last. It was a moment of rapture, yet of fearful apprehension. By that act I knew he loved me with all that depth of affection which stern and lofty natures like his alone can feel, yet trembling lest that love should be lost to me forever.

"As I had expected, he did not speak of opposing my father's wishes. Knowing entreaty to be useless, he thought not of wronging my father—his benefactor—by urging me to a clandestine marriage. But I was debased enough to lead him insensibly into ingratitude. It was my love—my burning, indomitable love that urged me on—love, of which I robbed my Creator to bestow it on a creature, that would not let me rest till I had instilled poison into that noble spirit, and caused him who had given me being to be brought in anguish to the grave.

"But I must hasten on. From that time I let pass no opportunity of working upon the mind of Henry, in order to stifle his scruples, and to fret away his deep and honorable principles, till he should consent to an elopement and private marriage. Alas! too well I succeeded—but so gradually did my conversation tend to this point, that, absorbed in grief as he was, he had no suspicion of my object. His own uprightness of disposition was favorable to this, for had he discovered my purpose he would have hated and despised me. One day—the preceding one to that appointed for the nuptials—with my head resting on his bosom, I had been artfully contrasting the hopelessness of our situation with the happiness that was to be found in seclusion, away from all the cares and vexations of society, with none to claim our love and attention but the heart's idol. Suddenly he sprang up, joy beaming in his countenance, as if new light, the light of hope, had struck him. 'And why not,' said he, 'why may we not seek happiness away, far, far away from those who would forever mar it? Say, Mary, dearest, shall we not fly on the wings of love, or shall we remain here to reap but the bitterness of despair?' Oh! with what eagerness did my ear drink in those words. My frame trembled, the happiness was too great, and I sank down at his feet, unable longer to support myself. He gently raised me, and fondly kissing my forehead, continued,

"Nay, love, pardon me. I see the thought was new to you. It never entered your pure heart, and I struck upon it so suddenly that it shocked you. But it only adds fuel to my love. And must I then see you another's wife?"

"No, Henry—I am yours, yours forever."

"We fled—were married—and, with what money I had about me, procured a passage for this land, wilderness as it then was. Arrived here our money was soon spent, and I parted with the few jewels of small value that I brought with me, to procure the necessary

sustenance—for so hurried had been our flight, that we had never once thought of the means of our subsistence, until at last the thought forced itself upon us. Weeks passed, and want began to stare us in the face; and my dear Henry's cheek grew pale, and his flesh wasted away; and as he came back night after night to our little room, from his vain search for employment, I observed that his eyes grew sunken, and at times flashed with a strange light; and a wasting cough seized hold on him, and I knew that care, care for me, who had beguiled him into this unnatural exile, was corroding his very heart. And day by day he grew weaker, and a hectic flush settled on his cheek, and at last he was too weak to rise from his bed, but tossed about in restless anguish; while at times he was delirious, and talked of the scenes we had left, and once, staring wildly at me as though he would pierce me through, he spoke the words—'your father.' Oh! how that word sounded in my ears!—and how I longed to die before Henry, lest in his last moments he should despise me for my ingratitude to my forsaken parent.

"He died; and for two long days and nights did I watch at his bedside, and bathe his cold face with my tears. But they buried him at last, and with the only ring that remained in my possession, one that had been my mother's, I defrayed the expenses of his funeral. And this then was the end of all our hopes and visions of happiness. This was my work, that I had so skillfully planned!—I could not return alone to the spot where he died—I wandered forth I knew not how long nor whither. A raging fever took hold on me, and my reason fled. I remember passing several nights without shelter, and at last nature was exhausted, and I laid me down, as I thought, to die. I called on Henry to come and bathe my burning temples, and reproached him for leaving me thus to suffer alone. Then all grew dark, and I heard strange voices about me, and I thought I was in the land of spirits.

"When my senses returned I was lying in an Indian's wigwam. Some one had discovered me in the forest, and generously borne me to his tent. Through the aid of herbs, in the use of which the Indians were skilled, I was restored at length to health, though it was weeks before my strength returned. My noble benefactors offered me an asylum till I could find some means of providing for myself. Some time afterward a son was born to me, and as he grew up I fancied him the exact image of his father. He had the same noble features, and dark full eye, and he began to be a solace and a comfort to me, and to relieve me of the terrible melancholy that had been wearing upon me since my husband's death. But alas!—he too was taken from me. It was on his fourth birth-day that I had taken him out into the fields to enjoy the pure air. As I sat weaving a little basket, a work which I had long before learned

to do, and while memory was leading me back over the sea to the home of my ancestors, I forgot for a few moments to watch my boy, and when I had finished my work he was nowhere to be seen. Thinking he must have returned to the tent, which was not far distant, I hastened thither; he was not there. I never saw my boy again. All search proved useless. He must have perished in the forest of hunger, or by wild beasts, or been carried away by some party, belonging to a tribe hostile to that to which I had become attached.

"A few months afterward I was married to my present husband, Mowehue. Once I had written to my father in terms of penitence and humility, but as I never received a reply I concluded I was forgotten and despised. It was Mowehue who had found me in the forest, and conceiving an affection for me, had never joined himself to one of his own people. At last I consented to become his wife; and I have never since regretted it. He has ever treated me with kindness and sympathy, and—were his blood pure as my own, and his complexion as fair—I could not have loved him more deeply. He was generous to me in my distress, and save the memory of my dear Henry, and the love I still cherish for him, he has the sole homage of my heart."

CHAPTER IV.

ALL sat a few moments in silence after Alpoorah had ceased speaking, pondering on the narrative they had just heard. Presently Otho sprang down the bank to the rivulet at its foot, and washing the paint from his face, turned toward the rest of the party with a complexion as fair almost as that of any one amongst them. Save his dress all traces of the Indian had vanished. In a moment he and Alpoorah were locked in each other's arms.

"Mother! mother!"

"My son—oh! my long lost boy."

It was indeed the self-same boy she had lost twenty years before, and for whom she had long since ceased to mourn as dead.

"Weenora, sister!" said he, and as they embraced, their hearts were filled with a new emotion, the pure and holy feeling of a brother's and a sister's love.

"And will you not call me brother?" said Edward, "Weenora, my own, will you not make us brothers?"

She frankly offered him her hand, which he took and drew her to his heart; and from that hour they were one forever.

"And now," said Edward, "comes our turn for explanation; for my sweet sister and myself are but strangers in this land. We too were born and educated in 'Merry England.' Our father died some two years since, and his relatives, through some quibble of the law, succeeded in wresting from us our paternal inheritance. Fortunately for us our mother, who had died a year

previously, though low born, was wealthy, and left us sufficient to live on in this land in luxury. Accident directed our steps to this sweet spot; and here we have found the quiet for which we longed. We live by ourselves, having thrown by all the usages of the society in which we were educated, and till I saw Weenora here there was nothing left for me to desire. We took our mother's name, for I resolved that if I could not possess my father's estates I would not bear his title. My father was Sir William Halbert."

"And are you then the son of him whom I so deeply wronged?" said Alpoorah, "alas! that we should meet thus—and yet methinks it is well. Take Weenora, and be my father's will in a measure obeyed, by the union of the children of those who should have been themselves united. But bear you any tidings from my father?"

"He died long since, with his last breath forgiving you. Your letter never could have reached him, for both he and Sir William, who still retained some affection for the first object of his love, instituted inquiries in the hope that you might be found, but, as you are aware, without success. The estate was divided among his relatives. I heard the circumstances from my father shortly before his death."

It was but a little time afterward that the minister of the parish was called on to perform the marriage ceremony at the house of Mowehue; and never was there a lovelier or more happy pair than were Edward Morley and Weenora, the Maid of Scatacook, on their bridal day.

Edward took his fair bride home to his cottage, but not many months had passed ere another was erected near it, and when it was finished the two were as like each other as two twins. The new one was occupied by the laughing Susan and her doting husband, Henry Ethland, though she seldom greeted him by any other name than Otho, that being the name she called him by when she first felt the breath of love playing about her heart.

Years afterward, Susan occasionally laughed at her brother, because some of his children gave signs in their dark, but not uncomely complexion, that "the pure and ancient blood" of his family had somewhat degenerated, but he always replied by declaring that some one of her own children would be a full-blooded son of the forest, after Otho, his father; which prediction never was verified, she being blessed with a very goodly number notwithstanding.

More than a century has passed since the events of our story transpired, but the memory of these events is still fresh among some of the older inhabitants of the vicinity; and though the changes of time have removed the descendants of Otho and Morley from their father's homes, their story is still told to listeners by the winter fireside.

THE WIDOW'S HEART.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

AWAY with tones of gladness now,
Bear hence the lyres you bring,
You cannot o'er her saddened brow
One gleam of sunshine fling;
One echo of your sweetest lay
To being may not start,
For music hath no power to sway
The widow's lonely heart.

Oh! mock not such wild grief as her's,
Bear back the minstrel tone,
That only pleasure's worshippers
In revel's hour might own;
Bear hence the lyre, for vain are all
The sweets its strings impart,
No spell hath music's soul to thrall
The widow's lonely heart.

In other spheres the tones awake
That once her spirit wooed—
Their murmurings will not now forsake
That bosom's solitude!—
Then, echoes of your sweetest lay
To being may not start,
Your music hath no power to sway
The widow's lonely heart.

MEMORY.

BY JOHN S. JENKINS.

THERE is a sadness swells my heart,
Too deep for tears, for words too deep;
The quivering sigh and sudden start,
Speak of a wo which will not sleep—
Yet to the world I do not love,
I seem to wear the smile of youth,
That happy smile all price above,
Token of innocence and truth.

I mingle gaily in the crowd
Of pleasure's worshippers, and hear
The tones of music wild and loud,
And the free, merry laugh, so dear
To me, so fondly loved of yore;
But all my thoughts and hopes, are dreams,
Deceitful e'er as fairy shore,
Or Strankerl's lay by Suevia's streams.

One mem'ry hath the power to turn
My heart to wormwood even yet;
And, though I would, I cannot learn
That bitter lesson—to forget:
'Tis fruitless all—the task is vain;
Earth hath no farther joy for me;
The chord once broke cannot again
Be strung to love's pure melody.

THE STRANDED SHIP.

BY HARRIET J. BOWLES.

"WILL no one go off for her!—will no one go off for my child, my only child?" shrieked the miser, wringing his hands and running to and fro in the crowd. But all turned away. There was scarcely a soul present who, at one time or another, had not suffered in the hands of the hard-hearted money lender.

"Oh! for the love of God—you who are fathers think of me. My daughter will perish—will you not go off for her, Townsend?—I'll give you any thing—any thing I mean in reason."

"Go off for her!—not I," said the man, with a mocking laugh, shaking off the old man, "all your gold would not tempt me out on that boiling sea. Besides ain't I a father, too, and think you I'll sacrifice my life for another? No, no, old hulks, you must take your gold to some other market."

"Oh! she will die, she will die—my child for whom I have saved all. Peter Jones you will go if I give you a thousand dollars."

"Not for ten thousand," gruffly said the person addressed, "a boat couldn't live in the breakers a minute."

"I will give ten thousand to any one," eagerly said the miser—"ten thousand dollars. I know you will go for ten thousand dollars, Simon," and he seized one of the spectators by the button of his shaggy jacket, "oh! go, and the blessings of a broken-hearted father will go with you."

"I can't think of it, for I'd never return to enjoy your money. No, old man," he said, in a more feeling tone than the others had used, "your daughter must die."

"*Must* die! Oh! no—she shan't die. Take all I am worth, good sirs," he said, lifting up his hands imploringly, "but restore me my daughter, only, only I hope you'll spare a little for us to live on, if it's no more than a beggar enjoys."

"It's no use, old man," said the last speaker, "the whole world would not tempt us to put out to sea in a storm like this. It's a hard lot you've got to bear, and I pity your daughter, for she was a sweet angel. But the packet will go to pieces in half an hour, and so you see there is no hope."

The father heard the speaker in stony silence. Then he turned and looked out at sea, where, a few minutes before, the outline of the stranded packet, might have been seen through the approaching twilight, almost buried in the whirling foam that howled over the bar on which she lay; but now the darkness had shut her in from view; and the only knowledge of her position was derived from the sound of her minute guns booming solemnly across the sea. The old man groaned, and sinking down on a bolder, buried his face in his hands

and rocked his body to and fro, occasionally pausing to listen to the guns or to gaze seaward, and then resuming his position, moaning continually. Five minutes might have thus passed when a young man burst through the crowd, and shaking the old man by the shoulder, said,

"Mr. Stelling, they say your daughter is on board the packet—is it so?"

"Yes, good youth, and you have come to rescue her," he exclaimed, starting up with eager joy; but when he recognized the speaker, he said in a tone of disappointment, "it's Harry Martin. Oh! surely, young man, you have not come here to triumph over my distress."

"God forbid," was the fervent reply, "I come to aid you, if indeed mortal man can render aid in an extremity like this. Let bygones be bygones. Only answer me one question, for no time is to be lost—will you give me your daughter if I succeed in rescuing her?"

There was a momentary pause, and the muscles of the old man's face worked convulsively. All pressed forward to hear his answer, for the fury with which the old miser had pursued his daughter's lover, and his declaration that he would sooner see her dead than married to the young man were known to every listener. At length he gasped,

"Yes, yes, but go at once. Only save her and she shall be yours."

The youth paused no longer, but dashed through the crowd. In a minute his boat was afloat, and accompanied by a solitary individual—for but one fisherman, and he under great obligations to the young man, could be persuaded to risk his life with the lover—he set forth. The boat rose gallantly on the waves, shaking like a duck the spray from her sides, and for a few minutes was seen momentarily cutting the outline of the gloomy sky as she attained the summit of the billow: then she gradually passed into the darkness and was seen no more.

For more than an hour the crowd remained on the beach, almost incredulous of the lover's success, and yet lingering in the faint hope that he might return with his precious freight. That he had the good wishes of all was evident from the eagerness with which they strained their eyes into the gloom to see if he was returning, and from the audible prayers for his success which were breathed by more than one of the women. Apart from the general crowd stood the fisherman whom the miser had last appealed to, surrounded by a few kindred spirits who were discussing with him the chances of the young man's return.

"It was madness to attempt it," said the fisherman, "but when I found he would go I insisted that he should make his conditions with the old man before he ventured, for, you see, if his daughter was once restored to the usurer's arms, mighty little gratitude would he have for her preserver, and Harry would stand as poor a chance

as ever. Between us, I believe she thought as much of the young man as he did of her, and if her father sent her away, and I more than suspect, to drive Harry Martin from her thoughts, her present danger looks something like the retribution of a higher power as a punishment for his conduct. But hark, was not that a hallo?"

Every eye was turned seaward, in which direction the fisherman had indicated that he heard the hail; but nothing could be seen except the white foam of the breakers in the foreground, and the lowering clouds behind forming a chaotic mass of darkness. Nor was any sound save that of the roaring tempest borne to the ear.

"Hark!" at length said one, "there it is again."

Every one listened, and now a hallo was heard faintly from the thick gloom seaward. One of the fishermen shouted, and a reply was distinctly caught in the lull of the tempest. A few moments of breathless suspense followed, during which every eye was strained to the utmost.

"There it is—there it is," at length cried one, "see—just rising on yonder wave!"

"I see it," shouted one.

"Here they come, huzza!—a miracle, a miracle—ah! how gallantly she breasts the surge," were the exclamations that followed from the crowd.

All rushed to the edge of the surf. But now the fear arose that the boat would be swamped in the breakers, and many a heart trembled as she rose and fell frightfully on the surge, showers of spray flying over her, and the water continually pouring into her sides. The crowd watched her struggles with silent awe.

A few minutes removed all doubt, and saw the hardy crew and their lovely freight safely landed on the beach. The miser had started from his seat at the first intimation of the approaching boat, and stood tremblingly gazing at her as she buffeted the waves; and no sooner did she touch the ground than he rushed into the retiring surf, and clasping his daughter frantically, hung around her so that the fishermen were forced to carry both together to the dry land. There they would have separated the two for a moment, but when they spoke to the old man they found that he was lifeless. The emotion of the last two hours had been too much for his enfeebled frame, and he had died in the revulsion from despair to joy.

The good folks of that seaboard village can yet tell you how, after the accustomed period of mourning had passed, the miser's daughter gave her hand to Harry Martin, who received with her a fortune, whose extent even the most sanguine confessed to be beyond their expectations. But this was the least part of the treasure brought him by his wife; and in her virtues he had ample recompense for the long years of opposition on the part of her parent.

HERBERT MOULTRIE.

BY JOHN TOMLIN.

IN that part of Williamsburgh district which is washed by the waters of the Santee, there lived, toward the close of the last century, the last scion of an ancient family, of the name of Moultrie. At eighteen, having received an education suited to his high pretensions, he resolved to travel, and accordingly visited the courts of St. James and Versailles, where he learnt their vices, but caught none of their virtues. He associated with the gay and infidel Voltaire, and subsequently with D'Alembert and Robespierre, and at length returned home utterly depraved in principle, deceitful, revengeful, and with his natural savage cruelty sharpened by the massacres of the French Revolution.

Living in a district of country but sparsely settled, and most of whose inhabitants were poor, there existed little communication between him and his neighbors. If any accidental intercourse was brought about it was soon broken off in disgust at the disposition of the man. He seemed indeed to possess a heart callous to all human sympathy. In a year of scarcity, when the poor around were starving for bread, he mocked them by the sight of his closed granaries; and one poor woman, a widow with an only daughter, who had incurred his hatred by the indignation with which she repelled his advances to her child, having ventured on her knees to beg for a few days sustenance for herself and her famishing child, was spurned from his presence and fell a corpse at the threshold of the door over which her aged limbs were tottering. What wonder that Herbert Moultrie was shunned by the poor!

The only family in the neighborhood he stooped to associate with was that of Gideon Witherspoon, whose wealth and high descent made him the equal of Herbert Moultrie, even in the eyes of the haughty planter himself. Although the disposition of Mr. Witherspoon was the very reverse of that of Moultrie, an apparent good understanding existed between them. The former was a prominent member of church, and though he was ignorant of Moultrie's more flagrant wickedness, he knew the young man to be an infidel, and was anxious to convince him of his error. The visitor listened and argued, and finally pretended to be convinced. He even went so far as to consent to become a member of the visible church. But this sudden change did not pass unnoticed in his more immediate neighborhood, and more than one was found secretly to whisper that under it was concealed some fell design. The young convert now became a constant visitor at the house of Mr. Witherspoon, and perhaps the riddle was explained by the return, about this time, of the old man's daughter from boarding school.

Isabella Witherspoon had been, as she ever continued to be, the most virtuous of her sex. She was an only daughter. As the riches of her father were boundless, every desire of her heart had been freely gratified, yet without rendering her vain or selfish. Having lost her mother at an early period of her life, the first culture of her intellect necessarily devolved on a maiden aunt living in the city of Charleston. This good woman had not neglected her charge. She had early instilled into her mind the divine precepts of the gospel, and taught her those principles which should influence her after life. She was not virtuous from pride of character, or to keep the world from casting reproaches on her. She was virtuous only because the idol was beautiful and revered. Her literary education had not been neglected—for the various branches that were taught in the city she had thoroughly mastered. French, Spanish and Italian she read correctly and spoke fluently. In music she was a proficient.

After an absence of fifteen years she returned to the home of her childhood. It was a beautiful evening in autumn, ere the trees had shed their foliage, or the flowers had lost their perfume, that Isabella Witherspoon reached her home. It was a day of jubilee in "Isabella's Meadows," as the old gentleman had thought proper to name his home. Every body welcomed her back. The neighbors had severally experienced her mother's kindness—and the many little presents that Isabella had sent at various times to them, while she resided in the city, had transferred this love to the daughter. They expected to find in Isabella the kind benefactor they had ever known in the mother. Having found out from her father the day he expected his daughter home, the neighbors had collected to welcome her back. The negroes too had left their fields to see once more the offspring of their master. As soon therefore as Isabella's carriage had bounded into the avenue a shout of welcome rose up from the assembled servants. She arrived—gave to each a token of love—and was made sole mistress of the "Meadows."

Herbert Moultrie had also come to behold her return. He loved her from the first gaze, and jealousy took possession of his soul. Henry McCord, the young gentleman who had attended Isabella and her aunt from the city, appeared to be the individual of whom he was jealous. Nothing could give him more pain than the attentions which McCord was paying to Isabella, and the deep interest she took in his remarks. "This spell must be broken, otherwise Isabella is lost to me," he would often mutter to himself. Having a deep acquaintance with human nature, he was enabled to conceal his own thoughts while discovering the most hidden springs of action in others. Having associated with the master spirits of the age, he had learnt the *diplomatique* finesse of concealing the emotions of his own bosom, while

detecting those influencing others. In a little while he had won the confidence of both Henry McCord and Isabella. He then learned that they were betrothed, and deadly hatred of McCord from that moment took possession of him. He resolved yet to win Isabella, cost what it might. He formed his plan and long waited for an opportunity. At length one occurred.

About two months after she had returned home, Moultrie and herself were walking in the avenue, (for Henry McCord had returned to Charleston to make preparations for his approaching nuptials with Isabella,) when Moultrie proposed to lengthen their walk to the river, then round by his own home, and back again. The innocent Isabella acceded to the proposition, as it was a mild evening in the latter part of November. They wiled away the fleeting moments in desultory talk, until they had arrived in full view of Moultrie's house. It was then his burning love overcame his prudence. Taking hold of her hand, while his own trembled with emotion, he poured forth his love in such fiery words that the maiden was startled; but recovering herself she mildly reminded him of what, she said, he could not but know already, that she was affianced to another.

"I have forborne long, but I can forbear no longer. Mine you must be," was his reply, "mine in despite of your betrothal."

"This is strange language," said Isabella, starting from him.

"But hear me," he said, following her, "and you will renounce all for my love," and he accompanied his words with a threatening look, which filled the maiden with fear. Yet she answered firmly,

"Never—never!"

"I have sworn," he replied, after a moment's pause, during which he gazed sternly on the trembling girl, "bitterly sworn that you shall never wed Henry McCord, and I never break my oath. Discard him then, or this is your last hour," and he seized her arm. She shrieked and struggled; but when he sternly demanded her answer, she replied firmly,

"May God protect me, but never will I be yours."

He paused no longer, but raising her light form in his arms, bore her rapidly to the banks of the neighboring Santee. In vain she struggled and shrieked, there was neither escape nor succor. When they had gained the bank, and stood above the whirling waves, Moultrie paused and said in the deep tones of passion,

"Choose. Once more I give you a chance. Be mine ere you return home, or else you perish in this swelling tide. Choose."

Isabel lifted her eyes to Heaven and replied,

"Let the waters then be my grave."

"Your grave then be they," said Moultrie, hoarse with rage, swaying her form in the air. There was a sullen plunge into the river; but, almost immediately

the report of a pistol was heard, and a young man sprang into the stream, and rescued the sinking girl. In a few minutes Isabella recovered to recognize in her rescuer, Henry McCord. But Moultrie had disappeared.

It seems that Isabella's lover had soon tired of Charleston, and sighed for the solitude of the "Meadows." Arriving there a few moments after Isabella and Herbert Moultrie had left, and finding Mr. Wither- spoon had gone into the fields, he followed on in the footsteps of Isabella. Not overtaking her at the river, he concluded that she and her companion had gone round by Moultrie's, where there was a fine view of the Santee. Owing to the windings of the road, he had discovered no glimpses of those he sought, until a sudden turn in the path brought him in full view of the river, where he beheld Isabella struggling in the arms of Herbert Moultrie. As he ran up he fired a pistol, without which he never travelled, at Moultrie. The ball struck home and the wounded man must have fallen into the river, for his corpse was found, some days after, miles below.

A few months afterward Isabella became the wife of her rescuer.

WITHERED VIOLETS.

BY MRS. E. S. SWAIN.

PERISHED flowers! perished flowers! to me ye are more fair
Than radiant gems of Indian mines, the richest or the rare;
The sparkling diamond's glitt'ring sheen, the ruby's orient glow,

The amethyst that mocks the skies no memories bestow.
But ye pale, scentless as ye lie, without one tint of bloom,
Are sybil leaves whose magic power the future can illumine;
I gaze—the present it is not, the world with all its strife,
The weariness, the vanities, the thousand ills of life,
What are they now to me? escaped like a long prisoned bird
I wander in a Paradise, where Love alone is heard!

I look into those beaming eyes, words of impassioned tone
Are gushing from the ardent heart I feel is all my own;
These wild flowers gathered by his hand are twined within
my hair,

A coronal to deck the brow he thinks on earth most fair.
How green the wood, how bright the sky, and list yon
warbling bird,

Hesings as if his little heart with our own bliss was stirr'd:
Blessing and blest, we ramble on like Eden's happy pair,
YOUTH, and first love's enchanted dream, what glorious
things ye are!

Years, many years have passed since then, in life we meet
no more!

But what is life? Our being's span—death shall the lost
restore;

Yes, by our spirit's mutual faith—the trust—the hope is
given

Thro' the dark portals of the grave to meet again in
Heaven!

VOL. III.—8

AGNES; OR, THE PASTOR.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was sinking behind the distant hills, shooting long lines of light across the landscape, and dying the western firmament with gold, crimson, purple and green, as a young girl of exquisite beauty sat by the window of a lordly mansion in one of the loveliest districts of western New York. The scene before her was unrivalled for pictorial beauty—hills, vales and glittering streamlets; woods and cultivated fields; villages and farm-houses were scattered over the prospect. Fascinated by the beauty of the landscape the young girl sat gazing on it until the sun had set, when she fell insensibly into a reverie, with her head supported by her fair small hand. She was aroused, long after twilight had gathered around, by a familiar touch on her shoulder.

"Agnes! and musing," said a woman's voice in some surprise, "Ah! I see it all—your heart, that has laughed at love hitherto, has been touched—you were thinking of Clarence."

The blood rushed to the temples of the musing girl, but when her companion ceased, every trace of her embarrassment had subsided, and she replied gaily—

"Of Clarence Morton indeed!" and a slight scorn curled her lip.

"Of Clarence Morton indeed!" retorted her companion in accents of still greater surprise, "why, Agnes, how long has it been since you have learned to speak of him with scorn? Half your friends believe you engaged, and the other half were certain that your accepting him for a partner at my wedding, foreshadowed your betrothal. The wedding is over—he has been more attentive than ever—and you, you yourself, you little hypocrite, have been all smiles;—yet now, when I name him as the cause of your reverie, you speak of him with scorn. Yet it is ever so with our sex. You love Clarence Morton."

The cheek of the fair girl crimsoned, but only faintly, and she shook her head. Her companion regarded her intensely for a moment, and musing for awhile, said—

"But to drop this subject, how did you like our young pastor? Did you mark how earnest was his manner during the ceremony? What fine eyes he has!"

Mrs. Westcott—for that was the name of Agnes Benson's friend—had kept her eye on the face of her companion, and saw that, at the first mention of the young pastor's name, the blood rushed in torrents again to the brow of Agnes.

"I am then right in my hasty guess," said Mrs. Westcott to herself, "nor do I wonder. Our young pastor is just such a one as Agnes' imagination could be fasci-

nated with. Often, in our girlish dreams, have I heard her picture a character like his as one that she should seek for ere she surrendered her heart. Yet Agnes is proud and ambitious—she can gratify neither passion if she marries the humble village pastor. Clarence Morton is rich and distinguished. There will be a struggle yet for the mastery in my fair cousin's breast."

So mused Mrs. Westcott, during the short interval that elapsed before Agnes replied, and when the fair girl answered, the keen observation of her companion detected the effort to speak composedly.

"He certainly has fine eyes," said Agnes, "and made me feel more solemn than I have done for a long while, heigho! I suppose he is just in orders, and tries his best," and she laughed with a low, gay laugh, and rose from her seat. The reproving eyes of her companion again called the blush to her cheek.

"Agnes!" she said, "this is trifling with a solemn subject," and Agnes stood abashed. Her companion had read her heart and continued, "Mr. Newton is a truly pious man, and as incapable of acting a part, which your words imply, as you are, in your better mood, of ridiculing sacred things. But come," she said, as the tears gathered into the eyes of Agnes, "I see you are heartily sorry for what you have said, so let us descend into the parlor."

Agnes was a gay, self-willed, witty and beautiful creature, who would have been spoiled by flattery, had she not possessed a naturally good heart, and a more than usual amount of intellect. She was proud and ambitious, however, and had long trifled with a crowd of suitors. Among these Clarence Morton was the most conspicuous, both on account of his riches and birth. But he was not the one to captivate the imagination of a high-souled girl like Agnes, and so there had long been a struggle in her breast between the nobler and more earthly portions of it. Her love of power whispered to her to accept her wealthy suitor: her heart told her that she could not love, and therefore ought not to wed him. A decision had been postponed notwithstanding the anxiety of her lover to bring his fate to a crisis; and just at the time when her better nature was giving up the contest, and he began to hope, she had met Mr. Newton, the new pastor, whom she had seen for the first time, when he officiated at the wedding of her friend. This occurrence had taken place the day preceding that on which we introduced her to our readers. His calm, deep eyes—his broad, powerful brow—the unaffected sweetness and dignity of his manner had awakened an interest toward him in the bosom of Agnes at once strange and delightful. Ever since, with scarcely a moment's intermission, he had been present to her thoughts. And yet, when Mrs. Westcott discovered her in a reverie, she strove to conceal her feelings in the way we have shewn. Strange perversity!

CHAPTER II.

A FEW days after this the young pastor made a morning call at Mrs. Westcott's, and lingered alone in conversation with Agnes for more than an hour. His apparent interest in her made her heart thrill with indefinable emotions. He was still there when the carriage of Clarence Morton drove up to the door, and then Agnes remembered that she had made an engagement to accompany him in a drive, a fact she had hitherto forgotten in the charm of the young pastor's conversation. When seated in the vehicle, and the excitement of starting passed, she could not help contrasting her present with her late companion; and Clarence Morton sank immeasurably by the comparison. Instead of the genius which characterized the conversation of the minister, she found in Clarence Morton nothing but the dull common-places of an ordinary mind; and as Agnes felt little inclination to talk in such a strain they soon fell into a silence which continued until the drive was over, when Agnes retired to her room vexed that her morning *tête-à-tête* with the young pastor had been interrupted. Sitting down, with her bonnet still on, and her shawl only partially thrown off, she recalled all that he had said, and as she saw in memory his fine eyes again fixed enthusiastically on her, her bosom heaved, and she felt her cheek burn. Could there be any danger in the interest she felt in him? was the question she asked herself, and shrunk from answering, satisfied with the pleasure of dwelling on his image, without looking at the consequences.

The visits of the young pastor to Mrs. Westcott's soon grew frequent, and began to be the talk of the parish. Many were the speculations hazarded as to the probability of his winning Agnes; and not a few who sneered most at her for countenancing a suitor, so poor in this world's goods, envied her the attentions of one so gifted in intellect, and so winning in manners. Clarence Morton, meantime, continued his visits, but to the eye of an acute observer he was manifestly losing ground. Indeed Agnes was on the point of giving herself up wholly to the seductive influence of the young pastor's society when an incident occurred which placed Clarence Morton again in the ascendant.

There was a large party, about this time, given in the neighborhood, and Agnes, flattered and admired by all, shone the star of the evening. To a mind like her's there was a fascination in this universal homage almost irresistible, and she yielded herself to the influence of the hour, forgetful of many a resolution which she had formed when in the presence of the young pastor. Her gay wit soon drew around her a crowd of admirers, among whom was one with whom she had been charged with flirting. He had been of late attentive to another, who, for more than one reason, was disliked by Agnes. Flushed with her triumphs, she resolved to detach him

from her rival. A few words, aptly introduced, fixed him in her train for the evening, and though, more than once, her conscience asked her if this was right, she hurried on regardless of aught but piquing her rival. She succeeded; but when, toward the latter end of the evening, having retired into a conservatory for a moment's rest, she overheard the following conversation, her feelings of insulted pride can be scarcely imagined. The voices were those of two persons outside screened from sight by the foliage.

"Did you see how Agnes Benson to-night was flirting with Mr. Hawke? It's a shame to trifle so with any one—I wonder what the young pastor would think of it if he knew it."

"You mean what would Clarence Morton think," said another voice, "for, let them say what they will, Miss Benson is only flirting with the minister, and Mr. Morton is the right one after all. Every body knows how proud she is, and do you think she would sacrifice an equipage and all that wealth can afford, to be the wife of a poor country minister? No—no, she is a coquette, and vain—she loves shew, and has always courted luxury—and she'll be Mrs. Clarence Morton yet."

The voices passed on, but Agnes was the prey to conflicting feelings. And was it indeed true that she was thought to be trifling with the young pastor? Oh! no, she repelled the thought. But could she submit to poverty, and the life of self-denial expected in a minister's wife—could she indeed give up luxury, and sink into comparative obscurity? Her decision was hastened by again overhearing the same voices, as the persons returned.

"No, I tell you it would be the greatest folly in the world," said one, as if continuing the conversation, "she will not entertain the idea. Think of Agnes Benson changed into a minister's wife, wearing the plainest of all plain bonnets, and marching into church at the head of the Sunday School. And she is to do this, you say, when she can become Mrs. Clarence Morton, and outshine every body in the splendor of her equipage, the costliness of her dress, and the variety of her entertainments."

"I confess," repeated the other voice, "I did not think of all this; and I agree with you that it would be madness for her to make such sacrifices."

"To be sure it would. She would well deserve the obscurity into which she would sink."

The voices again passed out of hearing, but the mind of Agnes was made up.

"They are right—I cannot become the wife of the young pastor. And after all," she continued, shaking off a sigh and affecting to laugh, "love is but a name, and Clarence Morton will make a very respectable husband."

Ah! Alice Benson.

CHAPTER III.

THE gossips of the neighborhood were, before a fortnight, in possession of the intelligence that Agnes Benson had accepted Clarence Morton. Those who had predicted such a result praised her judgment, and felicitated themselves on their penetration, while others, who had said that she would yet marry the young pastor, shook their heads and remarked that no good would come of it. The young pastor himself was never known to allude to the subject, nor had any one perceived the least trace of emotion in him when the engagement happened to be mentioned in his presence; but his housekeeper told one of her friends confidentially, and so it spread throughout the village, that her master of late had spent the nights in walking the floor, and that his appetite had left him altogether.

Agnes, meanwhile, seemed to have banished every thought of him from her mind; and if conscience ever reproached her for her conduct toward him, she soon stifled its upbraidings. As the destined bride of Clarence Morton, she now received attentions from quarters even where it had been denied to her before; for there were a few in the neighborhood who rendered no homage to any thing but wealth. Her days were passed amid continual flattery, and she was already a far different creature from the Agnes whom Mrs. Westcott had conversed with in the beginning of our tale. That lady saw with regret the change, but was wisely silent.

The wedding day was rapidly approaching, and Agnes was already the envy of the neighborhood, when she suddenly fell ill, and, in a few days, it was rumored about that she had caught the small pox. She soon grew worse, so that her life was despaired of, and though finally she was declared to be convalescent, it was said that her beauty was gone. Many were the speculations now afloat respecting the effect this would have on Clarence Morton, for all knew that the beauty of Agnes had been one of his chief motives for seeking the union. He wished a handsome woman to exhibit as his wife, and therefore he had been persevering in his efforts to secure one so celebrated for her loveliness. But would he be faithful now when her personal charms were gone? In answer to this question it was said that his carriage had been seen at the door of the invalid daily; but, on closer inquiry, it appeared that this had been only during the first few days of her illness. When her disease was known certainly to be the small pox, he had, it was found, left the vicinity, and was now travelling. The suspicions growing out of this knowledge were soon reduced to certainty, by the intelligence that his engagement with Agnes was broken off. If any doubted, their doubts were put to rest, before two months, by the marriage of Clarence Morton to a celebrated belle of one of the northern cities.

A week after the receipt of this intelligence Agnes

appeared at church, so altered and seemingly broken down in spirits that, despite her folly, she elicited general pity in her behalf. But her voice was now heard in the responses for the first time, and it was said to be far sweeter, because more subdued, than when she was in the heyday of her beauty. She was seen to weep during the sermon, and at its close stole from the church as if anxious to escape notice. Every body said how changed she was.

And changed she was indeed, though in other things than was supposed. The first intimation of the nature of her disease was a stunning blow, and for days she tossed on her pillow the victim of rebuked vanity and ambition. The coldness of her lover, and his speedy desertion of her, woke her to a true sense of her own folly, and she thought with pain of the love of the young pastor which she had thrown away. The danger which soon threatened her life brought him to her bedside, but she dared not, at first, look on the face of him she had wronged. He never, however, by look or word reminded her of the injury she had done him. His ministrations recalled her to a sense of her condition, and she became truly penitent. Her vanity had been deeply humbled—the staff she leaned on was broken—and now her better nature made itself heard. When she rose from that sick bed she was an altered being; and she heard without any feeling but that of forgiveness of the marriage of Clarence Morton.

Agnes was no more the flattered belle, for with her loss of beauty her admirers disappeared. She went little out into society; but those who still sought her acquaintance said that the sweetness of manner she now possessed made ample amends for her departed loveliness. The young pastor perhaps thought so too, for his visits became so frequent that they attracted attention, and again it was rumored that he and Agnes were engaged. But the matter went no further, and when a whole year passed, the gossips of the village were certain that they had been mistaken.

Even Agnes, at first, had begun to entertain hopes which she dared hardly whisper to herself; for now that she saw her late conduct in its true light, her old interest in the young pastor returned with tenfold force. And indeed there was at times in his look a something which reminded her of former days, and, in addressing her, his voice would often sink to a tone that made her heart beat quick with delicious emotion. But she, too, saw that she had been wrong, and with tears gave up this, her last hope. But she bowed meekly to her lot, for she felt that her punishment was deserved.

One day she was sitting alone when the young pastor entered. He took a seat beside her, and insensibly they glided into a conversation, which partook more of those of old than any they had held together since her illness. There was a feeling in the tone of her visiter that more

than once made Agnes look down. Perhaps he noticed it, for at length he took her hand. She trembled violently, while he said,

“Agnes—Miss Benson, your demeanor to-day inspires me with hope. I have long secretly loved you; for, from our first meeting, I saw that you had many of the noblest qualities of your sex. For awhile indeed I believed, and not without cause, that these traits were the victims of your vanity. But God ordered that you should awake to your folly, and a reformation began, whose progress I watched at first with trembling, but at length with joy. For nearly a year I have avoided you lest my feelings might bias my judgment; but I now am assured that you are a changed creature, and one in whom I can entrust my happiness, if indeed you will consent to be mine. I have spoken frankly, but I am a Christian minister, and I feel it is your due to know all.”

Agnes had hid her face in her hands, and controlled her emotion until he ceased; but now she burst into tears and fell upon his shoulder. And when he imprinted his first kiss holly on her brow she felt what joy it would be to devote her life to him.

THE WREATH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A LITTLE girl was gathering flowers
Along the colored meadow bright,
When came from out the green-wood shade
A lady like the light.

And smiling, near the girl she drew;
She wound a wreath around her hair;
“It blooms not now, but it *will* bloom,
Oh! keep it ever there!”

And, as the little girl grew up,
Unfolding, like the loveliest rose,
And tender tears her cheeks bedewed,
Buds struggled to disclose.

And, when around her bridegroom's neck,
Her soft and lily arms were flung,
Oh! shew of wonder and delight,
To perfect flowers they sprung!

Soon, cradled on the mother's heart,
A smiling little baby lay;
Then, golden fruit, along the wreath,
Shone with a dazzling ray.

And, when bowed down with load of years,
Alas! she felt life's lonely grief
Still waved around her whitened hair,
A yellow harvest leaf.

Borne to her final resting-place,
Even then her wondrous wreath she wore;
A miracle was then beheld;
Both fruit and flowers it bore. ALGERNON.

THE TRIFLER.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"I HEARD yesterday that you were engaged to Eveline Valliere, and to-day I hear that you are to marry Sophy Greene. Which report is true?" said Edgar Thomas to his friend Harry Colbert, and taking his cigar from his mouth, he suffered the smoke to curl slowly to the ceiling, gazing meantime on the face of his friend.

"The fact is," said Harry, throwing himself back in his chair, "I am engaged to neither"—and then he paused.

"But you are *very* attentive to Sophy, and those who go in, Miss Valliere's set say you are devoted to *her*," and again the speaker's eye was fixed inquiringly on Harry, who looked down momentarily disconcerted.

"Why the truth is," he said, looking up, "I am a little in love with both the ladies, and so can't make up my mind to marry either, lest I should lose the other. I wish the good qualities of both were combined in one: then I should soon decide. Miss Valliere is amiable, pretty and rich, and so far forth is just what I want; but she has no wit, and would never be a wife to make one proud of abroad. Sophy is poor, and without Eveline's fine figure, though, perhaps, with a prettier, certainly with a more intellectual looking face. Then she has a fine wit, and is decidedly a girl of talent. With a little tact she might be made a perfectly fascinating creature. I don't say which has the most womanly heart—I suppose either could love deeply enough," and here the speaker adjusted his collar. "When I am with Sophy I am in love with her, but when I see Miss Valliere, and think of her fortune, I cannot resist paying her attention. I had gone pretty far with Eveline, before I met Miss Greene; but since then I have been more careful, and, I confess, am often puzzled how to decide. If Eveline had Sophy's intellect, or Sophy had Eveline's fortune, I should propose to-morrow; but the fates have ordered it otherwise, and so—poor dog that I am—I must wait events, and trust, as Napoleon said, to my destiny."

"Did you ever commit yourself to Miss Valliere?" said his companion, after a pause.

"Not exactly," answered Harry, slowly and doubtfully, "to be sure I *did*, at one time, pay her considerable attention, but then, you know, a pretty girl is used to such things, and, if she has sense, never thinks you serious unless you make love in words. Now I never did that exactly, and in that I'm lucky, though I do confess to sundry sentimental walks, and sly attentions when the old folks were away—you understand, just enough to keep her thinking of me sufficiently to ensure success if I should, at any time, make up my mind to marry her. I begin to think lately I ought to

back out, and I am not half so attentive as I once was; for, the fact is, since I met Sophy Greene I have felt that Miss Valliere is not exactly the girl to suit me as a wife. I wish something more spicy and intellectual, something not to be ashamed of in the society of people of talent. I wish the gods had given Sophy a fortune; for—confound it—I'm too poor, like most young physicians, to wed a portionless wife."

Harry Colbert had frankly explained the difficulty in which he had involved himself; but he had not told the whole truth; for his attentions to both girls had been assiduous and devoted, and of such a character as to leave no doubt on their minds of the serious nature of his attentions. Moving in different sets, in opposite sections of a large city, each was ignorant of his attentions to her rival; and thus, for several months, he had carried on his deception undetected. He had already wooed and won Eveline Valliere, though he had never told his love in words, before he met Sophy Greene: from that hour his heart had been divided, and the conflict in his breast had raged with increasing force daily. Interest, and perhaps some little remaining conscience urged him to marry Eveline; while, if he had consulted only his feelings, he would have wedded Sophy.

"But," said his friend, after an embarrassing silence of some minutes, "do you not think sometimes that you may have won the affections of both?"

"I never proposed to either," replied Harry, staring at his companion.

"But does a lady never place her affections on a gentleman until he proposes in form? Is there no such thing as winning a lady by looks and tones, which, though not explicit in one sense, are susceptible of but a single definition?" asked his friend searchingly.

"Oh! perhaps sometimes girls do lose their hearts thus; but it's only when they know nothing of the world. Gentlemen will be attentive to the ladies, and so—and so—"

"And so sometimes a heart will be broken by the criminal coquetry of our sex," indignantly interrupted the other. There was a pause, during which Harry regarded his friend in surprise. At length he spoke.

"Why, really, you look at the subject too warmly; but calm your fears; neither Sophy nor Miss Valliere will break their hearts for me, thank heaven! If either is at all smitten," and he complacently puffed the smoke slowly from his mouth, "she would never be the worse of it, even if I shouldn't marry her—a mere preference, nothing more, believe me!"

"Well, I hope so," said his companion, and here the conversation ceased.

Days and weeks passed, and still Harry was torn by conflicting emotions, one while inclined toward the

heirress, and another while yielding to the fascinations of her rival. Often, during this period, his conscience reproached him for his conduct to Eveline, and he resolved to forget Sophy; but again he yielded to the temptation and neglected his first love. He could no longer conceal from himself that Miss Valliere loved him, since her every look and action when in his presence, and her despondency at his absence and neglect, revealed it. His heart smote him, when he thought this was his work; but, he asked himself, ought he to wed one whom he did not love? Should he sacrifice happiness with Sophy, who had an intellect to sympathize with him, for indifference with Eveline? He did not remember, when he thus reasoned with himself, that he had, at one time, thought Miss Valliere better fitted for a wife, by her gentleness and unreserved devotion, than one of a more brilliant but less amiable character. He forgot, too, that her affections had been yielded slowly, and only in return for the most ceaseless attentions. But, like too many of his sex, he tired of an object when won.

But the struggle at length was terminated, and, with the fickleness which characterized his conduct, terminated in favor of the newer object of his love. He resolved to cease visiting Eveline, and devote himself wholly to Miss Greene. His visits accordingly increased in frequency at her house; and he soon became satisfied that her attentions to him were more marked than those she bestowed on other young men. Thus encouraged he did not hesitate to declare himself one evening when a favorable opportunity presented.

Sophy listened to his ardent protestations with a burning cheek and a beating bosom; but, when he ceased, she slowly raised her eyes from the ground, and said,

"Before I can consent to become your wife, will you answer me one question?" and fixing her eyes searchingly on his face, though her cheek crimsoned deeper as she did it, she asked, "do you know Eveline Valliere?"

Had a spectre started up before him, Harry would not have looked more aghast. What could she mean? Had she heard of his attentions to and his desertion of Miss Valliere? Did she resent the latter?—or had she merely learned the former, and wished to solve her doubts before answering? This last idea was the most flattering, and therefore the one adopted. He smiled as he replied,

"Yes! I once knew a lady of that name."

"Once knew her," said Sophy, with marked emphasis, "and do you know her no longer?"

"I can scarcely say I do," said Harry, his embarrassment returning at the decided manner of his questioner. "But she has long forgotten me, and I have ceased visiting there."

"There needed but this baseness," said Sophy, rising, with flashing eyes, the whole expression of her face changing to indignant scorn, "to make you as contemptible in my eyes, as you were before criminal. Know, false and fickle man, that I have heard the whole history of your acquaintance with Miss Valliere—how, by slow and winning attentions, you possessed yourself of her heart—how, when you met another who, for the time, pleased your selfish nature better, you became attentive to this new acquaintance—and how, notwithstanding you knew the love Miss Valliere bore for you, you at length left her to pine in despondency, until her life is now despaired of by her friends. And yet you come here and dare to insult me with an offer of your love," she spoke this word with bitter scorn—"you! the almost murderer of one woman, and the wronger thereby of our whole sex. Ay! more—you hesitated long because, forsooth, I was too poor, as if love, that holy sentiment, of which such wretches as you can know nothing, was to be profaned by base thoughts of lucre! I tell you, Harry Colbert, I have known all this for weeks, and have waited patiently for this hour, stooping to a deception which I despise, that I might revenge my sex at the last. You seek a woman's love!—why, you know no more of that pure sentiment than the meanest hind that crouches at his master's whip. A true woman scorns the hand of a man like you, who, for the gratification of a petty vanity, or of his own selfishness, would desert a heart that he had won. The time was when I might have loved you, but it was when I thought your heart noble. I now see its baseness, duplicity, and littleness, and, bad as you are, I cannot hate you from very scorn. Go! and go, knowing this, that a woman can avenge her sex even at the cost of so petty a lover as yourself."

The withering contempt with which these last words were spoken was the last drop in the cup of the lover's shame. While Sophy continued speaking he had stood abashed before her, not daring to lift his eyes but once to her face, and then the indignant flash of her eyes, and the bitter mockery on her lip were no temptation for him to repeat the experiment. And when she ceased, he rose and almost rushed from the room, too utterly confounded to reply, though boiling with rage and shame. He reached his room in a tempest of emotions indescribable. But his passion was too high to allow him to see the justice of his fate.

"Curse the girl!" was his first exclamation, "she raved like a Pythoness—but why did I not retort scorn for scorn? To refuse me, when she is not worth a cent, and all because of Eveline," and he breathed a malediction on her as the cause of his discomfiture, and with bitter exclamations strode to and fro his room.

Gradually, however, his passion calmed itself, and a desire for revenge possessed his mind. But how should

he be revenged? Should he woo and win some other lady at once, or go back to Miss Valliere and secure her? After pondering long, he determined on the latter course.

"Yes!" he said, "if I marry Eveline, to whom it is known I have been attentive, this termagant will never dare to tell of my proposal, for we had no witnesses, and no one will believe her, if it should be announced soon, say to-morrow or next day at furthest, that I am engaged to the heiress. She loves me no doubt—there this vixen was right—and will be glad to accept me. I will despatch a note at once. A little dissimulation to conceal the cause of my late neglect, a little penitence adroitly thrown in, and a little ardor will win a favorable answer, or I know nothing of the trusting nature of Eveline Valliere."

The proposal was written and sent; but the next day, and the next, and a whole week passed without an answer. Harry began to repent of his precipitancy, and wish that he had never seen either Eveline or Sophy. But at length came the long looked for reply. He opened it with renewed hopes, which, however, were crushed on its perusal. The answer was short and cold, and contained a refusal couched in terms which forbade a second attempt. "Miss Valliere," the note ended with saying, "declined all further acquaintance with Mr. Colbert."

Stung to the quick, the rejected lover vented his rage on both the women he had abused, and determined yet to avenge himself by a speedy marriage. But he soon found that his conduct was known in society, though not from any thing which Eveline or Sophy had said, but from rumors originating probably with their relatives, and gaining strength from what had been observed in Harry's conduct. At length the tide of scorn and rebuke became so strong that he left the city and removed to another section of the country.

Harry never knew the struggle in Eveline's heart, nor the noble firmness with which she conquered it. His letter reached her on a sick bed, where she had been laid by his perfidy, but, though her weak heart pleaded for him, her convictions of what was right prevailed, and she rejected him, because she felt that she could never find happiness with one so base, fickle and selfish. Both she and Sophy Greene lived to love truly and worthily, and the friendship began by their mutual disappointment, was cemented by intimacy, and endured through long and happy lives.

As for Harry he carried with him his own punishment. Providence rarely interferes in the affairs of ordinary life, except by enslaving us with our evil habits, and thus making us work on ourselves our own retribution. These habits Harry carried with him, nor could he shake them off. His character soon became as well known in his new residence as in the city he

had left. At length, however, he married, but as he wedded without love he lived without happiness. Well were his victims avenged on THE TRIFLER.

THE EVENING LAND.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

Oh! come, gentle lady, come dwell with me,
In that isle of Eden afar,
Where our home shall be by the summer sea,
In the light of the Western Star.
As the night wind longs for the coming moon,
Which ascends from the eastern sea,
Or the Hart for the cooling streams of noon—
Does my soul in its love for thee!
Then follow Love's folding star,
Far, far to that sunnier strand,
Where Peace comes down from her light afar
On the EVENING LAND.

Oh! haste, for thy love will meet thee soon
In the light of an April morn—
Be as calm, dear one! as the first new moon
From the old one lately born.
We are going now where the turtle doves
May be seen upon every tree—
Where the young fawns mate in the Indian groves,
As my spirit now mates with thee!
Then follow Love's folding star,
Far, far to that sunnier strand,
Where Peace comes down from her light afar
On the EVENING LAND.

As the pigeons fly from the frozen north
For the palms by the southern sea,
So we go afar from our native earth
To dwell where the people are free.
As from cruel hawk flies the timid dove
So from tyrants we now must flee,
Where our souls may live ever free to love,
As the birds of that rich countree.
Then follow Love's folding star—
Far, far to that sunnier strand,
Where Peace comes down from her light afar
On the EVENING LAND.

EVENING.

BY BENJAMIN L. FRY.

THE sun's last smile of rosy light
Is bright'ning o'er the mountain height,
But soon that last enliv'ning ray
In darker shades shall melt away.
Hark! how fleetly—
List! how sweetly
The zephyr skims in gentle play;
As soft as spirits in the air
'Treading to Paradise their way,
Tuning their harps to music there.

THE PRAIRIES.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

HE who has never stood in the midst of an apparently illimitable prairie—an ocean of verdure, extending on every side as far as the eye can reach, and undulating in the breeze, where the outline meets and mingles with the sky—can form no possible conception of the effect of such a situation upon the mind, when experienced for the first time. At sea, when the eye takes in the wildering waste of waters, there is a feeling of security and superiority mingled with the sense of the sublime. The spectator is not a *part* of the scene. He feels that the waves are *beneath* him—and even entertains a sort of pride in the consciousness that man can convert the mighty element to his purposes. On the prairies the sensation is entirely different. The traveller feels as if it were the *whole earth* which is spread out before him, and over which he can only crawl, like a worm as he is. There is no sense of pride or power. Separated entirely from the immensity of the scene, the mind sinks at once to the contemplation of its own littleness.

If it be true that climate and the face of nature exert an influence upon the literature of a country, it is fair to conclude that a new and startling school will arise among the sons of the prairies—a school possessing all their nobleness, independence and energy, softened by the plastic touch of refinement and imagination. In the same degree that American enterprise, liberty and happiness have exceeded even the dreams of the old philosophers and political economists, by the *practical application of the abstract principles of right*, so will her literature become superior to all that has gone before it. This may, perhaps, cause a smile; but when it is considered that the science of government was supposed to have been carried to its utmost perfection before the United States sprung into existence, and that in half a century so rapid has been the development of her energies that the creeds and systems which had stood for thousands of years, are now crumbling and disappearing, like the banks of our own Father of Waters, which fall unnoticed into the mighty current, and are swept noiselessly away, until the very face and aspect are changed without the notice of the passing generation—it may well be supposed that, when we have completed our grand *political* experiment, our minds, excited to full activity, and panting with success, will rush from the useful to the beautiful; and that here will be erected temples to science, literature and the arts, as far surpassing the monuments of the nations of the Old World, as our *political* institutions overtop theirs.

What will be the distinctive characteristics of the new literature? what is basis? its purpose?—its effect upon mankind? These are questions of the most

intense interest, and their consideration opens a wide field, broad and pathless as the prairies themselves, to the investigating mind. That they will be deeply imbued with the spirit of the age—**UTILITY AND MELIORATION**—is not for a moment to be doubted. The impulse to the infinite improvement of our physical and intellectual condition has been given, and nothing can check its onward progress. In all probability, the abstract beauty and harmony of the Ideal will be so modified and adapted as to become conformable to the practical interests of mankind. In short, all men will become poets and artists—at least in feeling—and vice will be loathed as a disgusting deformity. Those vague and misty dreams of universal perfection which haunted the soul of SOCRATES and his followers—which dimly flash across the pages of KANT and JEREMY TAYLOR, BENTHAM and SHELLEY—will be fully developed and realized. Men will at length learn the great art of making their passions subservient to their emotions. That immortal aphorism of “the greatest good of the greatest number,” will be the guide of men’s actions; and the study of poetry and the fine arts will become their relaxation from necessary and healthful toil. Man, freed from the enervating influences of old superstitions, and the ridiculous formalities of a contracted education, will feel his soul expand with a more direct communion with NATURE. The electricity of an equal and pervading intelligence, which is the life-breath of the universe, will find a congenial fire within the bosoms of men, and human nature will become assimilated with the great moral phenomena of the material world, until the harmony of perfection pervades all animate and inanimate creation.

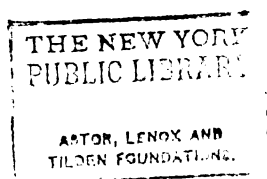
Thus I awake me from a half hour’s dreaming on the prairies.

THE TALISMAN.

INSCRIBED TO MISS W —.

BY E. J. PORTER.

THE leaflets, gentle one, thou’st twined for me,
 Embalmed in memory’s treasure-urn, shall long
 Preserve the lovely hues, that silently
 Gleam o’er the spirit’s depths, waking to song
 The heart’s lone chords; the breathings of their bloom
 Shall scatter still sweet perfume wreaths as those
 That lingered o’er them, ere an hour of gloom
 Had bid their petals witheringly close;
 For ’mong the leaves a talisman is shining,
 That when the Autumn zephyrs softly weep
 Their last of requiems o’er the leaves’ declining,
 Unblighted still their loveliness shall keep,
 And waken passion-tones as soft as dear
 For thee, sweet one, whose mystic spells they wear.





The Latest & Newest Fashions: March 1873

Engraved for the Lady's World of Fashion.

THE LADY'S WORLD.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA: MARCH, 1843.

No. 3.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

THE plate of fashions, on the opposite page, is, in the beauty of the costumes and the elegance of the engraving, superior to any thing which has yet appeared in this country. We intend to bring the reports of the fashions to the highest perfection of which they are capable, and shall continue our endeavors to surpass all other magazines in the finish of our engravings, the beauty of our coloring, and the variety of the styles. The present plate has been engraved on steel after designs forwarded from Paris. We are thus enabled to anticipate the London arrivals, since we obtain our pattern at first hand.

Fig. 1.—A CARRIAGE DRESS of pale blue cachemire; mantle of peach-colored *gros de Tours*; the form round at the back, and edged with a broad frilling of the same as far as the arms, the front of the mantle gathered so as to show the form of the waist, and faced with black velvet, the shoulders decorated with a fancy silk cord trimming, from which depends cords and tassels. Capote of white *velours épinglé*, very shallow at the ears, and ornamented on each side of the interior with small blue roses, the exterior simply decorated with a beautiful white Russian plume, drooping from the centre of the crown.

Fig. 2.—A WALKING DRESS of fawn colored silk, over which is worn a short green manteau, fringed round the edges, ornamented with cord, and having a *nœud* and tassels at the arm-hole. Broad collar, fringed and embroidered. Capote of a light pink, shallow at the ears, and ornamented on each side of the interior with small blush roses: the exterior decorated, on the left side, with marabouts.

Fig. 3.—MORNING DRESS of light stone-colored silk; the sleeves tight and plain; waist rounded; a small collar is worn; and lace cuffs. Lace cape falling low at the ears, and ornamented on each side with roses and rose-colored ribbon.

Fig. 4.—A ROBE DE CHAMBRÉ, with full sleeves, tight at the wrists. Cap low at the ears, with blue roses and ribbon to match.

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Fig. 5.—WALKING DRESS of delicate light green silk, fitting tight to the bust, and trimmed round the shoulders and down to the waist with three rows of lace, with a rosette, of the same material of the dress; in front. Sleeves tight, and trimmed above the elbow with lace, to correspond with the dress. Bonnet of white *velours épinglé*, ornamented inside with small flowers, and trimmed outside with a Russian plume.

Fig. 6.—AN EVENING DRESS of light blue silk; rounded at the waist; sleeves short with a fall of lace; round lace cape with rosette in front. The hair is braided in front as well as back; and ornamented in front of the ears with roses and wild flowers. Gloves, reaching half way to the sleeve, are worn on the arm.

From the notices of our correspondent we digest the following general remarks:

BONNETS.—No change has yet occurred in the form of bonnets, which continue to be worn short at the ears, and ornamented usually with marabouts or a Russian plume. The wadded capotes of which we spoke last month are most beautiful when quilted in the lozenge form, and trimmed with a *peony* of ribbon; but, with the approach of spring, this article is losing its popularity. Perhaps the most beautiful bonnets that have lately appeared in London, are those in white *gros d'afrique*, and those in brown velvet, decorated with long drooping feathers outside, and ornamented in the interior with very small roses. These styles, it will be seen, appear in two of our costumes. There is a capote of drawn satin *scabieuse* (a kind of beetle color) which has had quite a run: the exterior of the front is trimmed with three rows of light looking black lace. A half garland of Florence roses is placed at the side, low on the crown, and is encircled with a falling of black lace, the form of this capote being rather deep and close. The ribbons are generally of satin, a *double face*, and according to the color of the capote.

WALKING DRESSES.—We have given two very elegant styles of walking dresses in our plate. Another popular style is made in black satin, *Pekin*, or black moire; the front of the skirt trimmed with two facings of black velvet, ornamented with a narrow fancy silk

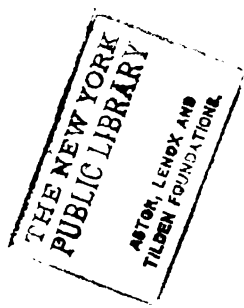
trimming, placed perfectly flat round the edge of the velvet, the centre of the jupe decorated with a double row of jet buttons descending to the skirt; tight sleeves bouffantes at the elbow, and likewise ornamented with velvet and buttons pareil to those on the jupe. Plain dresses, especially in velvet, maintain their standing. For materials the Pekins are decidedly the greatest favorites—for instance, the agate Pekin, the watered Pekin, the Pekin serpente, the Pekin zebra, the Pekin guipure, the Pekin riviére, and the Pekin Henri III. The brocatelle is not only a good material for walking dresses, but makes a very pretty negligé. With the advance of spring the materials will vary with the mildness of the weather—a fact which must be borne in mind, since the two extremities of the United States differ, a full month, in temperature.

EVENING DRESSES.—For evening toilettes, whether at a ball, a party, or in the parlor, there is every variety of style, and perhaps in nothing can a lady's taste be more perceptible than in her evening dress. No one should slavishly adopt any pattern, however elegant it may be, without first considering how it will harmonize with her figure, complexion, her general style of beauty, and the occasion for which it is to be worn. Taste consists in the adaptation of models to new circumstances, rather than in a servile imitation even of the best styles. The dress which looks beautiful on one person, is often unfit for another. Here is the province where a lady possessed of taste is called on to exercise her judgment; and by selecting the most appropriate of our costumes, and adapting it gracefully to herself, she will learn more of the art of dress in a few days, than by a slavish copying of styles in a life time. Our object is to direct the attention of the sex to this subject, and, by publishing the latest and loveliest designs, accompanying the plates with full letter press instructions, to enable every lady to be the designer of her own dress. This is an art which every female should possess; for a graceful dress is to the person what a finished manner is to the mind. Neither, perhaps, add to the intrinsic worth of the individual, but both create a favorable *first impression*, and—to use another metaphor—serve as a *setting* to the diamond. Nor does taste in dress require extravagance. The Parisian grisette is as *well*, though not perhaps so *richly* dressed as the daughter of the Parisian banker; and the error of the sex in America has been the belief that costliness of dress is necessary for taste. But to return to our descriptions. For an evening toilette for young ladies nothing can be prettier than dresses of crepe lisse, or Indian muslin, a double jupe, the upper skirt forming a tunic; both the jupes trimmed with a rich silver net-work, forming a heading to the broad hems with which they are surrounded. The body lightly draped, and Ninette sleeves. Or, in a simpler style, we have a dress *à double jupe*, the under

skirt being ornamented with a pink silk embroidery, forming a wreath round the top of the hem; the upper jupe similarly embroidered, and very much shorter; the wreath also being continued up each side, and reaching to the *corsage*, forming a tunic. The body perfectly plain. For ball dress we have a splendid white lace *à trois jupes*, the upper and shorter skirt figured *à colonnes*; stomacher body, ornamented with a double lace cape, round at the back, and meeting in a point in the centre of the front of the waist: very short sleeves, edged with a border of lace; the entire tunic worn over a petticoat of *mauve* satin. • *Coiffure à la reine*, composed of small roses, intermixed with the back hair. Another ball dress is of pale pink organdy, the jupe immensely full, and trimmed down each side of the fronts with three rows of *bouillonné* fullings, widening toward the edge of the skirt; tight body, *à pointe*, and very short sleeves, the latter decorated with a double fulling round the bottom; a *berthe* of the same surrounds the top of the *corsage*.

We have also an *afternoon dress* composed of rich Iris-colored satin, made perfectly plain, low body and short sleeves fitting tight to the figure; a rich white figured *tulle* pelerine, or cape, is worn over, bordered with a double row of rather narrow lace; long mittens of the same material as the cape. Capote of primrose-colored *crêpe crêpée*, the edge of the brim finished with a fold of the same, the crown ornamented with a gauze ribbon, crossed on the centre of the crown, where it is caught with a splendid rose. Scarf of black Brussels *tulle*, lined with a deep lilac. Another pretty costume is an *evening dress* of rich white *moire*, having a broad hem on the *bias* surrounding the edge or bottom of the dress, and tastefully trimmed with two large blue roses, from each of which depends moderate sized streamers of blue ribbon, the upper one being placed as high as the knee. *Manteau à Louis XIII.*, composed of blue velvet edged with ermine, and lined with rich amber *gros des Indes*, looped up (so as to form an opening for the arms) with rich blue cords and tassels, attached with the same round the neck; a small, square, turn-over collar finishes this elegant style of full dress *manteau*. *Coiffure à la Vaillière*, the front curls being interspersed with small roses.

A ball dress has been brought to our notice, composed of blue crape, over which is worn a tunic of the same, both jupes ornamented with rows of large pearls placed at a regular distance from the edge, and forming a broad hem all round. Body draped *à la Grecque*; the top of the bust ornamented with a row of pearls; the sleeves very short; round the bottom of each the crape is put on so as to form a fulling, the centre caught with a *nœud* and tassels of pearls. The *coiffure* composed of a single garland of roses *nuée* blue. The hair arranged *à la Grecque*. Another ball dress, and the last we have





to quote, is a double robe of white *tulle*, each *jupe* having merely a plain broad hem at the edge, made full; *corsage* very low, and draped with broad folds of the same, forming a trimming to the short sleeves, which are nearly concealed. The waist is surrounded with a splendid white and gold *cordelière*; *coiffure mosaïque*, formed of three bands passing over the crown of the head, each band being composed of puffings of green and gold ribbon; on each side of the face falls a broad lappet of a fairy-like texture, embroidered lightly at the edge in gold.

TO BLANCHE.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

SING, oh! sing that liquid strain
To my thirsty soul again—
Even now within thine eyes
What a gush of music lies!
For thy soul is running o'er.

Running over from the brim,
And if thou wilt let arise
Half its hidden melodies
To thy lips, they will outpour
Music such as ne'er before
Burst except from Seraphim!

Sing, oh! sing that pensive strain—
Softer than the April rain;
Or the wind of summer wood
Laughing on the solitude;
Or the silver drops of morn
Ringing from the grasses shorn;
Or the night breeze of the skies
Full of mystic melodies;
Or the ripples' tinkling feet
Where the gurgling waters meet,
Murm'ring o'er their pebbly bed
To the still moon overhead.

Sing, oh! sing that melting strain,
Dissolving all my soul again.
Ever on its mem'ry throng
Broken snatches of thy song—
In my dreams I hear thee sing
As if poised on angel wing
In the upper air;
When the stars are in the sky
Then a gush of melody
All around me streams,
All around, as if her beams
Molten music were!
Often then across my eyes
Comes a dewy film,
And I see thee in the skies
Brighter than the Cherubim.
Oh! in visions is it given
Thus to know thou art of heaven?

ANNA WHITE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THERE were four of us, all named Anna, born in the same year, close neighbors and schoolmates from infancy. We had been strawberrying together in the meadows, moss hunting on the rocks, and flower culling in the green hollows, year after year, till Anna White, the youngest of our band, by two months, was sixteen, and we met to celebrate her birth-day with tea beneath the "front arbor shade," and a search after spring blossoms.

A shy, pretty creature was Anna White, her complexion was fair as an infant's, and the brightest golden curls that ever adorned a human head, shaded the soft rose tinge that bloomed on her cheek. She looked perfectly lovely, when we sat down together on a picturesque old rock, back of the house, to arrange the violets and May flowers we had gathered in the hollow below, on that birth-day.

We had been chatting and laughing merrily after our walk, but as the repose of a soft twilight stole over us, the tone of our gay spirits was subdued, and a quiet sadness settled on our little party.

"I wonder where we shall all be a year from now," said Anna White, dropping her hands amid the violets in her lap, and lifting her large, blue eyes to the sky, where its purple tinge was breaking into slight ridges of gold.

"Married, I dare say," cried the eldest of our group, a fine rosy girl, laughing gaily, and revealing the edge of her pearly teeth as she bit off the silken thread with which she was tying her violets. "I hope so at any rate, we shall soon be a set of pretty old maids unless some one of us sets the example."

"Buried, perhaps," replied Anna White, thoughtfully.

There was something in her voice that saddened us, and for several moments we grouped our violets in silence. Anna, who was always the most retiring of our party, spoke again before those of more lightsome mood had shaken off the effect of her words.

"We have spent all our lives together," she said, "and have been good friends, almost sisters: let us promise if one of us should die before the year is out to watch by her in sickness, and follow her to the grave, close by the coffin, not in mourning as common friends do, but dressed in white."

We looked at each other, and then at her: tears stood in those soft eyes, and we felt that she was in earnest.

Still the eldest of our set seemed resolute to dispel the gloom which was so strongly settling upon us; but her cheerful tones were forced, and no one smiled as she spoke.

"Well," she said, "it is a gloomy bond, but I agree

to it, provided we consent to stand bridesmaids, one and all, to the first that shall be married."

"Perhaps Anna Taylor thinks *she* will be the first to profit by the proposition," said one at my right hand, looking demurely up from beneath her long eyelashes.

Anna Taylor blushed, and smilingly held up her violets, as if to hide her conscious looks, for it was known, among us, that Lawyer Gilbert's young student had walked home with her from church the previous Sabbath, and she was a little inclined to let us understand that there was something in it more than we dreamed of.

"And perhaps *I* shall be the first to claim you for the funeral," said Anna White, with a faint smile.

Again we were subdued and silent, while the young girl covered her face and wept.

"What can make you so miserable?" we said at length, saddened by her dejection, "you should not render us gloomy and low spirited on your own birthday, Anna White."

"I know it," she said meekly, "but don't mind me; perhaps it all arises from feeling that we shall be parted soon. I have not told you that I am to be sent away in a week to another state, where my rich uncle lives."

"But you will come back again, surely it is not to live forever away from home that you are going," we exclaimed.

"No, only six months, but that seems almost a lifetime to me. I never left home before."

Dear Anna White, how hard it was to part with her—she was so quiet, so lovable and kind, that it seemed impossible to get along without her! How we should miss those soft eyes and that pleasant smile, during six long months. It made us almost weep to think of it—so we yielded to the mood and began to dwell upon the future, to talk of sad things, and when nightfall came on, we parted for the first time with tearful eyes—still it was a pleasant grief, the mere poetry of affliction.

A letter from Anna White—four closely written and crossed pages. Three months of city tuition had improved her hand and style, but the impulses of her warm nature were still pure and fervent, education could not chill affections so deeply rooted as hers. Like a diamond her heart shone out more brightly from the polish that had been lavished on it. We read that letter over and over again. Amid all her splendor Anna was homesick: she yearned to roam once more through the violet hollow, and weave garlands on the old rock. She entreated us to see her parents every day, to inform her how they looked, if she was very much missed, and a thousand things that could only interest a loving and kind heart.

We sent her a long answer—a joint epistle full of news, gossip and affectionate remembrances. I gave some current hints about Anna Taylor and the student, and

she in return, alluded rather definitely to a certain young Sophomore who had passed three weeks in our village, while suspended for helping to domiciliate a white cow in the fifth story of Yale College. As for the other Anna, we both told stories of her, and she revenged herself in two extra pages on us, so we were all particularly gratified without too much display of egotism.

Six months were gone, and still our fourth Anna, the gem of our chain, was away. She had got over her home-sickness, and was beginning to like the city—her letters gave no reason for this change of feeling—not so much as a hint; but Mr. White had received a suspicious looking epistle, directed by a masculine hand, and sealed with great taste. Old Mrs. White took tea at our house the day after, and it was not long a secret that her daughter was engaged.

Engaged!—the youngest by two months, and *she* about to be married. She whom we had always singled out as "the old maid of our band, the very creature to live single, and visit about at our houses when we were settled!" It really was a hard case! Lawyer Gilbert's student had gone out West, and my Sophomore was already restored to the honors of old Yale, and flirting desperately with a reigning belle of New Haven, some fifteen years older than himself. Anna White had hooked a gold fish, while we could scarcely boast a nibble—this came of angling in our native brooks! The whole affair was altogether too mortifying, and if any thing on earth could have made us angry with our play-mate, this news must have done it to a certainty.

If one cannot be a bride in earnest, as a substitute, to be a bridesmaid is not altogether an unpleasant alternative. The responsibility is evaded—the dress quite as beautiful, and when very well arranged it has been known to take decided effect on gentlemen's officiating at the same ceremony, or at least to create a sensation among the spectators. These were rather humiliating reflections, but we were compelled to content ourselves with the faint hope that Anna's intended would bring somebody from the city worth dressing for. We held several councils at the old rock, regarding the bridal costume, and nothing but a doubt that Anna might prefer plain white satin to watered silk prunelle, prevented us having all things in readiness before she returned home.

Our play-mate came at last, a thousand times prettier and more graceful than when she went away, but still the same unpretending, kind-hearted girl that we had loved so well. We had a merry time of it among the rocks and hollows that day, and only settled a dispute arising from the desire which each one had to take her home for the night, by all staying with her and sleeping in the same chamber, where of course we examined every article of Anna's wardrobe before retiring, and

talked all night after. There was no teasing Anna about her lover, she told us quietly how tall he was, the color of his hair, and admitted that he had the finest eyes that she ever saw. That he was rich and fashionable seemed scarcely to enter her thoughts, and when we went into ecstasies at the sight of a diamond ring he had given her, she opened a volume of Wordsworth and revealed a crimson rose-bud pressed between its leaves. It was his first gift, and a thousand times more precious than the ring, she said. We saw her touch the bud to her lips as she put it away, and forbore to smile, for every art of that sweet girl was so full of purity that she was secured from the merry banter which another might have called forth.

About four weeks after Anna White's return, Mr. Forbes, her lover, came to the village. He was indeed all that she had described him, aristocratic in his bearing, slight of form, and with a countenance remarkable for its high intellectual expression. He had fine eyes too, of that uncertain color which changes with each new combination of thought or feeling. Anna was very proud of her lover. You could see it in the deepening bloom of her cheek, and the kindling of her soft eye whenever he uttered one of those brilliant or high-toned sentiments which seemed natural to his creative mind. They were to be married on her seventeenth birth-day, and that was scarcely six weeks distant.

Mr. Forbes remained at the village nearly three weeks, and the night before he returned to the city Anna gave a little dancing party at her father's house. The carpet was taken up from the spare room, all the chairs in the dwelling were handed against its walls, and a gayer throng of young creatures never was collected under the roof of that old farm house, though it had rung to the song and laughter of many a quilting frolic and apple-bee years before, when the grey-headed old negro who sat at the end of the room, in Father Whites' cane chair, was a young lad, just beginning to learn Hail Columbia on an old fife which some Revolutionary officer had given him. It was a pleasant thing to see that old negro assume the dignity due to his station as "village fiddler," when he seated himself in the large chair and glowed with a look of pompous benignity on our happy and eager faces. With what composure he slowly drew forth the old violin from its green baize case! I can see him now, screwing up the loose keys, snapping his thumb across the strings, and bringing forth a long-totring wong twong that half drove us wild with impatience. Then he would lay the violin across his knees tenderly, as if it had been a pet child—and begin searching the depths of that old vest pocket for a piece of rosin, with which he invariably set our teeth on an edge, by sawing it up and down his bow for at least three excruciating minutes.

It was all very provoking and scarcely to be endured,

but at this moment I would render up the small hopes of fame that may be mine here or hereafter, to feel one hour of the lightsome joy, the champagne sparkle of spirits that made my heart flutter like a bird, and my feet tremble on the floor as that old man toyed and coquetted with his instrument, and our gleeful impatience! How eagerly we watched every movement of those dark and withered hands. He knew it all, the cunning old rogue, and when our impatience was at its utmost height, up went the old violin to his left shoulder, his head drooped lovingly toward it, he drew his bow gingerly across the strings once or twice, then down went his foot, and off went the leading couple like birds on a tree bough right and left, down the outside, up the middle, four hands half round, till they stood smiling and panting at the bottom of the set, well disposed to a little innocent flirtation, which was rendered rather fragmentary by the necessity which they were under of gradually dancing their way to the head again. And there sat the blessed old fiddler with his face nestled close down to the instrument, swaying to and fro with each strain of music, and smiling all the time like an April cloud when it feels the sunshine playing round it.

Anna White had learned to dance cotillions in the city, but this had not rendered her so fastidious that she could not enjoy the opera-reel, or a lively French-four as well as ever. She went through them both—led off the Irish Washerwoman with Mr. Forbes, danced the Cheat like a fairy, and at last sat down by an open window, with the delicate color deepening in her cheek to a rich crimson, and her soft eyes sparkling like sapphires. Forbes was by her side happy as herself; his smile was beautiful, and his eye brilliant as he addressed her; and we, who were moving in the dance, now and then cast a merry look toward them, and whispered to our partners—what a beautiful couple they would make.

It was a spring night, warm and pleasant; but there was a fresh breeze dancing merrily as ourselves among the foliage of an old apple tree that stood close by the window, where the young couple were sitting. A huge and rugged bough, bending beneath a rosy wreath of blossoms, swept across the sash, and as Anna conversed with her lover, she gathered a handful of the sweet buds which with the green leaves all bright with dew, he twined amid her hair. The breeze swelled up more freshly as the evening deepened, and once or twice the old tree bough was swayed against the sash, till some of the dew drops which deluged it were scattered over Anna's uncovered neck. Her lover would have closed the window, but the fragrance which swept through was so refreshing that she smilingly dissented from his request, persisting that there was not sufficient wind to harm her in the least.

Anna White took leave of her lover the next morning,

without betraying the least appearance of indisposition: she remembered her thoughtlessness in denying that the window should be closed, and was reluctant to acknowledge the effects of her imprudence. After he was gone she sent for us to spend the afternoon with her. Materials for the wedding dresses had been sent from town, and we were summoned to hold council regarding the fashion in which they were to be made. Anna was feverish that afternoon, and she murmured something of a sore throat with other symptoms of cold, when we were disposed to be jocular regarding her flushed eyes, and to connect them with the departure of Mr. Forbes. The village dress-maker was summoned to our council, and after consulting various magazines and French patterns, which had been sent with the watered silks, we all sat diligently to work on the wedding garments. While they were in progress Anna remained listless and silent, I noticed that her cheeks flushed occasionally, and once she dropped the silk that she was hemming in her lap, and a shuddering fit came on which lasted several minutes; but as she did not complain, and resumed her work quietly when the shudder was over, it occasioned no remark, for we were all too young and heedless for much reflection on any thing that might happen.

Anna's dress was finished that day, and though it was just nightfall when the last rich trimmings were arranged on the bodice, we insisted that the bride should try it on before we separated. She consented with a languid smile, and the next moment all three of us were busy, as so many birds, arranging the white folds, smoothing down the costly lace, and descanting gaily on the exquisite elegance with which it flowed around her person. My companions had slipped back to admire the effect from a distance, and I was busy with a tiny rosette which looped a fall of rich lace from the short sleeve. While arranging the gossamer trimming, my hand came in contact with the arm underneath. The touch of that round and beautiful limb made me start. It was hot and dry, yet shivered beneath my fingers as if chilled by an ægue fit. Before I could speak, the poor girl lifted her hands suddenly to her forehead, reeled, and fell so heavily against me, that I should have sunk to the floor but for our companions who sprang toward us.

Before we could divest her person of its silken garments, Anna White was delirious. Her parents came, and when they bore her to a chamber, we followed terrified and heart-stricken. All that night we watched by her bed. The village doctor was there, and every time he touched her wrist or looked into her sweet face, we crept around him with tears in our eyes, and in trembling whispers asked if she were better.

There was no change. She was delirious all night, and talked incessantly of Forbes and her wedding garments. She mistook the lame old doctor for her betrothed. She

told him that the room was close and suffocating, and besought him with pleading tenderness to open the sash and allow the cool air to sweep over her hot forehead. "It was sweet," she said, "heavy, and fragrant with the scent of apple blossoms. She had danced too much, that was all; a little air would do her good. Why should he be afraid of the dew, it was so cold and refreshing, she would like a whole shower of it—a whole storm of bright falling drops to laugh and sparkle in the air all around." Then she would lift her small hands as if pleading for the breeze and the dew that haunted her, waving them about and smiling with a strange bewildered look all the time.

The doctor was a droll, facetious man, but there was no smile or quaint joke on his lips that night. He spoke sharply to us once or twice when we began to sob around the bed of our suffering friend, and pushed us harshly away when we would have questioned him too often.

They would not allow us to remain in Anna's room the next day, but we would not leave the house. In her delirium she still raved anxiously about the wedding dresses. She feared they would not be finished—her birthday was close at hand—Forbes was ready long ago, but they would not allow her to work, and when the time came nothing would be in order. We took that glittering robe to her bedside many a time that day, and made her touch the folds to be certain that it was finished, but the moment it was gone she seemed anxious and impatient as ever.

It was a sad and painful task, but when they refused to allow us the privilege of sitting in poor Anna White's sick chamber, we would not leave the house or take rest, but sat mournfully down in the room below, and continued our preparations for the wedding. We had none of us courage to speak the forebodings that lay heavily on the heart of each, and when we lifted our tearful eyes and looked in each other's faces, no one asked the other why she wept; but we worked on sorrowfully and in silence. Another week and it would be Anna White's birthday. All was ready for the wedding, and still she was no better. We kept the promise which we had made nearly a year before, and all three watched by her every night. She was all unconscious of our presence and of our deep grief, but it was a blessing to be near her, and to know that our hands alone ministered to her nightly comfort.

Two days more and still Anna White grew worse. Mr. Forbes had not been informed of her illness, for every morning we hoped to send an account of a favorable change with the evil news. But now the doctor said that if we wished Mr. Forbes to see his bride alive, the letter which summoned him must not be delayed. We wrote the letter at Anna's bedside in the night, and by a dim, watcher's candle. My companions each

began to write, but their tears blinded them and the task was left to me, while they knelt by the sufferer's bed and wept aloud, for it seemed as if we, her best friends, were called upon to sign her death warrant.

Oh! how my heart ached as I wrote those irregular and almost illegible lines. I could neither fold nor seal the paper; my hands shook as I attempted it, and yielding to the grief which clamored for utterance, I clasped them on the table—my face fell upon them, and I wept with my companions.

When I lifted my head the doctor stood before me. He was reading the letter, and tears, such as no human being had seen in those eyes before, were raining over his withered cheek. I sat gazing upon him in the dim light while he folded that mournful paper. It was strange to see that old man so terribly moved; but his face grew pallid as he reached for a seal and wax in the little writing desk. He drew the light toward him and his hand shook as he dropped the wax. Faint and sick at heart, I turned away my head, for the color which he had selected was black.

Three days and three nights went by—still we kept our pledge and stood faithful watchers at the bedside of our friend. She had never recognised us for a moment, but there we stood, night after night, ministering to her wants with faces so changed and anxious that even in her sane mind she might not have known them again. We four were alone, for still there existed four of us; but we knew that before noon on the morrow our bond would be broken. The doctor had just left us. After forcing the poor old people to their chamber, he went down stairs to seek a moment's rest on the sofa. He beckoned me to the door as he went out and laying his hand on my head, looked earnestly in my face.

I knew what he wished to say, but had no power to speak.

"If she opens her eyes or but moves her head on the pillow, call me and her parents," he said.

I understood him and went back to the chamber, not weeping; alas! no, but awe stricken and chilled to the heart.

How quietly and pale she lay upon that snowy pillow! The fever had left her utterly exhausted; her pale eyelids were closed, and we could scarcely convince ourselves that she breathed. But she was not asleep, and once, when my fingers touched the feeble hand which rested on the counterpane, they were retained with a faint clasp, and by the motion of her lips we knew that she was striving to murmur the name which had bound us so strongly together.

We looked at each other, and once more the tears started from our chilled hearts. She was conscious of our presence, and knew that we had been faithful watchers.

All at once we heard the sound of a horse coming

rapidly up the road. It stopped and the door yard gate fell to with a slight noise. We heard the latch carefully lifted and footsteps in the entry below.

We knew that Mr. Forbes was approaching, but none of us had the heart to go forth and lead him to the presence of his bride, and when he entered the chamber, pale and haggard as a corpse, and with his clothes dusty and travel-worn, we received him in mournful silence. It was a miserable contrast, that night and the last we had spent with him, dancing and full of merriment in the room below! How changed every thing was. The pale face gleaming in the solitary and dim light. That bed of death, and the frail form motionless upon it.

Forbes leant over the dying girl and looked mournfully in her face; it was not the dim light which threw those deathly and gray shadows on that sweet face! He had entered the chamber noiselessly as a disembodied spirit, but scarcely had his dark and troubled eyes rested a moment on the dying girl, when the eyelids, which seemed sealed forever, unclosed, and as Anna White looked with her dying eyes into those of her lover, a smile came softly to her face, and it beamed there long after those dark lashes sunk again like a shadow on that waxen cheek.

I was not conscious when old Mr. White and his wife entered the chamber, but they were kneeling together close by the pillow of their child. When I saw them again the doctor was there also; he cast a single glance on the bed, and moving toward a window unclosed the shutter. The cold gray light of morning streamed on the bed. It was Anna White's birthday, and there were only three of us.

LONGINGS.

BY M. G. HEARTT.

WHEN I am buried with the dead
May mourning cypress shade my head,
And flowers bloom in beauty by,
While silent stars keep watch on high,
And oh! my friends, with footsteps slow,
Sigh o'er me where I slumber low.

I wish them oft to cull the flowers,
They may be thoughts from angel bowers,—
And peace may with their fragrance rest
To soothe the mourner's weary breast,
Their smiles and tears, their heartfelt prayer,
Their awe and joy and hope to share.

As friends in life be friends in death.
Guard they my name with jealous breath.
So may my spirit hover nigh,
And drive from them the tearful sigh.
Oh! think not death can e'er unwind
The ties that friends together bind.

THE POET'S BRIDE.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

IN a rich and luxurious apartment, where crimson curtains, costly carpets, rare cabinet pictures, and various and rich furniture attested the taste of the owner, sat a young man, apparently between twenty-five and thirty. But, notwithstanding the womanly love of beautiful furniture which characterized his chamber, there was nothing effeminate in his appearance. In form he was slight, though well proportioned, above the medium height, and with a throat, which an open collar displayed, of great beauty. The face was not, perhaps, handsome, but there was something in it that at once arrested the eye. The forehead broad and massy; eyebrows with the bold, classic sweep; a nose chiselled finely out as if from marble; a small mouth; well cut lips; a chin like the Apollo's; and the head set on the neck and shoulders with a grace and solidity that reminded you of the best days of Grecian sculpture. His countenance in repose wore an air of singular calmness, but as he sat musing, a playful smile would now and then shoot up across it, like summer lightning playing up the firmament. In the smile as well as in the placid thoughtfulness of the brow you saw that men were not at fault when they called Horace Vernon a genius; and though as yet he was known only as the first orator for his age in Congress, yet he was also a poet, and one of no mean repute. But he exercised his vocation in secret, and not even his most intimate friends knew that the sarcastic orator and the new, but unknown poet, whose anonymous volumes every body was talking of, were one and the same person.

Horace Vernon indeed was a strange compound. In boyhood he had been generous to a fault, frank, trusting and full of feeling. But, like most sensitive persons, he had received many real and fancied rebuffs, until at length he sought refuge in an affected coldness of heart, and in a sarcastic demeanor, as if his whole nature had been changed. He soon won a reputation for want of feeling, and even when he entered public life became celebrated more for his satirical vein of oratory than for an impassioned style.

But, though he thus concealed his feelings, there beat, in few bosoms, a more loving heart than that of Horace Vernon. And it yearned for sympathy and companionship with an undying longing. Ever since his boyhood he had thirsted for some one to love, but, amid the fair, and flattered, he had looked in vain for a kindred spirit. Fastidious to a fault he saw none who realized his ideal. Wanting personal sympathy, he found vent for his cravings in the creation of a fancied being to whom he secretly poured out his soul in poetry;

and, at length, when a volume had accumulated on his hands, he gave it anonymously to the world. The tenderness and imagination, the lofty notions of the female character, and the love for all men that breathed through his poems at once secured the unknown author a wide spread fame. None suspected Vernon, for what could be more unlike the feelings of the sarcastic orator than the glowing emotions that burned on every page of the anonymous poet! Many, however, were the enquiries made after the author. But even the publisher was ignorant of him, for all communications between the two passed through a secret channel.

The publication of these poems marked an era in Vernon's life, because it was the beginning of a romance that affected his destiny. A few weeks after his volume had issued from the press, he received a letter from an unknown lady, breathing all those sentiments which Vernon would have looked for in a woman. The writer said she wrote because it was improbable that they would ever meet, and because in the sentiments he breathed she had found an echo to those which long filled her breast. The letter was followed by others, at various times, which raised still higher Vernon's estimation of her intellect and heart, for of all men he adored the latter in woman. He soon grew interested in his correspondent, and made efforts to discover who she was. But he was foiled. All he could learn was that the letters came from one of the eastern states, and his suspicions pointed him to Boston as the place of her residence. He resolved mentally that, as soon as his duties at Washington should be over, he would proceed to Boston, and mingling in its society, endeavor to discover the anonymous writer, a plan in which he hoped to succeed, since he felt there were few who could display exactly the same rare combination of ability and tenderness which characterized his correspondent. He would, he knew, pursue this search with great advantages, since his object would be unsuspected, and the lady, if he met her, would be off her guard.

Was Horace Vernon in love with this unknown being? He thought so; and now instead of pouring out his lyrics to an ideal creature, he erected this stranger on the throne of his heart, and thenceforth she became the theme of his song. And still she continued writing to him; and when he published a poem addressed "To the Unknown," she told him that she recognized herself in it. Thus they continued in correspondence, known and yet unknown to each other.

CHAPTER II.

VERNON, though a man of letters and a poet, was also a man of business and of the world; and thus, though one portion of the day was spent in his studies, or whiled away in dreamy reveries, another portion of it was devoted to action or to pleasure.



PAINTED BY J. S. MURKIN

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Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Character in the Poem

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One evening he was present at a ball given by the secretary of State, the most costly entertainment, it was said, of the season. Wealth, beauty and talent crowded the apartments. Music of the most bewitching harmony kept time with the dancers; the odor of rare flowers filled the air; jewels blazed; high dignitaries of the land mingled in the throng; and the loveliest of our country's lovely daughters met the eye, until it was dazzled with beauty. On this scene Vernon had been gazing for several minutes in abstraction, until at length he was joined by one of his most intimate friends, a naval officer from the south.

"What a life these people lead!" he said, after the ordinary salutations had passed, "here are the young flirting and the old plotting: enemies smiling on each other, while their hearts are black with hatred: women listening to the compliments of fools, and fools flattering themselves they are irresistible. I am sick of it. Mark that old dowager with her three daughters: she never misses a ball, party, or soiree with her brood; she reminds me of a lion going about seeking whom he may devour."

"You are severe!" said his companion, smiling, "but how is it that you, whom I know to be so full of feeling, have won a character for sarcasm? Every body, I find, is talking of it here; yet it was not so at school, nor even before I sailed on my last Pacific cruise. You are said to be a second Randolph in bitterness, and yet, in all this crowd, there is not one more sensitive, has a warmer heart, or possesses a tithe of the imagination which you profess to despise!"

Horace Vernon turned to his friend with a quiet smile, and answered,

"Men laugh at the imagination as well as at the heart, because knaves dislike whatever is good. It would not benefit me, it would rather injure me if I told my real character. While I scorn them, they fear me, and become my slaves. Yet, believe me," he added, sinking his voice to a still lower whisper than he had been using, "I often pine for some one to whom I might lay bare my heart—this wearing a mask forever makes us despise ourselves. But heavens! who is that?"

The start which accompanied this exclamation attracted his companion's eye to a lady who was just entering the room, and around whom, as around an acknowledged queen, instantly flocked a crowd. The young men had caught only a glimpse of her face and person before she was shut in from their sight by the throng of her admirers. But that glance assured them that she was surpassingly lovely. And yet it was not the loveliness of regular features. It was rather that higher and ideal beauty which is of the soul, and which appeals to the finest parts of our nature, and appeals most forcibly to beings of a similar exalted character. With the air of one born to command, and to whom

adulation belonged of right, she walked down the room, smiling and bowing with a stateliness that reminded you of a goddess passing by in triumph.

"Don't you know her?" said the officer, "but I forgot: you are from the north, and she from Caroline, though it's strange you never met her at the springs. She's a splendid creature—as intellectual and graceful as she is beautiful, and, though now as stately as a swan, she is at times as wilful as an antelope. Oh! you must know her: she's the very one for you to talk to—that is, if you can bring any feeling into her heart, for she passes by the name of the cold Gabrielle. And by the bye she is an heiress—have you never heard of the rich Miss Delacroix?"

"Oh! yes—but surely this is not Miss Delacroix. If so I must know her—but you needn't smile—I worship an ideal divinity."

"So you do. But take care the goddess of the imagination is not dethroned by the goddess of the senses. And now for the trial. Come with me, for I know the lady, and I've no doubt she'll consent to a presentation."

Vernon was a little piqued by the demeanor of the lady. Instead of smiling with marked sweetness or being embarrassed—as was usually the case with ladies who were introduced to him—she gave him a cold and distant, though studiously civil reception, just as she would have done to any one of the herd of ordinary men around. In the conversation that ensued, her remarks were characterized by an icy indifference.

"Your goddess is, as you say, an icicle," said he to his friend, "I don't wish to judge hastily, but she looks and talks like a coquette."

His friend smiled.

"Ah!" he said, "she has heard of you as the sarcastic Vernon, and fears you. Try again."

Vernon followed this advice, and found that he had indeed done injustice to Miss Delacroix. She was a coquette, it is true, but not a heartless one; for she only amused herself with the follies of fops and those she despised. Her mind was of a high order. Gradually she acquired an influence over Vernon which he dared not admit to himself. He was first awoken to his feelings by the declining interest he took in the letters of his unknown correspondent. He no longer opened them with nervous haste: often they lay on his table for days without being read. And he was ever at the side of Gabrielle, the cold Gabrielle, bearing with her wilfulness, and waiting her slightest command.

It was a difficult task for him, even when he came to analyze his feelings, to tell why he loved her. Her charm in conversation; her acknowledged grace of manner; the applause which she won from all; her beauty; her wit; her originality; none of these alone, and scarcely all of them combined, seemed to him sufficient causes for his passion. And then, that she

should gain this influence over him, despite his unknown correspondent, puzzled him. Often did Vernon wonder at his growing interest in Gabrielle; often he argued with himself that she bore no resemblance to his ideal; often he conceived a momentary dislike to her on account of her wilfulness; but as often would he rise from these examinations into his breast, with the feeling that he loved the Carolinarian with a passion, such as he had never felt either for an ideal being or for his unknown correspondent. Love is of the heart, not of the intellect. The struggle continued long, but the triumph was complete. The real overcame the ideal.

CHAPTER III.

VERNON was now continually with Gabrielle. His was a nature that, when it loved, loved deeply; and his mistress occupied every thought that was not devoted to ambition. The sympathy he had long desired he now fancied he had found, and he worshipped Gabrielle with an intensity of which few would have thought him capable.

And did she love him? This was a question which might have puzzled one less interested than Vernon. That she admired him there could be no doubt, as well as that he exercised great influence over her. Since her acquaintance with him she was no longer a coquette, and the reformation was evidently in deference to Vernon's opinion. But all this was compatible with a mere friendship for him. And besides there were many things in her demeanor toward him which might have led close observers to doubt that she felt for him those tenderer emotions which constitute the passion of love. There was no blush at his approach, no tremor when he addressed her, no anxious watching of his every action; but, when they met, she showed her delight frankly, and conversed with interest, but without embarrassment. Often, though by nature sanguine, uneasy doubts would cross the mind of Vernon; and daily these doubts tortured him more, until finally, to close his suspense, he seized an opportunity, one evening, when he was alone with Gabrielle, to offer her his hand.

For once the heiress was embarrassed. Surprise was visible in every feature of her countenance.

"This astonishes me," she said, with some hesitation—"I never dreamed—believe me, it pains me. I have the highest esteem for you as a friend—I never fancied that you looked on me in any other light," and she stopped, unable to proceed, and with pain depicted on every feature of her countenance.

Vernon was silent, for his agony was too great for words. His cherished dream was over: the love he had at length ventured to indulge was in vain. Gabrielle approached him and laid her hand on his arm. Tears were in her eyes: it was the first time Vernon had ever seen them there.

"Forgive me," she said in deep emotion, "for the suffering I have caused. I should have seen your feelings, and am to blame for having encouraged you thus far. But I felt the charm of your society and indulged in it. If—if we had met under more favorable circumstances your suit would not have been in vain; but I love another."

A fearful change came over the face of Vernon, and he staggered against the wall. But mastering his emotions by one of those efforts of which proud men only are capable, he said,

"God bless you, dear Gabrielle; for I must now bid you an eternal farewell. To meet again would be criminal to myself. God bless you, again, and again!" He took her hand, kissed it fervently, and rushed from the room. There were tears on that fair palm when Gabrielle looked down.

Vernon kept his word, and studiously avoided the presence of his mistress. But it was only in connexion with a change of scene, and after many a violent struggle with himself that he succeeded in conquering his passion: and even then it left behind it a sadness which tinged every act of his life. He still wrote; but a deep melancholy pervaded his effusions. The storm had left his heart still standing, but stripped, alas! of every leaf.

Once more Vernon turned from the real world, and sought in the ideal for relief. His old correspondent now recurred to him, and he wondered why he had not heard from her lately. He sought her old letters, and gradually his former feelings for her revived. Softened by her tone he sat down and poured forth his feelings in a poem addressed to her, which he published. In less than a fortnight it brought an answer from her who had been silent so long.

"You seem in distress," said the epistle, "as if some great mental suffering had almost prostrated you. You pine for sympathy, and seclude yourself from it. Is this right? There are many who would be proud to share your sorrows. I know not who you are, nor the extent nor nature of your disappointment, but I myself have suffered, and perhaps am even now suffering. Take cheer, therefore; and endure."

There was much else in the letter in the same tone, and it had a salutary effect on Vernon. He felt ashamed of the weakness he had shewn, and did more, in the ensuing month, to remove his passion for Gabrielle, than he had done in the preceding six months.

CHAPTER IV.

AND now Vernon more than ever was anxious to discover his unknown correspondent. The long contemplated journey to Boston was undertaken, where he sought long and vainly for this stranger who had so won on his fancy. She eluded his inquiry, or knew

not of it. After a month spent in the fruitless pursuit, he resolved to return home.

He called on his bookseller to announce his intention. To this gentleman he had lately confided his secret, and he alone of all the world knew Vernon the orator to be the anonymous poet. They were sitting conversing in the back room, commanding a view of the shop and street, when a carriage drove rapidly to the door, and a lady's hand passed through the window, to a liveried servant, a packet, which was immediately brought back to the proprietor.

"A fair lady's behest is to be obeyed at once," he said laughingly, breaking the envelope; and there fell out a letter addressed to Vernon from his unknown correspondent. There was no mistaking the handwriting. He seized his hat.

"I have found the clue," he exclaimed, "you shall hear from me again," and before the bookseller could recover his surprise, Vernon was in the street. The carriage was just turning a corner, when he flung himself into a coach, and ordered it to follow at a convenient distance. The liveried coachman drew up at a mansion in Summer street. The lady descended and passed into the house, when the carriage drove away.

He pulled the check string.

"Do you know who lives there?" he asked of his driver.

"Mrs. Beauchampe, sir—one of the old families."

"I have found her, she must be Mrs. Beauchampe's daughter," he mused, as he drove back to his hotel, "now for an introduction."

This was easily effected. The family was one of the few in the higher circles whose acquaintance Vernon had not cultivated, but he now recollected that he had received a card to a large assembly to be given by Mrs. Beauchampe. He would remain and go.

On returning to his hotel he examined the packet. It held out, like its predecessor, words of cheer, and was manifestly written under the impression that he was far away. Again the writer alluded to some disappointment of her own; and the allusion created a dangerous sympathy for her in Vernon's bosom.

The evening of the assembly came. The rooms were crowded with the beauty, wealth and intelligence of the city. He had scarcely paid his respects to the lady of the house when he was seized by a friend and hurried to another part of the room.

"You have not met the divinity of the night?" said this person, "and of all persons in the room she is the one you ought most to know. I mean, of course, Mrs. Beauchampe's niece, who is here on a visit."

"My correspondent is a niece then," said Vernon to himself, as he followed with a fluttering heart. He reached a place where a circle had collected around a lady who was talking with great animation. The

party made way for the new comers, and Vernon stood face to face with—Gabrielle.

He could scarcely credit his senses. Surely there was some mistake; and yet, as he thought, many a trait which his correspondent and she possessed in common, and which had, unknown to himself, drawn him toward Gabrielle, flashed across him. His embarrassment attracted general attention; but he was aroused from it by the voice of the lady.

"Oh! Mr. Vernon and myself have met in Washington. We are older friends than you think."

That evening Vernon was in tortures until he had an opportunity of speaking alone to Gabrielle. He found it at length.

"When we last met you said, dear Gabrielle, that your affections belonged to another. From no idle motive do I ask who that person is. Answer me truly, I beseech you."

"I will answer you," she frankly replied, "as I would have done at our last interview if you had not left me so suddenly. Know then that I am not myself aware whom I love:—the—the person is an anonymous author, the writer of a volume of poems called 'Ideals.'"

"Then my love is not in vain," said Vernon, rapturously clasping her hand, "I am that author. Gracious heaven! the happiness of this moment."

Astonished, yet not displeased, Gabrielle yielded to his embrace; for each saw in the other, now that the scales had fallen from their eyes, traits of the one so long and secretly loved. And Gabrielle, remembering that she had betrayed herself, blushing, and with a fast throbbing heart, listened to Vernon's ardent vows. Ah! the bliss of that moment compensated for all that each had suffered.

THE WEEPING WILLOW

BY THOMAS E. VAN BIBBER.

My soul is sad, I know not why,
And still I dream with open eye,
Of clods which on my coffin lie.

Beneath the weeping willow.
There, though my name should be forgot,
And not one mourner bless the spot,
On rainy days, sad tears shall not
Be wanting from the willow.

The oak tree mourns, when wind bereaves
It of its bright autumnal leaves;
O'er mouldering tombs the cypress grieves;
But what weeps like the willow?

Whene'er I sink to sleep, I dream
Of sailing smoothly down a stream,
On which, the moon with pensive beam
Shines through the weeping willow.

THE MAGICIAN.

BY J. MILTON SANDERS.

• THE great magician Züto sat alone in his study. A volume of ponderous dimensions was spread out before him, upon the pages of which he gazed so intently, and apparently so absorbed, as not to heed the servant who stood before him striving to attract his attention. The stern countenance of the magician relaxed into a grim smile, and finally his features assumed a peculiar degree of complacency, as he muttered in a low voice—as if addressing some invisible being which his magic had summoned to his presence.

"'Tis even so! the invisible elements, when conjoined in certain proportions, and under certain circumstances, assume a nature and quality entirely dissimilar—so may it be here! What is gold? Certain molecules of matter, which exists invisibly in the air, are brought together by certain processes, when the metal is formed. Place this gold upon the furnace, these particles separate, fly off, and the gold is gone. True, true! When men learn to dream less and to act more, then—and not till then—may we expect to handle the philosopher's stone, and the servant, and looked up.

sip the elixir." The magician caught a movement of "What would'st thou here?" he quickly asked, angered at being so unceremoniously interrupted. "Be it thy wish that the Duke of Olmutz enter?" The features of Züto assumed at once a frigid and haughty expression. "Admit him when the convent bell tolls the hour of noon—depart." The servant—who had been gazing around the apartment in superstitious fear—gladly obeyed the mandate and hurried out. "The Duke of Olmutz!" muttered Züto, in an abstracted manner, "what would he with me? Some charm which may realize a wild dream of ambition, or some filter which may render pregnable the walls of some uncapricious female heart, and thus render them open to his lustful assaults! The Duke of Olmutz indeed! he whose only redeeming virtue is, that he loved our science, but who hates every thing else—I must prepare for his reception." Rising to his feet, the great magician proceeded to arrange his apartment in the most imposing manner possible. The horoscope was suspended against the wall, so that its ample dimensions and broad disc might first attract the duke's eyes. Many a curiously shaped vase, with strange hieroglyphics upon the outside, and stranger compounds within, was placed upon the shelves opposite the door. Instruments, whose use were only known to the masters of the black art, were arranged upon the walls in the most imposing manner possible. After having adjusted every thing, Züto placed himself at the door—and about the spot where the duke would stand as he caught the first glance of the apartment

—where he examined every object with that scrutiny and fastidiousness which characterizes a modern French master of ceremonies. Having placed every thing to create the greatest effect at a *coup d'oeil*, the magician devoted some attention to his own attire. After polishing a metallic plate, till its burnished surface faithfully reflected every object placed before it, he proceeded to arrange his dress. The same eye to effect was manifested here. As the great bell announced the hour of noon, Züto spread the folio open before him, and throwing himself upon his chair in a particular attitude, awaited the entrance of his lordly visitor. He was necessitated to await but a few seconds, when the door slowly opened, and the duke entered. Now the Duke of Olmutz was as brave a knight as ever splintered a lance, or shivered a Damascus blade; but like the bravest of that age, he feared that which was not tangible. He started and turned pale, for the great disc of the horoscope, with its strange and magic figures, at the first glance, stared him in the face. The next look caused the duke even greater uneasiness, for there sat the far-famed magician himself, but so busied in the contents of his book as not to notice the intrusion which had been made into his domicile. At length, however, he looked up, and in his usual haughty and cold manner, bade him close the door and come in. The duke hesitated a moment, but feeling his sword, he did as he was ordered, and sat himself down by the side of Züto. "The fame of the great Züto hath not passed by us unheeded," said the duke, in a patronizing tone, but the curl of Züto's upper lip caused the speaker to model the rest of his speech as if he was addressing an equal, not a courtier. "Having heard of thy miraculous powers," continued the duke, "I felt impelled to pay thee a visit, to seek thy potent aid in a matter which lies next to my heart."

"The aid of Züto is not obtained by every asker. The qualities which are valuable in his eyes, lie in the head and the heart—not in the circumstances of birth and fortune," answered Züto, without drawing his eyes from the folio. The countenance of the duke became quickly overclouded. "I have gold—wealth in abundance—here is the key to my treasury, enter it and bear away what thou wilt. 'Think'st thou that the lore of ages is to be bartered like cattle in the market? That the hearts of those who have grown gray in the acquisition of our secrets, are to be corrupted like the things which glitter about thy court and do thee homage? Duke, thou art little skilled in the heart of Züto." The duke was astonished—not to be bought by gold! That great incentive which claims alike the worship of the imbecile and the strong minded! It was unparalleled in the annals of that or any preceding age!

"But there is a mightier passion in the human breast than the love of gold," said the duke, after considerable thought.

"There is in thine—ambition!" answered the magician. The duke fixed his gaze upon Züto, and for several minutes he appeared to read his features with the utmost scrutiny.

"Züto," at last he said, as he drew his chair close to that of the magician. "Züto, try to deceive me not, for I tell thee that thou art but flesh and blood like other human beings. Now let us speak confidentially—let us cast aside all formality, and talk together like men. We are now beyond any tell-tale person, and nought can our voices reach savoring of man but that skeleton, so let us speak—Züto!"

"Thy language is portentous of something—speak."

"Tell me, Züto, would'st thou not better become a purple robe than this plain one of sable hue?"

"Thy language still enigmatical! well—continue."

The duke's features brightened, for his keen eyes detected a faint smile for an instant flit over the features of the magician.

"Tell me plainly, Züto, hast thou not ambition?"

"All men have ambition," answered the other evasively, and again the arctic features of the speaker for a moment became illuminated.

"True, true, thou art right!" exclaimed the duke, catching at the expression like a drowning man at a straw. "Then," continued he, as if by a sudden effort he had nerved himself to the task, "would'st thou not like to soar high—to—to—be the Duke of Olmutz?"

The magician turned his keen eyes, and centred their gaze upon the features of the duke.

"Methought that *thou* wert the Duke of Olmutz?"

"So am I, but fain would I have the title and possessions upon thy shoulders."

"And thou——"

"Would be *king*!"

The magician did not start, nor evince the least evidence of surprise, as the duke had anticipated, but his features remained as rigid and stern as ever. For several minutes the duke sat in the most agonizing state of suspense, awaiting the answer of Züto.

"Continue," at last the magician said.

"Thou art aware, Züto, that should the king and his heir chance to die, I would be the next heir to the throne, although the Marquis of Lormo might cause me some trouble. A slight effort of thy power might make these desirable things come to pass—I would assume the title of King, thou that of the Duke of Olmutz."

"I have studied mankind assiduously and closely—there is no passion in the human breast which proves so capricious as that of gratitude. Our natures are such that when we shall have gained the acmé of our aspirations, we are prone to neglect all else."

"How true is thy language—how close thy observation!—but, Züto, there are exceptions, and believe me I am one of them."

"Thou would'st forget him who placed thee on the throne, for now learn what I have never communicated to living being; but two efforts of my art remain with me—when they are gone I shall then be as an ordinary man. Knowing this, and being aware that I could do thee no further service, thou would'st—after obtaining what I possess—repudiate me."

"No!—by all that I hold dear on earth—by our blessed mother in heaven, this heart is true."

"Wilt thou swear?"

"Aye, the oath of a true knight!"

"Raise thy sword—there, that will do, now swear."

"By him who expired upon the cross—by our holy mother, whose smiles we propitiate—I swear that when I wear the crown of Bohemia, thou shalt immediately be created 'Duke of Olmutz,' with all the possessions belonging to said title—so help me holy mother."

"That will do—give me a grasp of thy hand, now we will proceed to business. When wilt thou sup with the king?"

"To-morrow night he gives a festival."

"That is fortunate! See'st thou this powder? When an opportunity presents itself, drop a portion of it in the knight's goblet, and the rest in that of his heir—this is thy task. By degrees—as leaves droop and wither from their parent stem—wilt the king and the prince wither upon the earth. I anticipated thy visit, Duke of Olmutz, and placed these powders in my breast ready for thee—here they are." The duke grasped the powder, and bowed before the magician with gratitude.

The festival came off with unusual éclat. All the brilliancy, folly and pageantry, which characterizes such fêtes, were conspicuous here. But what relates more particularly to our story is, that the Duke of Olmutz succeeded in drugging the king and his heir's cups, and without suspicion they swallowed down the draughts. Gradually the king and his heir sickened—the insidious poison sapped the foundation of their health—they slowly paled and grew cadaverous, and—despite the strenuous exertions of the most learned leeches—finally followed each other into the tomb. The nation was thrown into mourning.

After the usual time spent in unmeaning mourning and hypocritical grief, the Duke of Olmutz began to appear in public, and to grow kind-hearted. He sought the greatest nobles of the kingdom, (except his rival, the Marquis of Lormo) and it was observed by all, that the acerbity of his disposition had underwent a considerable change, and that instead of being haughty and proud, he was now affable and mild. It was also observed, with a faithful historian, that the Marquis of Lormo—who was, if possible, a prouder man than his rival, the duke—had also become marvellous clever. His castle was thrown open, and he was always at hand to do honor to any person who might favor him with a call.

The kingdom in truth, in a short time was split into two factions, headed by the Duke and Marquis.

"Züto," said the Duke of Olmutz, as he and the magician sat alone in the castle of the former. "Züto, this will never do, the Marquis of Lormo has somehow managed to creep into favor with a number of strong persons. I shall have to beg thy greatest and last magic secret."

"Then I will be powerless and wholly in thy grasp," said the magician.

"True, but dost thou not remember my oath?—that oath, Züto, is registered in heaven."

"Thou art right, and I will trust thee—I am at thy service."

The duke rubbed his hands with joy.

"Then wither down my rival, the Marquis of Lormo—his death will leave me undisputed heir to the throne—and thee, of course, the Duke of Olmutz."

"It shall be done—to-night I will seek my study, and by means of my only remaining spell he shall go into the tomb."

"Indeed, dear Züto, thou art my friend!—my heart can never be relieved of the deep debt of gratitude which it owes to thee." The astrologer departed. The next day the Marquis was seized with a fit, which deprived him of life in a few hours. This left the Duke of Olmutz no rival, and soon he was elected and wore the crown of Bohemia. The usual festivities followed—cities were illuminated, and people were of course overjoyed.

"I hope your majesty has not forgotten the promise," whispered Züto in the royal ear, awhile after the coronation.

"What promise?—ah, I recollect, but be not too hasty, as we have much to attend to before that can happen—but it shall be done soon, dear Züto." The magician departed. The king's gaze followed his retreating form—in a moment the royal eyes brightened, and the king started to his feet. He placed his hand against his forehead, as if in thought, and then wished to be alone. His courtiers left the apartment. "That fellow's eyes glistened as he left our presence methinks!" the king muttered, and again he became absorbed in thought, and appeared unusually agitated.

"That was a strange thought, but none the less true," spoke the king. "Did not his eye glisten like a mad man's, and in truth is he not a low-born person, wholly unfit for the station. By the rood! he may prove dangerous, for if his magic power hath departed, his wits have not. By placing such an ambitious man as he in that station, I make him next heir to the throne, and thus invite him to slay me, that he may step up by treading on my carcase." The king again placed his hand on his forehead, and for some time retained that posture. At once he erected himself, assumed an animated

gesture, as he exclaimed, "to the dogs with promises and oaths! they were made but to frighten old men and cowards!"

Züto was sitting in the splendid apartment appropriated to him, with the large folio spread out before him. The transmutation of the baser metals into gold was his absorbing study, and the process which he was then perusing, was as conclusive as it has ever been made since.

"Your majesty hath certainly conferred an honor upon us by this visit—please to sit upon this cushion," said Züto, as the king entered his apartment. The royal visitor sat accordingly. In a few moments one of the lords of the court entered.

"This is certainly an honor!" exclaimed the magician, as he handed the second comer a seat. Soon another lord entered—then another, till twelve of the principal persons of the kingdom sat in the chamber.

"May I be permitted to ask your majesty the meaning of this visit from so many great persons?" asked Züto, with evident alarm depicted on his countenance.

"It means this," said the king haughtily and sternly, "that thou hast been accused of plotting against our life."

"This is certainly a mistake—my enemies have contrived this tale."

"It is true—see there!" The door opened and an officer entered bearing manacles. "These lords," continued the king, "will be your judge—if they think the evidence not sufficiently respectable to bear against you, they will act accordingly." The lords consulted together awhile, when one of them spoke. "The Duke of Olmutz is sufficient evidence."

"The Duke of Olmutz!" exclaimed Züto.

"Continue," said the king, addressing the lord.

"We are of the opinion that this man Züto should suffer death on the rack; be quartered; and hung up as a warning to future plotters." And thus having delivered their sentence—previously taught them by the king—they arose and left the apartment.

"I beg your majesty's ear for a moment," exclaimed the now manacled magician, as he detained the king by catching a corner of his robe.

"A vaunt servant of the Devil!" cried the king. The magician sank on his knees before the king, and clasped his hand imploringly.

"I supplicate your majesty to grant me but one poor request—it is all I ask."

"Speak it," said the king.

"For the great service which I have done thee, I ask but in return my life—oh, grant it your majesty, and my prayer shall ever be for your happiness and health."

"Never, never!" exclaimed the king emphatically.

"But a word more and I am done," cried the still suppliant prisoner, "I humbly beseech your majesty to grant that I shall not die on the rack."

"Never, thou servant of Satan."

"Still stay one moment more. Here on my knees I beg your majesty to grant but this poor request in return for the great favors I have conferred on you—oh, grant that after death my body may not suffer the disgrace of being exposed to public gaze, like that of the vilest of criminals."

"Away, heretic away."

"Then," cried Züto, springing up, "if thou art that false in heart thou canst not expect the services of Züto." And snatching the paper of powders from the hand of the Duke of Olmutz, that person awoke from his trance. He gazed around—rubbed his eyes—and found that he was still sitting in the chair which he had occupied when the magician placed the magic powder in his hand, and that Züto still sat, as before, by his side. The magician's study was just as he saw it when he went into the trance.

"What means this? Surely this is not all a dream!" cried the astonished and mortified duke.

"It was a dream, Duke of Olmutz—the moment that thy hand clasped these magic powders, their influence stimulated the governing faculties of thy mind, and brought them into action. Thou knowest as well as I what those base passions are—and now learn a lesson, Duke of Olmutz. Learn that he who vaunts the loudest and makes the noisiest pretensions, is generally the most deficient; while on the contrary that merit and virtue are silent, and in the end win that esteem which the former can really never aspire to. Duke of Olmutz, thy heart is false—thy assertions empty. Go home and learn—as I told thee before—that it is the head and heart that win with Züto, and not rank and possessions." The duke's head sank on his breast with guilt and shame. He arose, hurriedly left the apartment, and mounting his horse, galloped to his castle, and never again aspired to the throne of Bohemia.

ON THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

A VOICE came to me in the dead of night,
And said, *Arise! put sackcloth on thy brow!*
Thy mother's spirit from the world takes flight,
And soars to heaven—she is an angel now!
Gather to that asylum where she lies,
Poor orphan children—let us gather there!
And, bending near her, make DEATH, with our cries,
Give her, in pity, back to our despair!
A spirit mournful, like the plaintive dove,
Tells, for the mother of our hopes laid low,
In words all radiant with the soul of love,
From GRATITUDE's soft, cherub-mouth—our wo!
Oh! that to me the dove's swift wings were given,
That I might soar away to her in Heaven!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

A FACT.

THERE are no two words that convey more meaning than, First and Last. The *First*, is a fixed point—the *Last* is often changing. I have a particular sensibility to *First Impressions*. At this moment, I can call up the image of the first Funeral, the first Wedding, and the first Ball, as if they passed but a short time ago—yet one and all were events that number between *this*, and *then* a score of years.

The first funeral was attended with particularly melancholy circumstances—what *first* funeral is not? I was at a boarding-school, where there were about fifty boarders, and twenty day scholars.

One Monday morning Susan was not in her usual place. Tuesday came, but Susan came not with it. She had been punctual in her attendance—there must be a cause for her absence. A messenger was sent. Susan had a slight cold, and it was not thought prudent for her to go out; more particularly as her domicile was far from school. No alarm was felt. Her class said their lessons, laughed, and thought Susan will soon be here! But alas! the insidious disease soon did its work of death—and the young, the innocent, the blooming Susan—was not.

The news was told in whispers—joy tells her news aloud—sorrow sighs out melancholy tones. As the ear heard it, the heart was made sad. A mourning family who has not seen—a mourning school few can see. We all felt as if each one had lost a friend—"the friendships of childhood, though fleeting, are *true*."

Susan was a *widow's* child—a *poor widow's* child. Cannot you tell a widow's child? A *poor* widow's child you cannot mistake. There is a something impressed on her countenance that has always spoken plainly to my heart: it has a mysterious—inscrutable effect on me—a spiritual magnetism about it. A widow, who is "a widow indeed," is one who has known happiness here, and feels that she will never know it again, but let God's will be done, the child He has given me, I must rear in His fear, and try to prepare her for the world's trials. The child always looking on her mother's countenance, catching something of its expression—a reflection of the light—softer—but a reflection. She looks quiet and subdued; as if she would sooner weep with those who weep, than laugh with those who laugh—yet she would do either; but education rather inclines her to the former. If there is a pale, sickly girl in school who is distressed at having missed her lesson, the widow's child may be seen in a corner trying to teach and to console her.

The school was to go in procession, with white frocks and black sashes. The French girls trimmed their skirts

with riband velvet—(where dress is concerned *they* must be distinguished.) The tallest girls went first, I was among the smallest, therefore among the last. The procession moved to the house of mourning, it was a narrow house, but not *the* narrow house—our little friend was confined in the back room—she seemed to fill up the middle space. The front parlor was filled; the back one was bordered with mourners.

Those who arrived last, passed through the passage, took a side view of the coffin, (it was the first that my young eyes ever saw) and went on to the house of a rich relative which adjoined it. We ascended a spiral stair-case, and took our seats in a large drawing-room. What a contrast to the widow's home was this of the successful man of business. This is a reflection made in after years—at that moment my heart had not room for any thought, but thoughts of my younger friend.

After an interval of silence there was a general movement; I knew not what caused it, but I followed: we arrived at the front door, and waited until all who came from the widow's house passed, we then joined, and continued to St. Peter's burying-ground.

Our preceptor was a clergyman; he was selected to inter his pupil. The class was around him once more, and he was giving a lesson, the most solemn that he could give.

She, who had *learned* with us, was now our *teacher*. Death! death!—the great teacher death. As I heard the earth rattle on the coffin, my heart throbbed almost to bursting.

I know not how I got so near the grave. I must have been among the last who entered, and yet I found myself on the brink of the pit—I stood on the mound of upturned earth—among it were bones—at the first funeral I saw all the horrors of a grave-yard—the coffin—the grave—the displaced tenant.

The service was ended. I looked up for the first time—my eye caught a pyramid of white marble—the one glance sufficed to direct me on my way.

After many years I returned to Philadelphia—visited the old school-house, and my childhood's haunts. The *first funeral*, with all its solemn accompaniments, was again thought of.

"The pyramid of white marble" was to be my guide to Susan's grave. I entered the gate, on the pillars stood the *two globes*—I wonder what the sculptor designed them for? As I *understand* them, they are very appropriate ornaments to "God's acres." As we go to church we should feel ourselves between two worlds.

There stood the pyramidal monument. *Can* it be the one I saw in my childhood!—how it has shrunk. I only expected to have seen a green mound—I did not conjecture that I could identify it—but it would

be a *pleasing* melancholy to say, "on this spot I *first* mourned over the dead." Affection had guarded the final resting-place of innocence, youth and beauty with a simple monument.

F. M. L.

SONG.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I CARE 'na for the birdie's sang
That carols blithe the wood's amang,
I care 'na for the bonnie flowers
I dearly prized in happier hours;
I wander 'na in bower or brae
For my true love is far away.

It was beneath yon berchen tree
He pledged his fondest vows to me,
And whispered though he wandered far
My love should be his guiding star.
Those tender words may I believe,
Or did he breathe them to deceive.

He may be false, he may be true,
I may hae cause my love to rue.
But oh! my Willie could you see,
Had you been loved as he loved me,
You could 'na thought deceit had part
Within so warm and kind a heart.

I paid the Gipsy wife in gold
My future fortunes to unfold,
She tauld a story blithe as May
A changeless heart a wedding gay,
And something whispers in my breast
It was not all an idle jest.

"OUR FATHER."

ON AN ORPHAN PRAYING.

BY MRS. M. S. B. DANA.

Do angels hover o'er that lonely place
Bearing sweet messages of heavenly grace?
Do blessed spirits come from heaven to those
Whom they have loved on earth, to soothe their woes?
See! o'er her face how spreads a kindling ray,
She, who must tread alone her weary way!
Oh! oft the orphan's tears in secret flow,
For sweet are tears to hearts o'ercharged with woe.
Well, pour them freely forth, they end with night,
And joy stands waiting for the morning light.
A little longer here, and all is won,
Thou hast 'till break of day to struggle on;
Poor lonely wanderer! gather all thy strength,
See! from the east grey morning dawns at length!
Hail to the breaking day! one moment more,
Tears, sighs, regrets and sorrows will be o'er;
Raise up thy head! bright gleams the morning sun,
Thou'lt meet them home in heaven, poor sorrowing one!

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E. Woolnough del.

J. Sartain sc.

"OUR FATHER"

Engraved expressly for the Lady's World.



MARGARET VINING.

A TALE OF PASSION.

BY THOMAS J. BEACH.

AT a beautiful "seat" near Wateringbury, through whose fertile lands the pretty Medway makes a noble sweep, resided a family named Vining. It consisted of the father, a retired naval officer who had won, contrary to custom, both honors and wealth in his country's service; the mother, a proud but hospitable dame, the younger daughter of a baronet, who had ever found it impossible to forget since the day of her marriage a fact of such importance, when considered in connection with another, which she had resolved to forget every day of her life, that her husband had not a drop of noble blood in his veins; and three children, Selby, the eldest, a fine, handsome young fellow of three and twenty, a lieutenant in the eleventh lancers, stationed at Maidstone, five miles distant; Margaret, a high-spirited, haughty, and gifted girl of eighteen; and Edith, a quiet, reserved and sweetly amiable creature, two years younger. It was impossible to see the two sisters together without being forcibly impressed with the exceedingly distinct characteristics of each, so prominently were they brought into contrast by association; it was not either without an emotion almost of pain that this difference was observed, for so apparently opposite and inharmonious were the qualities of their minds, persons and dispositions, that, it seemed like an unnatural necessity which forced them to dwell together as members of one family. Yet scarcely were the girls themselves sensible of the vast disparity between them; for they had scarcely known an unkind word, and lived and loved as sisters to each other dear. It is a wise Providence, which, by the mere habit of association and mutual dependence, blends in comparative harmony the most incongruous minds, and tempers the most inopposite points of character into qualities strangely attractive to each other. One half the happiness we enjoy springs from this singular anomaly in our natures; for how is it possible to explain by any other philosophy, the peace that reigns undisturbed through years and years in many a family, where father and mother, sisters and brothers have tastes and capacities for enjoyment as dissimilar as it is possible for nature to entertain? While we are all familiar with the fact, that no sooner do we associate persons and minds similarly formed and directed, than peevish jealousies and often inextinguishable hatred is engendered by an instant collision.

Margaret and Edith loved each other, and doubtless in accordance with the principles to which we have referred—because they were utterly unlike. The former almost obscured the latter by the magnificence of her appearance alone, and Edith lived in and enjoyed the

constant eclipse. If they conversed, Margaret dazzled with the brilliancy of her attainments and wit, while Edith's gentle mind followed quietly in her wake, and like the rudder of the ship, all unseen, imperceptibly influenced and directed the theme and tone of their discourse. If they embraced, the lofty beauty of the elder, as she bent to kiss her sister's cheek, became a thousand times more resplendent in unavoidable contrast with the simple plainness of the latter; while the gay plume that sometimes decorated Margaret's stately head, seemed to smother the modest lily that was occasionally suffered to ornament the gentle Edith's braided hair. Margaret might have been a queen, and gloriously she would have graced a throne. Edith might have been a nun, and faithfully she would have performed the duties and the penance of the cloister.

It was one evening in May, they had strolled together by the Medway's side, and drew near the highway and the lodge of the porter at the gate of entrance to Elm Lee—as the seat of Mr. Vining had been named by a former proprietor—when a post-chaise, quite close, drove up, was admitted into the avenue, and without a moment's pause hurried on to the house. An occurrence so unusual commanded their unmoved attention, and perhaps their steps were quickened by curiosity, as they followed the strange carriage down the sweep. It had disappeared at a curve near the mansion while yet they were at a considerable distance, and when they approached the spot from which they regained a view of it at the front door, it was only to see a gentleman, whose face was half muffled in a cloak, press the hand of their father a moment at the door, descend the steps and re-enter the chaise, which turned and drove off as speedily as it had come in, and quite as carefully closed. It had passed the girls but a moment, when Margaret addressed her sister:

"Edith, did you recognize that man?"

"I thought I knew him, but presume I must have been mistaken; he would not have acted thus."

"You are not mistaken; it was Selby. His form, his walk, his eye even at that distance—I know we are not mistaken; it was my brother. Come let us in and unravel this mystery; and to-morrow write him a rebuke for his cavalier conduct." And the sisters entered the house.

Retiring to their apartments they passed the library door, and distinctly heard the voice of a stranger in conversation with Mr. Vining; and on ascending to the tea-table they met, and were introduced by their father, to Mr. Edward Grant, a young gentleman who, he said, possessed his esteem and confidence, and would favor Elm Lee with his society for a few weeks. The marked manner of his introduction by their father, secured him as favorable a reception from the ladies as it was possible he could have desired; and before the tea equipage was

removed, Mr. Grant found himself most agreeably domesticated. This result was not, however, entirely attributable to the sanction and approval of Mr. Vining, for Grant was himself no ordinary man. He was young, not yet twenty-two, and although a quick and penetrating eye might have detected the slightest possible indication of occasional indulgence and dissipation, he was in one word, a handsome man. We do not like to assume the task of a portrait painter, limning each feature of his face, and therefore leave the reader to picture young Grant, by giving to the imagination a tall, well proportioned form, an abundance of black hair, with eyes of the same color, brilliantly expressive, a faultless nose, that most important item, and a *tout ensemble* that proved him beyond dispute, a gentleman. Upon such a man even Margaret could not look with all her usual indifference, and a casual, though apparently unintentional effort to please her, was received, to Edith's astonishment, with a very different expression than that of her ordinary disdain for such attentions. Indeed, Margaret could but feel the capability of Grant to return scorn for scorn, and secretly acknowledged his pretensions to a full equality with herself; it is no wonder, therefore, that for the first time in her life she felt anxious and rather cautious, if not apprehensive, lest those feelings which had prevailed throughout her life, should be at some unguarded moment betrayed to Mr. Grant. How little did Margaret know of her own nature! There was no cause for such a fear as this, for such emotions never display themselves but when they are felt, and if she had interrogated her heart she would have found, that never for a single moment had she experienced those sentiments toward their new and welcome visitor.

A week had passed, and in that short week what a change—what a marvellous change—had been effected in the high-souled and magnificent daughter of Elm Lee. Margaret Vining was another creature; she had become—a woman. Hitherto she had been unto men a cold, unapproachable, but beautiful creature of nature; her heart had now been touched by the mysterious wand of nature's most powerful enchanter, and as suddenly became the centre of an entirely new class of emotions, that seemed to invest her with an equally new order of being. Self, which had until now been the goddess of her sacred idolatry, bowed down in humility before another shrine, and strange to say gloried in the ecstasy of its own humiliation. And this new and exquisite susceptibility of her heart seemed to diffuse its subtle influence to her elegant form and faultless features. New graces and new beauties seemed daily to endow her with new and powerfully attractive charms, and every hour that passed had quietly developed some excellence in person or in mind, that Edith had never seen or felt before, and dreamed not Margaret had

possessed. And who wore the talisman which had wrought such changes in such a woman? The unpretending stranger, Grant! He it was, who ignorant of the change himself, having known her only as he saw her now, had, without an effort, without a thought that a word of his had ever reached her heart, converted her to what she was. They had more than once, perhaps, been divided from the rest of the family, as they strolled of an afternoon through the more sequestered quarters of the park and gardens of Elm Lee, and Margaret sometimes blushed at the reflection that they were alone together thus, through some adroitly managed movement she had herself almost insensibly performed. Alone with him; no ear but hers to drink in the rare melody of his voice—the winning, soul-subduing sweetness of that simple eloquence in which he clothed the most trifling theme he touched—the seemingly inexhaustible wealth of that glorious mind which had admitted nothing that did not gather treasure from his native stores! No eye but hers to feed upon his, beaming with an intelligence that dilated the dark pupil with the fervor of its excess, and mirroring the intensity of her own enthusiastic gaze—to ache with the delirium of its constant perusal of those perfect lineaments, made more beautiful by each successive change in the expression they assumed! No cheek but hers to feel the soft bathings of those whispered tones, in which the language of admiration sometimes expired, as it were with its own fervor. Ah! who would not for the bliss of these short, these too fleeting moments when opportunity invited, even condescend to plan an escape from other eyes? But had there lived no other woman on the earth who would have done so, Margaret Vining felt *she* would. She loved already, passionately, for hers was not the heart to love with prudence, or by rule. Her spirit—that towering spirit which never would have quailed in the presence of the proudest queen in Christendom, although she would have readily paid loyal courtesy to her own, now lay at the feet of Edward Grant, all subdued and humbled, doing homage to a man. Alone, in her own chamber, upon rising in the morning, upon retiring at night, or awakening in the midnight hour, it was with his image *there*—while her heart silently ejaculated that confession which thrilled her soul with joy, “I love thee—oh, *how* I love thee!” She felt and lamented what she hesitated not to declare at once to herself, the cruel restriction with which custom abused her sex, and forbade her to avow the passion of her heart to him. Yet even Margaret dared not overstep this bound; she felt her honor rush to the aid of her fallen pride, and hush the regret before it had taken the form of words upon her tongue. Even the loneliness she felt with him, she justified only by a consideration of the topics on which they conversed, and thereby beguiled herself of a questionable propriety. But with her, to love was to emerge

from the thralldom of a dissatisfied and selfish existence into a world of inconceivable delights, inexhaustible as her own nature, in that they grew upon the strong passions thereof, converging only in a different centre. Before it was in herself—now it was in another.

Time flew with lightning speed, yet strewed the way with flowers, while Grant remained at the delightful seat of Mr. Vining. Six weeks had elapsed, and many seasons of indescribable pleasure had been enjoyed by Margaret in the society of the man she loved. Excursions upon the Medway, short drives into the country in her own little pony phaeton, just large enough for two, visits of charity, of fashion and of friendship had been made, and Grant frequently the sole companion on the occasion; and oh! how distinctly Margaret perceived and felt the new life and zest that was infused by his presence, into every action and event attendant upon the proceedings of each day. She had given her heart so utterly to the dominion of that passion which had so newly entered there, that her existence was a whirl of delicious joy, yet chaste withal as the nicest honor could preserve it. But the time was advancing when she was to awake from the ecstatic day dream in which her mind had been so long indulged. The period, a stated period for the departure of Mr. Grant had been named, and day after day had dawned and waned, and lo! the sun had already set upon the very eve thereof. Margaret was in her own apartment dressing for the evening, when suddenly, as if smitten by the very shaft of death, she paled to ghastly whiteness and sank into a chair. One might have imagined that some vision, fraught with inconceivable horrors, had that moment started to her view, but that her eyes were dim with vacancy. It was the result only of a single thought, one fearful question which drove the mind with impetuous agony through a series of events, thronging the past few weeks of her life, seeking an answer that would bring peace to her startled soul, and relief to her disturbed brain. In the change which she had undergone by the subduing influences and devotedness of her heart's first love, one remnant of her native pride had remained inflexible; it stood alone, seemingly to have gathered unto itself strength, while every other quality of that lofty spirit had bowed down before the excellencies of that one man; and now, for the first time, the busy suggestions of her teeming brain, in this last hour of her enjoyment, in a single second rushed together, and formed themselves into one little question that shook with an intolerable anguish of suspense, the foundation of her soul. "*Does he love me?*" For the first time this momentous contingency intruded upon her thoughts; her pride had never fallen here—she had never, for a moment, anticipated the possibility of a failure in this respect; she had been too familiar with her powers for conquest to doubt them for a moment until now—but now she did! The

capacities of her mind seemed suddenly possessed with a retrospective existence, and every scene in which she had been with him, every hour she had passed alone in his society, every word he had upon those occasions said, were revived to hearing, feeling and to sight, all palpably restored, and her heart sank with the hopelessness of the veriest despair.

"Fool! fool! fool!" were the only sounds that escaped her lips, in tones that would have made the heart of the coldest stoic ache, and with their utterance tears, tears came plenteously to her relief. But there is no condition of the human heart, where death has not intervened, from which hope can be long excluded. The strike of her repeater reminded her that an hour had passed since she entered her apartment, and the thought as quickly followed that she was wasting, aye, actually murdering, perhaps, the very hour that was worth a whole existence. Her toilet was presently finished, and she descended to the drawing-room just as Mr. Vining was introducing her brother, who had that moment arrived, to Mr. Grant. Margaret was a little astonished at this, for she felt confident that Selby had been the companion of Grant upon his arrival at their house, although she had never executed her first purpose of writing to her brother upon the subject, in consequence of the immediate interest she had felt in their guest. Selby had not been there an hour, however, before Margaret was well satisfied that her first conjecture was right; for the intimacy between her brother and Mr. Grant soon manifested too much familiarity for so short an existence; there were words and looks, too, exchanged between them, which she felt assured had some secret meaning; and the mystery of this association, the strange circumstances attending it, the effort at concealment to which her father had evidently lent his connivance and aid, perplexed her in the extreme. The delicate sense of propriety to which she had been educated, forbade her to inquire upon the subject, and therefore conjecture, in which she found but little aid from Edith, was all that remained to her by which to satisfy an irresistible curiosity. But conjecture was soon put at fault, for, as if sensible of the scrutiny of her eye, the parties she had so steadily observed receded gradually to a course of conduct, more in accordance with the relationship and position of acquaintances of an hour. In the course of that evening Margaret was once more alone with Edward Grant. They walked a few minutes upon a terrace adjoining the house, the lady as usual leaning upon his arm, and drinking in every word with redoubled eagerness. Oh, had it been possible for Grant to have thrown his penetrating gaze into her heart, and perused the volume of contending emotions there; could he have witnessed the agonizing struggle of hope and fear, each one alternating in its prospect of success as the subject of his

conversation varied, or the tones of his voice were changed! Would he not have spoken, even in pity, those few, short life-giving words which her ears momentarily quickened to welcome? But he did not; and even his discourse, though every tone was sweet as ever, grew tedious in the disappointed hope that he would choose a sweeter theme. He pauses a moment at the south end of the terrace, at which there is an alcove veiled by some fragrant parasite; he invites her to a seat therein; her hand in his, he leads her there. Her throbbing bosom can scarce contain her hopes; a thrill of joy melts with intoxicating tremor every sense, and steals upon her brain. He speaks:

"I dared not leave this house, Margaret, these scenes which lie around us, whose every nook has been gladdened by your presence, and made delightful beyond my poor powers to express by your society, without improving this occasion to declare my profound gratitude for your condescension in favoring one, so much a stranger, thus. You have honored me, I am fully sensible, far before what you must necessarily have deemed my deserts, and for this I am doubtless indebted to that high sense of filial regard which may have prompted you to bestow on a friend of your father's, may I hope not unwillingly, the favor I have received. You have known me, it is true, only partially; there are circumstances existing at present which forbid me to say more; but I cannot part without asking you to permit me to hope that at a future day when——"

"Mr. Grant, Mr. Grant," was called by Selby from the other end of the terrace, who was now seen with Edith upon his arm approaching the alcove; "Mr. Grant, Margaret, where are you?"

Edward and Margaret advanced from the recess, the latter too much agitated to utter a word. Selby and Edith were, for the first time, impressed with a suspicion that they had neither of them hitherto entertained, and the former with an altered manner, but still with a kindly tone, remarked, "we have disturbed you."

"Oh, by no means," responded Grant, "I was merely employing a hasty moment to thank your excellent sister for the kind indulgence and invaluable society she has vouchsafed me, during my delightful sojourn at Elm Lee; and was about to express a hope that, at a suitable period, she might be induced to honor the paternal mansion of so humble an individual as myself, with her society for a few months. I have now the opportunity to include yourself and sister in this heartfelt desire."

"And was that all he was about to say?" thought Margaret.

They entered the house together; and on the following morning at ten, Grant and Selby departed in company.

There had been too much vehemence in the cha-

racter of those passions which had so lately maintained a supremacy in the soul of Margaret Vining, to admit of their subsiding without a fearfully debilitating reaction. The man she had loved, adored, as the embodiment of the created excellencies of his race, was no sooner gone from her presence, and separated from her heart by a division of miles, under circumstances, too so painfully exciting as to leave her thoughts no resting place, than she became harassed by a multitude of reflections too painfully acute and conflicting for her physical powers to sustain. She was found by her maid the next morning delirious with fever, and the consequent depletion to which it was necessary to resort as a means of reducing the aggravated symptoms which were apparent to the experienced eye of the physicians, left her prostrate and helpless upon the brink of the grave. It was an important circumstance in favor of her life, that the morbid insensibility which took possession of her mind, as the delirium subsided with the fever, continued only gradually to dissipate itself with her returning strength, so that several months had elapsed before Margaret was restored to that happy equanimity both of body and mind, which proclaims the re-establishment of health to the invalid. She was once more herself; not as she had been previous to the visit of Edward Grant, but thoughtful, reserved and dignified; in person, she was beautiful as she had ever been, and far more fascinating, in that her lofty pride, instead of a perceptible and prevailing fault, now seemed to be a secondary and passive virtue. With Edith alone, she was at all communicative; and so generally were the sisters now together, that Edith appeared to have become as essential to the happiness of Margaret, as that beloved one had been, whose name she could murmur now, only into the ears of her faithful sister. To her she could speak with confidence and without restraint, of the wonderful love she had borne him—and without one tittle of abatement, cherished for him still. To Edith, who had witnessed the fact of their retirement together into the alcove upon the terrace, some few incoherent ejaculations that had escaped the lips of her sister under the frenzy of her fevered brain, sufficiently indicated the state of her heart; but it was not until Margaret, in the humiliation of her soul, pouring her sorrows into a sister's breast, confessed the fact that she was aware of the hopelessness of her sister's love. Of course, to a mind vibrating with the quickest sensibility, as did that of the amiable Edith, her sister's story carried anguish and dismay, at the same time that it elicited the most sweet and anxious sympathy. The first and most natural suggestion that presented itself, was to urge her sister, by every consideration of honor, delicacy and regard for her own happiness and peace, to summon the prostrated energies of her native spirit to the rescue of her heart, and to overcome by that indomitable resolution

that once characterized her soul, the weakness to which it was now resigned.

"And think you, Edith, I have not used every argument which reason and prudence could dictate to my struggling pride, to fortify my heart against itself? I have lived a divided life for weeks since the powers of sense have been restored, and I, your sister, as you have known her from your youth, have reasoned, argued, fought, aye, almost died in an unequal contest with another being that dwells, *his* ceaseless and untiring advocate, enthroned *here*. *That* has no material existence; it is sleepless, and incessant in its importunate suit; it steals upon my dreams, it presents his claims in the sweetness of those tones, still as familiar as if they had never ceased to fall upon my natural ear; in the eloquence of gentle words will not be forgotten; thoughts, ideas, sentiments which his mind transplanted in my own. Hopeless ever of uprooting these, while life shall last, the remnant of that life, though I should never look on him again, I have devoted to his love."

Edith, who had wept bitterly while her sister spoke, could offer her no consolation but her tears, when she concluded. At length Margaret led the conversation to the strange, and still unexplained manner of Grant's visit to their house. Where he came from, and whither he went, as well as who, and what he was, were all equally subjects of conjecture with the sisters; their sole confidence in his title to their respect and esteem, was based in the unhesitating approval which their father had given to his society among them; while Margaret had found ample justification for her love in the noble qualities of his heart, the brilliant attainments and innate superiority of his mind. It was to them a thing inexplicable that they had never heard of him since his departure, and now nearly a whole year had expired. His name had been occasionally mentioned in the family, but only with reference to the period of his sojourn there; latterly, however, the slightest allusion had ceased to be made to him, and not even his name was uttered except by Edith; and this total indifference to one who had established himself so much a favorite with her parents, could only be accounted for by Margaret, in connection with a letter from her brother, over the perusal of which she remembered to have heard that name once mentioned by Mr. Vining to her mother, as she entered the breakfast room one morning some weeks before. The exclamation of her mother, "is it possible?" was all that followed; Margaret was observed, and the name of Edward Grant was heard no more.

A few months after this, Mr. Vining was found one evening by the steward of his estate, lying a few hundred yards from the house, in a state of insensibility, from an apoplectic attack. He was conveyed home, and medical aid instantly procured; he lingered only a few hours in

the same unconscious state, and expired before his son, who had been immediately summoned by express, arrived at his bedside. This stroke, so sudden, and as is always the case, unexpected, was a severe one to his family; the deceased had been an excellent husband and father, a worthy man, and a faithful servant of his country; these qualities blending in one man caused his death to produce considerable sensation throughout a large extent of the country; the event was honored by the consolatory notice of the councils of his nation; and his obsequies were celebrated with great pomp, distinguished martial honors, and by the attendance of a vast concourse, which included some of the proudest nobility of the land, as well as the humblest peasantry of his own and neighboring estates. His remains were interred in the family mausoleum at Wateringbury, and his distressed family returned to that place, which seemed to be a home no more.

Shortly afterward, in accordance with a desire expressed by the widow, in which her daughters warmly concurred, Selby purchased an elegant house for their residence at Worthing near Brighton, a situation of surpassing beauty, and peculiarly eligible from the fact, that many of the relatives and friends of the family were resident in the vicinity.

Here they dwelt in the enjoyment of every thing that could conduce to earthly happiness, from earthly means. Wealth, boundless in comparison with their wants, was at their command; while all the business inseparable from its possession, was undertaken and carefully superintended by Selby. The estate of Elm Lee devolved of course to him, but the great personal property of Mr. Vining was chiefly apportioned to the mother and daughters. Selby, however, attached to the army, continued his commission with a prospect of early advancement, holding the estate for its rent roll, and future occupation, when he should enter the gentler service of Love, to which he knew there was a liability of his being drafted, at perhaps no distant day.

The first summer of Mrs. Vining's residence at Worthing was wearing away, when after much deliberation, and a long consultation with Edith, Margaret determined to write to her brother a letter on that subject which was still no less near and dear than ever to her heart. She resolved to confess all, ask an explanation of every thing relative to Edward Grant, cast herself upon her brother's love, and solicit his advice. She accomplished her task and despatched her letter. But a few days of painful anxiety had passed, when she received a brief note from her brother, written with kindness, and promising a full explanation in a short time; it closed with a severe animadversion upon his own indiscretion, in neglecting to perform what he ought to have considered a duty to her before. Recent events had induced him to attach so little importance to

the subject, that he had been culpably, but not intentionally, remiss in his duty to his sisters thereupon.

The time moved somewhat tardily with Margaret now, in the constant anticipation of developments to which she looked with almost a life-disposing interest. She declined not the amusements which the season and the place afforded, and she attended the race course, the theatre, the ball-room and the church, on frequent occasions, partly with the view of squandering the time she so feverishly desired to pass away, but more with the hope of encountering by some happy chance, the object of her heart's unwavering love. Margaret had become at her new residence, as such a woman would at any place, the admired of many a worthy suitor; and she might have selected at will, the elite and distinguished of every circle in which she moved, as the willing and delighted attendants on her steps. One day at a family conversation to which a few friends had been admitted, when several topics of the day had been exhausted, the discourse turned upon a new star that had lately dawned in the firmament of the church, and which had in a few short weeks become the cynosure of every eye. He was known by his popularity to every one present as a Mr. Woodgate, "a young man," observed a gentleman in the apartment, "of an excellent family, educated for the Established Church at Oxford; but while there, before he had graduated, he was engaged in an unfortunate affair with a young nobleman, in which the latter was dangerously, and for a long time supposed to be fatally wounded. There was but little publicity of the circumstances, but so vigilant a pursuit of young Woodgate was kept alive, that he was compelled to escape to France, where he remained until his return to England, perhaps six months ago, to find his mother upon her death bed. He was with her till she expired, and the rumor is, that the precepts of the dying woman, who is said to have been very pious and amiable, though a little addicted to the prevailing errors of dissent, together with the peace and joy she experienced in her last moments, left so vivid an impression on his mind as to bring about, what they term, his conversion; that is to say, he took to prayer-meetings and chapels, and all that sort of thing, and having received a good education from mother church, he is thought something of by the denomination to which he has attached himself; they are called 'Independents.' His abilities as a 'preacher' or minister were first displayed at Warwick; he was subsequently invited to London, and from such a centre his fame has diffused itself among his people, over nearly the whole of England. He is now in Brighton, and preaches every other evening at the principal chapel of the town. I have heard him once, and to do him justice, he is not without pretensions to 'the rage.'"

There was just enough of novelty in this relation, to the party who had heard it, to produce a sort of nervous

discussion of the propriety of arranging a visit to the chapel, in which Mr. Woodgate was that same evening to preach; and in a short time a coterie of four had concluded to honor the young minister upon the occasion; Margaret, with a young female friend, and two of the gentlemen of the party; Edith preferring to remain at home in consequence of the absence of Mrs. Vining on a visit of business to Elm Lee, where she was to meet her son. At an early hour in the evening, for they were aware of the necessity of this to secure an eligible position, the carriage drove off with the little party toward Brighton. They entered the gay and fashionable town after a delightful drive of an hour, and proceeded at once toward the elegant and spacious edifice built by the denomination. As they approached at a gentle pace their point of destination, a carriage passed them somewhat rapidly, a glance into which blanched Margaret's cheek, and held her for a moment breathless, pulseless, while in the next instant, the rushing blood released, crimsoned her throbbing brows—in that glance she had recognized the long lost Grant. But he had evidently not seen *her*, and the carriage in which he was, rolled on with increased speed, turned the next angle of the street and disappeared. In a few minutes more they were at the door of the chapel, a building which far surpassed Margaret's expectations, who now saw it for the first time. But she had few thoughts for places or for persons then; she had once more looked on him, had been once more near him, and enjoyed the sweet reflection that he was certainly in the same town with her; perhaps he was in that very house; the way taken by the carriage she knew led to the street in the rear of the building, and to avoid the crowd, he might have preferred it.

"It is useless to descend, ladies," said one of the gentlemen, who from the vestibule of the chapel had looked inside upon the multitude who thronged it.

"We must get in; I am resolved," said Margaret, urged almost to impetuosity by the thought that a moment before had flattered her hopes, "if either gentleman will accompany me I omit not this occasion. You, my dear," she continued, turning to the young lady with her, "can spend the evening with any of our friends if you apprehend inconvenience from the heat."

"I cannot be mistaken," said a gentleman who had approached the carriage unperceived by Margaret, "it must be Miss Vining."

By an almost supernatural effort, as the first sounds of that voice reached her ear, Margaret was enabled to turn and meet the gaze of Edward Grant—but she dared not speak. She bowed, it might seem haughtily, but her very soul bowed down before the man, who now extending his hand assisted her from the carriage.

"If you will permit me to conduct you, I have a temporary privilege here, and will show you to a position

more agreeable than you might possibly secure unaided. Will you favor me with your acceptance," he asked, presenting his arm, and inviting the other members of the party to follow. Ordering the carriage in an hour, they suffered themselves to be led along a narrow way by the side of the building, from which they entered a private door, passed into an upper aisle, and were shown by their obliging conductor into an elegant pew near the pulpit, when he bowed slightly and retired. Perplexed, wondering and lost, Margaret had mechanically submitted herself to Grant's disposal, sensible only of the subdued rapture her heart confessed once more to be with him. He had departed by the same door they had entered, and to that spot she constantly directed her eyes. Will he return? Oh, will he return? The services had commenced; a hymn had been sung, and the popular teacher of the day had entered from the vestry and ascended to the sacred desk the observed of a thousand eyes, all unperceived by Margaret. She had no ears nor eyes but for that door, which still remained so cruelly closed. The minister rose to read a lesson from the Scriptures—one word, one little word, and Margaret darted her gaze to him—and can it be? His form, the pulpit and the gown concealed, but there beams that face more beautiful than ever, meek with human and benign with heavenly love. There is no longer doubt; Edward Grant is the Rev. Lionel Woodgate.

Here was a development which gave birth to such a throng of reflections, that startling as the discovery had been, Margaret found her mind too much exercised to suffer physically any inconvenience from the event. She knew not, she was unable to assure herself, whether joy or sorrow was the predominant sentiment of the heart; but yielding to the pleasing certainty that he was there, she was presently drawn imperceptibly to give all her attention to his words; she listened to the sincere and fervent prayer, and perhaps for the first time in her life experienced a truly devotional sentiment; she drank in the glowing eloquence with which he expounded the divine word, and failed not to perceive that in the genuine simplicity which so peculiarly characterized his style, he possessed an incalculable advantage as a ministering servant of the Most High. She felt that the truth as delivered by him was clear and emphatic, and while yielding a tacit assent to its beautiful consistency and power, she almost trembled at the view of the vast moral disparity that had grown up between herself and him. He closed, and the service of dismissal was concluded; descending from the desk he turned at the foot of the stairs, again bowed to Margaret, and as he moved into the vestry was hidden from her eye, by the intervening forms of the deacons and prominent members of the church, who followed him into the apartment. Margaret with her friends retired from the house, and on the way home the merits of the Independent minister

were freely discussed, and that too, by competent men. It is needless to say that Margaret's heart rejoiced on being called upon to assent to the universal opinion, that it was the most eloquent extemporaneous discourse she had ever heard.

On the following morning Margaret was awake by Edith, who entered her room with a letter addressed to her.

"It is from Selby, dear, and of course contains the explanation you have so long desired; will you not rise and read it first, alone?"

"Will you excuse me, Edith, and promise not to attribute to caprice, a kind request that you will leave me to read it first, alone?"

"You have my promise, love, and be the contents what they will, may God enable you to preserve the equanimity of your mind, and give you strength sufficient for the day, be it a dawn of weal or woe."

"I anticipate its contents, Edith, and could almost read it with the seal unbroken—you look surprised, but I will explain to you presently; in the meantime, love, I'll read dear Selby's letter." And Edith withdrew.

How often has experience taught us that there are seasons when a supposed familiarity with the precise nature of events and their exact relation to our position, has seemed to impart to the mind a sense of confidence which places us above the contingencies of life, and enables us to look around with much complacency, satisfied that we know the worst, and are equal to the emergency before us; but in a moment, we have by some unlooked for occurrence, some unthought of event, some circumstance, which, when it has been developed, proved so simple and so plain that we wonder how we could by any possibility have overlooked it, been aroused to a sense of our condition, and discovered the utter hopelessness in which we are involved. Such a discovery awaited the unhappy one, as she broke the seal of her brother's letter. It was couched in affectionate language, and explained minutely every thing relating to the visit of Mr. Woodgate under the assumed name of Grant, to their paternal home at Elm Lee. He had been a fellow student of Selby's, and became involved in a quarrel with a younger son of Lord Dunmore, in consequence of some inconsiderate remarks of the latter relative to a Miss Courtney, with whom the young nobleman had made an unsuccessful attempt to get up a flirtation at a country ball. Woodgate wounded his opponent dangerously at the first fire, and for a long time so critical was the condition of their patient, that his physicians could give no hope with regard to the ultimate consequences. During this time a vigilant search was instituted and pursued with almost malicious energy, to discover the hiding-place of the gallant com-moner, who favored by the friendship of Selby Vining, was quietly rustivating at Elm Lee, in the enjoyment

of every luxury, and the society of a woman, whose love, but for the prior occupation of his heart by Laura Courtney, he could have returned with a zest and fervor equal to her own. His retreat had, however, by some means been suspected, and it became necessary for him to make good his escape to France, for the better security of his person against a prosecution that threatened the most unpleasant results, should his arrest by any indiscretion on his own part be effected. Selby apologised to his sister for the mode of his friend's introduction, and the adoption of a fictitious name, and graced his acknowledgment of a suspicion of his sister's ability to keep so important a secret as Woodgate's incognito, with the avowal that his friend was of an honorable and wealthy family, and he feared that if known as a fugitive duellist, Margaret would scarcely have deemed him worthy the smile that might have won him; "for at that time," said the writer, "he would have commanded the warmest welcome as a brother, worthy of a sister's love. On his return from France he became in a short time an altered man; a fanatic of the first water, thoroughly imbued with the dogmas of sectarian dissent, redeeming his apostasy to 'Mother Church' only, by the brilliant eloquence which he had acquired within her preparatory halls. At this time the young nobleman, with whom he had fought, had recovered from his wounds, and Miss Courtney, who had soon after the duel become a member of the denomination to which Woodgate was now attached, after a brief interchange of sentiment became his wife!"

'Thus far had Margaret drank in the contents of her brother's letter with an indifference only moved by the intelligence that the cause of the quarrel between Woodgate and his antagonist had been a lady; but the fact that that lady was now his wife, struck down her soul, and left her hopes all prostrate in the very depths of woe. Woodgate married! Oh, why had she not died before the fact had blazed upon her eyes? Married! Oh, what an awful word to one whose heart's whole hope, whose all of happiness, of life's best joys were centred like a home, a very heaven in him!

The letter had nothing more of interest to her. She sat an hour—it was but a moment to her mind—lost, abstracted, plunged in reflections so intense, that her beautiful features were occasionally distorted by the throes of her suffering, her agonized soul. And thus Edith found her, and the gentle girl's intrusion was a sensible relief to the unhappy Margaret; she rose, calmly put away the letter, and decidedly, but kindly declined any communication touching its contents, promising, however, its perusal at an early day.

Again did the character of Margaret Vining undergo a change, strange as it was unexpected. She continued for several weeks a regular attendance at the chapel where Woodgate was engaged in the prosecution of a

most successful ministry, and under the influence of the word, seemed to acquire the most complete control over that strong passion, which had so frequently disturbed her peace. Enjoying his society as a dear friend, as she was now at liberty to regard him, he having never known her love, she was introduced to his amiable, pious and elegant wife; she became a frequent visiter of course at the residence of the minister, and with her whole character chastened by association with the practice of the most exemplary piety, the intimacy between Mrs. Woodgate and herself was warmed into esteem, and soon ripened into friendship, apparently ardent and sincere. True it is, that Margaret would frequently on her return from these visits to her own house and the privacy of her own apartment, sit for hours in an uneasy and an unsatisfactory mood, revolving in her mind the various emotions excited therein, and endeavoring to define the motives which really actuated her. She could not deny that she still loved Woodgate with unabated ardor; she was sensible that she never witnessed the ordinary attentions he bestowed upon his wife, in her presence, without pain; and she felt that the warm and affectionate kiss which Mrs. Woodgate always pressed upon her lips at parting, was returned with more apparent than real fervor by her own. Sometimes she would make an effort to pray, as she was now accustomed to hear prayer where it was wont to be made; but she rose with the prayer unfinished upon her lips, conscious that they must necessarily prefer a petition to which her heart could not respond an "amen." Yet Margaret was regarded in the church, by virtue of the pious and devotional habits she had almost unwittingly assumed, as a hopeful disciple of that Lord, in whose footsteps she seemed to manifest so earnest a desire to walk. Knowing that the fruits of conversion were attributed to her, and sensible withal how unworthily on her own part, she was still well pleased that the delusion should continue; at the same time persuading herself that she was really seeking a knowledge of spiritual truths; but Margaret while deceiving others was also deceiving herself; for while avowing her presence to seek the love of heaven, she did so half unconsciously, the better to cherish and secretly enjoy the unquenchable love that possessed her heart for him who could never cease to be its idol.

Three months, the allotted period of Mr. Woodgate's engagements at Brighton, were closed, and with his excellent wife he took his departure for London, in which city he was about to be settled over a large congregation. On the preceding evening, in their presence, Margaret had made deliberate and emphatic declarations of an entire change of heart; her avowals of the experience she had undergone in the renewing influences of grace, were made with an earnestness of manner that impressed a conviction of her sincerity; and it was with all that

gladness of spirit the true believer enjoys upon such an occasion, that Woodgate and his wife heard her conclude with the expression of her determination to unite herself with the church of Christ. They parted from her, not without tears, but Margaret, though she would have given a world of wealth to have shed them too, left the house of her friends with her eyes undimmed by the grateful dews of affection—her heart was too full of contending emotions to afford her the relief of tears.

It is not to be supposed that so prominent a member of an old "church going" family as an eldest daughter, could absent herself from the church pew, and withdraw herself entirely from the customary worship there, without giving cause for much feeling, and no little opposition, especially as it was done with the view of participating in the "heresies of dissent." But Margaret was a being not easily controlled, and she had, within the latter portion of Mr. Woodgate's sojourn at Brighton, openly violated the commands of her mother, and replied to the severe admonitions and sarcastic rebukes of her brother, in a tone that indicated any thing but a Christian spirit. She had been stung by the allusions of the latter to "the *real motives* which had induced her to become so suddenly pious and sanctified," and now that Woodgate was gone, she determined to exculpate herself, at least so far as appearances went, from the humiliating charge. Her attendance at the chapel, therefore, continued with all its wonted regularity, and in a short time much to the chagrin of her family, and to the especial annoyance of her brother, she openly united herself in membership, and was admitted to full and constant communion. Incapable of discriminating, her friends now regarded her as a convert to the doctrines of the sect she had joined, and considering her a fanatic irretrievably committed, she was subjected to much persecution, which, however, instead of bearing meekly and with patience, she resented with indignity and passion. Happily she found a friend, a still dear and precious friend in Edith, who, imbued with the genuine spirit of Christianity, could appreciate it in whatsoever sect or denomination it was apparent; but though Edith was sensible that the heaven of worldly affections was yet predominant in her sister's heart, she was ever ready to soothe her by sweet and sympathizing words, and to allay the storm of her wrath by entreaties and tears. But success did not always attend the efforts of the younger sister; and when in a few months Selby came to spend a few weeks with them, and collision became direct and immediate between Margaret and her brother, Edith soon discovered that she must either withdraw from the conflict or be crushed in the tempestuous strife that ensued. Bitter were the words, and thrilling the scenes which now disturbed the peace of this family, and a breach was created which to the most casual observer was irremediable. Under these circumstances Margaret was not long in determining

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what course to pursue; she had corresponded with Mrs. Woodgate as her most valued friend since her departure from Brighton, and now under favor of fleeing from persecution, she solicited an asylum beneath her roof. An asylum it was only in name, for Margaret possessed a large property in her own right, and Woodgate himself was an only son, heir to considerable wealth, and the recipient of a handsome income entirely independent of his salary as a minister, the latter being invariably distributed in charities, or expended in the support of the cause of religion. The desire of the young and beautiful convert was at once acquiesced in, and accordingly Margaret was soon after missed at her own home; she had been absent on a walk to the shore longer than usual, when Edith went to her apartment and discovered a note addressed to herself; it merely stated, that, unable to brook the constant annoyances to which the change in her sentiments had subjected her in her own family, she had come to the determination as the only means of relieving her own mind and the feelings of her friends, to withdraw into another circle of society, in which she should find more congenial spirits; the note concluded with a promise to correspond occasionally with Edith. Selby heard this information with a smile of bitter scorn; Mrs. Vining wept for what she deemed the disgrace of her family; while poor Edith sorrowed in her loneliness, lamenting that idolatry of love in her sister's heart which had caused such pitiable infatuation. Edith felt that her sister's profession of religion if not deliberate hypocrisy, was the perverse dissimulation of a self-deceived mind; and while, unlike her brother, she could not disapprove and condemn that Christian sympathy which afforded a shelter to the fugitive girl, she felt that Margaret was unworthy of the kindness she had invoked. No effort was made by the family to induce the return of the absentee, and the utmost indifference to her was shortly manifested by every one but Edith. We, however, must not be so regardless of one who "loved not wisely but too well."

GERTRUDE.

IF ever breath of song shall softly steal
Upon my spirit in its lonely hour,
When years have withered up youth's latest flower,
The minstrel breathing only may reveal
Such tones as thrilled along the heart's glad chord,
When thou the spirit waves of rapture stirred,
Winning the souls of all that lingered round
To catch the hallowed richness of the hour
That waked each spirit-tone, when hearts were bound
Beneath the love-gifts of thy rapturous dower;
Oh! when all else save the lone thought of thee
Shall long have past—ideal hues of gladness
Be sobered down to melancholy sadness,
Thy sweet form shall o'ersweep the waves of memory.

THE SLEEPER.

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLAN.

Hush! for she sleeps like a babe at rest,
 With her white hands crost on her virgin breast,
 And her brow looks out from the braided hair
 As the calm, cold moon from the midnight air,
 And the lashes, that lie on her pale cheek, seem
 Like the long grass drooped on a starlit stream.
 And she sleeps so deep that the robe of snow
 Nor heaves nor falls with the breast below,
 And her lips are shut to the warm life-breath,—
 For she slumbers on in the sleep of death.

Oh! an awful beauty her face hath crowned,
 And a deep, dread hush is on all around,
 You can hear distinct, with a quick, loud tick,
 Each beat of the heart through the garments thick,
 And the muffled feet as the menials slide
 Like shadowy watchers from side to side,
 From side to side in the long, dark room,
 Where the tapers burn in the incense gloom,
 Flickering faint, in a long dim row,
 As ghosts that look on the scene below.

In her holy youth she hath passed away,
 While the pure dew yet on her pathway lay,
 And her heart and her voice were in joyous tune
 As the woods and streams and the birds of June.
 Up, and away she hath gone afar,
 Up, and away as a soaring star;
 And she warbles free as she bears on high
 With an angel's wing through the list'ning sky,
 Watching the beacon that shines out free
 Over the storms of that gloomy sea.

Up, and away from our side she hath gone,
 Up, and away, and we linger alone.
 Never again on her breast shall we lie,
 Never hear whispers of love from that eye,
 Never dream of her in softest of sleep,
 Up she has gone and alone we must weep.
 Yet, oh! yet sometimes her form we behold,
 Far where she stands with her lyre of gold,
 Singing across from that silvery shore,
 "Cheer thee, beloved one, I've gone but before!"

WHEN THE SILVERY STAR.

BY GEORGE B. WALLIS.

WHEN the silvery star of even,
 From the fields of bliss above,
 Looks to earth from azure Heaven,
 With an angel's smile of love;
 Where the twilight shades are creeping,
 O'er the mountain and the lea,
 And thy heart its watch is keeping,
 I shall come, beloved, to thee:
 Oh! under Love's mysterious power,
 How sweet to meet at such an hour.

DANTE.

BY J. EMERY.

PERHAPS no writer ever exercised a greater influence over the language of his native country than Dante. He was born at Florence, in the year 1265, and little is known of his youthful history, except that he was fond of poetry, and polemic disputation, and early imbued with the romantic feelings of love. At the time of his birth the language of the Italians could scarcely be included among the civilized tongues of Europe. Their books, and they were few, were written in Latin, and the language of the common people was a corruption of the old Roman, mixed with words from various *latter* nations, and presenting peculiarities in each particular province.

A few popular love songs, whose chief merit, like that of the Provençals, was ostentation, but destitute alike of harmony and tenderness, had been written by the Sicilians, and were chanted to Moorish airs by the Italian women at their festivals. These amative effusions constituted the whole stock of the poetic literature of the Italian and Sicilian languages. About this time, however, literature began to revive in Naples, Sicily and Florence; sectarian controversy and religious fanaticism, strange as it may seem, were beginning to create a desire for a higher knowledge of literature and science, and in the seclusion of the monasteries appeared the first dawns of intellectual light. But Italy was as yet destitute of a national tongue. Her language was not reduced to any regular rules, and was far from having that rich, flowing, harmonious and regular character it possesses at present. A distinct and harsh dialect was growing up in each petty province, the inconveniences of which began to be seriously felt. At this period, just when the necessity was the greatest, Dante arose. Had he been born a century sooner or later, he might have been only an ordinary man in history. His genius might never have been called forth. But he was born to act on his age, and his age reacted on him. He became the father of Italian poetry.

Dante was a branch of the noble family of the Alighieri. He was a disciple or student of Brunetto Latino, a distinguished teacher of rhetoric and philosophy in Florence, and while under his instruction, he obtained a prize for excelling in polemic disputation. He early fell in love with Beatrice, the daughter of Folco De Portinari, and his love was returned with all the fervor of virtuous and youthful affection. Beatrice was, in the estimation of her admirer, the most lovely and pure of her sex; and to her he ascribes a prominent place in his Divine Comedy. It was she who met him at the Terrestrial Paradise, accompanied him into heaven, and conducted him through the various spheres

of the celestial regions. Yet he was doomed in early life to lose her, and the regret he felt for her death cast a gloom over his subsequent life, and was one cause, perhaps, of the various miseries he experienced. It was his love for her, no doubt, which, in a great measure, conspired to arouse in him that tender sensibility, that latent genius for poetry which so much distinguished his after life. His affection for his first love was, indeed, most religiously preserved through life, and served as a guiding star to his genius, till his spirit was wafted above to mingle with her in eternal love. Dante, however, after her death, married in 1291 from family considerations, Gemma De Donati, and as if the guardians of the tender passions would punish him for polluting the holy sanctuary of first love, his wife proved in temper a Xantippe, and embittered all the remaining days of his domestic life.

Dante was a soldier as well as poet and lover. In 1289 he appeared bravely defending the rights of his country against the Aretini, and in the subsequent year he took the field against the Pisans. He was soon after this appointed a magistrate of Florence, but being accused of partiality by the Bianchi, a faction of his country, he was by their intrigues and influence with Charles of Valois, in 1302 sentenced to pay a heavy fine, and exiled from his native home, the place of his fondest and dearest recollections. Yet his persecutors were not content with robbing him of his property and his home, but pursuing revenge with all the rancor that distinguished the factions of Italy, they condemned him, in his absence, to be burned alive.

The family of the Alighieri, from which Dante sprang, was attached to the Guelphs, and in the former part of his life he himself embraced the politics of that party; yet, condemned to exile and subsequently to death, by a sect devoted wholly to their interests, he was compelled to seek an asylum among the princes attached to the Ghibelines, the most inveterate enemies of the Guelphs. But the inflexible and haughty spirit of Dante created him enemies wherever he went. His over anxious desire to enter his native city, approaching even to violence, prevented his reconciliation with the Florentines, whatever otherwise might have been their disposition. He was at the head of a considerable party, and at various times attempted to enter the city by force; yet was as often foiled. After enjoying the hospitality of various petty courts of Italy, he was received by Guido Novello Da Polenta, the lord of Ravenna, with whom he enjoyed the most cordial friendship, and from whom he received many honorable marks of esteem. At this court he died on the fourteenth of September, A. D. 1321, aged fifty-six years.

Dante experienced in a high degree the reverses of fortune. His haughty spirit, impatient of control, would not permit him to bow down to the popular errors of

the day, or submit to the insults of a court with that cringing servility which marks the successful courtier. His natural disposition was soured by the early loss of Beatrice; and the deep regret he felt for that event, was doubly increased by the unhappy and foolish connexion he soon after formed, the effects of which followed him through life, and added daily fuel to his misery. His political connexions embittered his life: he was first a Guelph and then a Ghibeline; but his political history is foreign to our present purpose.

On the death of Dante, the Florentines seemed equally zealous to do honor to his memory as they had been to persecute him while living. Whether this was owing to the ascendancy of his own party at that particular time, or whether the Florentines, considering his political influence as now no more, were willing to do honor to him as one of their most distinguished sons, we are now unable to say. "On the death of her great poet," says the elegant historian of Italian Literature, "all Italy appeared to go into mourning." On every side copies of his works were multiplied, and enriched with numerous commentaries. Two professorships were instituted for the purpose of expounding his works—one of these, founded at Florence in the year 1373, was filled by the celebrated Boccaccio.

The importance ascribed to Dante's works arose partly from considerations connected with the language of the country. He had produced a great work, in which, neglecting the dialect of any particular province, he had brought together words from every part of Italy, and formed a language, as it were, his own, at once regular, rich and harmonious. Dante, in his Latin work, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, endeavors to show that the language of Florence, or indeed of any particular province, was not the Italian language, but that the true language was that written and spoken in every part of the country by the most polished writers. This very work has, of late years, created a considerable interest in his native country among her various antiquaries, who contend each that his own particular province has the honor of having given in the thirteenth century, when the Latin language began to cease to be the organ of written communication, a language to Italy. The truth is, Dante himself was the father of the Italian language, and it has since been polished by such writers as Petrarch, Boccaccio, the Medici, Tasso and others whose fame is as lasting as the language in which they wrote.

Dante wrote a few sonnets and lyrical pieces which are now nearly forgotten, but which possess considerable sweetness and sentiment, expressed in a style peculiar to himself, distinguished for terseness and strength. But the *Divina Commedia* is the work on which his fame is principally founded—a work of a truly original character, designed with boldness, and executed with a masterly hand. The model, which he took for his

immortal epic, and, indeed, his instructor in the art of poetry was the *Æneid* of Virgil. He adopted as his theme the secrets of the Invisible World, and divided his poem into three parts, to correspond with Heaven, Purgatory and Hell.

The first canto is devoted to the Introduction, and to each part is allotted thirty-three cantos, each containing about one hundred and forty lines. Dante himself is supposed to enter the eternal world with Virgil for his guide. He first passes through the various circles of Hell, which he describes with all the sublimity of his masterly pen. From these horrible regions he ascends into Purgatory, which is situated in the mid region between Heaven and Hell. Here are placed the souls of those who are not yet pure enough to enter the heavenly paradise, and here they undergo a purification, of greater or less duration, according to the state of the soul on its leaving the mortal body. After having gone through all the circles of Purgatory, Dante is met by Beatrice, his early love, who conducts him into the regions above, and even to the very throne of the Most High in the ninth Heaven. The poet places his various Heavens in the planets. The first class of celestial inhabitants, embracing those who, after devoting themselves to celibacy and religious seclusion, afterward married, he finds enjoying the blessings of contemplation in the Moon. In Mercury, the second Heaven, he meets with Justinian and other distinguished civilians. Venus, the third Heaven, seems to be assigned principally to women. The Sun, which is the fourth Heaven, contains those who have devoted themselves to the ministration of the Faith upon earth. The warriors of the Cross rest in Mars, the fifth Heaven; and Jupiter, the sixth Heaven, contains those, who, while on earth, have administered justice with impartiality; Saturn, the seventh Heaven, is the abode of those who had devoted themselves to a life of contemplation and seclusion. In the eighth he beholds the *sox* in his glory with the holy Apostles; in the ninth is the habitation of the *DIVINE ESSENCE*, surrounded with glory unapproachable; and in the tenth dwell the Saints of the Old and New Testament.

It is not our intention to give an analysis of the Divine Comedy, or even what may be considered a specimen of the work as a whole; but merely to invite our readers to the perusal of a poem written in the latter part of the thirteenth, and beginning of the fourteenth centuries, containing much of beauty, and in which are found some of the noblest specimens of the sublime in any language. To those acquainted with the Italian it will present beauties unappreciable to one who has recourse only to a translation. The reader, however, of Dante's *Divina Commedia* in an English dress will be amply repaid for the time he may expend on so sublime and beautiful a work.

We shall conclude our short and imperfect sketch

with an extract from Sismondi, together with a translation of the Episode of Ugolino, in the thirty-third canto of the *Inferno* by Cary.

"In the last circle of the infernal world," says our author, "Dante beholds those who have betrayed their native land, entombed in everlasting ice. Two heads, not far distant from each other, raised themselves above the frozen surface. One of those is that of Count Ugolino Della Gherardesca, who, by a series of treasons, had made himself absolute master of Pisa. The other head is that of Ruggieri De Ubaldini, archbishop of that State, who, by means not less criminal, had effected the ruin of the Count, and having seized him, with his four children, or grandchildren, had left them to perish by famine, in prison. Dante does not at first recognize them, and shudders when he sees Ugolino gnawing the skull of his murderer, which lies before him. He enquires into the motive of this savage enmity, and with his reply the thirty-third canto commences."

"His mouth upraising from his hideous feast,
And brushing, with his victim's locks, the spray
Of gore from his foul lips, that sinner ceased:
Then thus: 'Wilt thou that I renew the sway
Of hopeless grief, which weighs upon my heart
In thought, ere yet my tongue that thought betray?
But should my words prove seeds from which may start
Ripe fruits of scorn for him, whose traitor head
I gnaw, then words and tears, at once, shall part.
I know thee not; nor by what fortune led
Thou wanderest here; but thou, if true the claim
Of native speech, wert in fair Florence bred.
Know, then, Count Ugolino is my name,
And this the Pisan prelate at my side,
Ruggieri. Hear, now, my cause of grief—his shame.
That by his acts he won me to confide
In his smooth words, that I was bound in chains,
Small need is, now, to tell, nor that I died.
But what is yet untold, unheard, remains,
And thou shalt hear it—by what fearful fate
I perished. Judge if he deserves his pains.
When in those dungeon walls immured, whose gate
Shall close on future victims, called the Tower
Of Famine, from my pangs, the narrow grate
Had shewn me several moons, in evil hour
I slept and dreamed, and o'er impending grief
Was all unveiled by that dread vision's power.
This wretch, methought, I saw as lord and chief
Hunting the wolf and cubs upon that bill
Which makes the Pisan's view toward Lucca brief.
With high-bred hounds, and lean, and keen to kill,
Gualande, with Sismondi, in the race
Of death were foremost, with Lanfranchi still.
Weary and spent appeared after short chase,
The sire and sons, and soon, it seemed, were rent
With sharpest fangs, their sides. Before the trace
Of dawn, I woke, and heard my sons lament,
(For they were with me) mourning in their sleep,
And craving bread. Right cruel is thy bent,
If, hearing this, no horror o'er thee creep;
If guessing what I now began to dread,
Thou weep'st not, wherefore art thou wont to weep?
Now were they all awake. The hour when bread
Was won't to be bestowed had now drawn near,
And dismal doubts in each his dream had bred,
Then locked, below, the portals did we hear
Of that most horrible Tower. I fixed my eye,
Without one word, upon my children dear;
Hardened like rock within I heaved no sigh,
They wept, and then I heard my Anselm say,
'Thou look'st so, sire! what ails thee?' No reply

I uttered yet, nor wept I, all that day,
 Nor the succeeding night, till on the gloom
 Another sun had issued. When his ray
 Had scantily illumed our prison-room,
 And in four haggard visages I saw
 My own shrunk aspect, and our common doom,
 Both hands, for very anguish, did I gnaw.
 They thinking that I tore them through desire
 Of food, rose sudden from their dungeon straw
 And spoke; 'Less grief it were of us, oh! sire;
 If thou would'st eat—these limbs, thou by our birth
 Did'st clothe—despoil them now if need require.'
 Not to increase their pangs of grief and death,
 I calmed me. Two days more all mute we stood;
 Wherefore did'st thou not open, pitiless earth!
 Now when our fourth sad morning was renewed,
 Gualdo fell at my feet, outstretched and cold,
 Crying, 'wilt thou not, father, give me food?'
 There did he die; and as thine eyes behold
 Me now, so saw I three fall, one by one,
 On the fifth day and sixth; whence in that hold
 I, now grown blind, over each lifeless son,
 Stretched forth my arms. Three days I called their
 names;
 Then Fast achieved what Grief not yet had done."

We now dismiss our poet. For stern sublimity no poem ever written equals the *Divina Commedia*. It has passages also of plaintive tenderness. But perhaps its distinctive feature is its appearance of reality; for, as the *Pilgrim's Progress* is to other romances, so is *Dante's* great work to other poems. Its scenes leave forcibly upon the mind an impression of actual events. You walk amid the fields of ice; you behold the very expression of Ugolino's face; you see Beatrice bright with celestial glory; you shudder at the vast and shaggy sides of Lucifer; and amid the howlings of the lost and the smoke of ascending flames, you walk with the poet and his guide unharmed, but not unappalled.

SONG

OF THE WANDERING MINSTREL GIRL.

BY BENJAMIN L. FRY.

My home: my home! I love thee well,
 Though from thee far away,
 Yet when I soar on fancy's wings
 To thee I often stray;
 I see again thy sunny skies—
 Thy hills in purple mists arise,
 But now they melt away,
 Oh! mother, when to hill and glen
 In bliss shall I return again.

Your western land hath many charms
 To win the heart from home,
 But far beyond the dark blue sea
 Sweet voices bid me come;
 A mother there, and sister dear,
 Their voices linger on my ear—
 They bid me cease to roam—
 They bid me seek my own fair zone,
 Thy skies, sweet Italy, my own.

THE DRUNKARD'S CHILD.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"My child—my child. Oh! God, my child is dying," said the mother, lifting her streaming eyes to heaven, as she bent over the bedside of her darling.

The room was a low, time-stained apartment, with the paint on the wood work turned to a dingy lead color, and the plaster falling in large patches from the ceiling; while the floor, which inclined, as if the building had sunk lower on one side than the other, creaked at every footstep, so loose were the boards. There was scarcely a whole pane in the casement, and though some of these were filled up with old rags or had paper pasted across them, others let in the chill blasts, that roared and whistled in the street outside. Here and there, on the bare floor, lay patches of snow which had drifted through chinks in the wall. There was no fire on the hearth, and but a solitary candle threw its faint, flickering light around. You might have searched the whole suburbs of the mighty city without finding another room, tenanted by human beings, so cold and desolate as this. And yet, in that room, lay a dying child.

He was a fair, light-haired boy, with a countenance of exquisite beauty, that now, under the refining touch of sickness, had assumed an ethereal expression almost angelic. The little throat was bare, revealing, by its spasmodic movements, how difficult was his breathing; and just now an expression of acute pain was on his thin and tightly closed lips. Yet he was sleeping, for his eyes were closed; and directly a sweet smile played across his face, as if, in his sleep, he dreamed. At the foot of the bed stood two children, both girls, one about seven, and the other scarcely three years old, wan, pale, and thinly clad. Grasping each others hands, they gazed on the face of their brother, the elder with sorrow and tears, the younger with a vacant, yet sad look, for though she could not comprehend all, she felt a strange emotion of sorrow. The mother was at the head of the bed, her hands clasped, and her streaming eyes lifted on high.

"Spare him—oh! heavenly father—spare, spare my boy," she sobbed chokingly.

The broken words and tone of bitter anguish aroused the child from his slumber: he turned uneasily in the bed, opened his eyes with a wild stare, and gradually comprehending his situation, smiled on his mother, and extending his little arms, as she stooped over him, clasped her neck.

"My darling—my poor, dear darling," said she, and the tears rained from her. She could say no more.

"Don't cry, mother," faintly said the boy, "oh! I have had such a sweet dream. I thought we were back in the country, in the dear place where we used to live

when I was a baby like Ellen, with the trees, and bright flowers and pretty birds around us; and that you were singing to me, as I sat on your knee in the porch, while the cows lowed in the meadow, and the river was full of white sails, and swallows skimming about. Yes! you were singing, dear mother, and I thought, that, just then, an angel flew right overhead, and pausing, sung in answer to you. And when you looked up, you caught me to your bosom, and burst into tears; but I stretched out my arms to the beautiful angel; and then—then,” and the boy’s enthusiasm passed partially away, and a shade came over his face, as he continued, “and then I saw father coming in at the gate, but not as he is now,” he continued eagerly, “oh! no—but as he used to be then, all smiling, and clean dressed; and he came up to you, and throwing his arms around your neck, he kissed you, and sobbed, just as you were doing now, dear mother. And then—oh! mother, such music as I heard, filling the whole air, which swarmed with lovely young faces, like the cherubs you shewed me in the picture once; and suddenly I was wafted from your arms, and carried up—you know how such things seen in dreams—and then, just then I awoke. So don’t cry, dear mother; I am going to heaven, and you will all be happy, I know, somehow. Oh! I wish father would come.”

The mother’s tears ran thick and fast down her cheeks, as she frantically kissed and re-kissed her child, while the children sobbed aloud, as if their very hearts would break. The dying boy looked sadly from them to his mother, who, catching the expression of his face, by a mighty effort controlled her emotion, and strove to comfort the children—the wish to save her boy pain, controlling even in that moment her agony. Oh! what is like a mother’s love?

“Father! oh! why will not father come?” said the boy, anxiously directing his eyes to the door. He spoke thick, and as if his mouth was parched. His mother hastened to give him a piece of orange, purchased, alas! by depriving herself of food for the last twenty-four hours. The boy sucked it eagerly, and noticing the wishful looks of his sisters, motioned to give them some.

“I shall never want it again.” A fresh burst of tears was his mother’s answer, and the children, refusing the orange, buried their little faces in the bed clothes and sobbed uncontrollably.

“I could die happy if father would only come,” said the boy, in a voice almost despairing, “oh! why, why will he not come?”

The mother could only weep faster. She knew that, at that very moment, when his only boy was dying, her husband was probably inebriated, in some low tavern, spending the scanty pittance which might have saved her child, if properly applied at the early stages of his disease, and for the want of which she and her other

little ones were even now famished. The thought of all this deepened her anguish.

Ten minutes passed without a word, though continually the boy would direct his eyes wistfully to the door, and with a look of disappointment, turn again to his mother’s bosom, on which his dying head now rested. The little group had become partially composed, though the mother’s tears rolled silently down her cheeks, even faster than before, for she now wept for her boy’s agony of heart as well as for her own. Seeing the anxiety with which her child desired the presence of his father, she would have cut off her right arm, or even laid down her life to gratify his last wish.

“Father! father!” he gasped at length, rousing from a lethargy into which he had fallen, and opening his fast glazing eyes, “come quick, oh! come, come,” he added despairingly, in a tone to melt the hardest heart. Suddenly his countenance lighted up with intense joy, for an uneven step was heard on the staircase, and immediately the door was flung rudely open, and a man staggered into the room. The poor mother turned pale as death, and the bright look passed from the face of the child.

The intruder was dressed in tattered garments, which, though patched in twenty places, were recently torn; his face was flushed, and his gait unsteady. He had entered with a sullen air, and, catching his wife’s look of alarm, a frown settled on his once handsome, but now brutal face, and he advanced with rapid strides toward the bed. The little children ran round and clutched their mother’s gown; while his wife drew her dying boy closer to her bosom, and looked up entreatingly, yet with a mixture of indignant courage, at her husband, as if determined to protect her child. The boy only was composed. For an instant an expression of agony dwelt on his face, but it was speedily succeeded by a look that is indescribable, a look full of heavenly joy, a look such as angels might be supposed to bestow on mortals whom they are sent to save. It arrested the drunkard’s step at once. His eye dilated; he threw a rapid gaze on the group, he passed his hand across his brow. He comprehended the scene, and was sobered in an instant. Rushing to the bedside, he exclaimed,

“Oh! God, my Charles, my only boy—you are dying, and I have murdered you. Say you will not die,” he continued imploringly, throwing himself on his knees; and seizing the wan hand of the sufferer he kissed it frantically. After a pause, during which his strong frame shook with agony, and the very bed trembled beneath him, he said, lifting his eyes above, “oh! Father in Heaven, if a poor sinner can, indeed look to thee, spare my boy, not—not,” and his voice choked and became almost undistinguishable, “for my sake, but for the sake of him, of his mother, of my other babes

whom I have wronged. To this I have brought them all. Spare them," and he buried his head on the bed.

"Father!" said the dying boy, bending toward his parent, and his faint voice rose clear and soft over the silence, like the first low notes of an organ, filling even the vastness of a cathedral with its plaintive sweetness, "I can die now in peace. You will taste no more—

"Never—never," said the man with startling energy, "not a drop—so God help me."

"Amen," said a timid voice. It was that of the wife. The boy looked from parent to parent.

"Father, go to her—kiss her as you used to when we all lived in that nice house in the country."

The man rose up and obeyed, though he hung his head as he passed around the foot of the bed. But the wife did not wait. All was forgiven in that instant, and springing forward, she fell sobbing into his arms; while her husband lifted up his voice and wept only as a strong man can weep. A few minutes passed. The dying boy took a hand of each parent in one of his. A smile of indescribable sweetness was on his face. It seemed as if a seraphic glory already shone on his countenance.

"Kiss me," he said faintly, "mother—father—Mary and Ellen—kiss me again, dear mother," and reaching up, he clasped her around the neck, kissed her, and with that same smile on his countenance, though now even brighter than before, he murmured, "is not the dream come true? I hear the music. The angels are waiting," and with a rapt look above, and with other wandering words breaking fainter and fainter from his lips, his spirit passed away; yet so gently that his mother knew it not until the arms tightening on her neck, told her that her babe was no more. Then, with a shriek, she fell across the body.

Reader! our tale is done. God in his merciful kindness tempers the wind to the shorn lamb! Though that mother long wept her child, she found consolation at length; for the precepts of our pure religion are to the sorrowful and breaking heart, like gentle gales to the brow of a fevered sufferer. Yes! she found consolation, and from another source beside. Her husband was an altered man, from the hour when, by the couch of his dying boy, he promised to give up the cup. He never again tasted of the intoxicating bowl. And thus saved at the verge of ruin, he lived thereafter, as if he had been rescued by a special interposition of Providence, and became not only a useful member of, but an ornament to society. The competence he had lost he regained. As his influence grew, it was exercised for good.

And his wife—oh! was she not happy! They only can understand her feelings, who, like her, have passed through the valley of the shadow of death. Once more her eye grew bright, and her step elastic, though a chastened soberness—the footprint left by early sorrow—

ever after dwelt on her face. Once more her home was full of the heart's sunshine. And often, in the still Sabbath nights, when with tears of joy she thought of this change, it seemed as if some unseen voice whispered in the air, and the words of her dying boy came softly by. God knows whether or not he hovered there.

THE VICTIM.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

BESIDE a crystal fountain,
Which plaintive music made,
As gushing from the mountain
It wound along the glade;
Beneath a wavy willow
A youthful Poet lay;
The verdant grass his pillow—
His bed, the wild flowers gay!

The summer breeze was sighing
His auburn locks among;
Whilst near a harp was lying
Neglected, and unstrung;
Pale was his cheek, and hollow.
Where traces deep were drawn
Of some mysterious sorrow,
That wasted life's fresh morn!

Anon were wistful glances
Cast toward his wooing lyre,
And half-suppressed advances,
As stirred the Poet's fire:
He might not check its burning;
But seized his lyre again,
And quick to numbers turning,
Awoke its mournful strain.

"Oh! Fame! thou art a bubble
I've sought too long to gain;
For thee I've welcomed trouble,
And dwelt with care and pain!
For thee my strength is wasted—
My youth at morn decayed;
The cup of joy untasted,
And life a desert made!

"For after years of toiling
The bubble to obtain—
When Fate was bent on foiling,
And long my hopes had slain;
It seemed but just before me,
I reached to grasp the prize!
The Critic's breath blew o'er me—
It burst before my eyes!

"And thus by Fate I'm cheated—
My prospects clothed in gloom;
Life's cherished hopes departed,
And what remains?—The tomb!
Not so—Fate cannot cheat me
Of thee, my chosen lyre;
Nor yet the ills that meet me
Put out the Poet's fire!"

ESTELLE PLAUCHE.

BY JANE D. BALDWIN.

THE hour was sunset. Not a cloud was to be seen from zenith to horizon, on the deep blue firmament; not a curl or ripple on the breezeless surface of the Mississippi, as its muddy waters seemed to join, by a scarcely visible transition, the vaulted heavens. From the thicket of orange trees and magnolias came swelling the melody of nature's untaught music—that melody which fills the heart with gladness, and the soul with the thought that there is a future life, of which the present is but the hopeful promise.

Unmindful of the "hush and holy calm" without, which brought no smile to her features, no tint of pleasure to the cheek that rivalled the unsunned snow in its whiteness, reclined the form of a fair girl, on one of the benches of a lofty piazza, whose tall columns were interlaced with the thick foliage of the luxuriant multiflora, shutting out the last lingering tints of the summer twilight from her who, all unconscious of the stillness and beauty around, gazed tearfully on a small miniature, which she held in her hand, while from between the jewelled fingers that were pressed to her moistened brow the uncontrolled tears found their way.

"Big, bright and fast, unknown to her they fell,
But still her lips refused to send farewell."

Estelle Plauché had, in that sad hour, parted with the young partner of her heart. He had left New Orleans with Commodore Porter for Pensacola, whence he was to embark on board the *Hornet*, a name that has since chilled the heart and blanched the cheek of many.

Gradually, as time wore away, and brought no intelligence of the fate of the *Hornet*, did the roses fade from the cheek of Estelle. No longer was her sweet song or merry laugh heard, that gay laugh of happy girlhood that used to peal through the arched corridors of her father's house, like the ringing of silver bells.

A year had passed, and the fate of Charles Le Blanc and the *Hornet* became no longer matter of doubt; and again (it was for the last time) Estelle Plauché sat in the old vine enwoven piazza. Grief, heartfelt, soul-harrowing grief might be traced in every lineament of that pale face. Her comb lay at her feet, and her long dark hair floated in unconfined masses over her mourning dress. She pressed her handkerchief to her lips, and when she removed it, it was saturated with blood! Her lips trembled, and she murmured the parting words of Charles, "*yes! we shall meet again.*" It was the eve of her departure from the home of her childhood, for her father, hoping that by removing from the scenes connected with the remembrance of Le Blanc, he might win back to earth and happiness the fleeting spirit of his heart-stricken child, had resolved to try if, in the

genial climes of sunny France and classic Italy, her health might not be re-established. Vain hope!

Slowly tolled the convent bell, summoning the sisterhood of the Ursuline Convent to the ceremony which was to add one to their number, one whose broad lands would enrich their already wealthy order; for she, who was now about to take the veil, was the only child and sole heiress of one of Louisiana's wealthiest planters. In thunders of harmony swelled the organ's peal: more impetuous, more powerful swelled the melody to its grandest pitch, as sweet voices, in full magnificent chorus, raised the hymn of praise to the Eternal.

Arrayed in deep mourning, which associated well with her Grecian style of beauty, the glittering curls of her dark hair confined by a black ferrier, before the altar and supported by the abbess, knelt a fair girl. Her white arms hung listlessly by her side, nor as the scissors severed the bright masses of her hair that fell in dark waves around her, did her eyelid tremble or her pulses throb, so deep was her emotion.

A black velvet pall (to denote that she passed from within the convent walls but to her grave) was thrown over her prostrate form. The hymn of welcome was chanted sweetly, as the song of seraphs, by the nuns, till its last echoes trembled through the lofty arches, like the whispering of an Æolian harp. And now the massive clasps are unfastened—and within the ponderous volume is inscribed the name of the new sister, the once bright and beautiful, now heart-stricken Estelle Plauché. Organ and all were silent. The priest before the altar pronounced the benediction, and the service closed with the lingeringly uttered "*amen.*"

LAURA.

BY JAMES F. JETT.

My home is in the foaming sea,
An isle forever bright and fair;
But what are all its charms to me,
If thou, dear Laura, be not there!

The sunbeams sparkle o'er that isle,
And all is bright beyond compare;
But what to me is Nature's smile,
If thou, dear Laura, be not there!

The birds may sing, the flowers may bloom,
And balmy fragrance load the air;
But in my heart 't will all be gloom,
If thou, dear Laura, be not there!

Let dangers throng my path, from thee
No power but death my soul shall tear;
I'll view yon island in the sea
No more, if Laura be not there!

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LITERARY LADIES.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THIRTY years ago, and this would have been a strange term in America; something for our Down East mothers to wonder at, and search their dictionaries about. A book on religious subjects by Harriet Adams, one of history and of biography, perhaps, were written by females about the time of the Revolution. A few stray snatches of poetry sometimes appeared—like violets beautiful, but almost unnoticed—among the newspaper paragraphs which formed but a dim shadow of what is now a flourishing periodical literature, but except these slight manifestations of the future, the Genius of America, so far as her women are concerned, brooded among our household gods, a beautiful, but voiceless spirit.

New England, the birth-place of female genius, was full of wild and soul-stirring poetry, even before the white man's tread disturbed the hush of her forests. It dwelt in the solemn depths of the wilderness, and nature found there a thousand startling voices to awake the fancy, and arouse the high worship of mind, before human intellect dreamed of a western hemisphere. It lived in the golden sunshine where it broke on the mountain peak, and laughed in the silvery riot of her waterfalls, where they tossed their foam to the wind, and plunged from the cliff to the green valley below! It slept in the river vale, and trifled with the sweet, south wind when it went sighing among the wild flowers—it whispered in the forest leaves where the red man crept stealthily beneath them in search of the spotted deer. It was found every where haunting the wilderness and the sea-shore with its melodies, a restless spirit yearning for some more touching power of expression than was found in the whispering leaves, something more delicate than lives in the manly heart, and with a holier strength than gushes forth in the bird song. The depth of masculine mind was sounded, but in the human soul are many delicate strings ready to thrill at a gentle breath, but which give forth no music

to the powerful touch of man's intellect. American poesy was deficient in its most refined attribute till a female mind awoke, capable of blending the most gentle feelings of the heart with the lovely things of nature, and of combining with the voice of masculine thought a soft, low strain which harmonized and made a perfect melody.

Until Hope Leslie arose from the quiet bosom of New England, like a timid bird, half unconscious of the jewel which lay sheltered beneath its wings, no woman had sounded the chords of her own heart, that they might awake answering tones in the bosom of another. There was no *home* music in the literature of our country; nothing which might arouse the female heart to a knowledge of the high poetry which slept among our household gods. But Hope Leslie was answered by a kindred voice—another and another! till those who had deemed that genius and lofty thought, which is its attribute, could dwell in masculine intellect alone, were constrained to admit that thought and feeling, in their most lovely combinations, might exist in the female heart, and still detract from no gentle or womanly virtue.

The author of Hope Leslie gave a beautiful example that female mind may be brilliant and yet delicate, capable of intense feeling, and of powerful thought, and that the highest intellectual exercise of which the heart and mind of woman is capable, may be modestly performed amid the light of her own home, and surrounded by the domestic affections.

If there is a being on earth who should be held in love and reverence, it is that woman who first gave to female genius a voice and name in our land! Who became great through the brilliancy of her mind, but who, amid all her fame, remained womanly and modest from the goodness of her heart. If there is honor due to woman for her loveliness, or to genius for its beautiful creations, it should be rendered to the author of Hope Leslie, and the equally great and gentle woman whose genius is floating in a thousand melodies through our country; whose mind has been one continued tribute to her sex; and whose life supplies us with an

example of intellectual pursuits, harmonizing with the duties of a wife and mother, beautifully as colors ripen on the cheek of a peach in midsummer.

The author of Zinzendorf, and her illustrious compeer, followed immediately by two or three others of almost equal worth, were the pioneers to a class of women who are exerting a quiet, but powerful influence in the land; an influence increasing every day, and which will be felt, for good or for evil, centuries and centuries hence. And it is this influence of female literature, more than any other, which will exalt and refine the sex, and which will establish a true position for woman in the scale of social life. It will extend the dominion of her influence by increasing her resources of enjoyment; by giving dignity and grace to the beautiful world of home which is her undisputed kingdom; by rendering her content with that little domain which has more space for cultivation than female mind has yet suspected.

Miss Sedgwick and Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Child and one or two others who became authors almost the same year, were among the first to clothe our history and social life with the hues of their own bright imagination. They exerted mental wealth to render domestic life lovely, and to persuade their sisters into content with the blessings of their natural condition. Their fiction was full of truthfulness, and the sweet lessons which it gave were calculated to exalt woman in her own sphere, but never to entice her beyond it. They have taught the ambitious of the sex, in many a beautiful page, and by their own blameless lives, that women may become great, yet remain humble and affectionate, and that the most lofty ideal is not necessarily divorced from the useful. They have taught us that genius may be combined with firm principle and plain common sense, yet lose nothing of its brightness: that female genius is, in truth, a household spirit, that infancy may nestle in its bosom, and childhood need not fear to crown it with flowers, or play at hide and seek in its vestments. They have exhibited it a gentle spirit, smoothing the pillow of age, hovering around the sick bed, with plumage which but grows brighter from the dews that fall over it from the green roof tree.

It is true, this little band of women have been followed by others of more or less pretensions to kindred excellence. But they first broke a path in the wilderness of letters, and when the thorns were removed, and the rugged places made smooth, it required no great effort of courage to follow in their footsteps. The toil of adventure was almost accomplished, and the laurels green on their foreheads, before those who have since become known in the world of letters, ventured to imitate their illustrious example. Within the last few years the walks of female literature have become peopled with votaries. Intellects brilliant as the examples that have

been chosen, may be found among them—nay, greater genius and more startling manifestations of female mind may exist, now or hereafter—but equality or even superiority of mental power in those who may come after, can detract nothing from the reverence and gratitude due to those who unlocked the treasure of their genius, when the result was uncertain, and when the effort might be followed by glory or reproach, as the generosity or prejudices of their countrymen should determine.

At the time these ladies devoted themselves to literature, they might indeed tremble for the opinion which men would form of them, for at that time a woman who wrote books was considered almost a rival to masculine intellect, and regarded as something strange and unapproachable by her sister women. The division lines which are now so strongly drawn between the masculine and feminine mind, were little understood in that day, and the idea that a woman of genius could be domestic, cheerful and unpretending, would have been considered visionary in the extreme.

Though the female literature of America should become more lofty and powerful than that of any other nation—as it is now far more refined—the first impulse was given by women who were doubtful of the result; and to their moral courage and spirit of self-sacrifice is due, a degree of praise which no votary of the present, however brilliant, can hope to receive; for the circumstances under which they wrote can never exist again to test the strength of woman's courage, though every day exhibits some new and beautiful proof of her genius.

With this band of gifted women arose the title which heads our essay. They were a new, and rare class, springing up like exotics in the wilderness. So our countrymen imported a name from over sea, and they were called "Literary Ladies."

Did this little group of women dream how wide and bright the circle would spread, when they cast their pearls on the waters of society, and saw them sparkle and eddy beneath their influence for the first time? Did they guess that the air was all alive with kindred spirits and new voices of melody—or think how high and bright the flame of female mind would rise and shine, and that the country would be studded with answering fires, in less than twenty years after their own timid watch lights were kindled on the hills of New England? Did they anticipate that progress in the mechanic arts, by which thoughts slumbering in the heart one week, may on the next claim sympathy from a hundred and fifty thousand readers? *Could* they have known how beautifully their influence would spread among the sex—how many gems would flash around their feet when, like angels of old, they went down to trouble the still waters of human thought?

Did they anticipate all this? No! no! Genius is a sweet impulse, and calculation unknown to its first exertions! As the bird panting beneath the burden of its own rich melody, pours its song upon the air—they gave up a treasure of thought which was pleading for utterance—and the result came naturally as flowers blossom beneath the kisses of an April sun. Their spirits were haunted with music, and taking no thought of the morrow, they gave it freely to the breeze without one anticipation of the echo which society might send back to them—of the affection they have excited, and the reverence which will cling around their memory. They acted from the impulse of a high nature, and with all their genius remained true women, faithful to the sex, firm in the domestic duties which are imperative alike on the gifted, and those of humble endowments.

With the examples just dwelt upon, joined to many others scarcely inferior either in qualities of mind or heart, it will hardly be contended, even by the most obstinate, that in order to write well a woman must invest her mind and personal habits with the attributes of masculine greatness; or that she must sacrifice one feminine or gentle quality in order to attain literary distinction. The history of female mind from the landing of the Pilgrims to the present day, has been a beautiful contradiction to this false idea; and so far as our literature is concerned, the ladies of America have little to regret, and less to blush for. Common-place and feeble books may occasionally emanate from their pens, but a decidedly immoral or irreligious volume has not, to the writer's knowledge, ever left a disgraceful record against the sex since America was a nation. Those females who have outraged decorum by plunging audaciously into the arena of political strife and manly competition, have seldom been natives of the country, and as seldom found American followers. In our land few ladies of genius, or even talent, exist, who would not reject the distinction, however high, which must be purchased by a sacrifice of delicacy or principle. If this unnatural desire for popularity did exist, there is no safeguard against it so powerful as the cultivation of a truly feminine taste for letters. There is something in a study of the beautiful which ennobles and refines the intellect; and if the pursuit of letters led to no higher result, the author might secure an exceeding reward in the cultivation of her taste—in the delicacy and refinement which habits of pure thought blend with the character, adding new grace to that already existing in her woman's nature.

But in the very luxuriance and success of our female literature there is danger of its deterioration. The indiscriminate use of a term, by which women of genius were first known in our land, threatens to destroy its dignity, and in some degree check the progress of female mind. The appellation once bestowed on our

distinguished females as a title of dignity and honor has become perverted by society, and is thoughtlessly rendered to the pretender, who, mistaking ambition for talent, assumes, under the delusion, more than the highest grade of genius would arrogate to itself. And more reprehensible still!—it is given to the woman who degrades her sex, by a bold companionship of rights which ought to shock the feminine nature. Who can rise audaciously before a multitude of men, comprising all classes of mind, and amid the coarse cheers and rude clapping which heralds her unnatural appearance, hold a political discourse, or exhaust presumptuous eloquence in defence of "woman's rights," and equality of the sexes—equality, which if it did exist, would deprive us of the sweetest blessing ever inherited by the sensitive and feminine heart! For in order to sustain it, woman must sacrifice that feeling of trust and dependence on some being of sterner strength and purpose than herself, which is the most beautiful want known to her existence. The rights and equality which these bold teachers claim would sweep away all the little world of confiding tenderness, which is the richest dower of womanhood. Females who can so misrepresent the female character, should be rejected in the arena of manly intellect, and shut out from the Eden of their own sex forever. It is impossible to read and think much, without comprehending how beautifully the relations existing between the sexes are established by the Creator, and the true woman of genius—one who has learned to study and feel—would as soon dash a specimen of glorious sculpture from its pedestal, or fling discord into a strain of exquisite music, as disturb one bud of that flowery woof which draws us to the heart of man for love and protection. Yet the woman who exhibits her person before a crowd of applauding men, or writes a book calculated to subvert religion and all the beautiful poetry which religion kindles in the soul, claims the same title with one who has exalted the sex by a modest exertion of high thought. Though with such minds true feminine genius can hold no sympathy, the delicacy of womanhood and the dignity of intellect are outraged by the association.

It is to be expected that the original and lofty mind will sometimes be coupled with pretension and ambitious weakness. The faculty of adopting ideas already created, and of tasteful combination, is frequently misunderstood for intrinsic mental strength. But if the women who possess mere talent occasionally receive the tribute due to creative genius, it is a harmless usurpation, and when divested of arrogance may well meet with indulgence. A desire for public distinction, though a coarse and unfeminine impulse when carried to extremes, and one which most frequently urges mediocre talent before the world, may be forgiven so long as the dignity and delicacy of sex are not sacrificed, though

Sappho, herself, would fail to render the feeling a gentle or lovely one.

While no false moral sentiments are inculcated, the exertion of superficial talent is but slightly felt in society, and if it were not productive of pernicious influence in the literary circle, the evil would scarcely be worthy a passing remark. But disappointment falls with harsh and painful force on the ambitious and thoughtless mind. The effort which takes its rise in vanity, alone, must ever recoil baffled and dissatisfied on the heart where it originated, and though the exercise of weak talent may in itself be harmless, it is by the evil feelings which arise from an over-estimate of this talent in the possessor, and the disappointment which follows want of success, that envy, heart-burning, and that hateful feeling, "literary jealousy," manifest themselves in the world of letters. But these are sensations that know their birth in mediocrity alone, and which never yet found a moment's rest in the truly great mind.

The successful are seldom envious!—to those who deserve success the passion is unknown.

Envy, and all its train of evil feelings are engendered in the strong thirst for notoriety, which goes with the ambition that has no power to sustain its pretensions. The baffled spirit, which finds that wings which were deemed shivering with the plumage of an archangel have scarcely power to flutter from the dull earth, grows bitter as the lofty and pure make a steady flight upward, and are seen bathing in the sunshine which it has failed to reach. But the woman possessed of that depth of thought and feeling which, harmoniously blended, forms all that is worthy the name of genius, in our sex, is incapable of those selfish and bitter passions which can assimilate with no pure quality of her mind, no warm impulse of her heart.

There is a modest but certain consciousness of moral and intellectual power that accompanies genius which lifts it above the petty competition of weaker minds. The truly original spirit feels that it is invested with a power all its own, and *unlike* that existing in any other human being. It looks into the great eternity of thought, and feels that the stars burning in the blue bosom of the sky are not more independent, each in its sphere of light, than the faculty of creative thought which lives in any one human soul. Minds which grovel to the dull earth may jostle each other and make unpleasant discord, but the spirit that soars upward, finds no lack of space in the blue ether which lies between it and the sun, and though a thousand kindred spirits haunt the same golden atmosphere, each cleaves a pathway for itself, and each is distinguished by its own bright plumage and peculiar melody.

It is but a slight evil which links mediocrity to the woman of genius, though the infirmities of one are sometimes thoughtlessly charged on the other. But it

is unjust to couple the woman who makes an altar of her own hearth-stone, who writes from the unconquerable promptings of her nature, whose soul, with all its treasure of thought, is poured, like jewels, into the lap of society; it is cruel and unjust to degrade her and the situation which she can do so much to exalt, by linking her even in a chain of words to that class of women who have dashed aside the sweet attributes of their sex, and plunged into the arena of masculine strife, drowning a coarse ambition under the cry of "woman's rights," and setting up a bold defiance which tinges the cheek of every true woman with shame and sorrow, that her sex can be so degraded. Yet the audacious advocate of rights which no refined woman would accept—the imitator who echoes the idea which she can appropriate but scarcely comprehend, are coupled with the women of deep and earnest thought, and both are classed under one general title of "Literary Ladies."

It may be said that poverty has a power to make even the most delicate woman forgetful of her sex. This may be true regarding persons too vain for useful labor, and without strength for a profitable exertion of intellect; but, in this country, and in this age of literary enterprise—never, by any possibility, can it apply to one deserving the title of a literary woman! The time has gone by when poverty is the *necessary* associate of genius. Indeed where that glorious attribute really exists, it cannot fail to be justly and generously estimated by a public enlightened and intelligent as ours; while the remuneration which it commands precludes all possibility of want when connected with economy, and even moderate habits of appreciation. The rules which regulate trade, operate on the creations of mind as on all thing else; and a vast reading public has created a demand for intellectual wealth, which we have not, in our whole country, and combined in both sexes, more than genius enough to supply.

The lady who cannot—even without other means of support—secure enough for honorable independence by devoting one-third of her time to intellectual pursuits, may reasonably suppose that her want of success lies in the over-estimate which she has placed upon her own abilities, not from a want of just appreciation in the public mind, and that any effort to improve her fortune by degrading the profession she has selected, will only result in more bitter disappointment to herself, and in wrong to those who have the dignity of a national literature at heart.

It is no proof that poverty is inseparable from genius, because some few persons of talent may have made their necessities an excuse for adopting the profession of letters; for the woman who deems any excuse requisite for obeying the dictates of a high and pure nature, must possess little of that true dignity which is inseparable from genius.

If literature were in any way proven an improper pursuit, no lady would be excusable if she allowed mere necessity to influence her in accepting it. It is doubtful, indeed, if any motive independent of that prompted by genius itself, should lead to authorship as a profession! Efforts which owe their birth to any cause, save the yearnings and aspirations of a spirit which cannot be hushed, are very seldom successful. Like those who occupy the sacred desk, the votary of literature should owe her inspiration to lofty desires living within the heart, and not to the outward circumstances with which she is surrounded.

But why should any excuse be rendered for a pursuit honorable in itself, and which may be adopted by the most refined female, without one shadow of indelicacy falling upon her? Why, above all, should the most common apology be, poverty, one which a sensitive and proud woman would be reluctant to offer her dearest friend while reposing in confidence at the sanctuary of her own fireside?

There is not upon the broad earth a more ennobling or dignified profession than that of authorship, nor one more beautifully fitted to the female character. The woman who truly feels this will possess too high an estimate of her own bright inheritance ever to place herself before the public, crouching beneath a load of weak apologies, as if there existed something to be ashamed of in the exercise of a power inherited from God himself! A power of which—if pure and fervent—she can no more divest herself than the diamond could quench the rainbow tints that sparkle within its heart; or the nightingale force back the song that gushes up from his throat, when she is brim-full of music, and sheltered among the moonlit roses of a southern clime.

The only necessity which female genius should ever plead, yet remain true to itself, is that of utterance, a right which no misfortune or circumstance can deny to it. Like music, it has a voice for every feeling: there is no lot so humble, no prison wall so thick that the voice of genius will not break through and make itself heard. All things else may perish with the dead, but that being in itself immortal, becomes sweeter and more solemn when the grave has left it but the echo of a melody that death cannot hush.

If it were not natural and right that women should become authors, why was the capacity in any one instance bestowed on the feminine mind, by a being who never yet blended tints that were not harmonious even in the most humble wild flower? And why should her thoughts shrink from unfolding themselves in the light which is sent from heaven to nurture them, more than that humble flower should close its petals to the sunshine which gives it perfume and beauty?

The only true reason that a woman can give for becoming an author is, "that she could not help it."

Question any one whose genius has been acknowledged in the world, and she might truly answer that ever since she can remember, her heart has been full of strange, sweet fancies, haunted, as it were, with visions of beauty which it seemed impossible to clothe in words or impart to any human being;—that pictures of sublime scenery, ancient buildings, such as she had never witnessed or even heard described, with wild flowery places, and skies bewildering from the soft light that slept in their clouds, were continually passing through her brain long before she could comprehend the use and mystery of language. She may answer that as she grew older these fancies were blended with her reason, and become a sweet and subdued power capable of expression: and struggle against it as she might, the thoughts which lay buried, like jewels, in her heart, would flash up and weave themselves together like shifting rainbows when a burst of sunshine streamed over them from a kindred mind. She may answer that at times these thoughts possessed a power which she had no strength to resist—that they held a pleasant dominion over her whole being, and at such times a melody was created, she scarcely knew how, for the pen which recorded it seemed winged by an invisible spirit; and that the melody did not appear of her own, but something that had been wafted to her from a far off realm of dreams—yet there it was, clothed in language, and written out by her own hand. She gave it to the world with no thoughts of reward—that came naturally like the exertion—and thus she became an author.

But a groundless belief in her necessities is not the only idea which creates a false sympathy for the woman of genius. It is sometimes said of her that she lives in a charmed circle, isolated and lonely—that she is exalted above the common affections and sympathies of mankind, and that the highly gifted can alone appreciate her on earth, and her only happiness is to be found beyond the grave in a bright home amid the angels of Heaven.

Very young and sentimental writers have invested this idea with a poetical sweetness which makes even sophistry beautiful. The image of a human soul caged like a singing bird, and exhausting its music in fruitless cries for sympathy, is so rich in sentiment that we are often willing to overlook the fiction which is entangled in the soft meshes of such poetry, and really believe that for which we have no evidence.

If that creative power which is confined to the intellect alone can be called genius—when that power is found in the female character, independent of the sentiments and affections, the person so endowed may justly claim all the sympathy this poetical idea is calculated to excite. The woman whose intellect has been enriched at the expense of her heart, who arrogantly draws her own circle, and mounting the marble pedestal, her pride of mind has erected, takes a position of graceful senti-

ment that men may crowd round to do her homage, must be content with the tribute which reason pays to exacting selfishness. The homage of mind may be rendered to her admiration, respect and cold esteem; but no home affection—no heart love. She is merely an *intellectual woman*, not a feeling one, and society renders back to her that which she has given coldly as she gave it.

In order to render justice to a band of women but little understood, and often ungenerously associated by the careless observer, it would be well to pass by the literary pretender—the merely talented and the intellectual woman—and applying the term “Literary Lady,” as it was first intended, only to women of genius, enquire if there really does prevail a want of affection regarding them. If they are less cherished and beloved in the social circle, and at the domestic fireside than those gifted with the sleepy treasure of mediocrity.

The existence of any high and pure attribute, whether it be of the heart or intellect in a human being, cannot fail to enlist sympathy from like attributes wherever they are found in society. A brilliant mind when it kindles the sentiments and feelings of an affectionate heart to action, is the most attractive and loveable power which a human being can possess; and genius is nothing more than this. *“It is but the power to feel deeply, combined with an intellect capable of embodying feeling into words, and of conveying images of truth and beauty from the heart of the writer to the heart of the reader”*—and this comprehends all that makes the loveliness of womanhood. Is it in the nature of things that a woman so endowed should be the isolated, companionless being which the sentimental poets make of her? Is there any thing in her nature that should chill the damask cheek of the infant as it nestles to her bosom, or does the poetry which sometimes breaks from her lips render them senseless to the soft, eager kisses of her own children? Is she less valuable as a wife, affectionate as a daughter, or faithful as a friend, because she has blended thought with the kindly impulses of her nature, and exalted instinct by reason? Is she in reality less beloved than her sister women, or an object of sentimental commiseration from any cause which may not be applied with equal justice to the whole sex? If the exercise of her mental faculties has a tendency to refine her intellect till it becomes discontented with the mean and common-place; if her feelings are rendered more acutely sensitive, and are thus exposed to some degree of suffering which is unknown to the generality of her sex, she has a beautiful equivalent in the exquisite sensation which makes the exertion of thought “its own exceeding reward,” and though the excitement of composition may sometimes amount to pain when pictures of suffering and distress pass through the imagination, and become vivid and almost real in

their intense effect on the mind which has created them; although the hand may sometimes quiver and tremble on the page it writes, the cheeks grow pale and tear-drops fill the eyes unconsciously, the pain so endured is far outbalanced by the new beings of interest which the mind has created for itself, and every original work of genius becomes an object of regard—nay, almost of affection, which enlinks the author with her ideal world by a thousand pleasant sensations which are but rendered the more intense that pain is sometimes mingled with them. But allowing the exercise of genius to be productive of far more suffering than it really is, there remains a doubt if any woman possessing the glorious power of mental creation would exchange it for all the pleasures of mediocrity, though pampered by wealth, and luxuriating in earthly splendor. The very suffering which genius knows is preferable to the happiness which slumbers in the mind and feelings too sluggish for a painful or intense sensation.

But in this age authorship has a more substantial reward than attends female exertion in any other walk of life, and the privileges which a successful writer commands, are among the highest in the gift of society. The position which genius secures to its possessor among the great and good of any land is in itself a benefit worth half the labor of a lifetime. It is a position so exalted, that even the aristocratic and titled women of Great Britain—the proudest class of beings on earth—are struggling and toiling for it amid the luxuriance of their palace homes, and in the full enjoyment of hereditary honors.

If any thing can prove the respect which female genius commands it is, that women who can trace the blood which damasks their cheeks through a titled line, back to William the conqueror, will submit to study and labor that a higher title may be engrafted on those they have been taught to consider so important. A title rendered aristocratic by the King of kings, and republican by the acclamation of a thinking people.

But distinction is not the only privilege conferred on genius; power and affection are equally its inheritance. Is it a slight power which the author asserts in that communion which her thoughts hold with thousands and thousands whom she may never see, but who have linked her name with fireside conversation till it has become a household word? Is there not a heart thrilling pleasure, in the tribute of esteem and affection which flows spontaneously to her feet, from the nooks and humble corners of society where her thoughts have lingered to bud and blossom?

Is it no privilege that she can turn to her own thoughts for honorable support, and that the very feelings which should render her sensitive to pecuniary obligations are those which make her independent of them? Is there any thing connected with the profes-

sion of Belles Lettres which should render the woman who follows it an object of groundless and morbid compassion? or which should make her insensible to the sweet domestic pleasures which are the sunshine of a woman's life? Is genius a quality which should render her less domestic and useful in her home, or can that really be called genius which does not extend itself to *all* properties of the mind, and shed a light over the entire circle of duties which surrounds the possessor? Can the woman who justly appreciates that which is pure and beautiful in her sex, fail to be domestic and kindly in her habits? Has she not reason to be firm in the dignity of her own power, and conscious that no occupation can degrade her which will give happiness to the most lowly of human beings? Genius must be limited indeed if it cannot be joined with the useful, and it would in truth unsex woman if it precluded all knowledge of household duties and home thoughts. The lady's hand that is unfamiliar with the needle, in its most humble task, ill becomes the pen which should persuade females to be useful, kind, and "only great as they are good."

There is no reason why the woman of genius should not be fortunate, social, beloved and happy as her sisters. Let the charmed circle, which poets talk of, be drawn on the warm hearth-stone, where the blessings of age and the laugh of childhood may ring over it. Let genius sometimes forget its dignity, and sun itself in the green fields with a group of romping children hard at play among the butter-cups and red strawberries that are ripening around their feet.

Let the woman of genius cease to demand *more* sympathy than is commonly given to the sex, and while she is careful not to mistake the exactions of vanity for the pleadings of affection in her own heart, render to society that sympathy which she so much covets, and there is little fear that her "charmed circle" will not be haunted with kindred spirits, and rendered fragrant by the sweetest blossoms that spring up and blush along the path of every day of life. Let genius be content with the gold and splintered gems that sparkle amid the sands of her existence; nor pine in morbid vanity though a crowd of worshippers does not gather at her shrine to see them "glitter as they pass." While mind can forget itself and study that philosophy of happiness which gives more than it requires, there is little cause for fear that esteem or affection will not be rendered to it. That which enlightens and improves must always command respect, and if there is any thing on earth calculated to enlist and perpetuate affection, it is that embodiment of intellect and feeling expressed by the word genius. Circumstances may discourage and crush mere talent, but genius commands circumstance; her capital is invested in the intelligence of a reading public. Her strength lies in the mass of intellect which she has interested in

the feelings she has touched. In its unperturbed exercise it sweeps a circle broad as the waves of society; it remains pure as wind from the mountain top, and beautiful as the ice jewelry entangled over the white pebbled brook in mid-winter. Genius is an independent possession, a gem which no time nor circumstance can wrest from the soul. It exists and grows brighter in its own unquenchable fires, and flings a brilliancy on surrounding objects spite of all the obstacles which can be heaped upon it. Never is that gem so pure and holy as when it burns in the female heart. The gentle lustre which it sheds there has power to illuminate her own beautiful home kingdom, and yet fall far and wide in the world, touching the blossoms of social life wherever they are found with a new beauty, and kindling up the waste places of human thought with a gentle and refining influence.

MY MOTHER'S GARDEN.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

I LOVE each beauteous flower that grows,
The lily pale, the blushing rose;
And lovely flowers bloom more fair
Beneath my mother's gentle care.

How bright the opening buds expand
When cherished by her tender hand;
When she is near how rich their glow,
How meek the gratitude they show.

They waft their sweet perfume to her,
Though no soft breeze their young leaves stir;
And live in beauty 'neath her eye—
So loved by her, how could they die!

When o'er some favorite flower she bends,
Half jealous that to it she lends;
Such look of love I claim a share,
She twines the blossoms in my hair.

THE APRIL RAIN.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

Softly are the rain drops falling
Softly in the silent wood,
As if dryad spoke to dryad
Whisp'ring on the solitude.

At the voice the violet blushes,
Early flowers deck the hill,
And the rich grass, fresh and fragrant,
Greenly springs beside the rill.

Cool the balmy air is breathing,
Rich the azure of the sky,
Trees are budding, flowers blowing
When the April rain goes by.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

THE scenery on the Susquehanna is remarkable for beauty. The Hudson may possess features more grand, but the chief river of Pennsylvania has no rival in the picturesque. Running between verdant hills that fade away into the far blue sky, or winding among green meadows that never seem to lose their freshness, the Susquehanna pursues its devious course, now expanding into mimic lakes, and now whitening over shoals or shooting among rapids. Owing to the shallowness of the river it has little or no navigation, but the Pennsylvania Canal stretches along its western shore, and through this medium the wealth of the interior and northern counties is brought to market. The usual course of the stream, between rolling hills on one side and level fields upon the other, continually presents new aspects. Here rocky elevations run up to the very edge of the water, and there undulating hills stretch away spotted with farms and woodlands. Bold crags jutting to the sky; gray precipices wreathed with flowers; lovely vallies swelling far away in the distance; wooded hills rustling high overhead; sweet villages seen in glimpses; and wide expanses of still, clear water, so shut in by uplands that the outlet is invisible, charm the eye and please the fancy of the voyager. The scenery indeed rarely swells into sublimity, but is everywhere lovely, magical and picturesque. There is nothing on the Susquehanna like the gap through which the Hudson breaks at West Point, yet continually are seen the most placid, varied and delightful landscapes. To go up this calm river for the first time is like voyaging through an enchanted land. And in the still, summer nights, when the moon silvers the stream and meadows, while the wooded hills frown in shadow on the other shore, the sound of horns, from boats passing in the distance, echoing among the hills, is like ærial music.

At the juncture of the north and west branches of the Susquehanna is the beautiful town of Northumberland. The place contains about two hundred houses, and is the seat of a thriving trade, for here the Susquehanna and North and West Branch Canals unite. But the town is more remarkable for the beauty of its situation. It stands embosomed among hills sloping gently down to the water. The view in our engraving is taken from the opposite shore, and gives, perhaps, the best picture of the place. The quiet hills around; the trees sleeping on the water; the white bridges and the placid stream impart a highly picturesque effect to the landscape, and stamp the spot forcibly on the memory. A long and elegant bridge connects the town with the eastern shore of the Susquehanna, about a mile above Sunbury, the county seat. The vicinity abounds with fine views, both on land and water, and would well repay the tourist for a visit.

FAREWELL.

BY BENJAMIN F. FRY.

AND thou wilt go!
No more I'll hear thy gladsome voice
Sweet toned and low,
Bidding my burthen'd heart rejoice—
And dearest lady o'er my brow
O'ershadowing clouds are passing now,
For many visions of the past
Before my mind are flitting fast,
Bright visions of our younger days
Ere life had lost her dark'ning rays.

The ocean's roar
Hath music in its sound, to me—
The sea-girt shore
By breakers wash'd, sweet melody;
There's music in the still night,
There's music at the morning light—
The evening zephyr on its wings
Undying music sweetly brings;
But songs that thou hast sung to me
Seem'd fraught with deeper melody.

Lady, farewell!
Oh! o'er thee brightly glow the skies,
Where thou shalt dwell
May peace and pleasure 'round thee rise;
But now before we part, thy strain,
Which I shall never hear again—
That song hath woke the fading beams
Of many bright and early dreams.
With me that song shall ever dwell,
Lady! farewell, again farewell!

A SISTER'S LOVE.

BY GEORGE B. WALLIS.

SWEET as the gentle gale
Comes from the ocean to the fever'd brow,
The memories of a love which cannot fail,
Come o'er my spirit now,
A sister's warm affections, that which hath
Been like Religion still, "a lamp unto my path."

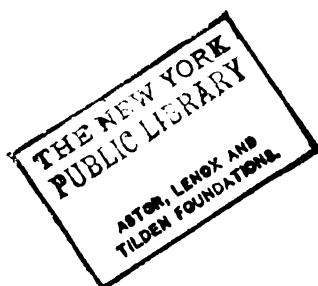
Sorrow may smile to hear
The tale of sympathy from woman's tongue,
But when this music to affliction's ear,
Comes in a sister's song,
He feels like the o'erwearied traveller, when
He hears the gushing spring adown the shadowy glen.

And she will strive with Death,
And kiss his impress from the pallid lips;
And call retiring Hope at every breath;
And while affection weeps,
She prays the dying brother be forgiven,
And Faith approves her prayer, and Mercy opens Heaven.



VIEW OF NORTHUMBRIA,
AND THE RIVER TYNE, AS SEEN FROM THE CLIFFS OF NORTHUMBRIA.

ALB.



THE CRUSADER.

BY MRS. C. H. FORD.

"I WILL return ere three years, dearest,—thou should'st not wed a nameless knight," and stooping until his long plume fell over and mingled with her tresses, he drew her again to his bosom, and strove to soothe her sorrow with all a lover's eloquence.

But his efforts were in vain. With the tenacity of despair she clung to him, winding her white arms passionately about his neck, and sobbing uncontrollably. Now her head was buried on his shoulder, down which streamed her dishevelled hair, while her long, dark silken lashes were wet with weeping, and tears chased each other in quick succession along her beautiful cheeks; and now she would lift her face to that of her lover, and gazing on him wildly for a space would burst into a fresh passion of sobs and tears.

"Oh! you will never return," she said with a choking voice, "I know it. I shall never see you again."

"Say not so, dear Isabel," said the knight, fondly kissing her, "my trust is in God, and I have no fears but that, at the end of my probation, I shall return to you, and return proudly, as a knight of fame. Great deeds are to be done around the Holy Sepulchre, and Henry de Guiscard will have his fathers' fame, and your love to spur him on."

"But how few return from Palestine. Oh! Henry as you love me do not go."

"Think of my vow, dearest," said he softly, "would you wed a forsworn knight?"

"But—but in three long years what changes may not occur! You will see others more beautiful than me and forget Isabel Mountfort."

"Now, by the holy cross, thou wrongest me. I forget thee! Never, dear Isabel. And who is there so beautiful as thou?" And he soothed the fears of the girl with a lover's kiss.

Isabel still wept, however, on his bosom, wept more frantically if possible than before; and she was still weeping violently, when the sound of a trumpet from the court-yard below announced to the knight that his companions who waited for him were growing impatient. Hastily tearing himself from Isabel, who shrieked and fell almost senseless as he left the room, he dashed down the stone staircase, and not daring to look behind nor open his ears to the shrieks that rung from the apartment of his mistress, he was about traversing the great hall that opened into the court-yard, when a slight girlish form stood before him, arresting his progress.

The intruder was very beautiful, but her beauty was different from the voluptuous loveliness of the dark-eyed and queenly Isabel. Light sunny hair, soft blue eyes, a complexion of the fairest whiteness, and a form slight

though exquisitely proportioned, were the characteristics of the girl, who seemed still in her childhood.

"You are going," she said in a plaintive voice, and extending her small, fair hand, "farewell! Sometimes think of Ellen."

"God bless you, dear child," said the knight pausing, and laying his hand on her head, as a father would on parting from a beloved younger daughter, "I will often think of you. Comfort poor Isabel when I am away," and with these words, he was gone. The young girl stood where he had left her until she heard the trumpet sound, and the clatter of the hoofs across the stone pavement of the court-yard: then sitting down on the steps she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. Directly, however, she heard footsteps approaching. Springing up, she bounded away like a startled fawn until she reached her own little chamber, where she knelt, still weeping, before a picture of the Virgin, and prayed. Her prayers were for the safety of him whom her young heart had already learned to love.

Ellen was a cousin to the proud heiress of Mountfort Castle, where she had been brought up as a sort of dependant. As a child she had been subject to all the whims of her wealthier and imperious cousin, for Isabel, though of the gentlest demeanor to her lover, was passionate and wilful to her inferiors, especially when unobserved by other eyes. A weary life, therefore, had been that of the young orphan, and she was ignorant of what kindness was until de Guiscard arrived at the castle, whither he had come on a visit about two years prior to the opening of our tale. The gentle words he spoke to the poor, half heart-broken child bound her to him forever after. She learned to look on him with a strange affection long before others would have thought her capable of love. She hung on his words, she watched his every motion, and often in her sleep she dreamed of being loved by him. And once she fancied she stood at the altar at his side. Oh! happy illusion. She awoke to remember that he was affianced to Isabel.

Three years from de Guiscard's departure, a knight, armed cap-a-pie, and attended by a solitary follower, rode up the old road leading to the castle of Mountfort. His visor was up, revealing a countenance of high manly beauty, whose deeply sun-burnt complexion spoke of long exposure to a tropical climate. The face was lighted up with joy, and ever and anon as a turn of the road brought him in sight of the old castle, frowning from its eminence, he would prick his steed anew and advance at a swifter pace.

At length he reached the foot of the ascent which led up to the castle. There floated the old banner, there frowned the ancient gateway, and as these familiar objects met his eye, de Guiscard—for it was he—felt his heart thrill within him; for within those well remem-

bered walls dwelt his Isabel, whom in a few moments he should clasp to his bosom. Oh! how the contemplation of this hour had cheered him during many a weary march on the Syrian deserts: and when, sick and wounded and ready to die, with no friend near to soothe his illness, how had the vision of his early love revived and restored him. And now the blissful moment had come. He plunged his rowels into his steed and galloped gaily up to the gateway. At the sight of his crest the huge gate swung open, the portcullis arose, and throwing his horse on his haunches in the courtyard, he leapt down and hurried to that part of the castle where he knew he should find Isabel. As he traversed the passages what a crowd of reminiscences arose to his mind. Here he had often walked with Isabel—there they had sat and sung together—from yonder window they had gazed on the unrivalled landscape below. At length he heard a voice from an apartment directly before him, and the first tone of the speaker made his blood dance. He flung open the door, and beheld before him Isabel.

Never had she seemed more beautiful than at that moment when, after the lapse of years, de Guiscard beheld her again. She was lounging on a seat in the window, lightly touching a lute, and her dark complexion was admirably set off by the crimson robe in which she was attired. As the door opened, she turned her eyes toward it, with a smile of happiness irradiating her expressive face.

"Isabel, my own, at length I meet thee," exclaimed de Guiscard, advancing with outstretched arms.

But instead of the glad exclamation, the forward bound, the passionate caress which not only his hopes but her glad smile had led him to expect, Isabel turned suddenly pale, and shrank from him with a cry of terror.

"Do you not know me, Isabel?" he exclaimed falteringly, for a sudden fear almost choked his utterance.

Still she did not answer, and though her lips were half parted, it was in terror. De Guiscard stood speechless before her at these signs. The strong man, who had braved the fiercest shock of battle, was moved; for a trial like this he was all unused to. At length Isabel uttered a faint cry and sprang past him. Turning to follow her flight with his eye, de Guiscard saw that she had fallen on the bosom of a man of noble presence, who had entered the apartment unperceived.

"What means this?" said the new comer, turning sternly to the knight, "by what right, sir, do you penetrate into my wife's apartment? Sweet Isabel fear not," he said, soothing the false but beautiful being on his bosom, "I am here."

"Your wife!" said de Guiscard slowly, as if talking in a dream, "oh! Isabel, Isabel," he exclaimed in a tone of the most moving pathos, "is it for this I have endured all—for this that I have counted the weary hours—for

this that I dared shipwreck and death? False girl I curse thee. Fickle as thou art I thank God I am not thy victim," and with these words he left the room.

Though de Guiscard had spoken thus boldly in Isabel's presence, no sooner was he alone than he leaned against the wall of the corridor, and his manly frame shook with agony. Hearing a step at length approaching, he nerved himself to move on. The step followed him, and directly a hand was laid softly on his arm. Turning he saw a girl in the first warm beauty of womanhood, with a face of uncommon loveliness, which now was full of pity.

"Have you forgotten me?" she said timidly.

He hesitated a moment, and then replied,

"Ellen!" he could utter no more, for the memory of their last meeting and of the high hopes then entertained, but now crushed forever came over him, and his utterance failed him. There stood the strong man bowed down, like a woman, with grief; and there, beside him, was she who had kept her love pure and undimmed, all hopeless though it was.

Deep wounds are long in curing, and months passed before de Guiscard's affection for Isabel, unworthy though she was, could be eradicated. But the gentle nature of Ellen, and the knowledge of her faithful love at length worked a change in his bosom, and he grew at length to regard her as dearer far to him than even Isabel had been. Instead of the wild passion of his youth came a tenderer, holier and more lasting feeling; and when he pressed his young bride to his bosom, he acknowledged the goodness of that Providence which had given him, instead of the imperious heiress, her rusting and not less lovely cousin.

THE NEW MOON.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

I SEE the infant pale New Moon,
Just from the old one born;
She had her birth this day at noon.
And this is her first horn.

She lies now in the arms afar
Of the Old Moon at rest;
While, by her side, the Evening Star
Watches her in the West.

Like some sweet, heavenly, dying hymn,
Pausing in going down—
She lingers on the horizon's rim
A moment—now is gone!

The night now covers her pale face
With the dark folds of even,
While, cradled in her fond embrace,
She goes to sleep in Heaven.

MARGARET VINING.

A TALE OF PASSION.

BY THOMAS J. BEACH.

Concluded from page 89.

MARGARET was received by Mr. Woodgate and his wife with every manifestation of endearing regard. She found a welcome that made their house more than a home to her, and while Mrs. Woodgate strove, without seeming to do so, by every method to render her completely happy, Margaret sought as anxiously to convince her that she was so. But alas! the gnawings of a jealous discontent, although concealed, produced effects which no art could hide; and the fits of moody abstraction, long seasons of solitary retirement, the quick flushed cheek, the sudden alternations from an almost unearthly joy, to a deep, and voiceless despondency, were attributed to far other than the true cause. She was the daily witness of his triumphant success whom to know, with her had been to love with such passionate ardor; he was the admired and followed of applauding thousands; his name was heard in every nook and corner of the measureless metropolis of the world; his fame was hurrying to the remotest extremities of the globe, and not one beam of his brightness was reflected by her; she was a cipher only, and yet she loved him more than life; and why was this? There was another who stood between her and him—his wife! Oh, bitter, bitter fate! What agonies has love.

Mrs. Woodgate was ill. An event was approaching and preparations had been made for a suitable reception of the minister's heir—his first born child. And now Margaret, as if subdued by the natural sympathies of her sex, seemed to return gradually to her former self; she was active, careful, inquiring, prudent and useful; her innate decision recovered its wonted energy, and the retirement of Mrs. Woodgate from the household duties of the wife, was rendered a circumstance of no moment by the assiduous and capable efforts of Miss Vining. Mr. Woodgate complimented her upon her housewifery, and bantered her with regrets that such talents should be unemployed, while so many worthy men were pining in single blessedness; hinting his purpose to bring some of his young friends in the ministry, to witness the display of abilities so long obscured, he beguiled Margaret of a blushing entreaty that he would forego so vain a purpose. He smiled and left her, and in the course of a few hours returned to the gratification of being presented with a fine son. Mrs. Woodgate was reported to be doing admirably, and for two or three days gave promise of a speedy restoration to her ordinary health, but suddenly a relapse ensued and she was brought so low that the most startling apprehensions were entertained for her safety. Fever and delirium succeeded, and for

several days, notwithstanding the first professional advice in the nation, and the most unremitting attention on the part of Margaret, the case seemed hopeless; but at length the crisis came, and a change one evening was observed for the better; instructions were given by the faculty in attendance that all excitement should be avoided; the fitting sense was returning to the sufferer's mind, and at the request of the physicians Mr. Woodgate avoided the apartment, and Margaret and the nurse were alone admitted to the bedside of the patient. The latter was of course frequently absent: but only for a single hour in which she retired to her own room, was Margaret that evening, away from her charge. But what avails the utmost skill, or ceaseless care of friends when the relentless enemy of our race has marked us for his own? Flattering as were the symptoms and gratifying the prospects under which the young mother sunk to repose, before the dawn of another day Mr. Woodgate was hastily summoned from his chamber in which he had passed the hours of the night in anxious watchfulness and prayer, to the bedside of his dying wife. Physicians were summoned, but all too late; the unhappy husband had only entered the chamber in time to receive from the lips of his loved one, her agonizing farewell, the unutterable anguish of which was only subdued by the sweet assurance that she expired in the certain hope of a joyful immortality.

It is needless to dwell on an event which seemed to fill the house with mourning. In due time the deceased was committed to the grave, and the infant boy delivered to the care of a foster mother. Margaret arrayed in deep mourning, and sunk in a dejection that sought or found relief in neither words nor tears, seemed the very embodiment of misery and woe. Indeed, Mr. Woodgate was first to recover from the shock, and early perceived the necessity of leading Margaret to the only source of consolation, and pointing her to the hope of a re-union with the dear departed one in heaven. But Margaret, alas! could derive no comfort from her unstable and wavering faith, if for a single moment she cast her thoughts a heavenward way. She assumed a composure she did not feel, and in the course of a few weeks seemed, occasionally, to forget, for a time, the late sad event of their household. Improving an hour in which Margaret had been induced to converse more freely than was her wont on ordinary topics, Mr. Woodgate submitted a proposition relative to his future life. He suggested that Margaret should continue to fulfil the duties, which had originally devolved on her by the indisposition of his wife, and had become, as it were, hereditary by her decease; while he would invite a maiden sister from Warwick to reside with them for companionship for her. Margaret acceded to the proposal, and thus fairly installed into the responsible office of the pastor's associate, she found enough to beguile her mind from its prone-

ness to painful reflections, in fulfilling the charities, and carrying out the benignant purposes of the late deceased, in the various interests of the church, and of religion in the world. Time soon effected a marked change in her manner, and in the space of a year she had become irresistibly lovely, as well in all the outward qualities of a Christian, as in the fascinations of her exquisite features and graceful form; the sadness of her downcast look had given place to the expression of quiet resignation; not unfrequently smiles would illumine her face, and add sweetness to the lustre of her beauty; and the playful raillery of her wit, mellowed by the refinements of her associations, was sometimes permitted to diffuse inexpressible emotions of gladness and joy, in the circles in which she moved. Was it strange that a creature so attractive, won even from hearts devoted to the most sacred duties of religion, all the homage they dared to withhold from the Creator? Man were more than human, who, unaffected by prior associations, could live within the sphere of such an influence, unmoved.

At all events there was one who could not. A young and gifted minister of the denomination, settled over a church in Walworth, saw and loved. His heart confessed the power of woman's charms, it had so often to himself denied, and he soon became, with others, a frequent visitor at the residence of Mr. Woodgate. Margaret was not unobserved of his regard; she saw the secret passion of his soul kindled beneath her glance and beaming in his eyes, and she marked the ecstasy of his emotions under the thrilling influence of her smile. And was she unmindful of the feelings of another? She who still lived only in the prospect of securing that other's love? No. Her smile was bestowed upon young Finlay, such was her lover's name, only when its effect could be seen by Woodgate; and oh! joy unspeakable, at length she discovered a slight, but unequivocal manifestation of uneasiness on the part of the latter, upon her exhibiting once, a trifling sentiment of more than ordinary regard for the former. From that hour, Margaret admitted a joyful hope to her heart, that with her sanguine nature was never again overshadowed by a doubt. With the demonstrations on the part of Finlay, which now grew rapidly more unequivocal, the noble, brilliant, ardent soul of Woodgate kept pace in yielding the gushing fervor of its affection to the elegant and lovely woman who had so long adorned his household. It was a love that came from the grave, softened with the solemnity of an afflicting dispensation, but glowing with the native warmth of his heart. He saw that his friend Finlay was susceptible to those charms he himself admired, but he felt that he possessed a prior right to seek their bestowal, with her hand, upon himself. His thoughts were carried back to his earliest acquaintance with her among the sylvan scenery of Elm Lee, and he was not slow to remember that the

love of his Laura, alone prohibited him at that time, from cherishing sentiments toward the beautiful companion of his seclusion, that would have readily expanded into passionate love. One evening some friends had passed an hour with them, and amongst the few was Finlay; at parting he secured an opportunity to press the hand of Margaret, and retaining it a moment, solicited the favor of an interview on the morrow. It was promised, and the young man departed with a hope kindled in his heart; that same evening after he was gone, Margaret, for the first time, passed an hour at Woodgate's invitation with him in his library; a season so fraught with all the promised joys of life, that Margaret would have had it last forever; but it closed with the bell that struck the midnight hour, and she retired to the solitude of her own chamber. On the following day Mr. Finlay was admitted to the interview he had asked. Woodgate was designedly absent, and Margaret occupied with her lover the same position in the library, which on the preceding night she had with Mr. Woodgate. The young minister was bewildered with the intensity of his passion, and with hesitating tongue and embarrassed mind, commenced the important message of his heart. His wonted eloquence refused its aid, and after a preface which cost him no small effort, he proffered with becoming diffidence his suit for the possession of her hand. Margaret, calm and possessed as the queen of multiplied kingdoms, responded with easy dignity to the intended honor of her youthful admirer, confessed her unworthiness would never have induced her to hope for such a declaration from one so distinguished in the church, and closed with the simple observation that she was—"the affianced wife of Mr. Woodgate."

As would be naturally expected the interview closed with this avowal, and destitute of every hope in relation to Miss Vining, Mr. Finlay returned to his own home—but not to commit suicide, nor to pine in despair. He was a man of sense, and his observation together with the little it was necessary for his imagination to supply, in the result of his suit had sufficed to convince him that he had been *used* by a designing woman as a tool, the better to effect her own purposes and views with regard to Mr. Woodgate. He was soon satisfied that he might with sincerity congratulate himself upon his rejection, while he was not without some regret that his friend Woodgate was so situated as to be unable to perceive what he had seen; at the same time the circumstances of the case were such as made manifest the impropriety as well as the hopelessness of any effort to make apparent the true state of the facts to the mind of a successful lover; and if he could, there was little probability of an effectual result.

Arrangements were now made whereby Margaret was led to spend some three or four months amongst

the relatives of Mr. Woodgate in Warwickshire, at the close of which that gentleman visited that portion of the country, and after a protracted stay of several weeks, returned to London with Margaret, his newly married wife.

And now the time had come, indeed, which had been so long anticipated by the devoted girl; she was now elevated to that station, which she had long regarded as more glorious than that of anointed queen; that position in which centred all of her earthly happiness; she could recline upon that bosom, to which she had seen, with feelings akin to madness, another often pressed; she was the loved of the only man upon earth she had ever regarded with a sentiment of love herself, and him she loved with a passion that had perilled her soul; she now possessed the idol she had so long worshipped, and where were all her promised joys? Ah! it is a severe, a dreadful lesson to learn, that axiom in our philosophy which experience alone can teach us, that our expectations invariably run far beyond the reality. Could Margaret participate in the profound and devotional studies and exercises of her husband? Could she enter into the holy and spiritual meditations of his heart? Could she suggest one single pious thought? Alas, no! She grew every day more and more sensible of the distinction that really existed between the regenerate and unregenerate heart, and every day the duties of a religious life grew more and more irksome; she began to discover that she had deceived herself, not precisely with regard to her own inclination to sacred things, but in reference to the reality of religion, its sanctifying influences, its redeeming effects upon human nature, its God-ward tendencies and heavenly delight; she felt that it was a sealed mystery to her, and unable, unwilling and unworthy to penetrate within the veil, she remained without, casting longing looks toward the world from which she had voluntarily withdrawn herself, and had publicly abjured. Gradually she yielded to its influences, and first manifested its effects in the gratification of a desire to vary her style of dress from the simple and unadorned habiliments she had assumed upon uniting herself with the church, to a more costly and fashionable appareling; she next affected jewelry, and then a wish to visit other scenes, watering places, and various resorts of note and renown. She seemed the victim of an unsatisfied spirit, and notwithstanding her requests or desires were scarcely expressed before they were fulfilled, still contentment and gratification seemed as remote as ever, though professedly so assiduously pursued. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Woodgate was himself insensible of the change that had taken place in his wife; no, for although loving her with all the fulness of affection it was possible to bestow upon the creature, without infringing upon a holier duty, he saw with emotions of keen regret the transformation in her character. He

had also, other, and what he had too much reason to believe, incontestable evidences of the extraordinary lapse of her mind; he had missed more than once from places to which no one had free access but herself, sums of money varying from twenty to fifty pounds, and although he failed to discover in what manner it was expended, he felt convinced it had been appropriated by his wife. At length he changed the place of deposit, and used an escrutoire in his library for the convenience of securing such sums as it was necessary to have in the house; but he was not a little surprised one morning to find that the lock had been broken, apparently in the effort to unlock or lock it, with a false key; on examining the contents he discovered that from a hundred pounds, which he had placed there a few days before, between forty and fifty had been abstracted. This was too glaring an act of wrong to pass without notice, and under the conviction that he should himself be derelict in duty to connive at so palpable a felony, he resolved to use the occasion as a warning to his wife, that he was not ignorant of what had been done. He accordingly summoned the servants to the library, and then despatched one of them for his wife. In her presence he stated that he had been repeatedly robbed, of certain sums from a place in which it had been his wont to keep his money; that lately he had removed it to the escrutoire which they saw before them, and that within two or three days past the lock had been picked, and upward of forty pounds stolen from the drawer. It was impossible for him to suspect any one in particular, but he appealed to his servants to justify the suspicion, that it was done by an inmate of the house. At this remark more than one of the servants cast a glance at their mistress; Mr. Woodgate had done so before, and had already repented of the course he was pursuing, upon encountering her tearful eye, and observing her pallid, deathly pallid cheek, and almost perceptibly trembling form. She looked the culprit waiting but her doom. Mr. Woodgate continued, and observed that he should resort to no legal measures at present, but he should offer each an opportunity for exculpation, and honorably acquit from all suspicion, every one who would voluntarily submit their trunks to his inspection. To this proposition Mr. Woodgate received what he at first supposed to be an unanimous acquiescence, but on putting the question to each individually, he was somewhat astonished at receiving a negative from a young man named John Bishop, engaged in the capacity of indoor footman. Bishop said he had no particular objection for any body to see what was inside of his trunk, on the score of honesty; but he had no notion of being expected to show every thing he had, just because *somebody* was suspected of stealing. The others could do as they chose; for his part he was no more disposed to let Mr. Woodgate look into his box, than that

gentleman was to let him overhaul his private secretary. Mr. Woodgate watched the young man narrowly, entirely at a loss to account for such a strange proceeding, though upon reflection, several things had occurred recently that he had thought manifested rudeness and disregard of his duties and station on the part of this individual. Dismissing those who had expressed a willingness to have their trunks examined, with the remark that he should decline the search, having merely made the proposition to test their disposition on the subject, he turned to his desk and wrote a receipt for a full quarter's salary, and ordered Bishop to sign it. The young man moodily complied, and received the amount, accompanied with an order to quit the house. As he left the room he muttered something between his teeth, which induced Mr. Woodgate to look up suddenly, when his heart quailed upon discovering his wife in the very act of making a sign to the footman with her finger, as he disappeared at the door. It was a momentary glance, for almost as he moved, that finger was laid quietly upon her cheek, and every feature was in repose. At a word from him she withdrew from the apartment; he remained seated for an hour in deep thought, until he finally explained all to his own satisfaction, with the supposition that his wife was the guilty person, and that she had probably employed Bishop in some manner, in the disposition she had made of the money.

For the space of three months after the young man had left, no repetition of the offence occurred, although the money was again kept in its former place of deposit, accessible as before to Mrs. Woodgate; and her husband had almost arrived at the conviction that he had wrongfully accused his wife, and that Bishop was indeed the felon who had pilfered the former sums. Unhappily he was not long to remain under this agreeable delusion, for one evening—Mrs. Woodgate remaining at home under the plea of indisposition—as he was proceeding alone and on foot to the chapel, for the purpose of performing divine worship, as was customary occasionally during the week, he was met by a young man on the way to his house.

"Mr. Woodgate, I believe, sir," said the youth.

"The same," was the response.

"I have been directed, sir, as a clerk in the banking-house of Trevors & Co., to wait on you with as much privacy as possible this evening, for the purpose of informing you, that we have to-day cashed a check for two hundred pounds on your account, and which one of the partners in the house is apprehensive is a forgery. The check is numbered in the regular order, and drawn exactly according to your peculiarities, but still there is something about it which as the younger Mr. Trevor says, he does not like."

Had a thunderbolt fallen before him, Mr. Woodgate could scarcely have experienced such a sense of awe.

His heart sank within him, for he could now no longer doubt the perfidy of his wife, even before he had seen the paper.

"Give me the check, sir," he said falteringly.

The young man complied.

"I will return and examine it at once, sir, as I am yet too early for my duties, and you shall hear from me at the bank at nine o'clock in the morning. The clerk bowed and walked off. Mr. Woodgate had proceeded but a few steps homeward, when he reflected upon his utter incapacity to officiate during the evening; he changed his purpose, therefore, and proceeded to the chapel, and after an interview with the deacons, in which he arranged a supply for his absence, he withdrew from the house, and wended his way slowly toward his house.

Wrapped in thought, and busy in the vain endeavor to make palpable the thick fancies that crowded his imagination, he threaded his way mechanically amongst the throng which occupied with him the pavement, and presently stood upon the threshold of his own door. He paused, and after a moment's reflection resolved to enter the house and pass to the library, unknown to his wife, that he might take occasion to examine the check, and consider well upon the most prudent course of action to adopt. There was a side door that opened in a small court, sometimes used by the servants, and by which he might have gained admittance unperceived by any one, but it was usually locked, and upon examination he found it so at present; there were two keys, and one, when out of the door, was commonly in the possession of his wife; the other was in the library. He therefore descended the area or basement to the servants' room, remarking as he passed through to the only servant there, that he felt a little unwell, and should retire to his own apartment, desiring that nothing should be said of his return to Mrs. Woodgate, lest it should cause her any alarm and increase her indisposition. The passage to the library led directly by the door of Mrs. Woodgate's own private apartment, a small one connected with the chamber by another door; passing along the passage with a noiseless step, his foot was arrested, and his ear shocked by the murmuring of a strange voice in that private room, a place in which he seldom chose himself to intrude. He listened; it was impossible he could be mistaken; inconceivably horrible and strange as the fact was, it was no less certain that his wife was actually at that moment in secret converse with a man, within a few feet of the spot on which he stood. He felt his blood boil with indignation, and his hand was already upon the handle to throw open the door and take a summary revenge, for his supposed dishonor. But before he could execute the purpose of that hasty thought, his better genius prevailed, and he stepped back a pace for reflection. By that door the intruder had

doubtless entered, and it was most probably locked; if there had been any inadvertence on the part of the guilty pair, it would be in neglecting the chamber door; toward this he moved, and found it yield to the turn of the latch effected so quietly that even his own ear was insensible of a sound; the chamber was dark, but he directly perceived that the door between him and the small room adjoining which they occupied, was ajar, the light of their lamp streaming narrowly in. Stepping cautiously across the floor, he took a pistol from a recess near the head of his bed, and in the next moment commanded a view of the parties; regular conversation had suddenly ceased between them, and he now saw sitting opposite to each other at a small table, Mrs. Woodgate and John Bishop, the latter handsomely dressed and considerably disguised by an enormous pair of false whiskers. He was coolly buttoning up a surtout coat, which, as soon as he had completed, he rose, took up a large wallet from the table, and thrusting it into his pocket, walked round to Mrs. Woodgate and extended his hand; she laid her own within it.

"Now, ma'am, good bye forever," he said.

"Forever, John," was the response.

"Yes ma'am, forever, and I must have one kiss to cheer me on the way."

The words had scarcely passed his lips when Mr. Woodgate stalked into the room, and locked the door behind him. Mrs. Woodgate started to her feet, and stood with her eyes almost bursting from their sockets staring at her husband, while her lips moved with the utterance of some inarticulate sounds. There was that in her manner and appearance which at once interfered with the purpose of her husband, and he stood still with his eyes riveted upon her; Bishop, himself, forgetting the place and the presence in which he was, seemed transfixed to the spot, and could not remove his eyes from her face. Her lips continued their motion with increased rapidity, while gradually her voice died away until not a sound escaped her tongue; Mr. Woodgate moved toward her, and as he advanced the action of her lips was discontinued; he was within reach of her, and stood gazing upon her face, overcome with a terrifying emotion of awe.

"Margaret," he said.

A murmured, broken respiration, accompanied with a most unearthly sound, was the response of the statue before him; her hand which had been half advanced in the act of rising, remained in precisely the same position; he took it in his own, and the instant he pressed it, she uttered a stifled scream and fell prostrate at his feet. Mr. Woodgate turning coolly to Bishop, ordered him to be seated, and the creature submissively obeyed under the muzzle of the pistol; then taking up his wife he bore her upon one arm to the door by which he had entered, unlocked it, passed into the chamber, and laid

her upon the bed; ringing for a servant he returned to the doorway, from which position he could command a view of Bishop in the one room, and as soon as the servant should approach, of her in the other. Ordering the former to preserve silence under peril of his life, on the coming of the latter, he directed her to send at once for a physician. The girl replied by stating that there was no one in the house but herself, her mistress having given permission to all but her to spend the evening at the chapel. He now remembered to have seen this servant alone when he entered, and accordingly directed her to go out, take a coach, and summon the family physician without delay. The girl departed, and Mr. Woodgate turning to Bishop, desired him to place his hands together. The man obeyed, for apart from the difference in strength between him and his former master, there was that in the eye and manner of Mr. Woodgate, seconded by the pistol, which admitted of no trifling, and far less of direct opposition. In a moment the miserable wretch was helpless, pinioned in the sure folds of a large silk handkerchief, as securely as if the polished links of Newgate already clanked about his iron girdled form. Mr. Woodgate then took him by the collar, opened the other door, led him along the passage, and conducting him into the library, bade him remain at peace and refrain from any effort to escape, as he hoped to see the light of another day, turned the key upon him, and walked back to the bedside of his erring wife.

Mrs. Woodgate remained in the same inanimate state, and so continued during two hours after the arrival of the physician, who, finding the case of more than ordinary importance and character, had, at the instance of Mr. Woodgate, despatched a messenger for additional aid. Two more eminent medical men had arrived, and awaiting the result of the first consultation, at its close, Mr. Woodgate, stating that he had urgent business with a person in the library, and desiring to be summoned the moment any change took place, withdrew.

He found his prisoner seated where he left him, having apparently made no effort to escape. Taking a chair at a small table by his side, Mr. Woodgate took the wallet from the young man's pocket, opened it, and deliberately proceeded to examine its contents, which were few, but of a somewhat diversified character; there were bills for second hand clothing, paltry jewelry, a tavern account, and sundry similar affairs; but amongst the papers, he soon perceived one newly folded; upon opening it, it proved to be a check for five hundred pounds, evidently cut from his own check-book, and to which his name was attached, remarkably well executed.

"Whose work is this, Bishop?" he asked, in a voice as firm and with a manner as collected as it was possible to assume.

"Mrs. Woodgate's, sir," was the reply.

"And what is it for?"

"It's a strange story, but I've made up my mind to tell it, for it's the quickest way to get rid of the whole difficulty, I believe; when you've heard it you'll make up your mind, perhaps about untying this handkerchief."

Mr. Woodgate rose and quietly removed his prisoner's bonds.

"You must think it very strange, sir, to find me here to-night, and especially in your wife's own private room, but it's not the first time I've been there—oh, you needn't let that trouble you, sir, for it's only been about the money; she's quite virtuous, sir, for the matter of me, but I happened to get the upper hand of her a little, and I don't deny that I made the most of it. She hasn't told you, I suppose, sir."

"She has not spoken since you saw her last—but proceed."

"Well, sir, I will; but I must advise you to prepare yourself to hear of your——"

"Dishonor, I suppose; who is the man—Finlay? It cannot be."

"Nothing of the kind, sir; in all what you suspect she's as innocent as an angel; she has loved you too well. But I'll tell you at once. When Mrs. Woodgate was Miss Vining, and before she came to live in this house, I saw plain enough that she was over head and ears in love with you, sir."

"Be brief on that subject, sir," interrupted Mr. Woodgate.

"I shall be brief on it all, sir, but that has a good deal to do with the business. I say, that I saw that she loved you to distraction, and I am pretty sure that it was nothing else but that, that made her turn religious. Besides, sir, there was her own maid who used very often to come with her when we were at Brighton, and I learned from her, that ever since you visited her father's house somewhere in Kent, before you were married to your first wife, Miss Margaret Vining had been dying for love of you. Be patient, sir, it all belongs to the story. With this knowledge, I, of course, was often led to observe her actions and manner, and I became satisfied that she would not be very sorry if your wife was to die. At last Mrs. Woodgate was taken ill, and—Master Henry was born, and then I must confess I was put a little at fault by the wonderful attention and great kindness which Miss Margaret seemed to be taken with. For several days Mrs. Woodgate was so low that nobody knew whether she would live or die—do not stop me, sir, I must recall these facts to your mind—at length one evening after a long sleep you may remember the doctors concluded that she was better; what they called the crisis was past, and they retired, leaving you with a hope that the immediate danger was over. You went to lie down, sir, and so did I, both of us tired out, for on the preceding night I had slept as little as yourself. Thinking it probable I

might be wanted, you told me to lie down in my clothes, and I did so; I slept in the next room to Miss Vining, and at about ten o'clock as I afterward discovered, being awake, I heard some one pass my door as if careful to avoid being heard; supposing it to be Miss Vining, I was about to ask her if she wanted me, when I heard her door gently open, and as gently close, the light disappearing at the same time. There was something about the movement that led me to suspect, but I didn't know what, and quietly getting off the bed, I went to the door, and holding it, as it was, ajar, for a few minutes, was presently struck to see the door of Miss Vining's room open, for I could not hear the latch draw, and herself step out, dressed in a large old shawl and bonnet that she sometimes wore in the garden while attending her flowers, close the door after her, and leave the light burning in her room. Passing so near me that I could almost feel her breath, as well as hear her breathe, she cautiously descended the stairs, while I, slipping on my coat and boots, as cautiously followed her. She left the house by the side door, which, probably for her own convenience, she neglected to lock after her. I did the same. She passed hurriedly down the street, and made directly toward the first coach-stand; here she entered a hack, while I took a cab, and ordering my man to follow discreetly her carriage, and to stop and let me out when the other stopped, we drove off. The hack proceeded to Holborn Hill and stopped, and the next minute Miss Vining descended to the pavement, paid the man and discharged him; I did precisely the same, and keeping her in my eye, followed, amongst the numbers which, even at that hour, throng the streets in the city, scarcely ten feet behind her. Suddenly she disappeared, and I had lost her, but a pace or two brought me to the shop of a chemist, and from the bow of the sash I discovered Miss Vining at the counter in the act of addressing an elderly man, I suppose the chemist himself; her appearance was somewhat altered by a band drawn across the forehead, from which drops of perspiration, discolored by the riband, had run down her face, and stained it with a purple hue. The object of the band had evidently been disguise, but it was done more effectually than she herself supposed. Her conversation with the chemist was in so low a tone that I could not hear a word; but it lasted some six or eight minutes; at length with a smile, he seemed to consent to her request, and taking a small vial he poured into it from one of his bottles, about a thimble full of a dark colored liquid, and from another about the same quantity of a light, water looking stuff. He then came to the desk directly under my eye, and wrote upon a piece of paper, which he afterward stuck upon the vial, the one word, 'Poison!'

"Poison! what do you mean?—you cannot mean—the sequel, Bishop—the sequel—quick, quick to the end."

"Well, sir, to be brief, I followed her home in the same way she came, and in less than half an hour, saw the contents of that vial emptied into a wine glass with the medicine that had been left by the physician, to be taken by your own wife."

Mr. Woodgate sat for some minutes as one thunder-struck, when he was aroused by a piercing scream, which, even at the remote position he occupied from the apartment of his wife, was so shrill and clear as to cause both Bishop and himself to start to their feet. Mr. Woodgate rushed out, and hastened to the spot whence that sound had issued. He found the physicians all engaged in the exercise of their utmost power to hold their patient upon the bed; she had been gradually reviving under the remedies that had been employed, when suddenly starting up, she had with a scream, sprang upon the floor; instantly seized and borne to the bed, she now continued to rave, her distempered mind evidently presenting to her imagination the murdered victim of her unbridled passion. So violent were the paroxysms of the unhappy woman, that it became necessary to confine her by artificial means; and it was not until the morning, that exhausted by her struggles, she sunk into a broken and perturbed sleep. Mr. Woodgate upon returning to the library discovered that Bishop had availed himself of the opportunity to escape, leaving the incidents connected with the atrocious deed he had disclosed to be explained by conjecture. Alas! it was now too easy to explain all. The discontented mind, the sleepless nights, the irreligious murmurings, the abstraction of the money, the forged checks, all, all were understood. Bishop had plainly used his knowledge to the best advantage, and wielded over the mind of the guilty woman the whole force of the tremendous power, his acquaintance with her awful secret had possessed him of. There was one circumstance, however, that perplexed Mr. Woodgate. He could scarcely believe it possible, even had Bishop pre-conceived his plan for using his knowledge of the murder for a pecuniary advantage, that the love of gain could so completely and so suddenly have vitiated every principle of morality and human feeling, as to induce him to let the awful deed be consummated to the destruction of one who had been so kind a mistress, when he could so easily have prevented it. He must have known that he would have been guilty as an accessory before the fact, and therein a participator in the murder himself; but then, the principal was a woman, the mistress of immense wealth in her own right, and therein perhaps his cupidity found an irresistible temptation. Such were the thoughts and conclusions of Mr. Woodgate's mind, as he sat during the day by the bedside of that guilty woman, whom with so much affection he had taken to his bosom as a wife—the murderess of his first love. And what an awful thought was suggested by

the circumstances which surrounded him, in reference to his duty as a Christian, and a man. The bold and thrilling violation of the laws of the land that had occurred beneath his own roof, and which had been perpetrated by one so near, upon the person of another so dear, seemed to clamor in his heart for the avenging penalty that had been incurred. The responsibility had been thrown upon him; and unto him the blood of that gentle murdered one seemed to plead for justice. Painful, indeed, were the emotions which agitated his soul, and trying and perplexing were the positions to which he was driven by reflection upon the event. But it was as a Christian he felt more acutely the heavy weight of affliction that had fallen on his head; the chastisement was so awfully severe, that a very natural question of his heart was as to the enormity of the offence that had merited it. Why had he been deprived of one, who in the gentle sweetness of her nature was almost angelic, to be mated with—a demon? Had he been so intoxicated by the cup of joy that it was not only necessary to dash it from his lips, but to follow it with the wormwood and the gall? In the bitterness of his heart he groaned aloud. With regard to his duty, it became sufficiently apparent, that, before he could fulfil even the pre-requisites of the law, it would be absolutely necessary to secure the person of Bishop; and while he was deliberating on the most proper course to pursue, a letter was brought him from that worthy, which contained in very few words the information that he was off for "a foreign country," closing with an intimation that he should write again soon, and disclose something further relative to the affair. Thus ended for the present Mr. Woodgate's meditations in reference to his responsibilities as the citizen. Alas! there were others of weightier importance struggling within his tortured bosom.

We must trouble the obliging reader to facilitate our purpose, and help himself to the end of our narrative, by allowing his imagination to amuse itself by detailing the events of a period of about eight years, which we are reluctantly compelled to omit. We can only state as essential to the *denouement*, that for several weeks after the detection of her guilt, Mrs. Woodgate was carefully attended by her husband in her waking hours, and unceasingly watched while sleeping, by himself or some member of his family; but, although the wild paroxysms of her first madness perceptibly subsided, her reason had sustained so great a shock under the sudden conviction that all her guilt was betrayed by the detection of her league with Bishop, that she was left a hopeless maniac. Sometimes raving and screaming, she imagined herself beyond the grave, and suffering the agonies of the lost; and in these terrific seasons of her malady, her groans, her piteous lamentations, her spasmodic terrors causing thick perspiration to start

from every pore, and her heart-rending cries were almost unendurable by mortal ears, and hearts unaccustomed to the horrors of the insane. She had at length been removed to the private mad-house of Dr. Stace, of which she had been an inmate nearly eight years. Her malady had yielded considerably under his efficient and judicious treatment, and for two years she had been quite free from violent fits of madness, though the intellect had been aberrant still. She had been of course repeatedly visited by her husband, and had occasionally given indications of returning reason; but the faint hope was as often dispelled within a few hours afterward. One evening she had been angling in the stream that meandered through the grounds attached to the asylum, and had, by a slight accident, got her feet very wet; and in this state she remained by the water side for a considerable time. A violent cold ensued, attended by much fever, which speedily determined to the brain; her illness was now very dangerous, and Mr. Woodgate was sent for; he arrived upon the third day of the fever, and had stood but a short time by her pillow, when she opened her eyes and cast them upon a nurse sitting on the opposite side of the bed, and in a low and languid tone uttered the words, "where am I?"

Dr. Stace instantly seized Mr. Woodgate by the arm and drew him behind the curtain, saying in a whisper, "for her life's sake, sir, do not let her see you; her reason has returned!"

"Why am I not in my own room?" continued the invalid; "why am I not in my own house? Ah! I see; he turned me out last night; I must have fainted the instant that he detected me with Bishop; tell him to come to me; I will confess all, my mind will be happier then. Alas! what a night of horrors have I undergone!" Her lips continued to move for some time, and occasionally a few words could be distinguished; they were of the language of prayer. At length she sunk into a profound sleep.

Scarcely able to restrain his feelings, or to brook the necessity for concealment, Mr. Woodgate now advanced and gazed long and wistfully upon that thin and pale, but placid face. Traces there were still of that brilliant beauty which had once enchanted every eye, but they were faint indeed. Nature had struggled with all the dreadful phantoms that for eight years had haunted the chambers of a maniac's brain, but had at last become distorted in the unequal conflict, and now when restored to herself would have started at her own changed image in the mirror that she holds. Poor Margaret! her own mother, had she lived, would not now have recognized her daughter, in that sad, slumbering victim of idolatry.

The patient awoke during the afternoon, apparently refreshed; Dr. Stace was present, and peremptorily, but kindly forbade her to ask any questions. He desired her to compose herself, and if she was better on the morrow

she should be at liberty to see whom she pleased, and to converse on any topic she chose.

"One word, sir; you seem to be in authority here; is this a prison?"

"By no means, my dear madam; we should be sorry indeed to see Mrs. Woodgate in a prison."

"Then you do know *me*, sir, I perceive," responded the patient. "Another question, sir; shall I see my husband, to-morrow?"

"Undoubtedly, madam."

"Excuse me, sir, don't move away, I'm very weak, and my voice will scarcely reach you at the door; I desire to ask another question. Did my husband—did Mr. Woodgate attend me here last night?"

"He will himself inform you, madam, to-morrow; be composed, sleep now; good night." And the physician, followed by Mr. Woodgate, who had stood without the door, departed.

On the following morning, Dr. Stace, accompanied by Mr. Woodgate, visited the chamber of the patient; the latter taking a position where he could not be observed by her; she had been some time awake, and on seeing Dr. Stace immediately asked for her husband.

"You shall see him, madam," replied the doctor; "but he informs me that he has had very little sleep during the last two nights, and therefore you will find his appearance somewhat changed; but you must not suffer that to annoy you, he will soon recruit. Come, sir; madam, he is here."

Mr. Woodgate advanced to the bedside and took her hand. A slight flush tinted her cheek as she raised her eyes to his face, but she became immediately pale again, while her gaze lingered upon the discovery of the wonderful change which she supposed a few hours had wrought.

"This is very kind," she said, as Dr. Stace withdrew.

"You are better this morning, Margaret, are you not?" inquired her husband in gentlest tones.

"A little I think, but my poor head and heart—are we alone?"

"Quite alone; the doctor has retired."

"Mr. Woodgate, you perhaps, know all; if Bishop has not told you I will. Oh, I have suffered such a long, long night of agony—that awful night, the night before last; years, years of anguish and of horror crowded into a few short hours. And I have deceived you all—deluded myself; you thought me a regenerated creature, seeking after eternal life; it was hypocrisy all; I have been actuated by the most selfish motives, to the perpetration of a most heartless crime. I have assumed the prerogative of heaven, and to gratify my own idolatrous passion, that strange, mysterious, soul-subduing love which had for years possessed my heart, I stretched out my hand and smote the life of a fellow being; that being, too, one of the sweetest, gentlest creatures I ever

knew, and from whom I had myself received nothing but an excess of kindness. Ah! do not suppress your tears; thank God, mine can flow now. Yesterday, the darkness of despair yawned all around me; yesterday, there was no hope, and throughout the greater part of the night my prayers seemed to ascend into a heaven of brass, and fell back heavy, sad and unanswered upon my broken heart. The stern conviction weighed down my soul, that I was reprobate and condemned. Were it not so, why had I been permitted to consummate so foul a deed? Why had not my hand been stayed, my purpose frustrated, my victim rescued, if it were not the design of heaven that I should fill up the measure of my iniquity? And under this dark, despairing influence I struggled through the midnight hour, and wrestled in unceasing prayer with heaven. Strange as it may seem, and guilty as I am to mortal eyes, there came at length a glimpse of hope, and with one ray of heaven on my benighted soul I fell asleep. I dreamed, and in my vision I beheld your sainted Laura. She approached me as I lay, here, even in this room, and her sweet presence filled the air with unimaginable joy, for words of peaceful impart dropped in tones of more than mortal music from her lips. She promised me a messenger who should confirm my hopes, that I was alone the victim of my guilt, and bade me trust ever in Him who is able to save the most vile."

"That messenger is here, Margaret," said Mr. Woodgate; "I am he. You have indeed been the only victim of your guilt, and it were well if the hard lesson you have learned could be displayed to all the world. It is to trust in God, he will do all things wisely. Had you trusted him your every hope would have been realized, and length of days replete with such happiness as earth can give, might have been yours with me. You lost it by snatching it unbidden; you grasped it and it faded in your very grasp; and it has been yours to feel, and most acutely too, that the way of the transgressor is hard. I will explain; here is a letter from Bishop written to me since his escape."

This was a letter despatched by the fugitive after his arrival in France, to which country he had fled. This letter was received by Mr. Woodgate about a month after the discovery of his wife's guilt. He, however, avoided the disclosure that it was received eight years before, and Mrs. Woodgate was permitted to remain at present under the delusion which had taken possession of her awakened mind. The letter explained every thing in relation to the missing money, and the forged checks; the writer then proceeded to the confession that he was in fact the only guilty person in the eye of the law, and under the expectation that Mrs. Woodgate might confess, and an inquiry be instituted upon her statements, he had thought the most prudent course, was "to make a tour of the Continent." He had since learned that Mrs.

Woodgate was a maniac; and supposing that nothing in consequence was known, he had resolved to make such reparation as it was still in his power to do. These portions of the letter Mr. Woodgate of course omitted; but he enchaind the attention of the wife by the perusal of the latter portion of the contents. He commenced with Bishop's acknowledgment that, after Mrs. Woodgate left the chemist's shop, he, before he followed her, stepped in, and stating that he was a servant in the lady's family, ordered to follow and observe her, in consequence of a suspicion that she contemplated suicide, inquired of the chemist if she had not purchased poison. The man replied, that her representations had been, that within a few days past, while playing with a lap dog, the animal had bitten her slightly in the forehead, and that since that time the dog had been killed in a perfectly rabid state. The wound she said had been cauterized and was bound up, a fact which accounted for a broad band across her brow. She then expressed an awful horror of death by hydrophobia, and entreated to be furnished with a powerful poison, one that would be speedy in its effects, and not disfigure the person after death; her purpose she declared, unhesitatingly, was to use it herself as soon as the disease should positively develop itself, if the virus was really in her blood. "She tendered me," said the chemist, "five guineas for the favor; I took one and furnished her with a small vial containing less than a table spoonful of—colored water!" "And I," added Mr. Woodgate, "afterward waited upon the chemist myself, and ascertained the truth of Bishop's statement."

"Water, nothing but water! Laura, dear Laura, thy promise is fulfilled, and my soul aspires to heaven. Pardon, pardon—yes, yes, I am forgiven." And she sunk exhausted with the fulness of her joy. Mr. Woodgate summoned Dr. Stace, who at once directed him to retire and to forego all further conversation, and even an interview with the invalid for two or three days at least, adding that in all probability another such a fit of excitement would terminate her life. Under careful treatment she revived, and in the course of the afternoon expressed a wish to have some one sent to her apartment who could read the bible to her; accordingly a young daughter of the doctor's, who had been for years a particular favorite of Mrs. Woodgate, accompanied her father to the invalid's apartment; but no sign of recognition was betrayed by her, as the young lady was introduced by name—Eliza.

"Eliza," said Mrs. Woodgate, "a pretty name; turn my dear to the fifteenth chapter of the first epistle of Paul to the Corinthians," she said as the doctor retired. "But first hand me that dressing-glass from the table, and set it on the bed before me; I would arrange my hair a little."

Eliza mechanically obeyed, but the instant that the

invalid encountered the reflected image of that pale, hollow, haggard face, she started, and with involuntary exertion half arose in the bed; for some moments she seemed aghast and breathless; at length turning to Eliza, she hurriedly asked, "How long have I been here?"

"Eight years ma'am," responded the startled girl.

"And what house is this?"

"It is Dr. Stace's private mad-house, ma'am."

"Eight years a maniac!" and as the exclamation escaped her lips, a deathly pallor overspread her countenance, and she sank insensible to her pillow. Dr. Stace was again summoned, but, as he anticipated, nature had been overtaken, and before midnight, after a short interval of restored reason, in which she was enabled to murmur an adieu, she expired in her husband's arms, not without a lively hope of pardon, and a peaceful immortality.

MY ALBUM.

BY MARY WELLS.

FRIENDS of my youth the lines you traced,
By time are nearly all effaced,
The drawings that your pencils made
No longer shew or light or shade,
And yet tho' time-worn they may be,
They still are treasures dear to me:
As on these leaves I pensive gaze,
My sad thoughts turn to former days,
And lead me back to early youth,
When life seemed love, and friendship truth.
While fond remembrance brings to view
The many friends whom then I knew:
Some sleep beneath the foaming waves,
Some on the green earth have their graves,
Some to their trust have been untrue,
And they were many who are few;
Yet still these relics treasured here
Fond faithful memory holds most dear,
For as their writings dear I trace,
My "mind's eye" sees each well known face.

TO MARY.

BY JOHN S. JENKINS.

MARY! I love that holy name;
It minds me of departed days—
Of boyish hopes—of Scotland's shame—
Her glory and her Poet's bays.
Mary!—there is that in the word
Which moves my heart to tenderness,
And wakens feelings which have stirr'd
It oft with joy and happiness.
Mary! if blessing may be aught
To one so pure, and true, and fair,
The bard will bless thee—in his thought
Thou'lt live for aye, and in his prayer!

THE FATAL WORD.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"THERE is nothing I so despise as duplicity. To my mind a woman who could be guilty of it is unworthy of being loved."

"You are too severe," said Ellen in reply to the speaker, "and exact more from our sex than you demand of your own. Is this just?"

"I admit the truth of what you say, for, though I cannot trust a man who is guilty of falsehood, I loathe and abhor a woman habitually given to duplicity. We look for more purity in your sex than in our own, and that love only ought to be favored by you which regards you in this exalted light. No true man but chafes at the chains which bind him to the grosser things of earth, and has longings for something better and holier; and love in its purity—for all love is *not* pure—steps in here to lift us heavenward, by affording us companionship with a being of finer sympathies, and of more heavenly impulses than ourselves. With what loathing then does it fill me to find her deceitful; for of all the virtues truth is, in my eyes, the highest. Let a man or woman be incapable of a falsehood, and she is incapable of continued guilt."

Ellen was silent, for she had begun the conversation in jest, and she felt that the speaker uttered the truth. She continued silently at her work, and, in a few minutes, Robert left the parlor, and went out. Not until the front door had closed on him did she look up, and then her eyes met those of her cousin, the only other occupant of the room, who was sitting at the opposite side of the work table. The face of the latter was flushed, and her lips parted as if in partial terror. She clasped her hands and exclaimed,

"Oh! if Robert knew it;" and then burst into tears.

Emily rose up, went around the table, and encircling her friend with her arm, said soothingly,

"But he will never discover it, dear Lucy; so don't fret. It was only once you did it, and then it couldn't be helped."

"But if he *should* find it out," sobbed Lucy, "oh! how I wish I had never told him that untruth. Don't you think," she continued, looking up earnestly through her tears, "that he has heard of it? He scarcely said 'good bye' when he went out."

"No—no"—quickly retorted Ellen, "calm yourself, dear Lucy, or, when he returns, he will see you have been crying. No one could have told him. Besides, even if he knew, he might not be angry, at least not *very* angry, for you know he spoke of habitual duplicity, and of that, my dear, no enemy, even if you had one, could charge you with being guilty."

"But I wish I had told him the truth at once; and I

will never deceive him again," said Lucy, drying her tears.

Lucy was betrothed to Robert Emerson, and in many respects was fully worthy of his love. But she had one fault—*vanity*. Fond of dress, fond of amusement, fond of admiration, and fond of display, she was often led into follies, for the gratification of her vanity, which, in her after moments, she bitterly repented. Robert was not ignorant of her failing, but he knew she had a good heart, and he trusted to time to cure her of her foible. Still he was not aware of the many minor errors which she committed for the gratification of her vanity, much less did he suspect that falsehood had been resorted to in order to conceal her conduct from his eye. But such had been the case.

Robert hated alike coquetry and untruth. He had often said that he could never love a woman who would trifle intentionally with a suitor, for, apart from the selfish vanity such conduct displayed, there was always more or less duplicity in a flirt. Lucy, therefore, since her acquaintance with Robert, had studiously avoided the error that, otherwise, her love of admiration might have induced her to commit. But alas! how true is the remark that our errors dog our footsteps, and will not let us go even when we would forget them. During a sojourn at Saratoga the preceding year, Lucy, then just ushered into the great world, and comparatively thoughtless, had allowed the attentions of a young man, whose suit she would not have encouraged seriously for a moment. She had first listened to him to pass away an idle hour, and found herself compromised in a measure before she thought of her indiscretion. She was glad, therefore, when a summons home took her unexpectedly from the Springs, though she trembled lest her suitor should follow or write to her. The latter he had done, but the letter was left unanswered. When she became interested in Robert, she wholly forgot her former lover; but, a few weeks after she was betrothed, he suddenly appeared in the city. They met accidentally at an evening party, where he recognized her, and in such a way as induced Robert to ask if she had not been intimate with him. The dread of discovery, and of her lover's displeasure if the truth was known, induced her to deny the acquaintance of Mr. Warren, saying that he was only a gentleman who had once paid her some civilities in a stage-coach, and that he presumed too much in claiming a friendship with her. The answer satisfied Robert, but it did not satisfy her own heart. From that evening she had been tortured with fears lest her falsehood should be discovered; and often had she blushed scarlet, even in the solitude of her chamber, when she thought of her duplicity.

With an anxious heart Lucy awaited the re-appearance of her lover. The hour passed away, then another, and still another, yet he came not. The poor girl was now

dreadfully alarmed, and not until midnight would she yield to Ellen's entreaties to retire. Something dreadful she knew must have happened, since Robert had never before thus disappointed her. Ellen strove to quiet her fears in vain. At length, just as they were retiring, came a hasty note from Robert, apologizing for his absence on the ground of "unavoidable business. He would call, however, early in the morning." There was something ominous in this; and Lucy spent the night in tears.

With morning came Robert, and, when his card was sent up with a request for a private interview with Lucy, the alarmed girl could scarcely compose herself sufficiently to go down. Her first glance at her lover assured her that all was known, for, instead of greeting her as he was wont, a cold bow was his only salutation. Lucy sank trembling into a chair; and Robert, without seeming to notice her, walked with folded arms gloomily up and down the room. At length he paused sternly before her.

"Miss Thornton," he began, and oh! how this formal mode of address cut Lucy's heart, "you seem not unaware of the object of my visit, and indeed I see, in your face, the evidence of that guilt which I had fondly hoped you had not committed. But to my tale. Know then that yesterday I received a note from a Mr. Warren, requesting to see me at his hotel last evening for half an hour. The name was strange to me, but on going to his room, I recognized a gentleman who once addressed you familiarly, and whose acquaintance you denied. To me he revealed all—how you graciously received his attentions, how you led him by various signs to believe his suit would prosper, and how at length you renounced him with selfish heartlessness. I might have disbelieved him, had he not placed in my hand these notes. They were written to him at Saratoga, and though not explicit, shew how you trifled with him. Your turn pale—you recognize your handwriting. It is enough."

Hitherto Robert had spoken with breathless rapidity, evidently in high emotion. He now paused, for, at these last words, Lucy burst into tears. Regarding her sorrowfully a minute, he took his hat and turned to leave the room. The poor girl, forgetting every feeling of pride in her despair, caught him by the arm, and sobbed,

"I acknowledge all, but I had some excuse, and have long ago seen my error. Since I have known you, have I ever trifled with any one? Oh! think of this and forgive me."

"Lucy," said he, disengaging her hold, "I could have forgotten your trifling with this young man, but can I forget your falsehood to me? It is not a month since this last act. Had you, at that time, frankly told me all, I would have taken you to my breast, and forgiven

you freely; but now it is too late. What guarantee have I that you will not deceive me again? No—you have invited your own fate—from this moment I shall forget you." And breaking from her, he left the room. The poor girl stood, like one stricken, in the very spot where he disengaged himself from her despairing grasp, until she heard the front door close, when she fell senseless to the floor.

The next day Lucy was in a high fever; and Ellen, who suspected the truth from the incoherent ravings of the invalid, and whose heart bled for her cousin, despatched an urgent note to Robert, begging to see him, if only for a moment, when she hoped to alter his determination. The note was sent back from his boarding-house with the information that he had left the city that morning, and it was uncertain when he would return.

What sufferings were endured by Lucy on that bed of sickness! She continually raved of her last interview with Robert, his frowning look and stern words seeming ever to be present to her imagination. Her friends at length began to despair of her life, and when the physician pronounced that the crisis had come, they watched tearfully at her bedside through the long night, dreading every minute to see the awful change begin. But, almost against hope, she fell toward morning into a gentle sleep, and when she awoke in her right mind they saw that the danger was past. Kneeling by her bedside they poured out their gratitude amid grateful sobs and tears.

To Lucy, perhaps, death would have been as welcome as life; for what had she to live for, now that all her fond hopes of happiness were destroyed? Thus she thought, in the first weeks of her convalescence. All expectation of her lover's return was now given over, for immediately on his quarrel with Lucy, he had departed for Washington, and accepted the office of private secretary to his uncle, the then minister at St. Petersburg, a post which he had refused only a week before. In three days afterward he had sailed. But, though the blow fell with stunning effect on Lucy, she gradually recovered from it. We are not writing a fiction, but telling a story of real life. Lucy was saved from a broken heart and early grave, apparently by a miracle; but those who read more closely the human soul will attribute her recovery to the sympathy of her friends, and the consolations of religion. For a great change had come over her. She was no more the Lucy of other days. Meeker and kinder, and therefore better and more beautiful, she shed around her an influence like that which the dews of heaven impart to the panting earth. To the poor she was the kindest of benefactresses, and to those in misfortune the sweetest of sympathisers, for *she had felt sorrow herself*. All loved her, as they would have loved an angel, sent down on earth to do good.

When, about eighteen months after the fatal interview with her lover, Lucy heard of his marriage to an English lady of rank, whose father was the British envoy at St. Petersburg, the poor girl had to conquer the last lingering hope of a reconciliation, if indeed such a thought had lurked in her bosom. For two or three days she was much alone, and, if she felt her resolution failing, she sought and found consolation from on high. From the fiery furnace of trial she came out purified; and every one said how gentle and loving Lucy had grown. Her very voice had caught a different accent, and in its low, sweet music, the listener often fancied he heard a melody not of earth.

Time has a tireless wing, and like the angel of the Apocalypse, flies forward ceaselessly. But how few remember that every wave of that wing sweeps a moment into eternity—or how many, not unmindful of it, care to have that moment carry with it a good report. Alas! by thus trifling with the moments we waste whole lives; and rare are those who mark each departing hour with a good deed. But Lucy had striven to do this, and thus occupied with beneficent acts, the years that passed by seemed scarcely to leave a footprint on her face; and, when ten summers had elapsed, her fair brow was almost as sunny as in her earlier youth.

Ten years had passed when, one evening, as Lucy entered the church to which she was in the habit of resorting, she saw a gentleman before her, advancing up the aisle, whose figure appeared not unfamiliar to her. He took a seat directly behind her own. When the congregation was dismissed, and she had left her pew, the stranger addressed her, and she recognized his voice as that of her early lover. Her bosom thrilled at those deep tones, and she felt sick and faint. But other feelings soon came to her aid. She had often, of late years, calmly reviewed the events of that morning, and she could not but feel that, however wrong she had been, her lover had been harsh and quick. He might, at least, have given her an opportunity to shew her reformation. These things occurred to her now, and for a moment pride whispered to her to make no reply, but her Christian principles forbade this on second thought, and she accepted his proposed services, though with a fluttering heart. At first their conversation was on the exercises of the evening, but when they had walked several squares, her companion said abruptly,

"When we last parted, Miss Thornton, it was in anger, at least on my part. I hope you have forgotten that painful evening."

Lucy's first feeling was that of indignation, then of humiliation, and finally tears gathered into her eyes. Controlling her emotion she answered coldly,

"Mr. Emerson might have spared all allusion to the past."

"You misunderstand me, dear Miss Thornton," he

said warmly, "it was not to pain you that I recurred to the subject; but to assure you that I have long since felt that I was harsh and hasty; and to beg your forgiveness for my conduct. Could you but read my heart you would see how I respect—nay!" he added in a lower tone, "adore you."

"Oh! if this had only come in time," thought Lucy; and she felt her arm trembling in that of her companion. But again she made a strong effort to regain her composure on recollecting that he who addressed her was the husband of another. She withdrew her arm.

"These words are as unfit for me to hear as for you to utter," she said proudly, "such language does not become one who has bound himself by solemn vows to another."

"And do you not know that I have no longer a wife!" said Mr. Emerson. "Ah! Lucy," and his voice sunk to sadness, "how you misjudge me."

Lucy's frame trembled in every joint, and she almost sank to the ground. Forced now to avail herself of the support of her companion's arm, she suffered minutes to pass before she spoke, for the power of utterance had deserted her. Her trembling increased and became uncontrollable.

"Yes, dear Lucy," said the lover of her youth, "I am a stricken man, come back to ask your pardon, and atone, if that is possible, for my hasty and harsh conduct. In that hour of passion on my part, which witnessed our last meeting, I forgot all charity, and committed a greater sin than the one for which I refused to forgive you. And oh! how often since, has the remembrance of my injustice wrung my heart. God's hand has been upon me—I am alone in the world. Lucy, dear Lucy, will you forgive me?"

The earth seemed to swim beneath his listener, but every word sank deep into her heart. When he had finished, her emotions overpowered her. Her old love for the penitent Emerson had only been smothered, not extinguished, and now revived in full force; the suffering he had endured melted her heart; and she felt as if she could fall on his bosom and forgive all. He saw that he might hope, and tenderly pressing her hand, supported her almost fainting to her home.

Long was their conference that evening, and ere they parted they were once more affianced lovers. All had been explained on the part of Mr. Emerson. He had not reached England, on his voyage out, before he repented of his hasty conduct; and, seizing the opportunity of a few day's delay off the British coast, he wrote to Lucy, asking her forgiveness. The letter miscarried; and he received no answer. His pride stung by this fancied slight, he rushed into a marriage with an English lady of rank and fortune. Two years before, she had died. Not long afterward he returned to the United States, and his first thoughts were of

Lucy. He heard that she was still unmarried, and the praises awarded her by all increased his old passion. But for many months he dared not approach her, for keenly sensible of the wrong he had done her, he feared that she would refuse to receive him again into favor. Still there were moments when hope whispered him to see her at least, and finally he had yielded to this uncontrollable impulse and sought her presence.

This is no idle tale, rehearsed for the gratification of a leisure hour. Would that every thing we read was equally true.

THE MOUNTAIN BEAUTY.

BY J. A. MACKAY.

SWEET maiden! scion of a gallant line,
Whose deathless deeds in memory's annals shine;
Whose virtues are the theme of many a song;
Where hilted clansmen still together throng,
Bright is thy smile, and warm thy Highland heart;
Thy graces spurn the buckram aids of art;
Yet youthful beauty, and the pride of birth,
What are they all beside thy native worth?
If fair thy features, fairer far thy mind;
Brilliant thy wit, thy every taste refined.
Keen all thy sympathies, for sorrow's sigh
Bring pearly lustres to thy glistening eye;
And when thou minglest in another's joy,
Thy brimming bliss seems not to know alloy.
Free are the thoughts that fire thy noble soul,—
Free as the winds that will not brook control;
That bathe their pinions in the mighty deep,
Or round our rocks and mountains wildly sweep:
Pure as the air upon our emerald hills,
Or the bright gems that sparkle in our rills.

Of all the pleasures mortal man can feel,
Those are the sweetest he cannot reveal;
Which baffle words, since words cannot impart
The undefined emotions of the heart;
Which every one, in turn, may partly know,
But which to others none can ever show.
Such pleasures have I owed, kind girl, to thee,
When listening to thy mountain minstrelsy;
When, in the accents of our northern tongue,
In which of old immortal Ossian sung,
Thy songs enhancing fell upon my ear,
And from its fountain drew the silent tear.

Long may melodious tones, at thy command,
The glories warble of our native land:
Long may thy songs in simple numbers tell
Of dear old Scotia, and the heather-bell:
And long may strangers in thy beauty read
Of loveliness that blooms beyond the Tweed;
Of manners, elegant without conceit,
And matchless charms that in our maidens meet.
To me thy voice was an enchanting spell:
Sweet subject of my verse, adieu! farewell!

FLORENCE WHARTON.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

THE apartment was half darkened by the bowed window-shutters, so that the mellow afternoon sunlight stole softly and subdued into the room, and falling on the shaded carpet, slept by the side of a young girl who had fallen into a doze over a book on the sofa. She might have seen eighteen summers, for her figure, though still light and graceful, had all the rounded and voluptuous outlines of perfect womanhood. As she slept there, never was a more beautiful picture. Her head reclined on her arm, bringing one snowy shoulder out into relief, and shewing the swelling of her bust, as it rose and fell with her breathing. Over the arm her golden curls fell in masses, flickering in the slant sunbeams; while one tress, escaping from the rest, stole by her lips, down on her bosom, where it fluttered in every breath. A rich, warm blush suffused her cheek, perceptible even in the rosy light enveloping her whole face and neck. One little foot peeped out, beneath her rumpled dress, over the edge of the sofa. The whole was a picture that Titian would have loved to paint.

A light step entered the apartment, and the sister of the sleeper stood by the sofa. She, too, was beautiful, though older, and with a more intellectual face. Dark curls, dark eyes, a brow rivalling ivory in whiteness, and an expression of sweetness almost angelic, constituted the attractions of the new comer. Arrested by the picture, she stood over the sleeper gazing admiringly on her. Suddenly the mouth of the latter parted in a smile, just giving a peep at the pearly teeth beneath the red and pouting lips; then she murmured softly as if in a dream, the crimson on her cheek deepening even in the ruby light. The words, though low, were distinguishable by the elder sister, over whose face came a deathly paleness, followed by a look of unutterable agony. She seemed to hesitate a moment whether to leave the room or not: then tenderly bowing the shutter still further, to keep the sun from the face of her sister, she retired, softly closing the door. Just then the sleeper turned, half opened her eyes, and with a warmer blush nestled to the corner of the sofa, and passed again into her dreams.

The elder sister, on leaving the room, hurried up stairs, but when she reached her own apartment she could only totter to her bed, on which throwing herself, she burst into an agony of tears, for a time giving utterance to nothing but sobs and groans. At length her grief found words.

"Oh! it is too true—she loves him, loves him as I had suspected—and I must either rival my sister or give up the dearest treasure of my heart. Heavenly father," and she raised her streaming eyes to heaven, "guide me

in this extremity! Oh! teach me how to do aright, for I am sorely tempted," and amid her broken sobs it was for awhile impossible to distinguish what she said. But again she resumed.

"Could this blow have been spared me! Oh! sainted mother, when you left your dearest child to my care, and bid me be as a second parent to her, little did you dream that I would ever be called on to make this sacrifice. And yet what else can I do? It would break her heart to be disappointed in her love, for from childhood her every wish had been gratified; but I—I have been used to trials, and the disappointment that would send her to an early grave, will only crush more my already bruised heart. It must—it shall be done," she continued looking up enthusiastically, the tears glistening through her heroic eyes—"I will make the last offering I have to my sister, and thou—oh! dearest mother—wilt thou look down and bless thy child in the struggle she is about to undertake."

It was an hour before Florence Wharton rose from that bedside, but when she did, she was a different creature from what she was when she first knelt there. One of those moral whirlwinds which change our whole lives, by giving a different bent to every thought and feeling, had swept across her heart.

Florence Wharton's history had been that of too many a woman. Her whole life had been a lesson of self denial. She had early displayed traits of character above her years, so that when, at the age of twelve, her mother died, her younger sister, at that time a sickly child of scarcely six years, was committed by the dying parent to her care; and thenceforth the whole study of her life had been to fulfil this charge. By gratifying every wish of the little Anna, and nursing her day and night in sickness, she had learnt the necessity of giving way on every occasion to the child, whom she thus came at length to love with a self-sacrificing devotion, partaking as much of the feeling of the mother as of the sister. But Florence was amply repaid for all, when she beheld her charge, on her seventeenth birth-day, no longer a sickly child, but in the full vigor of health, and beautiful beyond comparison. As she gazed on her sister a natural pride rose in her bosom. "Is she not lovely?" she asked unconsciously. The remark was overheard by a gentleman who stood near, and who replied in a low and meaning voice, "*your sister, Miss Wharton, must be beautiful!*" The implied compliment called a blush to her cheek, for the praise of Charles Endicott had already become dear to Florence. They had known each other for years, having, as it were, grown up together, scarcely a week passing in which Charles was not four or five times at the house of the Whartons. Frank, noble-minded, engaging in manners, and full of that enthusiasm which is so charming in a young man, what wonder that there had grown up in the breast of Florence an affection

for him, which entered into her every view of life, and colored all her estimates of his sex, long before she was aware of it! Oh! the first love of a woman, when it thus steals into the heart, is indeed that all controlling and unceasing passion of which the poets tell. And its approach is so silent that she usually knows not of its coming. When she dreams of the beloved object by night, and learns gradually to think of him in delightful reveries by day; when the question "what will *he* think of this?" occurs to her at every thing she does; when her heart flutters at the sound of his step, and her cheek crimsones at a sudden meeting in the street, and her eyes wander ever from her work toward him as she sits around the evening table, then she may know that this insidious feeling has taken possession of her heart, and that the destiny of her life, whether her love be returned or not, is interwoven with him. She may call it friendship, and go on in her dream, but the truth will at length break upon her. And thus had Florence loved. Not until an intimacy of years had made her every thought hinge on those of Charles, not until she had learned to grow sad at his absence, and to be animated at his approach, did she awake to a consciousness that she loved him. And for awhile, in believing that her passion was returned, she was supremely happy. But then came a dreadful suspicion that she was not alone in her affection, and that her sister also had insensibly learned to love the graceful and admired Charles. How doubts had torn her breast—how one while she hoped and then again feared, we will not pause to relate; for, the incident with which our tale opens had revealed to her the truth: the murmured words of her sister had betrayed that sister's affection for Charles.

Little did Florence know, when, in the first moments of enthusiastic duty, she determined to surrender her lover, what the sacrifice would cost her. But hers was a nature that never turned back from a holy resolution. It would have been no part of her plan to shew Charles the least favor: her object was to transfer his affections from herself to her sister; and in pursuance of this design she was studiously cold to her lover, while she sought every opportunity to contrast Anna favorably with herself. Charles was at first astonished at this change, and would have sought an explanation, but, as he had never declared himself, Florence studiously avoided the subject, and in such a way as finally to pique her lover. Few women could have seen the affections of her lover alienating from her day by day, and stilled the struggles of her heart, which continually whispered to her that a few words said by her would bring him back to her side. But she was silent; and even strove to smile at Anna's happiness; for Charles, at length, justly offended at Florence's coldness, and noticing the daily contrasts between her and her sister, which were always in favor of the latter, gradually

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transferred first his liking, and then his affection, to Anna, until he became her declared and accepted lover.

This may seem strange to some. But they little know the heart of man. The two sexes are as different in love as in the spheres they are destined to fill. The passion which, with woman, is the epoch of a life, is, with the other sex, only one of its incidents. She loves the individual, but man loves the sex. If disappointed, therefore, she never finds another to equal the first, but man soon transfers his affections to a second object forgetting his sorrow in her smiles. A woman stakes her all on a single cast of the die, and, if she loses, loses everything; but a man always keeps something in reserve and never hazards total ruin. In the silence of her home a woman finds little to divert her mind from her disappointment,—for her there is no engrossing avocation to absorb her from the recollection of the past; but man seeks and finds relief in business, ambition, and a thousand other pursuits, stilling the anguish of his bosom amid the turmoil of the world. Charles did not differ from his sex. He was proud, and became piqued. Gradually he transferred his affections to Anna, and though, perhaps, he never loved her as deeply as he could have loved her sister, yet he knew this not; to others Anna seemed to him all in all.

"You must be my bridesmaid, dear Florence," said the blushing Anna, when she told her sister of her approaching marriage, "oh! how nice it will be for you to come and visit us. Charles likes you so; and then I will endeavor to repay you for all you have done for me."

Could Anna have seen the look of anguish that shot across her sister's face at these words, she might have suspected the truth. But Anna had chosen the hour of twilight to reveal her blushing tale. Florence strained her to her bosom, kissed her, and then burst into tears. She had striven to control her feelings, but the effort had been in vain. Anna now was startled. But, after a moment's thought, she concluded that her sister's tears were the natural result of her grief at the contemplated separation. She wound her arm tenderly around her elder sister, and pressing her soft cheek to that of Florence, said soothingly, while her own tears gathered sympathizingly into her eyes.

"Dear Florence we will not be much separated, and will see each other almost as often as if we lived in the same house: and then you know I will always love you just as I do now, dear Florence," and the girlish bride smothered her sister with her well meant kisses and other endearments. But Florence only wept the more. To the poor sufferer indeed it seemed as if her heart would never gain relief, and she found every effort to check her tears in vain. Anna now began to be alarmed.

"What *is* the matter, dear Florence? I never knew

you to weep thus before. Surely you don't think I am deceiving you, and that I *will* forget you; for oh! never, never can that happen. Indeed, Florence, you are unjust," and Anna burst into tears.

Poor Florence! Was she not even to be allowed to entertain her grief in silence, but must her duty to her sister ever intervene between her and her feelings? Hitherto her tears had been hysterically uncontrollable, but when she saw that Anna was pained, she regained in part her composure, and proceeded to soothe her sister in turn. And soon they wept on each other's bosom. It was a sight at which angels might have paused. During the evening Florence managed to control her emotion, but for hours that night she wept on her pillow. Alas! for her—she had thought that her passion was conquered, but this day's revelation had disclosed how she had deceived herself.

Never after that evening did Florence display any outward emotion; but often, for long hours after midnight, she lay alone weeping; and gradually there stole around her mouth that expression of anguish which is so eloquent of hidden grief. And yet it escaped the eyes of her family. It might have been thought that Anna would have detected her sister's sorrow, but though she dearly loved Florence, she was a stranger to that minute observation which a woman of older years would have possessed. Had their situations been reversed, Florence would have noticed her sister's grief instantly, nor would a week have passed before she would have known all.

Charles and Anna were married. The day that saw them one, was to Florence fraught with the keenest suffering. Yet she composed herself to assist in decking her sister, to wait at the altar when the vow was pronounced that deprived her of Charles forever, and she even wished them happiness with an unflinching tongue and smiling face. Throughout the festivities that followed she bore herself with a martyr's fortitude. Little did the crowds who admired her classic beauty and the serene repose of her face, imagine that, like Prometheus, a vulture was tearing at her heart.

It was not until the wedding festivities were over that the reaction came. But when Florence sat down in her chamber, with the excitement of company no longer sustaining her, a terrible prostration ensued. Then, the agonies of heart which she had hitherto partially stifled, re-asserted their power. The mental struggle quickly undermined her health; her constitution gave way; and a cold, which, in ordinary circumstances, would have been a trifle, produced a consumption. Six months had not passed since her sister's marriage when it was known to all Florence Wharton's friends that her days were numbered.

She heard her danger meekly. No complaint broke from her lips. What now to her was life? Could she

live and behold him she loved cherishing another wife on his bosom, even though that wife was her sister? She had once deemed this possible, but she now discovered her mistake. Death was her only relief, for, even if she could have obtained Charles, would it not have been at the sacrifice of her sister's happiness, nay, of her life; for if Florence could not tear the image of one loved from her heart, much less could Anna. She was reconciled, therefore, to her fate; for thereby had she not purchased her sister's felicity, and fulfilled her dying mother's injunction?

And now came the struggle whether she should reveal her love or die with her secret untold. She felt it would be sweet to tell Charles how long and fervently she had loved him, to beg his blessing, and with her head supported on his bosom to fall into the sleep of death. But the selfish thought did not long continue. With that same self-sacrificing spirit which she had hitherto evinced, she resolved to leave her secret untold, lest its knowledge might embitter her sister's future life.

It was one of those warm, pleasant days of early spring, when the wind of June breathes across woods as yet ungarnished with verdure. So balmy indeed was the air that the window of the invalid's chamber was up, and she sat in a chair not far from the open casement. For two or three days her health had been improving, so that Anna began to entertain faint hopes of her sister's recovery. And now, as the delicious air fanned the invalid's brow, a sweet smile played around her mouth, and she took her sister's hand in her own.

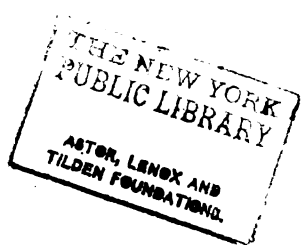
"This day a year ago—do you remember it, dear Anna?"

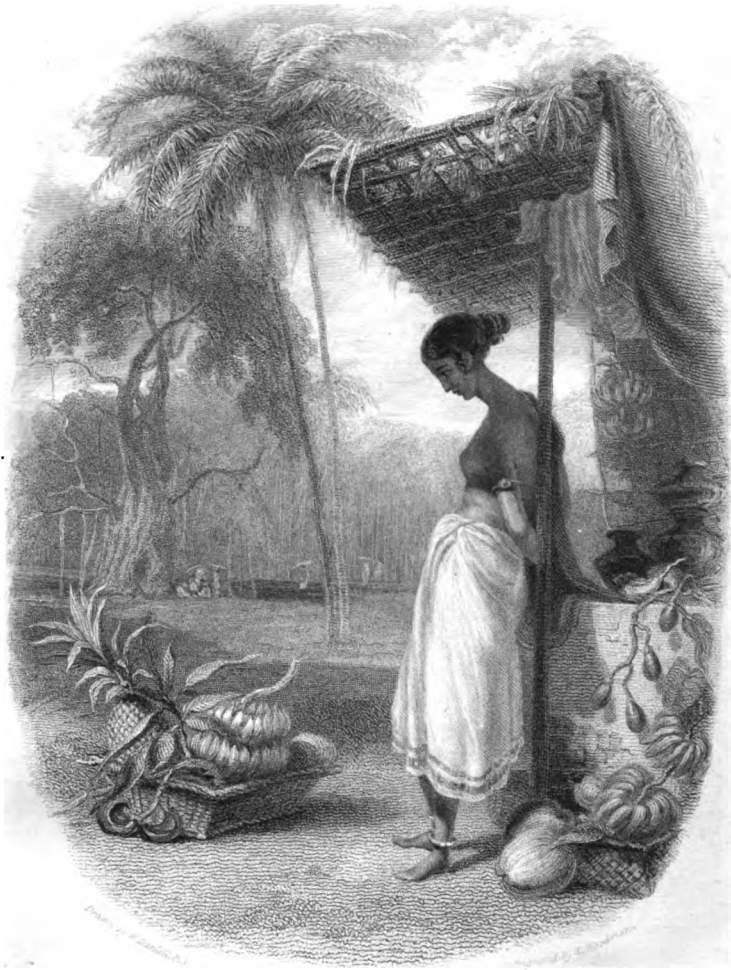
"Yes, love; it was the day Charles first told me he loved me," said the young wife, her eyes shining with sudden joy at the remembrance. "But why do you ask me?"

"Why?" said Florence, vaguely smiling, "why? Because, dear sister, it reminds me of many things, but mostly that it was the last request of our dear mother that I should fill her place to you, and watch over your happiness as if it had been mine own."

"And you have done so, dear Florence. Oh! you have been to me a sister and mother both," said Anna, bursting into tears.

"I believe I have. God will forgive me, I hope, if I overrate what I have done." There was a pause, during which Anna continued sobbing. At length Florence spoke, but the voice was so changed that her sister looked suddenly up, "I go," she said, "to render an account of my trust. I feel that I am sinking. Anna, dearest Anna, kiss me—remember me—to Charles"—and as her sister shrieking, clasped her, she smiled again more sweetly than before, and murmuring strange words, of which they could make out none except "heaven," and the names of her sister and of Charles, she gradually sank away and died.





It was many months after this when Charles was sitting in the same room where his wife was performing the melancholy duty of arranging the little mementos in Florence's private drawer. Among many more durable gifts were found two withered rose-buds. The young wife looked at them with evident surprise, and tears gathered into her eyes. Then taking them up she said,

"I never before knew poor Florence loved. Who could it be? Alas! toward the last I had suspicions that some deep grief preyed on her mind, but I never had the heart to ask her. These treasured gifts make me think it was a fatal attachment."

The husband looked at the withered buds, and recognized them as gifts which, in his days of early hope, he had presented to Florence. The truth flashed across his mind. He was deeply affected, and for an instant made no answer: then taking his wife's hand and gently closing the drawer, he said,

"This is too much for us. Let us keep these mementos sacred to the sainted dead by never again disturbing them. Dear Florence, what an angel she was! But she is home in heaven."

The drawer has never since been unlocked, nor has Anna discovered her sister's secret. Whatever are her husband's feelings he keeps them sacredly concealed. So let it ever be with what belongs to the dead.

A TWILIGHT SCENE.

BY W. J. COLGAN.

The peace of the twilight when day is at rest;
The silence of birds in each moss-woven nest;
The deer on their haunches—their large eyes calm gaze
On the stream—on the lawn—on the wood's deepest maze,
The browsing of cattle on sunlighted steep,
Or drinking where courses run bright, yet not deep;
The manger—the sheepfold—with creatures so still,
The wind has scarce breath on the loftiest hill.

The traveller is dreaming of scenes he has passed,
While the languor of journey steals over him fast!
Remembrance is blending with hues of the sky,
Each tint seems a path of the lands he went by.
The hour of evening recalls to his mind
His home, at the sunset he hastens to find:
And Nature smiles down on the wanderer's breast!
The eyes sad at parting, at meeting how blest.

Oh, Peace when we seek thee in world-sickened mood,
In the night of the soul, in the passions so rude;
Oh, Peace when we pray in the desolate hour
For thy still robe of beauty, thy hallowing power—
There comes o'er the senses the thought of the days
When the heart was attuned to the spirit of praise,
When the sunlight went down on the peace of the good,
And the soul made its joy in its own solitude!

THE FRUIT SELLER.

BY EMMA HARTLEY.

THROUGHOUT all the east no prince was so famed for riches, splendor and extent of dominion as the Rajah Soulah. His harem was the most extensive beyond the Euphrates, and was even said to surpass that of the Caliph. His armies were numerous as the shells on the Indian shore. His palaces overlooked all the chief towns, and whitened the sides of every mountain in his realm. But he was not happy. He had attained all this splendor by the murder of his brother, and the memory of that act haunted him like evil genii. It made him unquiet, ferocious and tyrannical. In the gratification of his evil passions he sought to forget the past.

The Rajah was one day passing in state on the outskirts of his capital when he beheld a fruit seller of extraordinary beauty. She was in the first flush of youth, slender and graceful as the antelope. She stood in the shade of the rude roof of her stall, with her arms joined behind her, and her eyes, which were softer than morning light, bent meekly on the ground. The Rajah was fired with her loveliness, and passion took instant possession of him. He had proceeded but a little way when he ordered his attendants to retrace their steps, in order that he might gratify himself with another sight of her beauty. And that sight fixed the fate of Zoa.

Ignorant of her impending peril she returned to her home at night, nor had she been long there when a young soldier entered, whom she sprang to meet with an exclamation of delight, which betrayed that her love for him was more than sisterly.

"You have been long away," she murmured on his breast, lifting her dark eyes to his face.

"Yes, Zoa, my life, three whole moons; but the army is now returned, and we are to be stationed around the capital. And now when shall we be wed?"

The girl hid her blushing face, and it was some minutes before the soldier could win an answer. At length she promised to be his the ensuing day but one. Her lover was eager for this early day because he was unwilling that her modest beauty should be exposed to the gaze of the market-place, and he had won some little wealth, and fame, the guarantee of more, in the late expedition.

The lover went home happy that night and dreamed of Zoa. He fancied they were married, and living in a beautiful home in the hills, where the murmur of green trees, the tinkling of fountains, and the song of the bulbul were heard day and night. He awoke to hear that, at the dead of night, armed men had entered the home of Zoa and borne her shrieking off. No one had dared to follow, for her destination was too well feared.

What language, though it be eloquent as that of the poet Hafiz, can picture the agony of the young soldier? He was plunged at once from the pinnacle of hope to the abyss of despair. He had but one thing to cheer him. The Rajah had left the capital for three days. For three days then Zoa was safe. He grew silent, reserved and thoughtful.

On the second day of the Rajah's absence a violent tumult arose among the people. The tyranny of the prince in the late outrage was the ostensible cause of the rising. The proceedings were characterized with far more foresight than usually attends a popular outbreak, and the attacks on various quarters of the town were conducted with a rapidity and concert that betrayed the presence of a master spirit. But whoever he might be he was not recognized in the fray. The officers left in command of the capital during the Rajah's absence became alarmed at symptoms of disaffection in the soldiery at this crisis. One or two of the menaced points had already fallen solely through the cowardice or treachery of the troops. Suddenly a large body of the soldiery openly deserted the government. A last stand was to be made at the palace, and thither gathering together what of the army remained faithful, the Vizier prepared to make a desperate resistance.

Meantime, however, intelligence had been secretly despatched to the Rajah of the insurrection, and he made haste to return to his capital at the head of a mighty force. It was evening when he approached the town, just as the insurgents were preparing to attack the palace. Suddenly they found themselves hemmed in between two forces, and the boldest grew disheartened. At this instant a leader, magnificently attired, appeared, as if by magic, at the head of the troops, and proclaimed himself the son of the murdered brother of the Rajah, long supposed to have been dead; and, at his side, was his father's aged and venerated minister, whom it was known had escaped, and hitherto defied detection in his retreat. The crowd and army hailed the popular Vizier, and received with acclamations the prince he presented to them.

"Let us march on the usurper," said the young prince, drawing his scimitar, "before he joins his minions in the palace. He is already at the gates. We fight against a tyrant and a murderer."

The bold words and martial air of their new leader, as much as the memory of his father's paternal reign, infused a sudden heroism into his hearers, and the cry arose from all to march on the usurper. The prince at once led them to the attack. The battle was fought on the plain outside the city, before the sun set, and though the Rajah's force outnumbered his nephew's two to one, the cause of the latter prevailed. The defeated prince was found slaughtered on the field.

From the scene of battle the victors hurried to the

palace. The news of the defeat had gone before, and doubt and despair prevailed in the councils of the late Rajah's officers. Amid the confusion the conquerors appeared, and the fortress was soon in their hands. But while the combat was yet raging from gallery to gallery, the young prince found his way to the recesses of the harem, cutting down the eunuchs who opposed his passage. At length he discovered the object of his search, reclining tearfully in one of the remotest apartments. She looked up in alarm.

"Zoa, my life," he exclaimed, "I have rescued you and come to claim you for my bride."

She started back at his rich armor, shaded her eyes with her hand as if doubting her vision, and then sprang into his arms.

"Am I in a dream?" she murmured. "Life of my life, what change has come over you?"

At this instant the victorious troops were heard shouting for their new monarch, and directly a portion burst into the room and hailed the young prince as their ruler. Zoa was now more bewildered than before, and clung to her lover for protection, until the officers approached to prostrate themselves, when she started from his side in affright.

"Nay—by Allah!—think you I will love you less as prince than as the poor soldier, Zoa? No, bird of my heart," he said, drawing her to his side, while the air rung with shouts, "instead of being the victim of a tyrant thou shalt be the honored wife of a father to his people. The contemplated outrage on you cost the despot his throne: so may the crimes of all men sting them to death."

The shout of applause that followed these words reached the groups still outside the palace, and taken up by them pervaded the capital.

The prince had been ignorant of his own rank until his father's vizier, who had never lost sight of him, had revealed it, on finding that the young soldier had excited the revolt which promised to overturn the throne of the tyrant. Then, coming from his retreat, he made the son assume the father's arms at the crisis of the revolt.

Long and happy was the reign of the new Rajah and his bride; and the poets still sing of his days as of a second golden age.

THE DEW DROP.

A DEW drop glittered on a stem
Gay in the sun's embrace,
But when the rude wind swept along
It perished from its place.

Love smiles amid the sunny hours
When skies with joy are deckt,
But droops at rude and angry winds,
And dies at cold neglect.

A. W.

THE ALGONQUIN'S TRIUMPH.*

BY J. H. DANA.

There were high rejoicings in the Indian camp, for Sageowa, the most renowned of the Algonquin braves, had been that morning captured, and now lay, a prisoner, in the village. At the chief lodge were gathered the principal men of the tribe to determine on his fate. Their discussion was protracted to midnight, when it was resolved that he should, on the ensuing day, suffer at the stake.

Not ignorant of his peril, but sustained by the high courage of his race, the prisoner, bound hand and foot, slept, or affected to sleep, in his guarded lodge. He knew his probable doom, and, after a few natural regrets that he had not lived long enough to make himself more famed, his thoughts turned to other subjects. The vision of his aged father rose before him, but he knew that the old man's agony, when he should hear of his son's death, would be tempered by the knowledge that he died as became him. Then he thought of another—one still in the bloom of youth; lovely and graceful as the fawn, her voice more musical than the summer brooks, and the music of her step like the wind whispering among light leaves. She was in this very camp, being none other than the daughter of the chief. In happier days, when the two tribes were in amity, she and Sageowa had loved. For many months they had not met, and it was when hovering around her village in the endeavor to seek an interview with her, that the young brave had been captured. Hours had since passed, but neither by her appearance nor by any sign, had the girl intimated to her lover her knowledge of his presence. His faith in her, at first unbounded, began gradually to give way. The idea of approaching torture was far more endurable than that of her desertion; and, as the night wore on without bringing any token from her, the despondency of the lover increased, until finally he cursed the hour in which, to see a faithless mistress, he had incurred his present peril.

"They shall at least behold how an Algonquin can die," he said proudly, "and her new lover, for no doubt she has forgotten me, and for one of her tribe, shall not rejoice over my weakness at the stake."

He glanced his eye around the hut ere he sought repose. All was dark within, but through the open door of the lodge sat the immoveable figures of his two guards, perceptible in bold relief against the gray morning sky. They had long thought him asleep, from the perfect stillness in which he lay, and it might be that one or both were themselves dozing upright at their posts. The idea of escape flashed across Sageowa's

mind, but he had no means to cut his bonds, and they resisted every effort to break them. He gave up the idea, therefore, as suddenly as he had formed it, and closed his eyes. But, as he did this, he fancied he heard a low whisper behind him. He looked but could see nothing. He listened, and this time was sure his name was pronounced in a low tone. At the same instant he felt a knife at his bonds, and they fell from him.

"Hist!—it is I, Nesheowna,—creep stealthily backward—and follow me."

The lover's heart leapt high at the words, for he recognized the voice of his mistress. His next feeling was one of anguish at his injustice to her. But his stoical training prevented him from disclosing his emotions by any outward sign, and, without a word, therefore, he silently obeyed Nesheowna. So cautiously was he compelled to move that full three minutes elapsed before he emerged from the lodge, through the gap by which his mistress had entered. A bank, several feet high, lay immediately before them, forming a sort of wall on one side of the village. Stealthily creeping along in the shadows of the lodges, they finally crossed this elevation, and for the first time rising to his feet Sageowa looked around.

The gray morning was already breaking, though the stars had not yet wholly left the sky. A profound stillness reigned around, save when a solitary bird would lift its note on the silence, or a leaf stir in the almost breathless air. The door of the lodge from which he had escaped was about twenty yards distant, and the statue-like repose of the guards assured him that his flight was as yet undetected. In many of the lodges around, however, the people were beginning to stir, and one or two villagers, in the opposite quarter of the camp, had already left their wigwams.

"Haste," said Nesheowna, laying her hand on his arm, "they will soon discover your escape and be on our trail. Why waste the precious moments?"

"True," said the lover, as if rousing from a reverie, "but it may be we shall never meet again, and I would fain linger a moment longer at your side."

"Where you go, I will go. Your tribe shall be my tribe. Oh! then let us fly."

He looked an instant incredulously in her face, then caught her to his bosom in a hasty embrace, and signing to her, without a word, to guide the way, followed her as she struck into the forest. But though he displayed so little outward feeling at her noble devotion, his heart beat wildly as he gazed on her light form tripping before him, and he thought with what exultation he should lead her to his lodge when they reached his village.

They had advanced but a little space into the forest when a loud shout, in the direction of the village, reached their ears, and immediately the hum of angry voices followed, announcing that their flight had been discovered

*The incident on which this tale is founded may be found in Col. Stone's life of Red Jacket.

and the camp alarmed. Nesheowna turned to her lover with a look of inexpressible agony on her face, and clasped her hands. But not such his demeanor. His eye kindled, he drew his proud form up, and was on the point of sending back a shout of defiance, when the beseeching look of the girl deterred him, and bending his head again to avoid the branches, he dashed forward with redoubled velocity in flight, preceded by his companion. Over stream and marsh, through tangled brakes and open glade, they held their rapid way, the girl threading the forest paths as if she held a clue in her hands, and striking her course, as truly as if directed by a compass, toward the country of the Algonquins.

But however swiftly the fugitives advanced, their pursuers followed as rapidly, like sleuth-hounds on their path. At first, indeed, the enemy did not appear to gain ground, although his shouts could be heard ringing on every side through the distant forest. But gradually the uproar concentrated around one spot, as if the trail had now been discovered, and immediately a savage yell, as from a hundred throats, came shrilly through the leafy arcades. At this fearful sound the girl paused.

"Farewell," she said, "I feel my strength is failing, and see that you linger for me. Fly, fly, while yet you can, and leave Nesheowna to her fate."

The young brave looked reproachfully in her face, folded his arms on his breast, and stood still.

"Oh! fly," she said, clasping her hands, "the chief, my father, will save my life, and we may meet in happier times."

"Sageowa," was the calm reply, "never deserted even his dog. If Nesheowna stops, he stops."

Seeing him resolute, the girl sprang forward again in flight, and for awhile her excited spirit gave her almost the velocity of the deer. Her lover was continually at her side, where the way was difficult, assisting and sometimes carrying her; but all their efforts proved insufficient. The shouts of the pursuers drew nigher and nigher, increasing in frequency and violence as the capture of the prey approached to certainty. At length the foremost of the enemy were visible far off through the forest, while the overtaken energies of the girl began again to flag. She fell and could not rise.

"Leave me to my fate," again she besought her lover.

He made no answer, but lifting her light form in his arms, looked around. A rugged and broken ascent lay immediately before him, leading, as he remembered, to a lofty precipice, beetling over a dark and inaccessible dell. His resolution was taken. Following the single, narrow path which led to the acclivity, he struggled up the hill, with infinite pains, until he stood on the flat rock at the top. Had he been armed he might have defended the pass against hundreds, but he bore no weapons, so, sitting his mistress down, he stood over her, awaiting the appearance of the pursuers. Their

dusky forms soon were seen through the forest; they recognized the fugitives with a loud shout; and headed by a chief rushed to the ascent. A dozen arrows were immediately fitted to the string and aimed at the Algonquin. Nesheowna waved her hand to those below.

"Father," she cried, "spare him, or we die together. The cliff is high, a single step carries me to its edge."

The arrows were pointed downward, and all eyes turned on the old chief in front. A quiver might be seen an instant on his face, as if he endeavored to conceal emotions he could not suppress, and then came his voice, clear and full, in the deep silence.

"Shoot, but spare the girl. Our wives cry for the cowardly Algonquin's scalp."

The arrows were again drawn to the head with a yell of anticipated triumph. But the young brave saw that, though he could not escape, he might yet baffle his foes. No mortal foot had ever penetrated into the dell below. Seizing his mistress in his arms, he sprang back a step to the edge of the cliff, and looking down on his appalled pursuers, shouted in proud defiance. The next instant, just as he saw the old chief draw his own arrow head to the bow, he vanished, with his burden, from the height.

Down that gloomy dell, where the sun penetrates only at noon, may be seen a spot near the foot of the cliff, covered luxuriantly with wild flowers. Tradition points it out as the grave of THE LOVERS.

APRIL.

BY MRS. E. H. THOMAS.

APRIL has come. And in the silent wood
The light rain patters, as if fairy feet
Upon the crisp leaves gambolled. There's a scent
Of blowing flowers on the soft south air
Coming in fitful puffs, then dying out;
And on the ear a sound of many streams;
And on the eye a sight of azure skies
Mottled with vapors; while along the rills
The grass springs green and balmy, and the earth
Is fragrant with a thousand springing seeds.
Oh! April hath a sweetness; when the wind
Comes singing o'er the hills, and shaking down
From tree and blade the dew-drops, lifting up
The modest violet, and along the wood
Ringing its clear, sharp music, like the voice
Of children loosed from school; when the birds
At morning carol as they watch for May;
And when to hill tops creeping, day by day,
The fine eye sees the grass. There is a spell
In watching Nature at her hidden work,
Which, to mysterious minstrelsy the while
She carries on, the quick ear rapturing.
And ever could I listen to her tone,
Hearing in it the audible voice of God.

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The Latest & Newest Fashions. April, 1843.
Engraved for the Lady's World of Fashion.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

THE usual number of costumes appears in our fashion plate this month. We may as well here mention that our style of arranging the figures has proved so popular that our cotemporaries begin to imitate us in this respect.

FIG. 1.—Is an OPERA DRESS of mauve colored Pekin silk, the bottom of the *jupe* prettily trimmed with small rouleaus, twisted with very small silk cord; these rouleaus reach considerably above the knee. A splendid crispin of white cachemire, lined and trimmed with cherry colored *moire*; collar of the same, the front of the crispin and arm-holes ornamented with bows of cherry colored ribbon.

FIG. 2.—Is an EVENING DRESS of pink *moire*; waist pointed; corsage and sleeves plain; the sleeves have a fall of rich lace; a cape of Brussels lace falls from the shoulders, ornamented in the centre with three splendid broaches, the lower one much smaller than the two upper ones.

FIG. 3.—Is an EVENING DRESS of rich verdant green velvet, the *jupe* very full and long, and opening on the left side, and showing a puffing of white satin, attached across at equal distances with bands and tassels, of gold and crimson cord; Grecian body, the top part bordered with a narrow fancy gold and crimson trimming; the waist a perfect *point*; the sleeves very short, and fluted, the top of the fluting similarly ornamented; a double cord and tassels finishes the edge of the sleeves. *Toque* of green velvet, the front part being ornamented with a narrow trimming, like that on the top of the corsage, and looped over on each side with the same; a splendid plume of short white ostrich feathers, twisted gracefully toward the back is placed on the left side of the *toque*.

FIGS. 4 and 5 are EVENING DRESSES in late styles. These figures are valuable for the coiffure.

FIG. 6.—Is a WALKING DRESS of green silk; sleeves tight nearly to the elbow, and ornamented with two wreath-like bands, and a knot; the corsage descending from the shoulders shews the chemisette; bonnet ornamented with a Russian plume.

Among these figures are costumes suitable for every variety of temperature of this changing month. The three half figures above, and the centre figure below are in styles fitted for the spring peculiarly, while the other figures present costumes somewhat more akin to those of the departing winter.

We give several of the most elegant costumes for the month, beside those in our plate. They are unusually rich and various.

EVENING DRESSES.—One of the most choice is of rich blue Ottoman velvet made perfectly plain; the corsage very low, and shewing the *chemisette* of fine muslin edged with lace; over this dress is worn an elegant mantle of pale pink satin, lined with white *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with a narrow row of swan's down; a very becoming kind of round cape falls over the shoulders; the hanging sleeves rather large, and trimmed round with the same fur. Coiffure composed of a beautiful white and gold narrow scarf, edged at the ends with a deep fringe, and falling in a kind of a lappet from each ear. The head piece of lilac velvet or satin. A very pretty BALL DRESS has made its appearance, of white *areophane*, the skirt

made perfectly simple, with the exception of being ornamented in the front with a splendid *guirlande* of shaded roses intermixed with orange blossoms; this wreath forms two festoons in the front of the *jupe*, reaching nearly to the waist on the right side, tapering small toward the ends; plain pointed corsage, the top of the bust trimmed with folds of *areophane*, and decorated in the centre with a bouquet of flowers; very short *chemisette* sleeves, trimmed round the lower part with wreaths of very small roses. The hair arranged in rather long ringlets, and interspersed with bouquets of beautiful roses and orange blossoms. Garlands of flowers, running up each side of the dress, in fairy like waves, or in detached bouquets round the bottom, are much in vogue. The flowers most used are the mulberry flowers and May roses. Another elegant EVENING DRESS is pearl grey satin, the skirt made immensely full, and a *traine*; on each side of the front of the *jupe* is a trimming of white blonde, put on perfectly plain, and reaching from the point of the waist to the edge of the skirt, and decorated at equal distances with *choux* of pink satin. The corsage low, and waist a perfect point; *Berthe* of deep white blonde, the centre of the bust attached with pink roseettes; short sleeves, trimmed around the edge with a fulling of the same kind of blonde; also adorned with pink roseettes. Coiffure of pale green figured velvet, edged and bound with white satin; the back of this head dress being decorated with a *nœud* and tassels of pearl.

We have still another EVENING DRESS, made of white tarlatan muslin a *triple jupe*, and worn over a primrose-colored silk slip, the lower part of each *jupe* cut in deep rounded waves, bound with a primrose-colored satin; the corsage tight: waist, a perfect *point* in the front, and encircled over the back of the shoulders; the sleeves rather short and trimmed with two fullings of the same material. The gloves ornamented round the tops with a band of primrose satin ribbon, put on perfectly plain. Coiffure of a very light kind of lace lappet, arranged in four *nœuds*, and from which depends a rather long end falling on the shoulder; this lappet is placed rather backward on the left side of the head, the right side being decorated with a branch of pink roses.

BONNETS.—These are being worn a little larger in the front, and straighter, and longer at the ears. Some very novel style of bonnets have appeared of *satin nalle*, or twisted; they have a very new and pretty effect, and are generally decorated with a *peony*, composed of a handsome ribbon. Plumes and flowers are still worn, the Russian plume being the favorite.

COIFFURES.—In *Paris les coiffures historique* are all the rage, such as the coiffure *Anne d'Autriche*, composed of bright green velvet, intermixed with gold gauze, and ornamented with gold tassels; then again, the *Blanche de Castile* head dress—the foundation being a mixture of pearls and gold ornament, the ends trimmed with a fringe, in the same style, falling on each side of the neck. A very pretty little *fantasie* for the head, are those little *Mauresque* handkerchiefs, attached to the hair by means of two large gold pins, the points ornamented with loops of red, black, and gold, and terminated at the back, and at the two sides with Arabian tassels falling low upon the cheeks. Then, again, those splendid coiffures in *crise* velvet, and decorated with white *marabouts* and pearls, which have a charming effect.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THIS number closes the first quarter of the year. In four numbers we have published *eighteen pictorial embellishments*. Not even the three dollar Magazines have equalled this. The encomiums of the press and the increase of our edition have gone hand in hand with our improvements, for the way to ensure success is to deserve it. Compare this number with any three dollar Magazine for April, 1843, and the vast strides we have made will be apparent.

Our aim is to combine cheapness with real merit. A lower price would forbid one: a higher price the other. We pay for our articles, which are *all original*, and publish no names as those of contributors unless the authors write expressly for us. Our tales are not dug out of the dust of old scrap-books. New writers of eminence shall continually be added to our list. We shall take a higher tone in literature than the other ladies Magazines, for it is no compliment to the sex to furnish them with namby pamby stories, where neither the characters nor incidents are true to nature. Yet we shall always keep in eye that ours is a *lady's book*. In a word our efforts shall be directed to make this *the Magazine for the sex*.

The story of "MARGARET VINING," completed in this number, is one of the most powerfully told tales we have published. Its author has written several excellent stories, among which "The Rector of Trosley" is, perhaps, next to this, the most meritorious. We have a fine tale from Mrs. Lydia Jane Pierson, which we shall publish soon. Our numerous poetical and prose correspondents will be attended to in order, and we trust to their courtesy for patience.

NEW BOOKS.

On our BOOK TABLE we find many excellent works. Miss Strickland's second series of *The Lives of the Queens of England* is exceedingly interesting, and her graceful pen was never more worthily employed than on the lives of the queens of Henry the Seventh and Henry the Eighth, and of Queen Mary, the subjects of these two volumes. We know no book of the season so admirably fitted for the perusal of our fair readers. *Life in Mexico*, by Madame Calderon is a lively and original work. This lady was the wife of the Spanish Envoy at Mexico, and consequently enjoyed singular opportunities for observation on the manners, customs, habits, feelings, and general character of the Mexicans, especially in the higher classes. *The Bible in Spain*, by Barrow, perhaps the best book of the season, is a deeply interesting account of that gentleman's travels in Spain, as agent for the Bible Society. No less than three different editions of the work have been published and sold. *Bulwer's Last of the Barons* has not been so popular as his preceding novels. The subject is strictly historical; the time during the wars of the two roses, and the hero the celebrated Earl Warwick, the king maker. The romance gives a faithful picture of the manners of the times, and most of the characters are truthfully drawn, but the interest of the story is not sustained. *The Mysterious Chevalier*, by James, is his old

novel, *De L' Orme*, re-published. *Tom Burke*, by Laver, and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, by Dickens, maintain their interest, though the former is only O'Malley under a new name and in different circumstances. *Forest & Fe*, by James, is written in his usual entertaining vein, the lovers being married in the end, after numerous perils threatening their happiness. The scene is laid in the days of Henry III., and the celebrated De Mountfort is a leading character. Robin Hood also figures in the work, Mr. James, on the faith of old ballads, contending that the outlaw lived in this epoch, against the commonly received opinion which assigns him to the age of Richard the Lion-hearted. *Perkins' Eight Years among the Nestorians* will be interesting, especially to the religious community. The work abounds with valuable information, and is written in a manly, fair, and graphic style. The colored engravings, chiefly illustrative of Persian society, add much interest to the book. *The Noctes Ambrosianæ* of old Kit North appear in four volumes, from the press of Carey & Hart. For wit, criticism and occasional extravagance, these papers are so remarkable, that we need only announce their publication. Lover is publishing a new novel called *L. S. D.*—it is witty.

THE LITERARY WORLD.

THERE is scarcely anything that is novel just now in the Literary World. The legitimate book trade has received so severe a check from the system of cheap publications now pursued, that there is little inducement for authors of merit to put original works to press. We long for a return to the good old style of publishing; when books were books, and people did not seek to cheat one into thinking a broad-sheet a volume. We clearly see that, if the present system of cheap reprints continues, the only avenue for original talent in America will be the magazines, and we would be willing in this to sacrifice our own interest for the good of the country. Oh! for the days of the good old quartos, with type to make one's heart glad, and margin enough to hold volumes of annotations, if so be you chose to make them.

Among the new works advertised, our readers will be pleased to hear of one from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, entitled *The May Flower; or, Sketches of scenes and characters among the descendants of the Pilgrims*. Mr. Fay, author of "Norman Leslie," "The Countess Ida," &c., has in press a new novel called *Hoboken*. We learn that *Prescott's Conquest of Mexico* will appear in the fall, if not earlier, and that the fourth volume of *Bancroft's United States* will be published during the summer. *Audubon's Viviparous Quadrupeds* of North America, shortly to appear, will be a magnificent work, the animals being drawn and colored after nature. He is soon to depart to the Rocky Mountains to procure specimens. A very beautiful illustrated edition of *The Book of Common Prayer* is shortly to be published complete, by Mr. Wainwright, of New York, and Mr. W. H. Graham, of Philadelphia. *Longfellow's Spanish Student and other poems* are in press. *Mrs. Seba Smith* also intends publishing her poems in a volume. *Mrs. Sigourney's "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands,"* is advertised by Tilt, the London publisher, with illustrations by Turner, Roberts, and other artists.

THE LADY'S WORLD.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA: MAY, 1843.

No. 5.

GOING A MAYING.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

Oh! let us go a maying. We will away from the dull, brick-town: we will away into the country, the fresh, green, breezy country. Through our open casement the cool air comes in gushes, fragrant with blowing violets and budding trees. We can hear the rustle of the lilacs in the garden, as they scatter their perfume around. Hark! the whistle of a bird—and with the sound we are away, climbing the hill side and watching for the early nests as when we were a boy. We are in the country—in imagination at least—idling in sylvan glades, listening to gurgling streams, bathing our temples in the soft, south wind, and loitering among green meadows where the dewy footprints of April have left flowers at every step. Not a cloud is whitening the sky. The brown hills glisten in the sunbeams like the golden armor of a god, and along the valley glitters the dancing river, as if it were a chain of jewels; while the waving of boughs, the rustle of grass, the murmur of waters, the carol of birds, and the joyous laugh of childhood thrill our very heart, and bring back our youth. Oh! let us go a maying.

All through the long winter months we have been waiting for this day. When the snows of January spun in the tempest we turned from the chilly prospect and dreamed of May. When the ice ground in the rivers of February, and the trees groaned shivering with pain, we thought how different would be the mornings of May, when the streams would go signing by, the trees be green and luxuriant, and we should be abroad brushing the dew drops from the grass with a sound like the ringing of silver bells. And when, in March, the hail pattered against the casement, and the rivers roared by swollen and yellow, still we sighed for May, and every night went to bed thinking, as a young girl whose lover is at sea, that we two were one day nearer. And one morning, in early April, after a soft rain in the night, when we opened our door we were greeted with those sights and sounds that awaken the feeling of *the first*

coming of spring—that feeling which, however often gratified, never loses its freshness. Oh! the luxury of that moment. The air was full of balm from unseen blossoms, the grass had sprung up as if by magic during our sleep, the waters glanced in the sunlight, the trees rustled melodiously, and when suddenly the song of a bird gushed forth, every nerve within us quivered with extatic pleasure. Already we heard afar the silver voice of May, and every morning thereafter we watched to see her coming with the sun across the hills. And she is here! beautiful as a virgin white-robed for the altar. We feel her perfumed breath upon our cheek, tremulous as the first kiss a maiden gives her lover.

"You may hear birds at morning, and at eve
The tame dove lingers till the twilight falls,
Cooing upon the eaves, and drawing in
His beautiful, bright neck."

It is the first of May. Oh! for the days of good Queen Bess. Oh! for a bodily sight of a May-party as we see it in Leslie's picture, when England was merry England; when the flowers came, as they no longer come with May; and when the hawthorn flaunted, and the leaves were on all the trees. Oh! for the tall May-pole in the centre of the village green, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and streaming with ribbons of every hue, around which, with linked hands, danced the laughing maidens, to the sound of flute and rote and viol. Oh! for the search after May dew; the kiss behind the white thorn; the trees hung with garlands, and the houses covered with wreaths of wild flowers. Oh! for the May Queen, blushing until her cheek vied with the crimson blossoms of her coronet. Oh! for the formal cavalier and ladye of high descent,—for the hobby horse and dragon, the jest and tale, the games at wrestling, archery and quoits. Oh! for the moonlit dance, and afterward the slow walk home, with the parting kiss and the love-dream, broken off provokingly at the climax and vainly wooed again. Oh! for the song and smile, the blush and whisper, and the merry, merry moments of the afternoon. And oh! for the parting of the chaplets and the gift of the tell-tale flowers:

"violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial, lilies of all kinds."

But alas! the May-day sports have gone forever: the May-pole no longer waves its ribbons on the green, nor is the dance protracted until the crescent moon silvers the tree-tops as it sinks in the west. No longer do maids hunt for May dew to increase their beauty, nor lover seek lover behind the blossom of the white thorn. There are sallow faced utilitarians who will sneer on you at talk of keeping May-day; but what care we for them, when our room is fragrant with lilacs, and we can hear the delicious rustle of trees, calling us away to mossy banks and murmuring waters! Who will go with us a maying?

We have left the town and are out in the country. The hum of busy tongues has died away, and all around are pleasant rural sounds. The air is sweet with aromatic odors from unseen flowers, blossoming fruit trees and the upturned soil. In the quiet wood at the bottom of the valley there is a sound of running water, and the voices of birds make the clear blue sky ring with melody. Swallows are skimming around barns, the farm-boy whistles to his horses, and cool airs come and go deliciously on our brow. In the green meadow running up the valley a party of children has come to spend the day. We love to see children a maying. Even an unwieldy omnibus looks pleasing when, crowded with their happy faces and decorated with green boughs, it rolls swiftly out into the country. We love to hear their sunny laughter as they race over the hill-side or weave garlands of wild flowers for each others hair. We love to see them playing Copenhagen, now diving under the rope, and now sliding their hands rapidly to and fro, each little maid coyly affecting to dislike the forfeit, and each bold boy watching his favorite with the eye of a hawk, and just as he seems about to strike another, turning and pouncing on her. Then the struggle, the shouting of the lads and the pity of the girls. Oh! we love to see children a maying. We love to see them around a swing, each eager to get on, yet half fearing to venture when their turn comes. We love to hear them singing down in a wood. We love their glowing cheeks, and loosely flying locks, their ringing laughter and twinkling feet, their arch smiles, mischievous pranks, and pure and innocent looks.

"This sweet May morning
The children are pulling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers."

And because we love children we love wild flowers. There is something so exquisitely graceful, something so artless and sylph-like in them, something that so

reminds us of the light-hearted girl before she has become trammelled by the chains of art, that we will gladly leave the rarest exotics to the garden to pluck modest wild flowers in wood or meadow—to go after golden buttercups in fields; to hunt forget-me-nots alongside of quiet streams; to climb precipices for the solitary rose that blooms in some apparently inaccessible cleft; to come suddenly across honeysuckles in the woods flooding the air with perfume; to search after many another plant dear to our memory, on sunny banks or in hidden nooks where we are sure to find it. Nor are the blossoms of our common fruit trees less beautiful. There is nothing to dream of in fairy land so lovely as an orchard of peach trees in bloom, with the millions of delicately tinted flowers to which only the blush of a young virgin can compare; and who has not paused entranced where an apple tree by the wayside, shaking its rosy blossoms in the breeze, fills the air with gushes of fragrance, coming and going like unseen music out at sea? If you walk into the woods and see a dogwood tree in the distance, its white blossoms appear like a sudden fall of snow upon the branches, or, if the sun shines full upon them, like a shower of starlight let in on the shadowy wood. And when the water lilies are in their glory, if you will go down where they abound, you will almost dream that you look on the still waters of Paradise. Well do we remember a little lake, embosomed among solitary hills, far away in the wilderness. In the wildest part of this pond was a secluded nook where the water lilies, for a furlong at the least, grew so thickly that we could only row our skiff along by a narrow channel, that wound in and out, a silvery thread, in this labyrinth of fragrant plants. So still and quiet was the spot that sometimes a feeling of awe, almost of fear would come over us at the echo of our oars, and pausing we would hold our breath and look cautiously around, ere we dipped our blades again into the water. Often we would spend whole afternoons in this delicious spot, reclining in our skiff and gazing into the depths of the calm blue sky, or looking listlessly over the sides at its image reflected in the wave. Save the rustle of the leaves or the light ripple of the water, and occasionally the scream of an eagle wheeling above the hill, no sound broke the stillness: and there it was that we first learned to shape out into words the dreams of our waking hours, the vague, restless feelings of our soul. We never see a water-lily but that spot gleams vividly before us. We have read somewhere of a traveller in Africa, who coming suddenly upon a large Egyptian lily growing by a river, sat down and wept; and we have heard many wonder at his emotion. We can understand it. That flower spoke volumes to his heart. It told him of home, friends, and happiness gone, perhaps, forever.

We have been through the woods, and in the fields,

and now let us go upon the water, than which in nature there is nothing so beautiful. Whether foaming down a rapid, running smoothly toward a fall, silvered by the moonlight, glimmering between tremulous leaves, or sleeping in the shade of a quiet afternoon, it is always beautiful. What can excel in loveliness the spray of a fountain twinkling against the moon, or painting mimic rainbows on a background of rocks or foliage? What is so stately as the flow of a mighty river? Oh! we love the water with a strange affection. Often after a hot day in the forest we have come across a cool spring bubbling up among luxuriant grass, and kneeling we have allayed our thirst with a feeling of luxury no after draught has equalled. And this love has haunted us from childhood. We were once delirious in a fever, but while all around wept at our fancied suffering, we dreamed of cool waters wherein we bathed our wearied and burning limbs. When we were a boy, often would our soul grow restless with wild longings for what earth could not afford; at such times we used to go and gaze into the calm breast of that mountain lake until we found peace and went home happy. We knew not the reason then; but our heart has since told us that the beautiful things of this earth are but types of the serener beauty of heaven, intended, by a wise Providence, at once to soothe and stimulate our yearnings for supernal loveliness, and thereby to draw us gently, by an invisible chain, up to our Father's footstool.

Have you studied the music of water? From the deep muteness of the sea to the silver song of a fountain, what is there in nature to equal it? If you will go forth and listen on a hill after a plentiful rain, when the gullies by the road-side have been changed into the beds of running streams, where the torrent, at almost every step, tumbles over a mimic fall, or gurgles among opening stones, you will learn what a wonderful variety of tones the motion of water produces. Each sound is distinct, yet all, singly or together, melodious; and there is not a sound of your favorite instrument you cannot find there. Displace a single stone and you have a new melody. The old poets who lived, as it were, in the fields, knew this, and nowhere do you find so many vivid images drawn from the sound of water as in their writings. Have you never listened to the pattering of rain upon a roof, or paused at the tinkling of a spring on a rock? And in the summer nights have you never lain awake for hours, to hear the murmur of a neighboring brook sliding and falling softly?

"A voice is of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the silent woods all night
Sings its quiet tune."

It is the ringing of the large rain drops that precede a summer shower, especially if they fall on deep, still water, there is a mysterious music. Stand on a beach

in a storm, and listen to the wild boom of the surges without awe, if you can. We never hear the roar of an unseen cataract in the pine woods of a mountain without holding our breath, as if almost in the visible presence of the Almighty: and often we have started at what appeared to be the sound of childish laughter in the forest, caused by the noise of a brook gurgling swiftly among stones and shooting down rapids. A young poet of our day has beautifully compared the voice of his mistress singing to the leaping of a fountain in starlight: we could lead him to a thousand sounds as musical—the dropping of water down a well, its silvery clearness where it runs swiftly through long grass, its indescribable melody when gliding over sand, or the quick *gu-gu* with which it shoots darkly clear out of the cool depths of a cedar swamp. It is only in the symphonies of Beethoven that you can find any parallel to the music of water: now impulsive and now measured; frantic with rage, or "moaning like a god in pain;" soft, plaintive or terrific, he alone, of all the great composers, has transmuted into instrumental harmony something of the music of water. And it is only in its wildness that the comparison holds good.

Then, let us go a maying, and let it be upon the water. Our barge is rocking at the slip, her gay streamers fluttering in the wind, and her oars keep time like sister Graces dancing. The air is breezy and fresh, invigorating us with new life. We will away, up the placid river, gliding by bold headlands, quiet coves and green islands sleeping on the water, by summer-houses perched on cliffs, and old mansions formal among patriarchal trees; and, as we go, the wind will crisp each tiny crest into frosted silver, and the mellow sound of horns from passing boats will melt across the water, "as 'twere ærial music." We will land often, and again push off; but with noon, selecting a sylvan spot, we will disembark for the day, and while the servants place the greensward meal, wander off into the woods hunting for violets in the hollows or climbing after the columbine until the bugle summons us to dinner. And then the noon-tide meal, with the green leaves rustling above and the breeze playing around us, bringing back the memory of bold Robin Hood and Sherwood forest.

Oh! the woods are ever beautiful—beautiful in the stern majesty of winter when the wind wails through them like a spirit cast from heaven; beautiful in the sultriness of summer when the deer seek their coolest recesses, and when, at early morning, their leaves are tremulous with the songs of myriads of birds; beautiful in autumn when clothed in a thousand glittering colors, and covering hill and valley with a glory such as is reflected from the ruby and sapphire walls of the new Jerusalem. And beautiful are they in spring, ere the old oaks have put on their verdure, and when the larch

stands, rich and green, among the melancholy firs. If there is a stream in the wood you may find its margin fringed with willows, their light green pensile tresses drooping, like a soft eye-lash, on the water. On every side are trees in every stage of leafing, some nearly bare, some with the younger buds shooting, and some green even to the top; and pleasant is it to sit and listen to the rising wind, at first just lifting the highest leaf, then rustling the whole foliage, and so swelling out until even the branches of the bare old oaks sway to and fro with a wild mournful sound. Nor is it their outward beauty alone which affects us. How mysterious their growth from the little seed to the lordly tree. See how their heavier branches protrude toward the north to screen them from the inclement storms of that quarter; while, for the same purpose, one side of the trunk is covered with moss. Mark that gnarled and twisted tree growing out of the edge of the ravine: at first the plant bends earthward pressed on by that mass of rock, then it is forced horizontally, but serpent-like it soon winds upward and around the incubus, thus amid every obstruction shooting to the light. Every leaf is an organ through which, as it were, the tree respires; and how wisely does nature ordain that, when the leaves fall off, the sap ceases to shoot, and the tree grows torpid. Then how wonderful has been the progress of the different species, from the gigantic fern amid which the terrific iguanodon nestled in the earlier geological epochs, to the lofty palms through which the mammoth broke as the hippopotamus now rushes through the reeds of Africa. Oh! mighty in the thoughts they suggest, and overpowering in their majestic beauty are the forests. No fretted roof of minster inspires us with such awe.

"Ah, why,
Should we, in the worlds riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised!"

This breezy wood is another forest of Arden, and we almost look to see a new Rosalind tripping out on the glade. It was a beautiful trait in the classic mythology to people the forest with dryads and hamadryads, nor do we wonder that this poetic superstition lingered long after paganism was no more, and breathed its benign influence into Tasso's immortal poem. But since tree and rock no longer have their divinities, let Rosalind be the presiding influence of this spot—Rosalind the sweetest, loveliest of all Shakspeare's females. So graceful and sprightly, so arch and witty, so tender and loving, impulsive often, and, therefore, needing forgiveness, saucy as a page, yet full of womanly feeling, oh! give us Rosalind. The girlish Perdita, the gentle Desdemona, the frank Miranda, the majestic Portia, Helen, Beatrice, Ophelia, and that angel Imogen, are all lovely, though different, but no one combines so

many womanly and winning qualities, is at once so heavenly and yet of earth, as Rosalind. If she falls in love at first sight, it is because she has agreed "to make sport withal;" but she soon finds that her passion is in earnest, and exclaims, wringing her pretty hands, "oh, coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou did'st know how many fathoms deep I am in love." How exquisitely she fools it with Orlando; but how soft her woman's heart when she faints, at hearing of his wound: and with what roguish hypocrisy she says, on recovering, "ah! sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited; I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh ho!" We love the little vixen. We love her for her pretty way of teaching Orlando to make love to her—we love her for her merry chiding of him when he comes behind his time—we love her for the gay manner in which she ruffles it as the page, though when alone with Aliena she piteously says, "never talk to me; I will weep;" or with more spirit and somewhat of vexation, at her cousin's exclamation, "Cupid have mercy! Not a word," retorts "Not one to throw at a dog." Ah! Rosalind, when you said that, you felt your heart was gone, and feared it might be hopelessly. Come a maying then with your Rosalind, or, if you be a lady, bring your Orlando.

But we have loitered in the woods, now dancing on the sward, and now engaged in merry talk, until the evening star, glistening like a tear in the blue eye of beauty, hangs over the western hill, and the cool air of approaching night warns us to embark. As we float softly down the stream, our oars scarce dipping in the water, gentle thoughts will insensibly possess our souls, and deep silence ensue. It is the hour of vespers, and sky and river remind us of Italy. They have a beautiful custom there, when the vesper bell is heard, for the rowers simultaneously to stop for prayer until the silver sounds cease melting over the water. And equally poetic is the practice of the fisherman's wives who go out at twilight on the sea-shore and sing, that their husbands, hearing them, may know whither to direct their skiffs. If you are on the water at that hour, the answering songs around, from unseen vocalists on sea and shore, produce an indescribable effect. It is like music from angels in the air.

To float on a calm river at eventide wakes the poetry of a man, if he has any in him. There is nothing we so love as to see the pearly water dripping from the oars, each drop glistening in the starlight as it falls, or to watch the long lines of trembling light that shoot and die, as the blades disturb the placid surface. Thus occupied we will silently float on. But when the moon, sliding above the tree tops, shoots its bridge of silver along the tide, suddenly, at the sight, we will burst into rapturous exclamations, the oars will rollick gaily, the barge shoot ahead with a start, songs will be

heard, gay laughter again ring out, and away, like a bird skimming, we will go. That is a May day for you. Will you go?

PARTING LINES

TO FELLOW PASSENGERS, AFTER A VOYAGE FROM EUROPE.

BY LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
 When shall we all meet again?
 We, who side by side, so long,
 Listening to the billow's song,
 Saw the Sun, with none to save,
 Plunge amid his ocean-grave,—
 And anon,—its bursting floor
 To the skies their king, restore,—
 Saw the Icebergs, mountain-high,—
 Felt the winter of their eye,—
 Days of care and nights of fear,
 Drew us, heart to heart, more near,
 And though rich,—serenely fair
 Gleams the heaven of our prayer,—
 Still,—the parting hour is pain,—
 When shall we all meet again?
 When the sea of time is crost,
 When her beacon-fires are lost,—
 When our sails no more are furld,
 For the tempests of the world,
 And no more expanding wide,
 Woo the gales of hope and pride,
 When those ties the heart that sway,
 Melt like smoking flax away,
 Where the judgment seat is set,
 Where the tribes of earth are met,—
 When those Books whose awful scroll
 Hide the sentence of the soul,
 Ope, for endless joy or pain,—
 Then, shall we all meet again.

THE FORGET ME NOT.

BY HARRIET SYMMES.

UPON a ravine's gloomy side
 A gentle wild flower grew,
 That blushed to see the sun, and wept
 His flight in tears of dew.
 A maiden marked it growing there,
 And claimed her lover's aid
 To pluck the flower, his suit to win—
 She spoke, and was obeyed.
 Stooping far o'er the dizzy verge,
 The lover touched the prize—
 But slipped, and falling fondly calls,
 "Forget me not!" and dies.
 So poets tell the flower was named;
 And still it hangs its head,
 As if it drooped, like that sad maid,
 Heart-broken for the dead.

THE CURATE'S DAUGHTER.

BY JANE D. BALDWIN.

THE night was dark and dreary. The wind moaned through the leafless trees, while the rain pattered against the casement. It was such a night as adds double wretchedness to the scanty meal and cheerless hearth of the poor, while it gathers around the blazing fireside of the more fortunate all the comforts and luxuries of life, for on such a night their value is doubly increased by the force of contrast.

In a handsome apartment, whose rich carpet and silken hangings, bore ample testimony to the presence of wealth, while the open piano, and richly bound books spoke of elegance and a refined taste, sat two ladies, who, by a certain air of refinement inseparable from education, and the legitimate growth of good society, seemed fitted to dwell amid scenes like this. The subject was worthy of a painter: that room, with its stately and pictured walls, seen by the soft light of a lamp, while the beautiful girlish creature in the foreground, was not more worthy the artist's skill than was the more matronly and thoughtful, yet still handsome woman, who, seated near the fire in a large arm chair, unconcerned of the storm that raged without, seemed intent alone on her knitting. Impatiently did the young and beautiful Agnes listlessly turn over the leaves of her music, and in seeming restlessness of mood touch the keys of her piano, while ever and anon she would start from her seat, and raising the heavy crimson curtain, gaze into the darkening gloom without, then with a sigh and a half uttered exclamation of disappointment, turn away from the window, and watch her aunt's fingers as she quietly knitted round after round, and thought what selfish beings old maids were. Her aunt seemed to read her thoughts, for she said kindly,

"I know, my dear Agnes, you have been disappointed by the rain this evening from attending your friend Clara's party; but sit down near me, and I will tell you a story that will convince you that there are more serious disappointments in life than this evening's rain has occasioned you."

"Oh! thank you, dearest aunt," exclaimed the warm hearted girl, as she seated herself on a low ottoman at her aunt's feet, "I do so love to listen to your stories, there is so much simplicity and truthfulness in them, one could almost fancy you had been yourself a witness of all the scenes you describe." Her aunt smiled at this implied compliment to her powers of story-telling, and began her oft promised tale of the *Curate's Daughter*.

"About the year 1812, Mr. Steele, the newly appointed curate, came to take pastoral charge of a devoted little flock in a small village in the north of Ireland. His wife was the very personification of what a minister's wife

should be. Well educated, graceful and easy in her manners, lowly and meek of heart, she used to accompany her husband in his visits to the houses of his parishioners, whose sorrows were always her sorrows. She 'shared with him their gladness, and wept with him their tears.' At the time of their coming to the parsonage, their family consisted of two rosy children. Bessie, the eldest, was a quiet, studious child, with dark and loving eyes expressive of a thoughtfulness beyond her years; while the pretty little romp, Lucy, full of fun and frolic, was the pet and plaything of her parents, and the darling of her older and more sedate sister.

"Owing to Mr. Steele's very limited salary, for to him with truth might be applied the lines of Goldsmith,

'A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.'

his little daughters were not sent to school, but, under the care of their excellent and accomplished mother, they won the just reputation of being the best educated girls in Ballyronan. Every moment that Mrs. Steele could spare from her stitchery and household duties, was employed in imparting to her daughters those accomplishments in which she had herself excelled. Nor were the seeds of instruction sown in a barren soil. Bessie from earliest childhood thoughtful and reserved, carried ever about with her as she grew in years a consciousness of the presence of the sources of all good. She was one of those who find 'sermons in stones, and good in every thing.' Hence the charm that pervaded every look and breathed in every word she uttered. But the pretty brunette Lucy inherited all the strong impulses and intensity of feeling, without the rigidly correct moral principles which regulated her sister's conduct.

"About this time the eldest son of their neighbor, Esquire Hoffman, returned from the university. Orrin Hoffman was a tall, noble looking man, with a frank expression of countenance and pleasant smile, that more than atoned for a certain roughness of manner and impatience of restraint. He had been absent three years from Ballyronan, and had almost forgotten his little playmates of the parsonage, when he was reminded of them by hearing the church-bell ring the first Sunday morning after his arrival. 'Orrin,' said his mother, as the carriage drove up to the door, 'don't you intend to accompany us to church this morning?' 'I think not,' he replied, yawning over a book he was *not* reading; for, dull as a Sunday would be in the country spent within doors, he resolved to bear with it rather than inflict on himself the bore, as he termed it, of listening to '*Old Humdrum*,' as he was wont to designate the good curate, in comparing him with the more highly gifted preachers he had been accustomed to hear in Dublin, and whose literary productions, flowing language, and graceful elocution were more suited to his fastidious taste. 'You had better come,' said his father,

'Mr. Steele will be unaffectedly glad to see you there.' 'And,' continued his mother, 'you will be surprised to see your old playmate Bessie. She is quite a tall girl now, and decidedly the prettiest in the parish,' Orrin's countenance brightened, he rose from the sofa, threw aside the book, and offering his arm to his delighted mother, conducted her to the carriage, and the next minute was rolling onward to the village church.

"'The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him,' was spoken in a deep and solemn tone. Orrin raised his head as he walked up the broad aisle, and gazed upon the speaker. How few, how strong those touching words! They acted as a spell to call back bye-gone years. It was the voice of other days, a voice he had heard 'even from his mother's knee,' and as he continued to gaze on the well remembered features, his whole attention became absorbed in the simple language, adapted to the capacity of his hearers, with which the preacher expained the sublime truths in the sacred volume before him. 'And this is he,' thought Orrin, 'whom I called puritanical, and of whose *nasal twang* I discoursed so eloquently but an hour ago.' Oppressed by his sensations, his eye fell from the mild countenance of the speaker, and wandered to the curate's pew, there to meet the quickly averted gaze of Bessie Steele. Yes, he knew it was her, though much taller than when last he had seen her. There was the same smile, whose pensive sweetness had erst caught his youthful fancy—'how could I ever have forgotten Bessie Steele?' he mentally asked himself. The supposition seemed absurd.

"When the benediction was given, and the congregation was leaving the church, he watched impatiently for an opening in the crowd that gathered round the good curate as he approached the door: and there by her mother's side, her slight form leaning against a column, stood Bessie Steele: and again a slight blush flitted over her cheek as she encountered the admiring gaze of Orrin Hoffman. To conceal her confusion she spoke to her sister, who, with herself and mother, was evidently waiting for the curate to join them. Orrin Hoffman had been three years from home, and they had had their effect. He perfectly understood how to adapt his manners to all occasions, and to conform with ease to all circumstances in which he might be placed. He now advanced to the venerable old man, and grasped his proffered hand with a warmth for which the good curate was not prepared. With unfeigned kindness the kind old man invited him to call *sans ceremonie* at the parsonage during his stay in Ballyronan. Orrin bowed his thanks, delighted at the prospect of renewing his acquaintance with the Curate's Daughter, the playmate of his early days, the gifted and retiring Bessie Steele.

"From this time scarce a day passed that did not see

Orrin wending his way to the parsonage. If there was a flower in Esquire Hoffman's garden prettier than the rest, Orrin bore it off to Bessie. He read to her the works of her favorite authors, and was ever by her side in all their evening walks; and it was impossible in the course of this deepening intimacy that the sentiments of Orrin could be concealed. She must have been more or less than woman to have doubted. As the time appointed for Orrin's return to Dublin approached, the roses faded gradually from the cheek of Bessie. He was qualifying himself for the profession of the law, and he now looked forward hopefully to the time when he would commence his professional duties in partnership with the good Squire Hoffman, who, now growing old, required a young and energetic assistant. One evening Orrin came to the parsonage at a later hour than usual. He looked pale and agitated.

"I have received," said he, 'a letter to-day from Dublin, requiring my immediate presence, and I must leave Ballyronan to-morrow. I did not know till now how much my happiness was centred here,' and as Bessie, unable to conceal her emotion, rose to leave the apartment, Orrin detained her, 'promise me, dear Bessie, before I go,' he said, 'that when I return, this hand, which now trembles in mine, shall be mine forever.' 'Take it,' she murmured on his breast, 'it is all I have to give.'

"Time passed, and oh! how dearly, to *one* of the inmates of the parsonage. It is true that Orrin wrote to her often; still the study of his profession detained him in Dublin, and in *his* absence, how could she feel otherways than sad and lonely! His letters were treasured, read and re-read, till every word was engraven on her memory, as indelibly as his image was on her warm and loving heart.

"About this time a melancholy change came over her destiny, in the rapidly declining health of her excellent and exemplary mother. In a few weeks she was called upon to mourn over the remains of that pious and tender parent, and for a time her already tried spirit sank as if its trials were too great to bear. Still, for her poor father and Lucy's sake, she shook off the gloom that oppressed her, and strove, with the holy calm of resignation to His will, to look for happiness in a brighter world than this. To instruct this darling sister, and smooth the declining years of her father, was now her only source of consolation, for now indeed Orrin's letters came few and far between.

"What a striking resemblance Lucy Steele bears to her sister Bessie," was the remark of Mrs. Hoffman, as she accompanied her son in his first visit to the parsonage on his return. 'The resemblance is certainly striking,' he replied, 'only Lucy is far more beautiful.' The remark and the look of unconcealed admiration

with which he regarded Lucy, who, as if unconscious of their approach, continued to water her geraniums, was noted from her chamber window, under which they passed, by Bessie, who, motionless and heart-stricken, appreciated the full impart of both. The words rang in her ear like a death knell—for she felt that the sun of her earthly happiness had set forever.

"Once more Orrin Hoffman renewed his visits to the parsonage, he now seldom saw Bessie, and never enquired the cause, or seemed to notice her absence. When indeed they *did* meet he addressed her with a cold and distant politeness. Delicacy, in the meantime, sealed the lips of Bessie, while concealment preyed upon her broken spirits, and undermined her health. About this time Mrs. Hoffman solicited Mr. Steele's permission, for Lucy to accompany her for a few weeks to Dublin. To this the good curate willingly assented, as the anticipated visit seemed to give Lucy so much pleasure. I have already said that Lucy inherited all the strong feelings of Bessie, without the same regulating moral principles. She could not with Burns 'suppose a change o' cases,' without her conscience accusing her in a voice that could not be stifled, of being accessory to all her sister's sufferings, yet she *did* continue to silence the 'small still voice' with the assurance *that it was destiny!*

"Bessie strained her sister to her heart, although that heart was breaking, and when Orrin Hoffman handed Lucy to the carriage that was to convey them to Dublin, Bessie fell on her knees in her now lone chamber, and prayed to the giver of all good for strength to bear this other trial with resignation.

"Although Orrin's marked attentions to Lucy ought to have prepared Bessie for what might be expected to follow, yet a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky could not have more fully paralyzed her every faculty, than when her father received a letter from him containing a proposal for the hand of Lucy. Then indeed she felt that the cup of her misery was full to overflowing: then, indeed, in the sad loneliness of her chamber, she sorrowed as one without hope.

"By the death of an elder brother, the last years of the good curate were spent in comparative affluence, and at his death the property of her uncle's will fell to Bessie's possession, who valued it chiefly as the means of dispensing good to others. Esquire Hoffman died within a year from the decease of the good curate, and, on his father's death, Orrin came to reside at the lodge with his wife and infant daughter. They had resided at the lodge but a few weeks, when the appalling news was brought to his wife, who, at the time, was dangerously ill, that Orrin had been thrown from his horse and instantly killed. His wife survived the dreadful intelligence but two days, leaving her infant daughter, with her blessing, to the care of her sister Bessie.

"Many a time, in after years, did Bessie Steele lead

the infant steps of her precious charge to the early graves of her parents, and never did Bessie leave the consecrated spot without shedding many a tear over the grave of Orrin, her first and only love."

Agnes looked tearfully up in her aunt's face,

"Was not the name of the orphan *Agnes*?"

"It was, my dear."

"Oh!" sobbed Agnes, "how kind, how forgiving you have ever been. How could I ever call *you* an old maid or *selfish*?"

"Agnes," said her aunt, "I have told you this tale of my early sorrows to shew you that there are greater disappointments in life than missing a cotillion party, and severer trails than a rainy evening."

TO ELLEN.

BY JOHN A. STRYKER.

If nature ever deigned to trace
On human form a heavenly grace;
If beauty ever drew its line
To make a mortal look divine;
If sometimes heaven has lent a dye
Caught from the rainbow of the sky,
And painted on a child of earth,
The charms of a celestial birth.

Ellen, thou art that child, and thine
That heavenly grace, that matchless line,
That form on which each flower threw
The tinge of its peculiar hue;
The lily first its whiteness spread,
The rose came next and left its red,
And every grace of the parterre
Has thrown some painted beauty there.

A soul looks out at those bright eyes,
Lovely as when from yonder skies
A seraph with the smile of heav'n
Looks down upon a wretch forgiven;
Those eyes so like ethereal blue,
Beaming such star-like lustre too,
That one would think within there ought
To be a paradise of thought.

Thou seem'st an angel nature, born
Of man, and thy pure life as drawn
From the same font where angels quaffed
Their immortality's full draught:
Yet mortal, too, and so must share
The mortal's calm, the mortal's care,
And be what man forever is,
He feels not now, but hopes for bliss.

'Tis the sure lot of men below,
And thou must share their weal and woe,
The changing child of hope and fear,
The compound of a smile and tear:
Yet when the tear shall leave thine eyes
The light of some sweet smile shall rise,
And shining in that drop shall spread
Hope's gilded rainbow 'round thy head.

WILLOW DELL.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

LOVELY and innocent beings were Hannah and Francisca Southmayed; lovely and loving one another were they, for they were orphans, and no kind kindred divided their young affections. Their mother, a beautiful Florentine, was won from her sunny home by the fond idolatry of Theodore Southmayed, an American traveller in glorious Italy; who forgot temple and monument, sculpture and painting, in the intellectual loveliness of his worshipped Francisca Di Altì; and as he bore her homeward he felt a prouder joy than if all the inanimate treasures of that tomb of art had been his well won trophies. But she was like a transplanted flower, she drooped in our clime; all the fond solicitude of love, a love such as few men have felt for the gifted and beautiful, proved vain to shield and sustain her; before her little Hannah could speak her name, she called her to her bedside, bade her love her new-born sister, and died on the bosom of her husband, who felt his heart die with her. Thenceforth he endured the loneliness of a desolate heart for the sake of his innocent babes, who had none but him to love them. As their minds unfolded, his great aim was to teach them to love each other, for he felt that ere long they would be bereft of all other love; and it was so. Francisca had attained her ninth year, Hannah was one year older. They were different in mind and person. Francisca was like her mother, a slender girl, with jetty hair and midnight eyes: her spirit was all sunshine, such as lies on the enchanting landscapes of Italy, and richly did it tint her pure cheek, and the rich lip, eloquent ever with sweet tones or sweeter smiles. There was fascination in her eyes: whoever gazed into their shadowy depths felt as if lost in an enchanted region of beautiful shadows. Her movements were those of an elastic flower toying with the morning breeze; her soul was all joy, and her person all beauty. Hannah was more voluptuously made. Her brown shining curls shadowed, like a golden veil, her perfect features and glistening white shoulders. Her eyes were blue like the sapphire gate of heaven, betraying by their transparency the pure angels that moved within. Her spirit was deep water. The zephyr that dimpled its surface disturbed not the pure quiet of its treasured depths. Francisca's voice was rich with song and laughter; Hannah uttered words of tenderness with an almost pensive smile.

When Mr. Southmayed's step was feeble, and his eye dim with disease, Hannah sat beside him in his chamber, reading from the sacred volume sentences rendered more sweetly pathetic by the musical cadences of her soft voice; while Francisca bounded over field and garden walk, culling the richest fruit and most fragrant flowers,

which she ever carried to him as offerings of her love. Thus dissimilar they did not divide his love. He felt that he loved each wholly, and they were both necessary to his existence.

It was a soft night in midsummer. The little girls had retired to rest; the fragrant zephyr, the sleeping moonlight, the heavy nodding foliage, reminded the widower of his lost love's fame of bliss. He thought of his first meeting with her, of their moonlight walks amid the scented groves; of the rich orange bower where they were wont to sit together, and where he first won her to confess that her heart owned him as its only lord, while his soul felt those words of her's, its sweetest, purest draught of happiness. A few days he enjoyed the blessed intoxication which it produced. But he thought not now of bitterness, sorrow or mourning. A blessed calm pervaded his spiritual atmosphere; all his life's fond memories were gathered like an angel group around him, and she whom he had so long, so truly loved, stood visible in the soft light, with smiles of love, and robes floating like a silvery cloud in the clear moonlight ether. Long time he gazed on the beautiful being of his excited imagination, and he felt that it was loving kindness which removed her, before this cold ungenial world had touched her with its blight. And then he thought of her sweet resignation, her reliance on the Redeemer, and her faith in a pardoning God; and he felt that his sorrow had been selfish and wicked; and in that hour of perfect resignation, when he was humble and penitent a flood of holy peace descended on his soul. He prayed then in lowliness of spirit, and felt that he was accepted of the Lord. He left his chamber and sought the affectionate woman who had nursed his children since they had no mother; he told her that he should soon die, and besought her to fulfil the conditions of his will, and remain with his daughters as long as they should need her care. "Be patient with them," he said, "watch over them carefully, endure the perversities of their youth, and above all teach them as far as you can a humble piety. These are the conditions on which I have devised to you an ample provision for life." Turning from her tears and protestations of fidelity, he entered the chamber in which his daughters were sleeping. A ravishing picture of innocent love and beauty they presented as they lay asleep on one pillow, Francisca's dark locks lying like sheltering pinions over the bright curls of her fair sister, whose rosy cheek rested on her bosom, while the beats of her tender heart moved with tremulous emotion the transparent hand which so lovingly embraced her. He knelt by their bedside, "Father!" he prayed, "hear me yet once more. Oh! keep my children from all evil, and grant that they may ever remain affectionate and confiding sisters in soul, whose hearts cannot be sundered." He paused. The morning found him still kneeling there,

but his spirit had ascended with his aspirations to heaven. The shrouded love which he had worshipped had been to him a vampire, and eaten away the silver chord of life; and now at the hour in which he was made willing to live for his motherless children, he fell a victim to the impious grief which he had cherished so religiously.

The shrieks of the terrified attendants woke the young orphan's from their sweet repose. Clapsed in each others arms the sisters wept their orphanage, and their love for each other grew more intense from sympathy. But their father had never been to them one on whom to lean for aid and comfort; it had been theirs to watch over him and strive by every gentle art to beguile his sorrows, and win from his countenance the reflection of a smile. They did not mourn, therefore, as under other circumstances they must have mourned; and the love of the nurse who had been to them as father and mother, soon won them from their grief. But a distressing accident deprived them of her care and assistance just as Hannah had attained her eighteenth year. Lovely and innocent beings were these young orphan sisters; nurtured by affection in the bosom of peace, they knew little of the guilefulness of this naughty world; and the magic paradise of young womanhood's imaginings, was in summer bloom of beauty within their spiritual domains. They had not learned that there were such vices as selfishness and deceit. Their reading had been selected by their father with a view to preserving the purity and freshness of their young hearts; and a like course had by his direction been pursued by their guardian nurse. Thus the trusting purity of infancy remained, and gave its coloring to the high, warm romance of womanhood, as the rainbow tinted clouds of morning lie with soft lustre on the face of day. As young birds nestling in the thick bowers of a little river island, look with wonder and delight across the pure waters of the broad shore, rich with its fields of ripe corn, and clustered orchards and human habitations; so did these young maidens look from their seclusion in the world, which to them was all a bright, far off mystery.

In a magnificent mansion of the great metropolis, surrounded by luxury and sumptuous garniture, sat a party of gentlemen, in the absence of ladies, conversing freely of love and matrimony. "With such antediluvian notions in your head, I'll swear, Piercol, that you never will find a resting-place for your heart. Such mawkish fancies of female perfection would grace the utterance of the most perfect hero of ancient romance. A heart that has throbbed for no other! and lips that no other has touched! ha! ha! what a picture of the angelic. Now when I marry I intend to take a woman with all a woman's pretty foibles and coquettings, and little natural failings. Why I would as soon think of

satisfying the craving of hunger with moonshine, as of feeding the domestic affections with a creature of mere intellect."

This speech was addressed to a remarkably handsome man, with a thoughtful cast of countenance, which, however, gave way to a most enchanting smile as he answered,

"I am not seeking a mere intellect, but a woman of pure intellect, and warm and truthful affections. One who has not learned to drink in flattery and to *compliment* in return. Who has studied no romance but the romance of nature, no sentiment but that which wells up pure in her own virgin heart. I prefer the one lone flower that hangs over the spring in the dell amongst the mountains, to all the rainbow glory of the garden."

"Piersol is stricken with monomania," cried a dashing looking beau, "and I can tell him where to find an antidote. During an excursion which I made last summer, I fell upon the loveliest spot of earth. 'Tis a little valley amongst the hills on the western border of our country. The district is rough and broken, of course scatteringly settled. I thought it a very uninteresting place, until chance led me to the valley I spake of. You have read many a fine description of sheltered vales, you have only to recollect the sweetest picture of all, and pour out on it the rich lustre of your own imagination, and you will have Willow Dell. Whether it was originally a glen of willows, or derived its name from a cluster of magnificent weepers that wave their long tresses over a solitary tomb, report saith not; but there lies over it an air of pensive holiness, soothing and subduing the wildest spirit. Well, I paused and sat down on a rustic bench beneath those sighing willows, with intent of sketching the scene. Before me stood a fine looking mansion, and to the right lay an elegant garden, bordered by a clear brook, along the margin of which the projector had planted every water loving flower and plant, while the opposite bank swelled up to a wooded mountain. On the left of the house clustered a glorious orchard of all kinds of fruit, and beyond it were fields of grain, meadow and pasture; nor were cattle, sheep and fowls wanting; and I thought verily that all the birds of the air were congregated in that soft valley, such a mingling of sweet twitterings filled the fragrant atmosphere. I was leisurely commencing my sketch, when I was dazzled and confounded by an appearance of perfect loveliness. From the shelter of a trellised walk appeared moving directly toward me two young creatures such as I never beheld before or since. They were alike in height, but in no other particular. Yet each was perfect. They were robed in pure white, with unconfined ringlets, and were literally laden with garlands of flowers. I concealed myself behind a vine bound willow trunk and watched them. They came to the sepulchre, and hung their pure offerings upon it.

A few broken sentences, uttered in tones sweet and low like dying music, revealed that they were sisters, and that in that silent chamber both their parents slept. When they were gone I walked away in a dreamy bewilderment, and at the nearest house made enquiry concerning them. I there learned only what I had gathered from their words, and that they were perfectly recluse, and almost unknown. Of course they are after all sweet little rustics. But if there are women on earth that can realize your fancies, the Misses Southmayd are the very material."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a being of fashions' fairest daughters; but Mr. Piersol, although apparently the favored Adonis of the party, was absent and thoughtful, apparently speculating on the idea of Willow Dell, and many a sly glance was bandied at his expense by the knowing ones.

Time had gathered her grey evening dress around her, and was donning her sprigs of diamonds, amethyst and rubies, while her flowing veil lay darkly over all the flaunting colors of the day. The lone Edoleo sat lulling her sister seraphs with her flute like melody to which all creatures seemed to listen as to a hymn of heaven. The soft breeze came fitfully in at the white draped windows, bearing the perfume, and sometimes the scented leaves of the roses that clustered around it into the chamber, and on to the spotless couch of a fair young sufferer, whose black curls lay dishevelled over her pillow, contrasting mournfully with the white neck and forehead, and fever crimsoned cheek. Beside the couch sat a watcher, who might have been deemed an angel but for the anxiety depicted on her face, and the tears that dripped in large globules from her silky lashes. A domestic opened the door.

"Miss Hannah," she said, "a stranger desires a night's lodging."

"Why would he lodge here?" enquired the watcher. "He says he is not well, and can proceed no farther."

"Let him stay then. The doctor will not leave us to-night," replied the sad girl; and the servant withdrew, leaving her to watch and weep on. And bitterly did she weep over her last remaining relative, and fervently did she supplicate her Father in heaven for the restoration of her sister's health. How could she resign her inseparable companion from infancy, her only confident, her lovely and loving Francisca. She pleaded with an earnestness amounting to agony, and her voice was heard, for ere morning the fever subsided, the delirium passed away, and Francisca spoke and smiled, and kissed her fond nurse, and won her to lie down and sleep, while the doctor should watch over them both.

Morning found Francisca so much better that Hannah reminded of her guest, went to breakfast with her family. Ralph Piersol, for it was he, although prepared to see a vision of beauty, was astonished by her exceeding love-

liness, enhanced as it was by the languor that so well became her gentle spirit. He watched her closely, and was forced to confess that although not trained in the school of fashion, she possessed native grace and dignity surpassing all acquired manners. She said that although her own attention was engrossed by her sister who was dangerously ill, he would be welcome to remain as long as he found such lonely residence agreeable. He replied that he would no longer trespass on her hospitality, but should locate himself somewhere in the vicinity, in hopes that the pure mountain air would prove a restorative to his impaired health. Modestly intimating that her house was the most eligible situation in the vicinity for such a purpose, she repeated her invitation, which he gratefully accepted. He spoke truths when he complained of ill health, for his constitution was much enfeebled by the confinement of a city life, aided by late hours, and a succession of violent colds. But it was the fame of innocent beauty that led him to her bower. Notwithstanding all the romance of feeling which he had thrown into the idea of the lovely orphans, he had never fancied aught half so enchantingly lovely as Hannah Southmayer. He felt to worship her as the perfection of female excellency. As Francisca recovered, her sister was forced by the good doctor to seek exercise, and to divert her long and painfully occupied mind. And then she was much in Piersol's company. Their communing was all truths, for she knew no disguise, and he found it impossible to flatter one who was richly deserving of all commendation. If he had at first sight worshipped her beauty, he now found himself obliged to worship her purity, and wonder at the extent of her knowledge, and the loftiness of her sentiments. He felt for her emotions which he never experienced until then; but with his admiration was blended an awe which forbade all familiarity.

Need I say that Hannah Southmayer soon felt that he was lord of her heart, and that with such consciousness came an undefinable reserve of manner, a dread of being alone in his company, a timidity which kept the soft eyes veiled, and sunk the sweet tones of the voice to a breeze-like melody. Bright and rich as the first beams of a radiant May morning to the dew spangled beauties of the verdant earth, was the dawning of a pure and holy love to the tearful sympathies of that young fresh spirit. She had never dreamed of love until she met with Piersol. His voice had awakened the sweet bird of music that slept in her maiden heart, and every fibre of her bosom trembled to the melody of the varying tones in which it was forever repeating the true dear name. And that name was breathed from her smile-wreathed lips on the ear of her dear sister Francisca, only when the night lamp looked dimly through the white drapery of the bed, and the breeze alone with pinions heavy with dew disturbed the dark

tresses on the boom of silence. Francisca listened, and wondered what strange spell had gathered round Hannah's spirit, or what unearthly excellence adorned the stranger who thus engrossed her thoughts and affections, she listened, and her pure heart returned to her sister's emotions throb for throb. Ardent did she long to look upon the perfection which so filled her sister's soul; and Piersol felt as ardent desires to see the bright being whose praises Hannah never wearied of repeating.

It was a bright morning in the early autumn just at that soft and mellowed season which seems to mingle its pensive romance with the soul, that Francisca Southmayer was permitted to come down into the parlor and be presented to her sister's guest. Prepared as he was to meet an Houri of Paradise, he was wholly taken by surprise; for his fancy had always represented her as a softened image of her meek and gentle sister. But when he saw her, fairy like in form, with small delicate features, and complexion the pure red and white of which were more beautiful from her long confinement, and the rich glow of returning health; and rendered doubly brilliant from the contrast of her black glossy hair, which was dressed in bands and braids, and confined with a few old fashioned diamond pins and clasps. But her diamonds, though of the purest, were outshone by her dazzling eyes, in which it seemed as if a thousand spirits sported; and her playful spirits gushed with renewed brilliancy from the weight which had lain upon them, even as the brook flows freest when first released from the icy bondage of winter. Piersol gazed and listened, and wondered; and for once in his life utterly forgot himself, and made no effort to dazzle or to please. Francisca, however, looked on him through the medium of her sister's encomiums, and deemed him perfect. And as day after day made them more familiar, as they read, walked, sang, drew and painted together, she too learned to regard him as the best and noblest of the human race. Strangely was he divided between the two beautiful beings. Hannah he considered as an angel, too pure for earth or earthly feelings. He could not speak to her of love, but he felt that he could adore her as a friend, and as such he felt a desire to monopolize her undivided heart. But Francisca he looked on as a woman. A lovely, glad-hearted woman, who could love and perform all the offices of humanity without weariness of spirit. He longed to monopolize both sisters with all their loveliness and affection. He could not endure the thought that either of them should become attached to another man; and the turmoil of his mind became insupportable. He saw that by both he was tenderly regarded, but he judged from their demeanor that Francisca loved, while Hannah felt a sister's pure affection. He desired ardently that so it should be, and therefore it was, perhaps, that he deemed it so. If he had never seen Francisca he would have

worshipped Hannah forever; but now while he owned her all that he ever deemed her, and more and better, he felt his heart's fondest sympathies going forth to her playful sister. And how were they the guileless sisters affected toward him?

"Dear Hannah," said Francisca, as they sat together in their chamber, "do tell me what grieves you, love, for you are unhappy of late; or perhaps you are not well. Oh! if you should be sick as I was, what would become of us, for I could not be a faithful and judicious nurse like you, dear sister?"

"Do not be alarmed," replied Hannah in a low voice, "I am perfectly well, sweet one." And as she spoke she smiled sweetly, but ere the smile had left her lip, a deep and painful sigh came struggling up as from her heart's deep centre. Francisca looked steadily in her face. At first a vivid flush overspread it, which faded suddenly to the lily's paleness. She sought to veil her eyes with their pearly lids, and then the big tears gushed forth and fell from the long trembling lashes.

"I see your heart sister," Hannah whispered, and she drew the loved one to her bosom, where she hid her face, and wept with convulsive sobbings. "Yes, Hannah, I see it all. I know why you have been sad, why you have sighed so often, why you have sat silent and abstracted, why you have wandered moody and alone, why you have turned your eyes away from mine, and why you have gazed so upon me when you thought I was not observing you. I know it all now. Sister! dear and only one, you love this stranger Piersol, you love him, and you fear that he prefers your Francisca. Have I not read you aright?"

Had Hannah been observing the speaker she could have seen that there was agony in her bosom, for the face was livid, the nostrils contracted, and the lips quivering, but she did not look up, and the voice that addressed her was calm and playful.

"Yes, Francisca," murmured the weeper, "you have divined it all. I do love, and I do also fear."

"Do not be grieved, sweet sister. Why should he not love my goldfinch, and why should you not love him?"

"He cannot love the goldfinch, Hannah, for he listened first to the soft note of the dove; and I cannot love him, because I feel that he is yours. So dismiss your fears, dearest, and love on and be happy." She arose as she concluded and walked out to the willows. There hidden from view of the house, she sank upon the grass, and gave way to an agony of weeping. She knew not what she had lost, and yet she felt utterly desolate; she could not tell for what she had hoped, and yet she knew that her dearest hopes were broken. At length she arose and looked around her. There was a deep gloom on the face of Nature; a heavy pall shadowing the handwriting of joy and beauty on the broad page of Omnipotent goodness. "It will be a

hard struggle," she said, "but I must hide my stricken heart from dear Hannah. She shall be happy, and I—I will at least conceal my sufferings. Oh! Father in Heaven, help me to say Thy will—Thy blessed will be done."

And Francisca Southmayer wrapped her bleeding heart in a beautiful tissue, woven of smiles and song, and embroidered with every fanciful form of girlish happiness. When in company she constantly mocked at the name of love, and ridiculed every tale of tender passion, so carrying herself that Piersol would have deemed her utterly heartless, but that at times there came an expression over her countenance that sent a thrill of pain to the heart of the observer, so sorrowful, so full of struggling agony it seemed. But her eye never rested on his, and she sportively avoided all contact with him, even refusing to accept his hand in aid as they climbed the hills together; but Hannah hung upon his arm with a sister's calm confidence; and many a time she sat placidly sketching beside him, while Francisca sported round them like a free fawn, and they deemed her happy. Oh! could they have known with what an agonizing grasp she held her heart strings lest they should betray her; how earnestly she longed for release from the arduous toil of affecting happiness, while her soul was full of bitterness, they would have been happy no more, and the knowledge that it was so gave strength to all her exertions. But when she was alone, then it was that she wept and prayed with clasped and wringing hands for strength to do and to suffer.

A suspicion of the part she was acting would sometimes flash upon Piersol's mind, and with it came a feeling of almost holy reverence for the self-sacrificing young maiden. It was sweet to regard her in that light, but then her wild and light-hearted gambols would within the hour dispel his dreams, and make him again regard her as a heartless, happy child. But Hannah who knew the singleness of her affectionate heart, who should have understood all its workings, sometimes regarded that generous, self-sacrificing sister as a designing rival. Yes, it is possible! She saw that Francisca acted an unnatural part, and although she sometimes fancied that her late sickness had changed her disposition, yet ever and anon came the suggestion, "she is playing a part to win his love from me." And her heart became estranged from her only sister, her only disinterested lover. Oh! idolatrous love! how dost thou darken and embitter the spirit! How dost thou fill the temple of life's charities with hideous phantasies! Francisca saw that her sister's heart was not right toward her, and the bitterness of her cup became more intense. "Will you walk with me, Francisca?" said Hannah, as she tied her bonnet to go out on one of her accustomed errands of mercy.

"No sister, I think not; I do not feel quite well this morning," replied Francisca.

"I suppose Mr. Piersol will help you to beguile the time," said Hannah, with an expression not to be misunderstood. Francisca trembled violently as she replied, "Oh! Hannah, did I ever deceive you that you should doubt me now, that I am breaking my own heart for you?" She felt that she had betrayed herself, and ran sobbing into the garden. Hannah paused,

"Breaking her heart for me," she said, "then she does love him, and he will be her own." And she felt a wish rising in her heart that—must it be told?—that Francisca had never arisen from her bed of sickness. She turned with horror from the suggestion of the fiend, and crushed the wish ere it assumed the garb of thought, with a feeling of self reproach such as she had never before experienced. "Oh! how I wish that he had never come here," she cried in an agony; "for now I am undone—and Francisca—oh! we shall never be happy again!" And she too wept bitterly.

Francisca had fled to the vine covered summer-house, which had ever been a favorite resort for herself and sister, where they played happily together in infancy, so that all sweet memories seemed to gather and rest there. But it was now cold and desolate, for October was shaking the last sear leaves from the trembling vines, even while she sighed mournfully over the ruin she was working. "My heart is at home here," she murmured, "for its joys are withered even as the bloom and verdure of this lonely bower." And she abandoned herself to wild weeping. It was grievous to see one so young, so fair, so formed for joy, sitting amongst the sear leaves with heaving bosom, wringing hands and streaming eyes: and none to comfort her. No parent to protect, no brother to cheer, no sister to sympathize; for the sister, the only relative she could claim, the dear one on whom she had all her life leaned for comfort, she had become cruel and wounded her incurably.

Piersol, as he returned from a hunting excursion, was surprised by her voice of weeping. He approached not stealthily, but unperceived, and stood beside her, yet she wept on. He would have made any sacrifice to have possessed himself of that young hearts secrets. He knew that something of agony lay deep within it; and the hope that it was in some way connected with himself, swelled up until it was ready to burst from his lips. The weeper hushed her sobs, sat silent a moment, and then murmured, "if I had one friend!"

"You have at least one, Miss Southmayed," said Piersol. She would have fled, but he detained her, and she sank trembling on a seat beside him.

"May I not know what grieves you?" he asked in a tone of deep tenderness.

"I have no new grief," she faltered. "Surely it is not strange that an orphan girl should feel her loneliness,

and wish for a friend who might guide and sustain, and council."

"Francisca," he said, "I will be to you that friend. I will be more, I will adore you, I will live for you alone, and if it be necessary, for you I will freely die." What a moment of trial for that young loving heart. Should she break at once the sweet lyre of bliss which the soft touch of love had just awakened to melody? and for the sake of the sister who had so unjustly wounded her? or should she drink the cup now proffered to her lip, and leave that sister's heart to break? The struggle was dreadful but short.

"Oh! no, no!" she cried, "Hannah, dear sister Hannah."

"For heaven's sake, what mean you?" cried Piersol; "what of your sister? Is she my foe?"

"Oh! would to heaven she was!" burst from the heart of Francisca, with startling earnestness.

"I am utterly bewildered," said Piersol. "Miss Southmayed, will you explain?"

"Yes, yes, I will tell you all, for I have betrayed her. I will trust all to your honor. Piersol—Hannah loves you as few hearts are capable of loving, as I can never love. She loves you—and I—I will be your affectionate, your devoted sister, more I cannot—do not urge me, I will never be to you other than that friend and sister."

He fixed upon her a scrutinizing look, her features were composed, and her eyes calm; he raised the hand which she suffered him to detain to his lips with a fervent pressure.

"You shall be my sister," he said, "and I will be the best brother that ever maiden had. You shall weep the want of a friend no more—but you will forget that I ever preferred you to Hannah?"

"Yes—it is already forgotten," she said, and turning from him with a playful air, she ran into the house and shut herself into her chamber. We will not follow her, but leave her to indulge her tears in secret, and return to Piersol.

"And Hannah loves me," he muttered—"Hannah, the high-souled, the pure minded, the tender hearted—and 'she loves as few hearts are capable of loving.' Francisca is right, she can never love as Hannah loves; I have only fancied her, it is Hannah that I truly love." And his heart which had so long been balancing between the two, rested quietly on Hannah's bosom, and he felt wonderfully relieved. When he entered the house he found Hannah in the parlor just laying off her bonnet. Her eyes brightened with pleasure, for she thought he had just returned from the hills, and, therefore, had not seen Francisca, her cheeks were fresh with exercise, she had never looked more beautiful. He wondered that he could ever have deemed Francisca lovelier. With all the fervor of a first and only affection, he laid at her feet the heart he had so lately proffered to Francisca,

and was accepted without inquiry as to his wealth or station, although he had sedulously avoided all mention of either during his long sojourn in Willow Dell.

"Oh! I have done wrong, very wrong," said Francisca, as soon as the tumult of her feelings gave way to reflection, "I have betrayed my sister. Her outraged delicacy never will forgive if she shall learn my folly. He said I shall be his *sister*. Will he offer Hannah the heart so lately tendered to me? Oh, no! He cannot. And should he, would such a heart make her happy? No, no; if he now turns to her he never loved either of us; he is incapable of loving. But he will not do it. I have disgraced myself and her, and he will leave us in disgust. Leave *us*! Oh! how desolate we should be without him; I hope he will stay, if it be for Hannah's sake alone."

"Give me joy, Francisca," cried Piersol, when they met at dinner, "dear Hannah has consented to make you my dear and only sister." The announcement came like a drop of ice to her heart, thrilling it to keen agony, but as it melted down over her bosom it quenched forever the love she had heretofore borne him. She remembered Hannah's suspicion, and that her eyes were upon her, and with a strong effort smothered her emotions, and smilingly wished them all joy. But she felt a distrust of the love which could be so versatile, so easily transferred from one object to another; and with that distrust came painful fears for her sister's peace and future happiness.

A few days passed blissfully away to the affianced, and then Piersol announced his intention of going to the city a few weeks, to apprise his friends of his engagement, and prepare for the reception of his bride in her own magnificent mansion. Francisca grew pale at the announcement, and she looked mournfully at Hannah, but her trusting heart beamed eloquently from her tearful eyes, and Francisca hoped that all might end well.

"You will not let, Hannah forget me when I am away, will you, sis?" said Piersol to Francisca.

"We shall remember you only too long and too fondly," she replied, "for I much fear that in the city, with its glittering society, you will lose all remembrance of the fairies of Willow Dell."

"You wrong me, indeed, Francisca," he said. "I have been familiar with the tinsel of wealth and fashion, and amid its most dazzling splendor my heart found emptiness, and a restless longing for some form of real that is natural loveliness. If I had remained in the circles of fashion forever I could never have loved; here in this Eden of nature I have found that for which my soul thirsted; here I have found woman in her true character, pure, tender and true; and my heart has enshrined the treasure for which it so ardently panted. I love, and I love forever. Therefore do not doubt me,

but cherish my memory in faith and truth until I come again.

"I do not, I cannot doubt you," cried Hannah, "I will mete your love by my own heart's measure, and be happy even when you are away."

"Bless you, my own, my pure hearted; your faith in my fidelity is the best pledge of your own to me." And thus the time passed until the day appointed for the *parting*. When the time for the farewell drew near, Hannah's fortitude utterly forsook her.

Trembling, fainting, she hung upon his arm; conjuring him in broken words to be careful of his health, and to return as soon as possible. "I will, I will," he answered, and his anguish at parting seemed lost in the triumph of finding himself so devotedly loved by such a guileless and tender heart. Francisca looked on them with troubled eyes and pale cheeks, while her bosom was cold with sorrowful forebodings.

"Farewell," he said, as he mounted his steed, "the snow-drop shall be to you my harbinger, and the song of the first blue bird shall recall me to the paradise of Willow Dell." He rode gaily away until at the point of the hill, where the traveller lost sight of the valley. Here he paused and turned. Hannah stood on a little eminence in front of the dwelling, her bright curls waving round her pearly face and shoulders, her arms extended toward him, and her robes gleaming in the morning sunshine like the streaming splendor of a morning cloud. A step behind her, leaning against the trunk of a giant elm, that in summer shaded that beautiful knoll, stood Francisca, her arms folded over her bosom, and her attitude declaring that her eyes were fixed upon the earth.

"How beautiful," he cried, "that picture of exquisite loveliness will glow upon my heart forever."

And he was gone—Francisca supported her sobbing sister into the house, and used every art to fill her bosom with an assurance which she herself felt not.

Slowly and heavily passed the days in Willow Dell, although every week brought a letter from Piersol, until the fourth week, which passed, and laid no balm leaf on Hannah's bleeding heart. The fifth week brought a brief missive, speaking of urgent business, and absence from the city. The sixth and seventh weeks passed silently.

"I much fear, sister, that our guest of last summer is going to prove himself a summer friend," said Francisca, breaking a long silence one bright winter evening.

"He will be like the summer birds, he will return with the spring," replied Hannah in a sprightly tone, but the words ended in a long, deep sigh; and when the eighth, ninth and tenth weeks brought no tidings, her uneasiness amounted to agony. Her eye grew heavy, her face livid, and her step unsteady and slow. Francisca saw and felt that she should be alone in the

home of her childhood if matters continued thus, and busily did she revolve all kinds of expedients, in the hope of being able to solve the mystery of Piersol's silence.

And where was he? How was he passing the time which lay so heavily over the sweet dwellers in Willow Dell. Come to Mrs. Barret's ball, a bride's ball, the beautiful bride of one of the richest men in the city. Here are displayed silks, velvets, laces, cashmeres, feathers, flowers and jewels, the aggregate cost of which would have made the hearts of all the poor widows in the state sing for joy; and here was mirth and music; luxury and profusion; worship and adulation, smiles, and exceeding beauty.

"Name for me that superb couple just under the chandelier," said a youth with foreign garb and accent, to a jauntily dressed widow of thirty, who lavished on him exclusive attentions.

"Mr. Piersol, a millionaire of our city, and Miss Lemar, a Southern belle," was the reply.

"Does her wealth warrant the style in which she dresses?" he inquired.

"I only know by report," replied the widow, "which makes her uncontrolled mistress of immense wealth. Is she not beautiful?"

"Dazzlingly so," the youth answered, "in that glittering costume; but I think that in peasant garb and employed in domestic avocations, she would be a very ordinary woman."

"So would most of our belles and beauties," cried the widow, "a goldfinch in sparrow's feathers would be a very ordinary sparrow."

"Miss Lemar's magnificent plumage become her exceedingly," said the youth, "she has such a haughty, or if you please, aristocratic air. But are they an affianced couple?"

"Not exactly," simpered the widow, "but he is universally considered a favored suitor. He has been Miss Lemar's shadow ever since her first appearance amongst us, which is now about six weeks. By the way he is an eccentric fellow. He disappeared last June, and was absent until November, and no one can discover where he secreted himself. But he was welcomed on his return as we hail the sun after a north-east storm; and he seems determined to make up for his exile, by enjoying society and all its approved amusements with a double zest.

"Who is the Italian youth who was so highly favored by Mrs. Green last evening?" inquired Miss Lemar of Piersol, when he paid his visit the morning after the ball.

"I do not know, he is quite a stranger," was the reply.

"Is he not a bijou of a man, a perfect paragon?"

"He is extremely handsome. I think I have seen

him somewhere in past years. Perhaps he is my evil genius."

"Oh!" there is no evil in him," cried the lady, without noticing the peculiar look and tone which accompanied the remark. "I should sooner deem him an angel. And then he is from Italy, the country of glorious creations. I could swear it, for he speaks the language as only a native can speak it, and then his English is not perfect. His presence at Mrs. Barret's was sufficient guarantee of his respectability. I declare I never before was so much interested in a stranger. I wish I knew his name. You can get it from Mrs. Barret, do oblige me by making the inquiry."

Piersol listened with livid cheek, and jealousy for the first time awoke in his bosom.

The name of the Italian proved to be Alonzo Di Torna: Miss Lemar obtained an introduction, and Mr. Piersol forgot his jealousy. And was Willow Dell and its gentle inhabitants utterly forgotten? No—but he remembered his summer sojourn as a blissful dream of ideal love and beauty. He had been happy in that visionary place, apart from ambition, emulation, noise or fashion; but now he was in the world, enthralled by its glittering chains, and striving along its turbid current to catch the brightest bubble on the surface. He thought of Hannah as of a creature of another sphere, a pure spirit, and he wondered that he could ever have thought of wedding such an one. He felt remorse as he thought how she sat in her lonely home, mourning that no letter came to say that he still loved her; but he ever turned impatiently from the reproaches of his conscience, and banished the idea of her sorrowing loveliness. His present idol was a haughty, heartless and capricious coquette, yet she held him firmly in her toils, and he swore that he never loved until he looked into her clear grey eyes. On his knees he had twice besought her to give her hand where she had acknowledged that her heart was captive, but she had put him off with a laughing answer that his hour was not yet come, and he waited like a suppliant at Delphi the response of the oracle. Days passed, and it came not, he grew peevish and miserable; for apart from the passion which he said was consuming him, he felt his reputation at stake, for he had vowed to win Miss Lemar, and wear her in the face of all competitors. Spring was approaching, and the soft pleading eyes of Hannah seemed to be fixed upon him night and day, so frequently did she meet him in the dream-land that the visions haunted him constantly by day. Every azure eye, every sunny curl, every changing cheek repeated her name.

As he sat one bright morning at the window of Miss Lemar's dressing-room, a little girl, whose first appearance brought Hannah vividly before him, came timidly up and presented him a bunch of snow-drops tied with a ribbon, on which was written, "they are blooming in

Willow Dell." He turned to question the child, but she was gone.

"T is a strange coincidence," he muttered.

"What?" inquired Miss Lemar.

"That this child should have given me these flowers," he stammered in great perturbation.

"But in what consists the coincidence?" she persisted, "did the child give you snow-drops before to-day?"

"No, but another gave me snow-drops."

"Not a child, I presume," she said mischievously, "but some friend of other days. Now Mr. Piersol do be communicative, and tell me of the bright beings you have loved, for no man of your age can speak of his first love in the present tense. Was she a glittering creature with eyes of sunny Italy, or a golden haired maiden, with changing cheek and eyes like the blue sky trembling through a snowy cloud?" And she seemed maliciously to enjoy his evident distress. Then in a more serious tone she continued, "permit me to remark, sir, that I believe we have both been somewhat mistaken in our estimate of the regard we have felt for each other. For my part I now perceive that I never loved you, and I hope that you have made the same discovery with regard to me."

"For heaven's sake, what do you mean?" cried Piersol, with an expression of deep agony. "Who has supplanted me!—who has robbed me of my soul's treasure?"

"No one has supplanted or robbed you feloniously. But since the first time I saw Di Torna, I have felt for him emotions new and undefinable, and they must be love."

"By all the God's, at once I will be revenged on him," cried our hero madly.

"Oh! he is innocent. He has not wronged you at all," she answered. "He has never spoken to me of love, but there is ever such an expression of hopeless sorrow in his eyes as they rest on me, and such lightning flashes as they turn to you, that I can read his soul. My affection for him may be hopeless, but I cannot wed you with his image in my heart."

"I will spoil his image if there be might in my arm!" cried Piersol, and rushed from the house.

The next morning, having passed a sleepless night of regret, remorse and keen bitterness, he threw open his window, and gave his burning brow and bosom to the bracing breeze. Soon a blue bird came gracefully floating toward him, and alighting on the balustrade of the piazza before his window, poured forth his mellow song, while at every cadence a lute like voice repeated "Willow Dell, Willow Dell." He was surprised, and when he could no where discover the musician, he gave way to a superstitious feeling of supernatural agency; and the impression was confirmed, when, as the bird fitted away, the voice continued, "the first song of the blue bird: it calls to Willow Dell."

"She is dead!" he cried, "Hannah! oh! gentle dove, forgive!" And he bowed his face on the window seat and wept. "Oh! that I had never met this cold-hearted Miss Lemar," he cried at length; "and yet she is not in the fault. 'Tis my own vain and ambitious heart. If I could now recall the last three months I could be happy; but now I cannot meet Hannah if she be yet alive; I cannot excuse my neglect, and to confess would be to kill her. I will go forth a wanderer on the face of the earth, and seek to forget myself. But if I go the Italian will triumph. I hate him, although I no longer love Miss Lemar. I will be revenged on him before I depart. Oh! that I had died in Willow Dell, for my soul is on fire. With all that man could desire for happiness, I am utterly wretched." And thus he passed the day, and the succeeding night was to him one of blackness and misery. The next day he was arrested on a charge of *murder*. His mind so long laboring under feverish excitement, now seemed to give way utterly. Pale as marble, and apparently paralyzed, he was borne to the Mayor's office to undergo an examination. As he was carried in, the first object that met his eyes was Miss Lemar, covered with a long black veil. He started back as from a hideous apparition, and the blood sprang from his mouth and nostrils. An immediate conviction of his guilt fixed itself in the minds of the bystanders: and it is possible that the physicians were doubly zealous in exhibiting their styptics, lest justice should be robbed of her prey. Miss Lemar gave in evidence his threats against the Italian Alonzo Di Torna, who, it appeared, had not been seen since the second evening after they were uttered, when he took leave of a party about eleven in the evening, a party in which Mr. Piersol did not participate, although he was amongst the invited guests. Other witnesses deposed that near midnight of that night, wild and agonizing screams were heard in a sequestered spot through which Di Torna must pass in returning to his hotel. On examination, the spot from whence the cries proceeded, (being a green lane, bordered on one side by a close thicket,) was found trampled, as if by men in a violent struggle, and marked with blood, as if it had flowed profusely, and from that place to the river could be traced a continuous stream of blood. The people at Piersol's house were forced to admit that he had behaved very strangely during the last few days: and that his bed was not slept in on the night in question, or the one previous. His situation prevented his making any reply, and he was committed to prison to await the setting of the court, which was at hand.

In his gloomy cell, where the heavy door was doubly locked, although he was unable to rise from his couch, where, excepting the jailor, none approached him but the physicians, and the nurse who seemed to shrink from touching the hand which had shed blood, he had

leisure for reflection. Where were all his friends that none came to comfort him? Where were they all that none came forward at his examination to speak in his favor; or to proffer the bail that would have given him liberty to lie in his illness at his own house, and to die there if his time was come. "Where," he cried, "are ye all, flatterers, sycophants, dependents? Where are ye all now? Oh! if I had one friend, a mother, a sister who would believe me innocent, and speak to me words of love and hope! But I am an orphan and alone; now I feel what it is to be so. Sweet orphans of Willow Dell! Oh! if ye but knew to what I am reduced, your tender hearts would pity and forgive, for ye are more than angels, ye are pure and noble women. Not hyenas like that unfeminine persecutor, whose disappointed passion will pursue me to the death. Cursed, cursed pride! it has utterly undone me. I feared the sneers and taunts of those heartless companions who have all forsaken me in my hour of adversity; I broke the sweetest bonds of love, the holiest promises, the purest hearts; and this is my just reward. Oh! God have mercy! I can look to none but thee." Thus he lamented, but none listened or pitied.

The news of his crime and committal spread over the great city, as the undulations when a stone is cast into a pond, spread and widen to the shore. Great was the excitement; the universal voice was pity for the poor stranger, and indignation against the assassin. Although some few declared that they believed Piersol innocent, they feared to hazard their reputation by going to console him with their countenance or counsel, and his illness prevented his taking any measures in alleviation of his condition; only his known wealth secured for him every comfort which his condition suffered him to possess. But he heeded not in what manner he was attended, for his soul was busy within itself. He saw that he had lived all his life in vain. He had sought only the honor and envy of his fellow men, and now he reaped as his reward their contempt or pity. A cowardly dread of the world's ridicule, and a childish emulation to win the toy for which so many were striving, had brought upon him all his calamities. Every train of thought conducted him to the one hallowed spot, every vision of his fitful slumbers came in the one fair form. Hannah and her fair abode were ever before him. Oh! how he longed for liberty to fly to her, and on his knees implore her pardon, and die.

He had lain immured thus several days, when he received letters from his most intimate friends, offering to assist him in endeavoring to get bail. To these epistles he made no replies, although he actually shed tears for the cold-hearted hypocrisy of their authors. The time of his trial drew on. He had been engaged with his counsel until late at night, and weary and agitated, threw himself on his bed. He slept and

dreamed. The whole drama of his life was acted over, and now he was acquitted of the horrid charge of murder, and flew to Willow Dell. The blue birds were every where greeting the pure snow-drops, and every object wore a smile until he arrived at the valley. There all was desolation. He approached the spot where he last saw the gentle sisters; under the elm was a bed all white as a snow-drift, and on it lay a form so veiled that he could not discern its features, but the contour, the hand, and one bright curl that had escaped the muffler, declared it to be Hannah. He gazed long, and then touched the hand. It was cold as marble, but on the finger was his mother's wedding ring, which he had given her, and over her veiled brow lay a bridal wreath. The keenness of his agony was diverted by the sudden approach of the young Italian, Di Torna, who said to him, "Piersol you are dead to the world, there is your bride, take her and be happy," and immediately the scene changed; he was in a paradise of bloom and beauty; Hannah was before him, full of life and beauty, and Francisca advancing joyously, bade him lead his bride to the altar. The excess of his rapture awoke him, "it needs no Daniel," he said, "to interpret my dream, she is dead, and Di Torna will send me to her. I would freely die, but oh, the gallows, the terrible word murderer!"

The trial commenced. The evidence on which he had been committed was repeated, and corroborated by many additional circumstances, and his domestics were obliged to admit that on the night in question he went out about eleven, and came in between one and two. Such strong circumstantial testimony almost amounted to positive evidence of guilt. Piersol felt his hopes die one by one, and his heart grow cold and still. The evidence was closed, the jury seemed satisfied, and the judge arose. There was a movement at the door, the judge spoke not, a general murmur ran through the room, bending the heads of the multitude there assembled, as the breeze agitates the serried rows of the corn field. The prisoner only moved not, but sat with bowed head awaiting the next step toward his condemnation; when a voice, at the first sound of which, his blood leaped like a mountain stream when it suddenly bursts its barrier of ice, proclaimed close beside him,

"The prisoner is innocent! I am Di Torna! I left your city as I came, in silence and alone; but as soon as I heard of Mr. Piersol's jeopardy I hastened my return. Sorry am I that he has been such a sufferer on my account." He was interrupted by a wild tremulous cry, and the acquitted man sank down nerveless upon the floor. He awoke in his sleeping room in his own house, attended by his physicians and rejoicing domestics, while Di Torna leaned pensively against the foot-post of the bed. He fixed his eyes upon the downcast face, and a thrill like the shadow of a blissful

dream stirred the chords of memory, but awoke no echo.

"Surely," he murmured, "I have known you in happier days, perchance in your own fair land."

"We have met before," replied Di Torna; "rest now and I will tell you all this evening. But first, I never sought to rival you with Miss Lemar; the advances she made me were ever hateful to me."

"And her name is most hateful to me," cried Piersol; "may I never hear it more. Strange that my fancy could have been fascinated by such a tigress."

Di Torna smiled.

"Are you sure," he said, "that you love her no longer?"

"I am sure that I never loved her," he cried; "I never loved but one, and she is lost forever." The Italian grew pale, and rising left the room.

"If my mind was clear," said Piersol mentally, "I should know this Italian. I am bewildered as I look upon his face. All the memories that hover round it are of love and woman. Could I have forgotten a maid of Italy, whose interest in me has led her to seek me thus?" And all day long he taxed his memory in vain, he could not solve his doubts. Evening came, and the object of his speculations came also. Di Torna in female attire, blushing and trembling, approached his pillow.

"Do you know me now?" enquired a voice that made his heart tremble.

"Forgive me, lady," he said, "I have forgotten." She approached the basin and washed her face, drew off her crisp bronzing, and let the raven curls fall over her shoulders, then turned once more toward him.

"Francisca Southmayer!" he cried, "is it possible? Oh! tell me every thing, Francisca, for I am wholly overcome." The burning flush faded from her cheek, she sat down near the bedside and commenced.

"Not to save my own life, Piersol, would I have followed you to this vile city in this hateful disguise. It was for the sake of my only friend and sister. When your letters came no more to Willow Dell, she grew sad and pale and silent. She complained not, but I saw her fade from day to day, and many a cold, clear evening did I lead her in from the knoll of the old elm. She hardly tasted food by day, and all night long she sighed and wept. I saw that she would die; what could I do? I resolved to follow you, reclaim you if possible; if not I will not say what fearful intent my heart harbored. You know how I found you, and I soon read the character of her whose eclat you worshipped. She courted me from our first meeting, and at last sent me a tender billet-doux, confessing her ardent love, revealing your jealousy, and repeating your passionate threats. I did not wish to die, and so returned to Willow Dell. You will forgive the little artifices with which I sought to

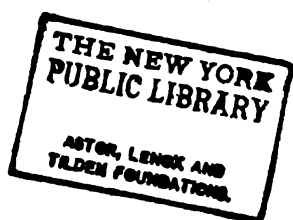
remind you of your broken vow. The news of your arrest soon followed me, but I thought you ought to suffer awhile; besides my heart was full of the affliction which there awaited me. Be calm, she was not dead, but her reason was fearfully disordered. She fancied that I had rivalled her and fled to you; this was more than she could bear. Oh! Piersol, if you could look upon her, wrecked and blighted as she is; if you could see my heart, seared in all its young affections and sympathies; if you could go to Willow Dell and witness the desolation that pervades that once Eden-like valley; then you might estimate the wickedness of trifling with the love of a pure young heart."

"Spare me," cried Piersol, "my punishment is already greater than I can bear. We will leave this hollow hearted city before my false friends come to insult me with their hypocritical congratulations. Hannah will recover under the ministrations of our love, and we will all be happy. Doubt me not Francisca, I have not been chastened in vain. I trust I shall lead the residue of my life in accordance with the pure precepts of the gospel of peace."

"I thank our God for such blessed tidings," cried Francisca. "Come with me to Willow Dell, I trust indeed our loved one will recover, but you need not make a full confession to her at first; her exquisite sense of honor might revolt against her heart. Heaven restore her to herself and us."

"Amen," cried Piersol fervently.

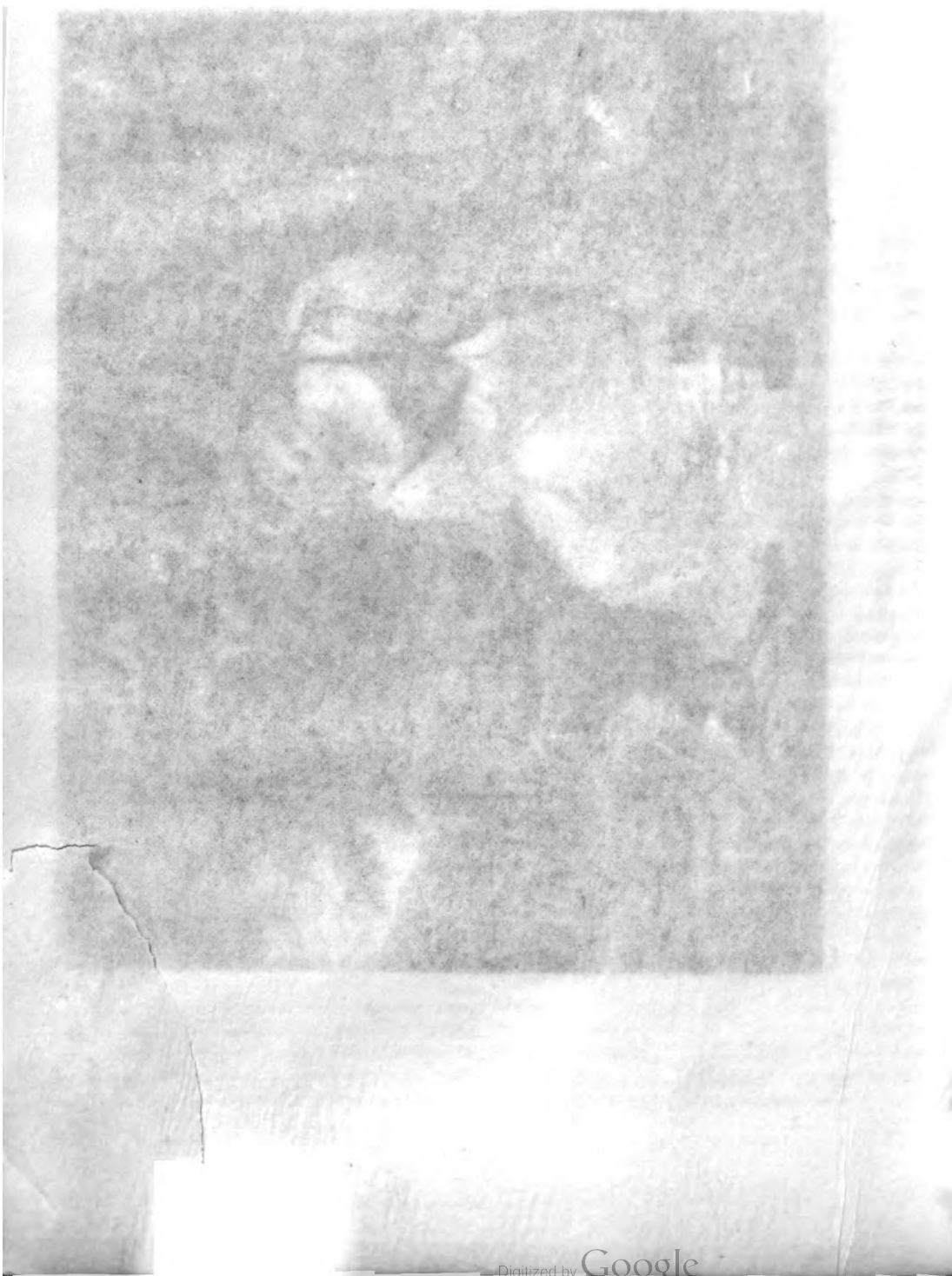
Reader, if you ever get within twenty miles of Willow Dell you will hear on every tongue the praises of the Piersols. They will tell you of the worth, honor and generosity of Mr. Piersol; the piety, gentleness and charity of his wife; epilogued ever with the beauty and goodness of their angelic sister. And if you please to visit them at their stately mansion, you will find Mr. Piersol a hale, portly man, deep read in the sciences, superintending his own affairs, and diffusing happiness and plenty around him. And when you see Mrs. Piersol, surrounded by her lovely and well trained children, you will find it hard to look upon her intellectual face and believe that she ever knew sorrow. But Francisca, in her exceeding beauty and sweetness, is to that household like the rose to summer, its crowning excellence. Her sister knows the whole history of her heart, and blesses her daily. Would you know the secret of the happiness which they enjoy and diffuse? *They lived to God.* Performing, of course, every duty toward their fellow creatures in the overflowing of love, and spirit of meekness and forbearance. The sorrows that taught them the vanity of things below, pointed them to the world where happiness is immortal. And the balm that grows in that blessed country, moved by the breath of pure devotion, sheds on the dwellers of Willow Dell ever the holy dew of *Peace*.





Designed by J. G. G. G.

Painted by H. G. G.



MERRY MAY.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

MERRY is the spring time
 In the month of May,
 When the robin warbles
 Singing on the spray;
 When the laughing rivers
 Full of childish fun
 Play along the meadows,
 Sparkling in the sun;
 When the scent of blossoms
 Fitful comes and goes,
 As the tide at midnight
 Silent ebbs and flows;
 When the grass is springing
 Greenly by the rill,
 While in naked brownness
 Stands the northern hill;
 When the early flowers
 Smile upon the day
 From their sheltered corners—
 Oh! the merry May.

Merry is the spring time
 In the month of May,
 When the winds and woodlands
 All are out at play;
 When the lilac blushes
 On the azure sky;
 When along the hedge-rows
 Tender violets lie;
 When the lake is glassy
 And the stars are seen,
 From its bosom shining
 With a mystic sheen;
 When the new leaves rustle
 Nightly in the breeze,
 With a far off murmur
 As the sound of seas;
 And from hill and meadow,
 Wood and flowers gay
 Comes a full rejoicing—
 Oh! the merry May.

SONG.

My soul was like a captive chained
 For years shut up in night,
 Until thine eyes beamed on its gloom
 And flooded it with light.
 Long lost from heaven I had forgot
 The lays the angels plain,
 But when thy spirit gushed in song
 The strains came back again.
 If angels walk the earth unseen
 'Tis but to blinded eyes,
 My soul hath known thee from the first
 As coming from the skies. A. A. I.

THE FAVORITE.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"COUSIN Amy, I have brought you a present," said Harry Kean to his beautiful relative, as he entered the drawing-room.

"Ah!" said Amy, starting from the sofa where she had been reclining, with one of the prettiest feet imaginable peeping from beneath her dress, "what is it? Do let me see it at once, for I am dying with impatience."

"Come out on the terrace then."

Amy tossed her book on the sofa, and almost ran to the terrace, where the first object that presented itself was a magnificent peacock, standing on the stone balustrade, displaying his variegated and splendid plumage, glittering in the rays of the morning sun.

"Beautiful—beautiful," was all that Amy, for awhile, could say; and she contemplated the majestic bird as he moved proudly to and fro, as if conscious of his claims to admiration. "Oh! cousin Harry, what a magnificent gift."

"I am glad you admire it. He is the finest bird of his kind I ever saw, indeed none less than such would have been a fitting gift to my sweet cousin Amy."

Harry and Amy, though cousins, were not lovers, as it has become of late the fashion among story-tellers to make such relatives. For our part we do not see why cousins should love sooner than strangers, and we can imagine many reasons why they should love less readily. But this is not our story. Harry and Amy had been together from childhood, and there was nothing Amy desired which Harry would not procure for her. But the gift of the peacock was a thought of his own, and, to confess the truth, was made for selfish purposes. Harry had an end to gain by it, and, therefore, when Amy, after having exhausted her terms of admiration on the bird, bethought herself to ask why Harry had hit on such a present, so different from any he had hitherto given her, he answered it was a whim of his own, for he was scarcely willing to confess the true reason.

But there was a reason nevertheless. Harry's most intimate friend at college was the very person to suit cousin Amy, and cousin Amy was the very person to suit Ernest Lefevre. So, at least, thought Harry, and he had mentally resolved to bring about a match between his pretty cousin and his classmate. But there was one thing in the way. Ernest was excessively romantic, indeed peculiar in this respect, since he carried his notions of the sex to a point approaching monomania. He regarded a lady much as she was regarded by the knights of chivalry, and had never loved, because, as he said, all the women he met were too matter of fact. He

wished to meet in real life some one like the fabulous princesses of the old romances. Harry was the very reverse of this, and often rallied Ernest on his foible. But it was to no purpose. Like most young men after an argument, each remained of his own opinion; Harry always contended that Ernest would never find such a woman as he looked for; while Ernest replied that, he sought for an exalted, though not an impossible character. In the course of these discussions, however, Harry informed himself so completely of Ernest's peculiar opinions, that he resolved to play off a little stratagem on his friend, to see whether he could not bring Ernest to love cousin Amy, and thus fulfil a long cherished wish of his heart.

Into this secret, however, it would not do to let cousin Amy, since, though a gay, wilful girl, she was sensitively modest. Besides she had a full share of romance herself, and the idea that cousin Harry was planning a match between her and his friend would have been so repugnant to her nature, that she would have taken a dislike instantly to Ernest. Harry knew this, and, therefore, kept his own secret. He did not tell Amy that he bought her the peacock because he knew that this bird was a favorite with Ernest, and connected in his mind with the idea of queenliness. But he resolved, nevertheless, to try what effect a sudden sight of his beautiful cousin, surrounded with all the accompaniments which would give her a romantic air in Ernest's eye, would have on his friend. Harry knew enough of Amy to know that for a few days her whole attention would be bestowed on her new gift, and he had little fear, therefore, of succeeding in his stratagem.

On a beautiful morning accordingly, a few days after the peacock had made its appearance at Elmore Hall, Harry proposed to Ernest to ride out into the country with him, for both were practising a profession in the same city. The two companions were soon mounted, and Harry led the way toward his cousin's residence. Ignorant even of the fact that Harry had a relative living so near the city, Ernest followed unsuspectingly. After a ride of a few miles Harry turned into a romantic bye-road, where rocks, rising on either hand and clothed with trees, gave a highly picturesque effect to the spot. A stream wound through the narrow valley, and here and there, through the foliage on the hills, peeped out white cottages and mansions. Ernest had never visited the place before, and was in raptures, which were increased, when, on reaching the end of the little valley, where the road wound up into the plain above, the young men came in sight of a stately old mansion, embowered in ancient elms, and surrounded with terraces, with stone balustrades and vases. Ernest drew in his rein involuntarily.

"What a lordly mansion!" he said, "now give us a

dame of high degree, and even my dream would be realized, you must admit, Harry."

"And here she is, as if in answer to your wish," said Harry, beckoning his companion forward, where an opening through the trees disclosed a terrace, hitherto unseen, behind the mansion. Ernest obeyed his friend, and stood spell-bound by the picture he beheld.

The terrace was scarcely thirty yards distant, but so shut in by a high hedge and by trees, as to be privacy itself: and such its occupant seemed to consider it by her present avocation. She was a very beautiful girl, who, with all the rounded outlines of womanhood, retained the freshness and fairness of youth. Even at that distance Ernest could see the rich color of her transparent cheek, and mark the whiteness of her swan-like shoulders. Her hair was golden in hue, the very color which was Ernest's favorite. Her style of dress was singularly adapted to affect his imagination, already excited by the aristocratic air of the mansion and its grounds. She wore a velvet boddice, with a white satin skirt, and her sleeves were trimmed at the wrist and shoulder with ermine, all in a bye-gone and stately fashion exactly fitted to the grand old mansion of which she was evidently an inhabitant. She was sitting, fondling a peacock, who, with his glorious plumage half displayed, proudly allowed her to fasten him to her girdle by a golden cord. A globe of gold fish, whose scales glittered in the sun, was one side of the lady, while on the other lay the musical instruments she had apparently just cast down. Behind stretched a varied prospect of fields, hills and woodland, increasing the imposing air of the scene in the foreground.

"Beautiful. Why, Harry, here is the realization of my dreams. I would give worlds to know that lady."

"Hush, hush," said Harry, "she will overhear you, see she rises startled, and looks around. She has seen us, and vanishes through that window opening on the terrace."

"It was all my own imprudence," said Ernest, bitterly, "had I spoken less loudly she might not have become aware, for some time, of our vicinity. I could wait here all day to catch another glimpse of her."

"That would hardly do," said Harry laughing, "for we should be regarded as house-breakers on the lookout." But it was not without difficulty that he drew his friend from the spot, and during the remainder of the ride Ernest could talk of nothing but the fair stranger.

Harry suffered several days to pass, during which he knew Ernest to take more than one solitary ride, and suspecting the course his friend went, smiled at the growing success of his plot. Everything had gone so much better than even he had hoped, on the day of their ride, that he felt unwilling to take another step unless he was sure beforehand that it would prove as

favorable. He, therefore, for the present, suffered the affair to take its course, assured that the greater the mystery in which the beautiful stranger continued to be involved, the warmer would Ernest's passion become. And Harry knew that Ernest could not possibly discover his own relationship to the lady, while he would probably remain ignorant of everything but her name. At last Ernest alluded to the subject.

"Will you ride with me, this afternoon, Harry?" he said, "my brain is full of that queenly stranger, and I am bent on getting acquainted with her, even if I have to be thrown off my horse by her gate at the expense of a broken arm. Did she not look like a princess when she was fondling that royal bird?"

Harry could scarcely avoid a smile, but he assented to his friend's proposition, and they rode out together.

When they had reached the entrance to the valley Harry said,

"Acknowledge, now, Ernest, that you are in love: in love after your protestations that no lady ever could win your heart. Plead guilty, but don't couple the plea with the assertion that the age of romance has returned."

"But I shall," retorted Ernest. "That I am in love I am proud to confess; but it is with a lady unlike the common herd. I have found my ideal."

"But suppose while you have been finding this ideal," said Harry laughingly, "I have been meeting the lady. In short, that while you have been dreaming, I have gone to work in my usual matter of fact way."

Ernest started, and reined in his horse.

"Do you mean to say you have made the lady's acquaintance? How did you get a presentation?"

"Never mind how I got my introduction. I know her, and that is more than you do. So you see the difference between romancing and going to work in earnest. But now, if you will calm your transports, I'll take you to Ellmore Hall; for I yield the course to you. This I will say, however: the lady is worthy of even your love."

Cousin Amy sustained her character to admiration, though ignorant of the part she was expected to play. Harry, however, had taken the precaution the evening before to announce his intention of introducing Ernest, at the same time requesting that his friend should be kept in ignorance of the relationship between Amy and himself. Amy complied accordingly, though she wondered at the strange request.

With his prepossessions in favor of cousin Amy, Ernest found no difficulty in believing her all that he had imagined before he became acquainted with her; for fancy universally clothes the beloved object in those colors which we wish her to possess. The admiration of Ernest was not long a secret from Amy, since he evinced it in every word and look. She had been prepared, by her cousin's eulogiums, to look favorably on

his classmate, and now the consciousness of being loved, and the really estimable qualities of Ernest, soon produced the effect for which Harry had wished. It was not long before Amy and Ernest were mutually as much in love with each other as it was possible for two persons to be.

"What think you of Ernest now?" archly said Harry to his fair cousin one evening, "do you admire him as much as I used playfully to say you would?"

"Pshaw!" said Amy, blushing nevertheless, "how you love to tease me. You know, Harry, I must treat your friend well."

"My friend," retorted Harry mischievously, "my friend, *only*, Amy. Who is it that Ernest tells me is to be married next month?"

"Oh! you—" but Amy concluded to cover her face with her hands, and run into the house.

And a month afterward she and Ernest were married. Nor have we learned that they have spent an unhappy day since. But we are credibly informed that Ernest is far less romantic than he once was, though both he and Amy still pass for the most romantic couple in their circle of acquaintance. Harry subsequently told his friend that Amy was his cousin, but said nothing of his little stratagem, and Ernest took the affair in excellent part. The peacock may be seen any day strutting on the terraces of Ellmore Hall, but we have forgot to ask whether he or Ernest is now THE FAVORITE.

TO ———.

BY EDWARD G. PORTER.

EACH sweet leaflet thou hast given
Now lies colorless, and dead,
As the sunset hues from heaven,
All their lovely tints have fled;
Yet, at noon, the skies will waken
With the day god's early ray,
But the hues that have forsaken
The pale leaflets—where be they?

Morning's breath may softly o'er them
On its gleamy wings delay,
But its kiss cannot restore them
One bright, freshly blushing ray;
Nor the noontide's gush of power
From their dreamings disenthral,
Nor the dews of twilight's hour
One soft spirit-beam recall.

Yet, the thought of thee shall wing them
All the brightness of their birth,
And the waves of memory bring them
In their tints of beauty forth;
The young, joyous spirit's gleaming
Oft shall bid their leaves unclose,
Though breath, ray, nor dew-drops beaming
E'er could break their hushed repose.

THE BEGGAR BOY.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

The cold wind moaned along the street;
 The keen, sharp frost came, biting,
 To sting his small, uncovered feet,
 As the poor beggar boy crept by.

THEY sat together—the widow and her boy—wretched, hungry and desolate. A few pine shavings had just sunk into a handful of black ashes on the broken hearth, and one lingering spark of fire darting like a tiny serpent through them, was all the promise of warmth afforded by that yawning and empty fire-place. Yet the day was bitterly cold; the bleak wind gushed down the chimney, scattering the ashes over the floor with each chill blast. It came through the crevices and pierced the ill-fitted windows, till the snow, which lay embanked against the glass, drifted through from the area and lay in ridges all around the sash. The boy had been crouching close to his mother, and, as the fire went out, she drew him nearer to her side, and strove to shelter him beneath the old shawl which but scantily protected her own shoulders. The boy nestled to her bosom for a moment, but it was not to seek shelter from the cold. The poor woman felt his arms girding her waist with an affectionate clasp, and his warm lips were pressed to her cheek again and again, till the tears that stood half frozen there vanished beneath the loving caress. Alas, for the widow! save those young lips there was no warmth in the world for her!

"Mother, are you very hungry?" inquired the boy. The winter twilight filled the room or the pale, famished face of that poor woman had been answer enough. She turned away her head and murmured,

"No—not very."

"Oh! mother," cried the boy, drawing back his head and looking in her face through the dim light, "if we could but get a shilling—one little shilling—I saw four pig's feet lying close by the door at the grocery this morning: one of them was almost out on the pavement. You don't know how I tried to earn a shilling or sixpence, or only three cents, that I might bring one for your supper: but no one would give me work, and you told me not to beg."

The poor mother burst into tears, and kissed the face lifted with such touching earnestness to hers.

"Your father little thought his son—his and mine, would ever have thoughts of begging," she said mournfully.

"But he did not know how hungry we should be," said the lad meekly, while his eyes drooped beneath their thick lashes, and a look of shame stole over his features, for he understood his mother's words as a

reproach. "He had not seen you shivering with cold in the dark here."

"Oh! if he could have foreseen it!" The poor woman rose to her feet as she spoke, and gathering the shawl about her, took an old quilted hood from her chair, and seemed preparing to go out. The lad turned his eyes anxiously on her.

"May I go with you, mother?" he said, buttoning the scant jacket round his finely moulded person, and taking a leathern cap from the floor, he stood ready to go forth.

"I will try again," muttered the unfortunate woman; "yes, Joseph, we will go once more to Mrs. Henry's. It is but ten cents, and she may have forgotten it; but even then it is nothing to her, everything to us; we will try, surely we cannot starve, boy, starve when food lies before us in such quantities." As she spoke the woman lifted her finger and pointed to a baker's shop across the way, where the windows were just lighted, and loaves of bread lay heaped on the counter beyond.

This conversation had led the suffering pair into the street, and they walked forward facing the wind and the driving snow with desperate energy.

"Mother," said the lad, as the two paused before the high granite steps of a proud dwelling in Broad street. "Will ten cents be enough to buy the pigs feet and fire to cook them?"

"Do not begin to think of it," said the widow, "I have been here again and again, but could never see the lady: it may be so now: try and think of something beside food, my boy, for I have little hopes of any to-night."

"I would think of something else if it were not for you, mother. I can do without eating a long time, but—"

The widow quietly wiped the tears from her eyes, and descending into the area of that princely dwelling, knocked at the door. The steps above sheltered her from the cutting wind, and she waited long and patiently.

A pampered cook, who sat comforting her crimson face before the kitchen fire, heard the knock, and after a few minutes deliberation, arose to answer it, muttering sullenly at this call to perform duties out of her place, as she went through the lower hall. She opened the door, a gust of wind came through and put out her lamp, but not till she had seen the poverty-stricken creatures standing there.

"We have nothing for you," she exclaimed, setting down the lamp, and using both large hands to force the door against the wind; "no cold victuals for beggars—such a night as this—you ought to know better than to come when the snow drifts into a gentleman's hall in this way," and taking up her lamp, the overfed cook made her way to the well heated kitchen range, and sat down to regale herself on the best part of a canvass back duck which she had put away for her own

benefit from two plates with cranberry sauce, before she sent up her master's dinner.

The widow turned to her son, his hand was clasped in hers, and the look of mute despair which lay upon his young face was fully revealed by a street lamp that stood close by; she did not know that her own thin features were still more faded and ghastly.

"What shall we do? She would not even hear what we had to say."

"Let us go to the front door," said the boy; "ring the bell, and ask for Mrs. Henry. You are a lady as well as she is—"

It was a bitter and sad smile which flitted across the trembling lips of the widow.

"I *was* a lady," she said, "a proud one—but not now, not under these garments, want and hunger crush our feelings so—come, boy, come. Why should we not go in at the front door?" The two passed hurriedly up from the area and stood upon the pavement.

"How warm it looks," said the boy, pointing to the drawing-room windows, where the light from a chandelier came streaming, like a flood of wine, through the crimson curtains that fell in voluminous folds over them.

The mother made no reply, but grasping his hand tighter, led him up the steps. She rang the bell boldly and with energy. Her eyes had been mocked with luxuries once familiar; she was starving, she and her first born, and felt wronged, as if the inmates of that house were insulting her destitution.

It was indeed a scene of luxurious splendor!—that spacious drawing-room—beds of glowing anthracite flashed in grates of glittering steel and silver. The crystal pendants on the chandelier took a rainbow tinge from the wax lights that burned among them. Rare pictures hung in glittering frames on the walls; a soft, glowing light fell upon them, and swept all around on the Ackminster carpet, the silken ottomans, and tables of rich mosaic. There was but one person in the room—a young girl of magnificent beauty and queenly presence. A harp stood before her, and as she stooped to draw forth music from its strings, the muslin drapery which shaded her arms fell loosely; her thick, black hair caught the light, and the color on her round cheek grew deep and rich as a warm sunset. What was it to her that the wind blew chill and sharp without? It could not penetrate the depths of those damask curtains. It touched not the cluster of tea roses, and that snow white japonica that stood on the sofa table, and shed a bland perfume over the couch of embroidered silk which the lady had just occupied: it touched not the rare prints and the last magazine, which lay half concealed beneath the crimson cushion. Her dress was that of summer, and like summer was the atmosphere of these beautiful rooms. Her hands wandered among the harp strings, and the color deepened in her cheek as the music which they

drew forth rose and swelled around her; but, as if the discord had startled her with a pleasant surprise, she turned her head as the ringing of the door bell broke through the low notes which her harp was that instant whispering; her white arm rested motionless against the arras; her lips were slightly parted, and the color on her cheek was like the crimson side of a peach. She longed to steal toward the door and listen if it was indeed *his* voice.

When the footman opened the door, saying that a woman and boy wished to speak with his mistress, he could see the beating of her heart through the folds of pure muslin crossing her bosom, and there was a meaning smile on his lip when he observed the look of annoyance and disappointment which settled on her beautiful face.

"Who are they, John; go ask what they want. You knew that I was engaged," she said, impatiently; "I am engaged, and mamma is out." The man went back to the hall door, where the widow and her son stood shivering in the cold night—he inquired their business sharply, for the wind, which swept through the opening, deranged his temper.

"We only wish to see Mrs. Henry for one moment," said the poor woman, meekly.

"Mrs. Henry has gone out."

"The young lady, then, can we see her?"

"I tell you she is engaged—if you have any message speak out; you cannot expect a gentleman to stand here all night," replied the dignitary of locks and hinges.

"Will you be so kind as to tell Miss Henry that there was ten cents due on the linen I made for her—she could not make the exact change, and—"

"A heavy business, that!" interrupted the footman, sneeringly,

"I would not have travelled here to-night, but—"

A young gentleman, who had alighted from a close carriage to the pavement, while they were disputing, came hurriedly up the steps, and interrupted the widow in her humble appeal. She shrunk back, and allowed the visitor to pass, for now the door was flung wide open, and the footman obsequiously rendered his help to relieve the young man of his furred cloak.

"Will you speak to Miss Henry—indeed, indeed, we shall suffer terribly, if she does not give us the money," persisted the woman, placing her hand in desperation against the door, as the man came back to close it against them. He hesitated a moment, and then went to the drawing room door again, just in time to see the small hand of his mistress snatched from the clasping fingers of the young gentleman who had just entered, and her radiant form covered with blushes as it was turned toward the door.

She advanced to the footman, and as he spoke in the undertones of a well tutored servant, her companion

leaned against the harp and gazed smilingly upon her while he passed his fingers idly along the strings.

Miss Henry turned from the servant, went to a little work box of rich mosaic and took out her purse. It contained nothing but bank notes.

"Tell her to come again; I have no small change. I don't remember that anything is due, but that is no matter, *tell her to come again.*"

The young girl turned away as she spoke, and gliding to the side of her lover, began trifling with the harp strings close by his hand, till her arm was once more imprisoned in his clasp, and they forsook the instrument and sat down, content with the musical beating of their own young hearts, and there, upon the door steps, stood two fellow beings perishing with want, famishing from lack of a few pennies, which that beautiful girl thoughtlessly withheld. Alas! when will the rich and prosperous learn the value of trifles to the poor?

"Who were the two persons I found at the door?" inquired the lover of Miss Henry, as he playfully turned the torquoise ring on her finger. "The woman's face struck me as peculiarly intelligent as I hurried up the steps." The lady smiled and answered in a quiet voice that it was a sewing woman, whom her mamma sometimes employed out of charity.

"It is a dreadful night for any female to be out," said the young man thoughtfully; "and the face I saw beneath that old hood was strangely wan and sorrowful."

"Is it very cold?" enquired the young lady, beginning to look serious, "I have not felt it in the least."

"God forbid that you ever should feel the inclemency of a night like this!" said the young man, caressingly, "and yet, my girl, the poor woman who stood at your door a few minutes since, may have been loved as tenderly, and nurtured gently as you are; nothing but terrible destitution would have called her out on such a night as this!"

"Do you think so?" replied the young girl, and the color grew faint on her cheek, "I am sorry, I—"

The young man looked in that speaking face with some surprise, it became still more troubled beneath his glance, and tears stole like dew into those dark eyes.

"What is the matter, Francis?" he inquired anxiously, "you are too sensitive, my sweet girl."

Frances Henry covered her face and wept—"I have been cruel, careless," she said in a low voice, "the poor woman asked for a little change that she says is due her. I expected you, my heart was full of you, and I sent her away."

"To suffer!" said the young man seriously, though his voice was still affectionate.

"It was so little—such a mere trifle—I could not think ten cents of the least consequence. It was only that, but she will come again to-morrow, and I will give her fifty times the due!" added the really kind girl with

sudden animation, for she was only thoughtless, not cruel.

"Let us try if she cannot be found to-night," replied the lover, still very seriously. The footman was summoned, but he knew nothing of the poor woman. She was standing on the steps, when he closed the door against her, perfectly mute, but the boy had insisted on coming in, had rung the bell violently twice after he was shut out, and for some minutes the sound of his voice was heard above the wail of the tempest. Perhaps he was there yet. Francis Henry and her lover went eagerly to the door, and looked out; no one was visible; the steps were covered with sleet, and drops of frozen rain fell like a storm pearls over the dark tresses and muslin drapery of the young girl, while the keen wind almost took away her breath.

"Does any one know where she lives?" inquired the young man, taking up his cloak. Francis turned anxiously to the servant, who did know something of the widow's residence; but the night was tempestuous, and John had no idea of leaving it for the benefit of any one; so he expressed himself profoundly ignorant, and hastened to close the door, lest his young mistress should take cold. It was indeed a necessary precaution, for she was shivering from head to foot.

The young couple went back to the drawing room, to an atmosphere so changed that the sleet which had fallen on their garments turned to water, and hung trembling all over them, like dew drops, before they had crossed the room. They sat down, but inquietude was in the heart of each. The young man was thoughtful, and Frances could not shake off a sense of regret and self reproach that saddened her spirits all the evening.

The widow and her son reached their wretched dwelling at last; Joseph turned his face resolutely from the baker's window as they went by, and his mother had not spoken a word since she left the rich man's door. They went into the dark basement and sat down. Joseph took the damp shawl from his mother's bosom, flung off his own wet jacket, and winding his arms around her neck, laid his cheek close to hers, and murmured, "Come, mother, don't give up; see, this will warm you a little, I know it will!"

He was answered by a low convulsive sob, which the poor woman tried in vain to suppress, but the brave lad would not be discouraged. He brought her to be calm, to see how strong he was—he who had eaten nothing for two whole days, and who always had such an appetite—it was not much to be hungry when one got used to it. It was beautiful—this courage in a child so young! His voice was unnaturally cheerful, but it had a sound as if the little fellow was choking back his tears all the time.

There was a straw bed lying on the floor in a corner of the room.—Joseph had become accustomed to the

dark, so he went to this bed and shook up the straw; heaping the principal part on the side which his mother always occupied. Then he persuaded her to sit down; he spread the warm quilts carefully over her, tucking them in against the wall, and placed a piece of old rag carpeting between the bed and the floor, that it might seem as much like a pillow as possible.

"Now, mother, isn't it nice to feel that everything is so clean, if there isn't much of it?" said the boy, still lingering on his knees where he had been arranging the fragment of carpet. "Do you begin to feel any better, mother?"

The poor woman murmured that she did, and told the child to make haste and come to bed, for she heard his teeth chatter as he spoke.

"In a few minutes, mother—I have just thought of something"—and starting to his feet, little Joseph went into a back passage and dragged out an old door which stood leaning against the wall. He placed this against the bed, slanting it over his mother in a manner that shielded her from the wind which penetrated the windows.

"There," exclaimed the boy, triumphantly, "only think, mother, how much better off we are than some poor people that haven't any old door to keep off the wind!"

If it had not been so very dark, Joseph would have been encouraged by the faint smile that crept over the pale face of his parent; for even her misery could not resist the determined courage of that brave hearted boy.

When Joseph had arranged the door, he gathered fresh spirit from success, and the exertion of dragging it forth had driven away the excessive chill which had fettered down his strength; so, obeying a desperate impulse, he let himself into the street, and ran across to the baker's shop. A hard faced woman stood behind the counter talking to a mild looking female, who had just placed a couple of shilling loaves in a basket which hung on her arm. She seemed to be the wife of a mechanic, purchasing her store of bread for the next day. When she turned from the counter Joseph took her place; there was something in the clear, frank features of the boy which attracted her attention. Though worn to threads, his clothes were mended, and perfectly clean; the bright black hair had never been neglected, and exposure to the storm only crisped it into a thousand tiny ringlets up from his bold, open forehead, and all over his head. But he was very pale, and the long black lashes that sunk over his eyes when he felt that she was looking earnestly at him, concealed an expression of terrible suffering.

"Mrs. Beake, will you let me speak with you a minute," said the child, lifting his eyes to the shop woman, with an appeal so earnest, that she impulsively bent down her head; but the widow owed her a few

shillings, and this thought steeled her heart against him.

"It is of no use," she said, before he had time to express his wishes: "I can't trust you another loaf, it is out of the question."

"I did not come for trust this time—that is, not all trust," replied the boy, with almost breathless anxiety. "See—if you will only take these, and keep them till we can pay you—they have only been mended twice."

The boy stooped down, untied his shoes, and seemed about to set them on the counter.

"Don't put your wet old shoes there!" exclaimed the woman, roughly. "What good are such trash to me—do get out of the store."

"I did not mean to set them on the counter—only to show you how nicely they are mended," said the boy in a broken voice, stooping down to put on his shoes again; and, as his fingers trembled among the wet strings, the woman, who stood at the door, saw that the poor child was crying as if his heart would break, though he made no noise. She looked at the bread in her basket: there was just enough for her own large family—she could not give him that—but a sixpence lay within her hard palm—harder than her heart, good woman. Her face brightened, and stepping forward, she laid her coin on the counter.

"Give the boy some bread, he looks hungry, poor fellow;" and before Joseph could start up, shake the tears from his face, and thank her, the kind woman had passed into the street, muttering, "My young ones must do without their candy to-night: they will make a terrible time when I get home—no matter—I could not help it!"

Joseph reached up his eager, trembling hands, and almost snatched the loaf from Mrs. Beake. He darted through the door, and across the street, laughing amid his tears, and hugging the bread close to his bosom.

The widow had sunk to that heavy, uncomfortable sleep which, in truth, was scarcely more than stupid endurance of privation and cold. She had not heard her son go forth, and when he rushed into the room, sobbing out a cough, and dancing through the darkness, she started up in affright.

"Here, mother, here, I've got some bread—new bread—a whole loaf—are you setting up, mother?—come break it—my hands shake so I can't. Give me a piece of the crust, and eat the soft yourself. Have you got it?—that's right—now eat away, mother, it's all paid for!"

Joseph broke off short, for his mouth was full of something more substantial than words, and he only interrupted his mother's expressions of gratitude by now and then pausing to ask, if she ever tasted such bread in her life?

The next morning Joseph crept from the side of his

mother, where he had nestled all night, and went out to a carpenter's shop in the neighborhood in search of something to burn. The carpenter was at work, and Joseph's heart leaped when he saw the delicate shavings dropping in curls from his plane to a great heap which lay by the work bench. When the man saw Joseph, he smiled, and pushed the shavings toward him with his foot. They were eagerly gathered up, but underneath lay some chips and square pieces of wood, which the child would not have touched, but with unusual benevolence, the carpenter thrust them also toward him. So the widow was aroused by the cheerful crackling of a fire on the hearth which, if it gave forth little heat, served to illuminate the otherwise cheerless room. Joseph was before the fire, looking quite cheerful and happy as he fed the flame with handfuls of crisp shavings.

"Come, mother, we have a crust or two left for breakfast, here it is, I don't feel hungry after our famous supper," said the boy, approaching his mother with some fragments of bread.

The widow would have persuaded her son to eat, but he quietly laid the portion she gave him on a little deal table, saying that he was not hungry, and would go into the street to see if anybody wanted to send him on an errand, or have wood carried in. He kissed his mother before going out, and besought her to lie still and cover herself with the bed-clothes; but the child did not guess how ill his parent was, how utterly broken down and strengthless.

It was a clear day, but intensely cold, the air was full of sharp biting frost, and the little wind that stirred along the streets was keen and stinging rather than boisterous. Poor Joseph was thinly clad, and the cold penetrated every pore of his body as he hurried along the icy pavement, looking eagerly from side to side in search of something to do, but no pile of wood gladdened his eye, no little mound of coal gave him an excuse for ringing at some street door to beg the privilege of carrying it in. But the boy had suffered, and seen his mother suffer till the resolution of manhood seemed springing up in his bosom, his eye grew brighter and more determined as he walked on; his pale lips were pressed together, and he turned his face firmly against the wind as if that were his fate, and his young soul had found courage to brave it.

He went down to the wharves in hopes that some traveller might employ him to carry a hand-box or portmanteau, but larger and more hardened boys drove him away, and he was more than once in danger of being crushed among the hackney-coachmen and cab-drivers that thronged the thoroughfare to every ferry. Still he would not be discouraged, though hungry and tortured with the cold, he pressed forward pleading for work till night drew on, and then, for the first time in his young life, "begging for money, anything that would keep his

mother from perishing with want." At night-fall he stood in Broadway, and asked for "pennies to buy bread for his poor mother," of the passers by—it was an old story and excited no sympathy. Once that beautiful, earnest face, thin and pale with famine, might have touched a heart of stone, but it was too cold for men to pause long enough for more than an impotent glance, and if the vein with which he pleaded was sad and broken-hearted, they set it down as part of his profession, lacking somewhat in whining humility, but very well for a new beginner, and so they passed him by. Men who risked thousands every night at the gambling-table withheld their penury from *conscientious scruples*. They looked upon street beggars as a moral evil; women who were driving their husbands to bankruptcy by extravagance in dress and equipage, swept by the shivering boy, wrapped in velvets and costly furs, but they too had conscientious scruples, or could not *afford* the penury for which he supplicated. Some passed him with averted faces and heard him not. Others ordered him away as if a wild animal had crossed his path: one or two paused as if to aid him, but it was difficult for such to find their purses without being chilled through, so when the child almost felt a coin in his palm, and looked upon them already with grateful eyes, they passed on stifling the compassionate impulse that had almost impelled them to a kind act by the common observation that after all this begging was but a business. So they passed him one and all till the night came on, and when every limb was chilled, and his very heart cold in his bosom, the boy crept toward home miserable, hungry and exhausted.

The night was colder even than the morning, a clear wintry sky bent over the city, studded with myriads of golden stars beautiful and bright, but the boy shivered beneath them, and it seemed as if they hung there to mock him with thoughts of a warm fire which he must never see again. The shop windows too, with their glittering lights gleaming over piles of confectionary and southern fruits—they had tempted him a little while before, but now the gas flames and the fruit seemed melting together in a sea of beautiful colors that danced before his eyes, still they tempted him no longer, for he had ceased to feel hungry as a faintness and loathing of food crept over him; sensation seemed gradually dying from his limbs, and he was conscious of but one wish, and that was to lie down by his mother and sleep. Still he crept on moving to and fro beneath the bright pitiless stars, and the yet more pitiless throng that passed him by till he mistook the way and stood quite alone in a pullin lumber-yard. It gave him no anxiety, for his limbs were already asleep, and his eyes grew heavy. He sunk to the earth with his face turned upward to the stars. And when the Beggar Boy awoke he was in Heaven.

They were sitting at their breakfast table—Frances Henry and her parents, one day had passed by since the sewing woman had sought their house in that terrible storm: but she had not called again as directed. So Frances cast the subject from her mind, and smiled quietly when she thought how much anxiety the trifling sum of ten cents had cost her.

Mr. Henry, who had been amusing himself with the morning papers after his coffee, occasionally read a paragraph aloud: after running over the amount of stocks he came to the coroner's inquests, and read on as if he had been still immersed in the money market.

"Coroner's Inquest—an inquest was held at 27 — street, on a body of a young lad, who was found dead in a wood-yard in the rear of 27. Verdict, died of exposure and want. The body was removed to the dead house.

"Another inquest was held on the body of Margaret S—, found dead in the basement of a house in W— street; the room in which she was found betrayed the utmost destitution. Verdict, died of disease and exhaustion."

"Margaret S—," said Mrs. Henry, taking the paper from her husband to be certain of the name, "Frances, was not that the woman who did the sewing for us a few weeks since?"

Frances did not answer, her elbow was resting on the table, while her trembling hand lay pressed over her eyes; the hand and face were both colorless, and there was something in her manner that frightened the two persons gazing upon her.

That day a fashionably dressed young man came out of the dead house, followed by two men, bearing a child's coffin between them—they placed it in a carriage, and the gentleman stepped in after it, ordering the coachman to drive to 27 — street. When the carriage stopped before that gloomy dwelling, the boy was once more removed and carried into the basement; a female coffined, and ready for burial, lay upon the little deal table, and close by sat a young girl muffled in a cloak of black velvet, and weeping bitterly.

The Beggar Boy was placed by the side of his mother, and, for the first time, when so near that bosom, his arms were not stretched forth to embrace her.

"My Fanny this is a gloomy scene for you," said the young man, bending over the weeping female, "you will take cold in this damp place."

"They lived here for weeks and months," said the distressed girl, and her eyes filled once more as she looked around the miserable apartment: "and I might have helped them: might, at least, have paid the pitiful sum that we owed them. If I had but seen her that night—if, alas, I shall never forgive myself!"

"Fanny," said the young man, taking her hand with affectionate earnestness, "this is the first instance of terrible suffering that you have witnessed, if it has occasioned some self-reproach, tears alone will not appease it; scenes like these are passing in this great city every day. Thousands read the paragraph which brought us here, and yet we are alone with the dead in this dismal place."

"They did not know the mournful details as we do," replied the young girl.

"And if they did, Fanny, if the touching devotion of this poor boy, the patient suffering, the meekness and death of his mother were written out word for word, act by act, what would the effect be?"

"Men would be interested, touched, excited to benevolence," replied the kind girl with beautiful earnestness.

"They might be excited to tears, perhaps, but can the details, the whole story of this poor Beggar Boy appeal more strongly to the sympathies of more than the simple truth proved and sworn too as set forth in the coroner's inquest."

A hearse drove to the door, and when the coffins were carried out, Frances Henry arose, folded the cloak about her person, and went forth wiser, more subdued, and far more worthy of love than she had ever been in her life.

VISION OF VALHALLA.

1.

BY THOMAS E. VAN BIBBER.

WITH naught to stop me in my upward march,

I trod, methought, toward Valhalla's Hall,

Along the rainbow's bright prismatic arch.

Before the door I saw a juggler tall,

Who kept high-poised and quivering in the air

Seven trenchant blades, of which not one might fall;

Beside him, with bland eyes and sunny hair,

Prankt like a gaudy page, was seen to stand

A radiant boy, than Ganeymede more fair,

More fair than any form of fairy land,

Who kept seven ivory balls of rainbow hue

Forever bounding from his graceful hand.

Beneath the portico, in robes of blue,

Each leaning statue-like upon his spear,

A hundred sentinels appeared to view,

At sight of whom I shook with sudden fear

And would have fled, but that a voice most sweet

Cried out "Advance, for thou art welcome here."

Then clarions rang, and deep-toned tambours beat,

The silver portals on their hinges roll'd,

And I beheld great Odin's lofty seat,

Begirt with heroes of colossal mould;

Whereat confused I veiled my aching sight;

For lo! ten thousand shields of burnished gold

Hung round the roof, and streamed the hall with light.

LIFE'S LADDER.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"MARY," said Mrs. Stewart to her daughter, "I think you go too far in allowing such *particular* attentions on the part of James Newton. He is of excellent family and quite agreeable, and for a partner in the dance, now and then, might do; but then he is but a poor doctor, and when his devotion becomes marked it is time it was checked."

Mary blushed and dared not look her mother in the face, for she felt guilty of having received Newton's attentions without disfavor, and she was too much under the control of her stepmother to ask whether the objection against her new admirer was valid. Mrs. Stewart saw her demeanor, and reading her heart, proceeded.

"There is George Sanford now, who is independently rich, and could maintain a wife in the first style. He admires you, and, with a little encouragement, could be brought to propose."

"But ma," said Mary, looking up hesitatingly after a pause, during which she plied her needle with increased velocity, "is it right, is it maidenly to make advances, even if one liked the gentleman?"

Mrs. Stewart laid her work down on the table, and settling herself in her chair, said,

"Really, Mary, you are full of such romantic notions. Proper?—to be sure. Maidenly!—why how else would a bashful man, such as Mr. Sanford, get a wife. No girl ought to overstep certain limits, but when she sees a man dying for her, who yet is so modest that he lacks the courage to address her, she is a dunce if she does not encourage him. Men have to be managed, child, men have to be managed. I would not for the world tell you to do anything indecorous, but neither would I have you throw away a fortune from false notions of propriety."

Mary plied her needle again with increased rapidity, and finally said timidly,

"But suppose one cannot love the rich suitor."

She did not dare to raise her eyes as she spoke, and, when she had finished, her heightened color and nervous agitation seemed to imply that she feared the effect her words would produce. Her mother suffered a minute to elapse before replying, during which delay Mary felt as if she could sink through the floor, for she knew that her mother's eyes were bent on her disapprovingly, though she saw it not.

"I am astonished," at last began Mrs. Stewart, "I am astonished, Mary, that you *will* persist in these foolish notions. Love!—what is it? The love you dream of is a childish, ridiculous sentiment, which is dissipated the instant you enter on the realities of life.

No sensible woman entertains it for a moment, and the silly girls who, fed on romances, marry with such feelings, lose them with the honey moon, and repent their conduct the rest of their life. The right kind of love is based on a knowledge of the means a suitor possesses to make you happy; and the chief of these is wealth. It is an old proverb that 'when poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window,' and if you look around among our acquaintance you will see the truth of the saying. There is Mrs. Beech, now a poor, sickly creature, worn down with care, who, when she married, was the belle of her circle. *She* married for love, and don't now, I believe, spend one happy day in the year. Contrast her with Mrs. Jones, whom, you remember, a thin, embarrassed girl, but who, since her union with the rich Mr. Jones, has been transformed into one of the most lady-like of our acquaintance, and has a carriage and servants at her control. She always dresses in the first style, gives elegant parties, and is the envy of all who know her."

Mary listened in silence, not daring to reply. A silence of several minutes ensued, when Mrs. Stewart resumed, in a milder tone.

"I should be sorry to think, Mary, that you entertained any sentiments, but those of a mere acquaintance, for this young physician. With Mr. Sanford it is a different matter. He is rich, and would ensure you happiness; but with Mr. Newton for a husband your life would be a continual struggle against mortifications, want, and misfortune. But I have that confidence in you which persuades me you agree with me, and that, on so important a matter as this, we shall not differ. You have always been a dutiful child, Mary, and I hope, in this matter, you will not pain my heart."

Mrs. Stewart had not been wrong in her estimate of the effect these words would produce on Mary. Tears gathered into the daughter's eyes. She flung her arms around her mother's neck, and promised to obey her wishes. She had been conquered.

The gay circles in B——, soon heard of the approaching marriage of Miss Stewart to Mr. Sanford, for whom, it was currently whispered, the poorer Newton had been discarded. The wedding was celebrated with great magnificence, and the equipage, mansion and furniture of the young bride were, for six months, the town talk.

Years passed. The young physician gradually acquired a practice, and married an estimable woman, with whom he enjoyed unalloyed felicity. At first, indeed, the young couple had to practice the most rigid economy, but their mutual love sweetened whatever might have been bitter in their lot, and when they contemplated their small, but neat parlors, neither Newton nor his wife would have exchanged their lot for that of royalty. Gradually their means increased, and when they moved into a large house in one of the principal streets of the

city, they enjoyed their now really handsome dwelling the more because it had been slowly acquired.

This event happened just as the great crisis in the financial world came on, a few years since, when so many families lost their all. Among others Mr. Sanford was reduced to beggary, by the bankruptcy of the United States Bank, in whose stock his fortune had been chiefly invested. And now came the punishment of Mrs. Stewart's mercenary spirit. She saw her favorite daughter plunged into poverty, with a husband with whom Mary could not sympathize, and who, by his habits of luxurious indolence, had become unfit to struggle with the world for his daily bread. There was no hope, therefore, that he would ever rise from the situation into which he was now plunged.

"Do you know I told you," said one of Mary's early friends to another, "that Mrs. Stewart might live to repent her refusal of Dr. Newton. I wonder if my words haven't come true."

Her companion sighed, as she answered,

"It is a great error to look only after wealth in marrying children. For the daughters of most of the circles of this, and of every city, an industrious young man is the most fitting husband. Let young folks begin humble, if they would live well in middle life and old age. Better to start at the foot of the ladder and ascend, than to begin at the top and go down."

THE VESPER BELL.

BY JOSEPH W. FINLEY.

'Tis the Vesper Bell I hear,—
Sounding sweetly, strong, and clear
Upon the air;—
Calling sinful thought away,
From the turmoil of the day,—
To *humble prayer!*

Now,—'tis booming to and fro,—
With a restless, anxious throe,
As if despair
Had nerved its ev'ry voice and powers,
To chide away the misspent hours
Of worldly care.

'Tis the warning call of Time,—
Telling forth in every chime
Of man's decay:—
Like the scythe, and like the glass,
Shewing how our moments pass,
Nor heed delay.

Oh! 'tis pleasant thus at even
To bestow our thoughts on Heaven!
For who can tell,—
As now has ceased that melting strain,
That he shall ever hear again
That VESPER BELL!

THE PILGRIMS.

BY C. H. FORD.

PARCHED with thirst, and worn down by fatigue, wan, dispirited and feverish, the pilgrims paused at last exhausted, and sat down on the arid soil of the desert. The aged father leant his head on his staff and groaned bitterly, for already he saw the seal of death on the face of his young boy, while the once beautiful daughter, who now sat holding the child's head in her lap, looked as if she could not survive, for another day, the agonies of thirst which had tortured them since their stock of water gave out. Their guide alone, accustomed to the privations of the desert, held out, and stood leaning on his thick wooden lance, gazing across the sands to espy, if possible, a caravan or wandering party, to whom he might apply for succor. But in his bloodshot eyes and cracked lips you saw that even he suffered with extreme thirst, while his steed stood by with drooping head, and his mouth open as if in the vain hope to inhale moisture from the air. As far as the eye could see, across the burning plain, no object met the sight, except here and there clouds of fiery sand moving across the desert; while on all sides the hot air boiled in the sunbeams, and the line of the horizon seemed to undulate in the fierce heat.

"My boy! my poor boy," said the aged sire, "would God I could die for thee. Oh! for a cup of water—for a single drop to wet your parched tongue."

The child turned his meek eyes on his father's countenance and strove to smile, but nature refused the effort. Tears gushed into his sister's eyes, and rolling down her cheeks fell on the boy's face. His little heart melted, but he could only press her hand.

"Oh! that we had gone, with the crusaders, by way of Jaffa, instead of passing into Egypt and venturing on this desert," said the sister. "But God may have only intended this for a trial," she added, "so dear Henri, cheer up—aid may not be hopeless. You, and all of us, may yet live to see our own gay Loire again."

An expression of acute agony passed over the father's face, but the boy only shook his head faintly, and cast his lack lustre eyes over the burning expanse.

"Water—water—give me water," at this instant, frantically shrieked a black woman slave, who lay prostrate a pace or two from the main group, and partially rising from the sand, she displayed a countenance hideously distorted by suffering, the lips and tongue seamed and cracked open, and the eyes blood-shot and protruding from the head, "for the love of God give me water. Give me water, I say," she howled, rising and approaching her master, "or I will tear your heart from you and drink." As she thus spoke her look and attitude were fierce and threatening; but

her limbs refused to support her, and, after tottering forward a step, she fell down in convulsions.

The father and sister shuddered as they beheld her, for they knew not how long it might be ere they would be called to endure the same extremity of suffering. The little boy closed his eyes for a space, and seemed dreaming. When he opened them again he said faintly,

"Oh! sister, I have had such a terrible dream. I thought we reached a well. We rushed to drink. But, but," and the words choked within him, "when we stooped, the water sank into the sands. I woke, and found we were here."

Bowing her head on her bosom, the sister gave way, for the first time utterly to despair. Hot tears, that scorched the flesh, chased each other down her cheeks; her bosom heaved with convulsive pain; and she felt as if speedy death would be a relief. But she knew such was not to be her fate. Death, when it came, would come lingeringly, and not until after hours, if not days of agony, that would rival the torture of the rack. Once death, even amid consoling friends, was terrible. To leave the sunny hills of France, and part from family, and one dearer than family forever, were then dreadful in her eyes; but such thoughts had now been given up, in the contemplation of the agonies of a death by thirst. She could, however, have met her own fate with comparative composure, but to see her brother, and perhaps her parent, dying before her in excruciating torments, was more than she could endure.

An hour passed in silence. Often the eyes of the different members of the group would wander around the horizon, but the hopelessness of the look told the want of success. At last the father spoke, and his voice had terribly changed during that hour.

"Let us pray," he said. "God will, perhaps, hear us in our extremity."

Every face was bowed reverently down, and even the child, fast sinking as he was, comprehended the act of devotion. He closed his eyes, and folded his little hands meekly on his breast. And there, on that pathless desert, from a spot where the voice of prayer had, perhaps, never before been heard, the silvery headed sire poured forth the agonies of a breaking heart in a petition to his Maker. At its close there was a silence of a minute, while each head continued bowed. The soldier was the first to speak. Lifting his head from his spear, he cast his eyes mechanically around the horizon, but his flushed cheek and straining sight soon betrayed that he was more than ordinarily agitated. He breathed quick and hard, and, for an instant, hesitated as if almost fearing to believe what he saw.

"Praised be God and St. Dennis," he cried at last, "aid is at hand. I see a party of travellers. There—there," he continued, as all looked eagerly around, "in a line with the saddle of my horse."

The daughter burst into a flood of tears; but the old man rose up, though with difficulty, and leaning on his staff, gazed across the desert until he beheld the travellers, then, lifting his eyes to heaven, he said devoutly,

"I thank thee, Lord: my child will live."

His emotion here choked him, and he was fain to lean his head on his staff. When he looked up, his face was wet with tears.

The party of travellers loomed larger on the horizon every moment; but now the anxiety arose with the pilgrims lest they should not be observed. This suspense, however, was terminated before half an hour by the galloping of a horseman from the caravan toward them. Before an hour the pilgrims were in the midst of the travellers, a party of well appointed men-at-arms belonging to the Crusading host. Water was instantly given, though in small quantities at first, to the sufferers, and before night even the little boy was restored to comparative strength.

The pilgrims had been bound to Jerusalem, and, taking their journey by way of Egypt, under the guidance of one of those soldiers who continually traversed the deserts with devotees under their charge, had been reduced to this dreadful strait, by the failure of their supply of water. Happily they were thus rescued, and lived to return to France; and years after the daughter, now married to the object of her love, told the story of her sufferings to her assembled children, while their grand-sire looked on approvingly.

THE BROKEN HEARTED.

BY BENJAMIN J. FRY.

The cheek may lose its bloom—

The form its grace,

But time may spread again

Health o'er the face;

Deep tones the harp may wake

In minstrelsy,

But to the broken hearted

No harmony.

The leafy woods may lose

Their em'rald hue,

But spring again shall bring

Those beauties new;

Yet to the broken hearted

Who live and love,

No spring time ever comes

Below, above.

The summer still may smile

As full of glee,

But now no more it seems

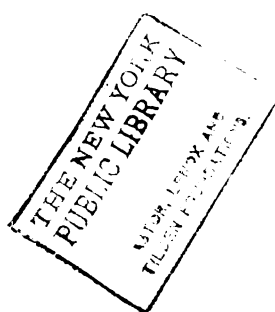
As fair to me;

My only hopes are o'er

The last departed,

For I am left alone

And broken hearted.





Mary F. Johnson 1855 Improved for the Ladies' Wear

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

THE extreme coldness of the weather, still continuing, at our latest advices from Paris and London, has delayed, in a great measure, the appearance of spring costumes. Several of great elegance, however, have been forwarded us, from which we have made the selections in our plate.

Both skirts and bodies, in full dress, continue to be made long, the corsage especially, which has very deep points; and the backs are usually very long waisted and rounded, though some dresses are made with points before and behind. These latter are called *a la Montespan*. Half dresses have their bodies of a rounded form, with a band around the waist. For evening dresses short sleeves are in vogue: tight sleeves continue to be the rage for walking dresses. As summer approaches, sleeves tight to the elbow, with hanging sleeves caught up may be expected to prevail. Skirts are not worn so much extended by the under skirt: the medium between the very bouffant, and the drooping skirt, is most in vogue. Blonde is becoming fashionable. The hair is dressed higher and wider, the back being usually twisted and ornamented with a fancy comb: large flowers and wreaths are worn.

FIG. I.—AN EVENING DRESS of sky blue satin, the skirt immensely full, and ornamented with a trimming descending on each side of the front, and gradually widening toward the edge of the *jupe*; this trimming is formed of a net-work in *chenille*, decorated on each side with rather short strings of white bugles, finished with very small pearl tassels; the corsage perfectly tight, and decorated with a *berthe* to match the trimming on the skirt; this *berthe* descends as far as the waist in front; a rounded waist; the sleeves are made tight to the elbow, from whence depends a rather wide hanging sleeve of blue crepe, caught up in the front with an ornament in the shape of an oval lozenge, of large corals set round with gold.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of light colored *mauve* Pekin striped silk, the skirt very full, and ornamented down each side of the front with a chain trimming formed of large satin buttons; half-high corsage, slightly *a point*, the top part and front gauged or full, edged on each side with narrow folds and a row of buttons, the jockeys on the top of the tight sleeves trimmed to match; a narrow edge of rich lace surrounds the top of the corsage; *manchettes* to match. Chip bonnet, the exterior decorated with flowers on the left side, the interior ornamented with small half wreaths of daisies.

FIG. III.—A BALL DRESS of rich white satin; the skirt is left open on each side nearly to the waist, and looped back with bunches of roses, displaying an undress of beautiful pea-green satin; the waist is long and pointed; the corsage low, and trimmed with full folds, which cross the back, and meet *en point* in the centre of the bust, and fall very deep on the shoulder. The sleeves are short, and terminated by a *bouillon* trimming, confined in the centre by a rose.

FIG. IV.—FANCY DRESS, the upper skirt of rich green *moire*, and made much shorter than the under skirt, which is composed of amber satin; jacket of crimson velvet, the sleeves opening as far up as the elbow at the back; the jacket is made to open down the centre of the front, and turns back at the top, where it is faced with rich white

silk in the form of two lappels, showing the under tight body of amber satin. This jacket is edged all round with a beautiful embroidery in gold braid; the under, full, long sleeve, also of white silk; a rich, cherry colored scarf is twisted round the waist, and is tied in two long ends on the right side, the ends of the scarf striped with gold, and bordered with a deep silk fringe. Chemisette of tarlatane muslin, edged with a narrow white lace.

FIG. V.—AN EVENING DRESS of great richness, made of rich pink satin, and verdant green. The bottom of the skirt decorated with two broad flounces of blonde, nearly concealing that part of the skirt which is green, and caught up in the front with a pink and green roseatte, each flounce being headed with a *ruche* of ribbon. Body and sleeves very low, and perfectly plain; the waist very pointed. A splendid fall, or *berthe* of white blonde falls over the top of the bust, entirely concealing the short sleeve. A fancy pink *toque* is placed quite on the top of the head, composed of pink *areoplane*, and bound with satin, the crown very shallow, and round, and decorated with a magnificent long ostrich feather, *nuee* white and pink, and falling low on the neck.

FIG. VI.—AN EVENING DRESS of pink satin, pointed corsage, short sleeves, and fitting rather low on the shoulders. Turban of blonde and silver falling on both sides, and having silver fringe.

HEAD DRESSES.—Turbans continue the rage. There is a very pretty one of lilac cachemire, having, on each side, long lappets of blonde, embroidered with gold, edged at the ends with gold fringe. A very light and simple kind of head dress for a young lady is made entirely of ribbon, the ends of which are cut slanting and fringed, and falling very low upon the back of the neck, being attached to each side of the knot or bow of hair. There is another turban very beautiful, made of pale blue velvet or cachemire, beautifully embroidered with silver roses; the crown descending in a peak at the back, the peak being finished with a long blue silk tassel; the front of this turban is slightly rolled in the front, falling in an end on the right side, where it is edged with a rich silver and blue fringe.

CARS.—These are still being worn small, either in blonde or lace, and slightly caught up with flowers, the preference being given to violets, Persian lilacs, and the white-thorn, mixed with roses. Some are made without a caul, being formed of a long piece of lace, attached on each side with a cluster of small flowers, and a knot of yellow satin ribbon forming streamers on each side.

EVENING DRESS.—The number of evening costumes in our plate, with the full descriptions we have already given, precludes the necessity of enlarging on this head. We may, however, remark that a very fashionable style of trimming evening dresses, is with *bouffants* of tulle, in rows of threes and fours, and interspersed with narrow ribbons on each side of the *bouffants*. The corsages of these dresses are of a very pointed form, descending very low upon the hips with draperies, and very short sleeves trimmed with folds of tulle. In Paris dresses of blue satin are very popular, the *jupe* ornamented with a raised trimming in *chenille*; interspersed with pearls and white bugles, the body very low and tight, the *berthe* formed entirely of *chenille*; short sleeves, tight round the top, and *a la religieuse* at the bottom part, raised in the front, and attached with an *agraffe* or clasp.

EDITORS' TABLE.

We introduce to our readers, in this number, MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY as a contributor to the *Lady's World*. Of this lady's eminent powers as a poet it is unnecessary to speak. Perhaps few American females have done so much for the literature of the country. Our promise to make this magazine the ladies' periodical of the United States, is being fulfilled so far forth as the literary department is concerned; and the success we meet with cheers us onward in our endeavors. Every new subscriber will increase our power to effect our aim. Remember this! The story of Mrs. Lydia J. Pierson is deeply interesting, and to it we particularly call attention. We have other new contributors in view who will shortly add to the interest of our pages, and make this magazine an indispensable appendage of the centre table of every American lady, for we shall studiously labor that our periodical shall be national both in its literature and embellishments.

The mezzotint in this number has been pronounced by those who have seen it at the engravers, the choicest illustration of the season, yet published in any magazine. The great cost of this style of engraving is hardly conceivable by those ignorant of the art: we may as well, however, state that the engraving and printing of a mezzotint costs about double that of a line engraving. We now stand almost alone among the ladies' magazines in furnishing these costly and beautiful embellishments; but we shall still continue to present them to our readers, for we are resolved to make it the most popular work, no matter what the expense.

In the book world there is little doing. Mr. Stevens' *travels in Yucatan* is the most popular book of the month; but few other works of note are on our table.

THE FINE ARTS.

THE eighth annual exhibition of the Artist's Fund Society began at Philadelphia on Wednesday the fifth day of April, and is still open to visitors. The collection of pictures is unusually good. The number of portraits is not so great as in former years, while there is an increase in the pictures of landscapes, and historical, and ideal groups. A large portion of these latter come from the easels of our younger artists, and evince a decided improvement over their efforts of last year. The contributing artists are Allston, Sully, Paige, Huntingdon, Kyle, Lambdin, Rothermel and others. The pictures are well arranged, and the exhibition altogether is creditable to the society.

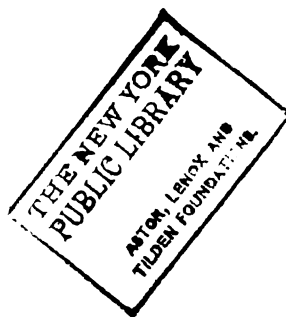
Prominent in the exhibition is Sully's great picture of Washington, a noble composition, worthy of the artist's acknowledged fame. Opposite to this, hangs the celebrated "Paul and Barnabas at Lystra," by Sir Benjamin West, a picture with more unity, and breathing a warmer tone than most of this painter's compositions. Among the portraits there is a grand head of Stewart, and a masterpiece by Lawrence. Various other fine heads are on the walls.

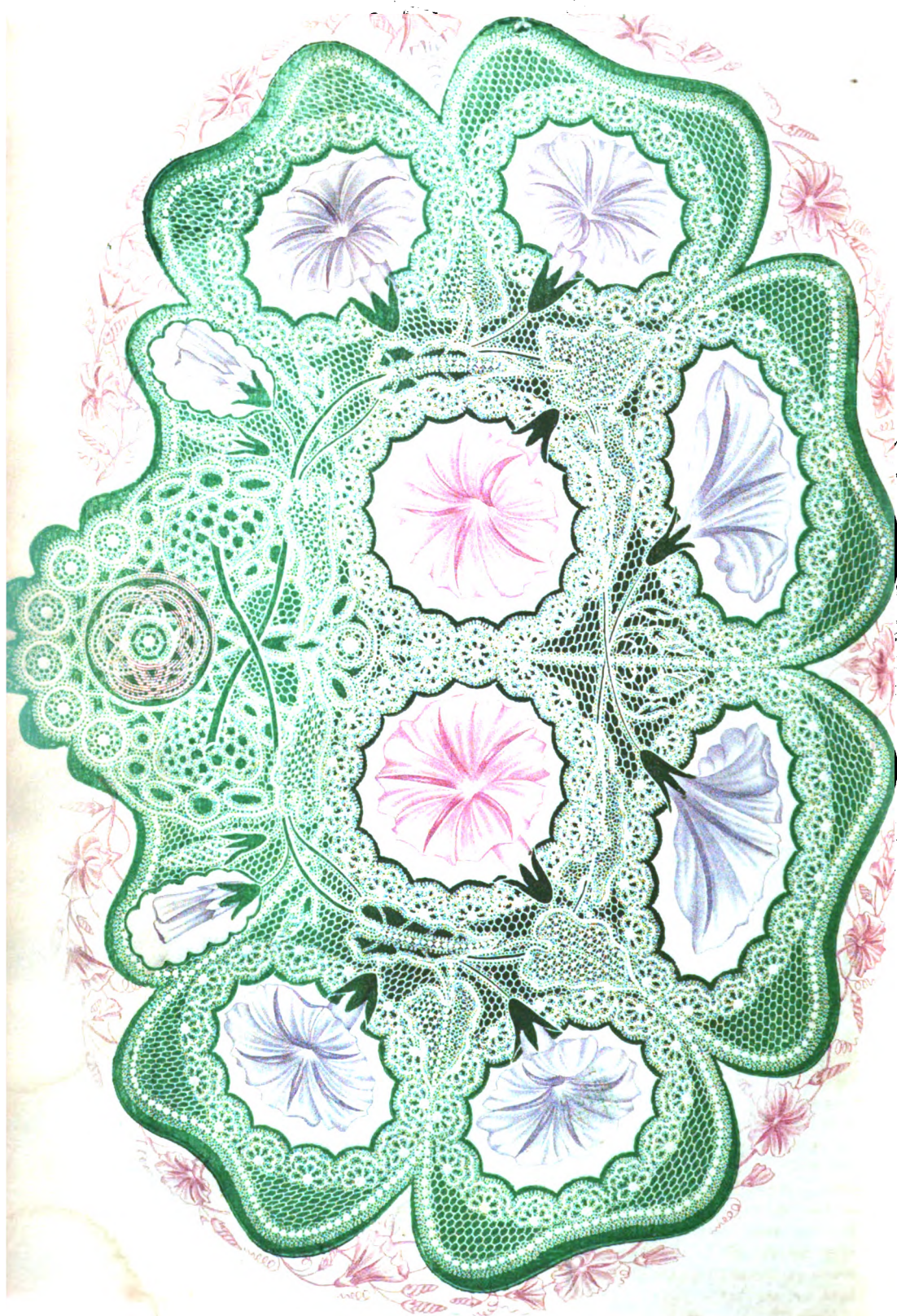
But it is to the younger and living artists, as those on

whom the future reputation of the country is to depend, that we would particularly call attention. PAIGE has furnished an exquisite picture, "The News Boy and Strawberry Girl," decidedly the best thing of its kind on the walls. This artist surpasses every cotemporary in his fidelity to nature, and in the choice of his subjects displays a genius like that which characterizes the true poet in the selection of a theme. His groups never make bad pictures in consequence, though the uninformed might, at first, pass them by, thinking, as Partridge thought of Garrick's acting, that they were too real to be good. Paige is again painting in his best style, and we predict that he will take one of the foremost places, if not the foremost place, among American artists. HUNTINGDON has copied his Florentine Girl, and the picture is here on exhibition: his genius is not worthily represented; and we regret that his friends did not procure his new picture—the companion to *Mercy's Dream*—for the exhibition. We have not seen the composition, but hear its praises on every hand. ROTHERMEL has a good picture, "De Soto discovering the Mississippi," which is very superior to anything he had on exhibition last year. The coloring is well managed, the grouping not deficient, and the landscape very fine. Since the departure of Leutze we have no young artist who can at all compare to Rothermel in richness of coloring. One might also think he had studied at Munich. There are other pictures which might be commended if we had space, but we must postpone our remarks on them to another opportunity.

The encouragement of the fine arts is a subject every person of taste should have at heart: and these exhibitions, which foster a love of art, should, therefore, be encouraged. They should be encouraged, not merely by the pitiful purchase of a ticket, but by a more liberal patronage, the purchase of the pictures. It is not *only* for the love of art that our young painters toil. They live by bread, and not by praise, and often depend for means to paint a new picture on the sale of the present one. It is too much the fashion to pay them in cold commendation instead of substantial encouragement. How many noble men have been thus praised, who meanwhile were literally starving for bread, and came at last to be cast out at death like dogs, with only a few shovelfuls of earth to cover them! How many a noble genius has been cut off by privation in the prime of life, for whose pictures amateurs afterward fought! The true way to foster art is to patronise its living disciples. The King of Bavaria, by following this rule, has done more for art than all the crowned heads of Europe put together.

This brings us to notice an association which has just been formed in Philadelphia, with the laudable design of furthering art by a direct patronage of its disciples. The institution is called "The Art Union of Philadelphia." The annual subscription of the members is five dollars. The surplus funds thus arising are to be made into purses, which are to be distributed by lot to the members, for the purpose of being laid out in the purchase of pictures. The advantage of this plan over that by which pictures themselves are put at risk, is that the successful member has the privilege of selecting his picture. Each member, moreover, will annually receive a copy of an engraving from a picture by an American artist. We look for this association to receive a crowd of members.





THE LADY'S WORLD.

VOL. III.

PHILADELPHIA: JUNE, 1843.

No. 6.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

THEY had lived together five years. Married in the first bright flush of youth, while scarcely more than children, both had struggled to blend romance with the stern realities of life, till its duties and the quiet every day hopes which make the bliss of a household were forgotten. In a vain toil to preserve the fanciful and half ideal passion which had prematurely united them, they lost sight of the useful and the real. In his affections, in his business, everywhere, young Percy carried the refined and fastidious tastes of a lettered and poetical mind. To cultivate a vivid imagination, to reform a taste already morbid, was his constant and unsafe effort; while she, young, thoughtless and devoted to her husband, abandoned herself to affections already too vivid. Innocent, loving and romantic as on the day of her marriage, she was, alas for her, child-like, and uncultivated as then, also, and every year of their married life served but to separate the minds of two beings whose fates had been linked too soon and too rashly.

Alas for the woman who has no tribute but that of tenderness and affection to render her house attractive; who is the plaything rather than the companion of her husband—who expects to keep the *heart* of a being whose *mind* she cannot comprehend! Alas, for poor Jane Percy, for she was one of these! At the age of twenty-one she found herself a wife without the esteem of her husband, but retaining in her own heart all the warm and clinging fondness which had made the sunshine of her bridal day.

It was late at night, and still Jane Percy was up; seated by the window, and watching with strained eyes the few persons that now and then walked hurriedly along the dim pavements of Chesnut street. Tears stood in her soft, blue eyes: her lips were pale and tremulous, while the jewels on her small fingers glittered in the lamp light as she knitted them nervously together

whenever the least sound from below reached her ear. She arose and walked the room hurriedly to and fro, she wandered from the parlor to a bed room that opened from it, flung herself upon the snowy counterpane, buried her face in those small hands and wept as if her heart would break. "Ah, why did he bring me here—why leave me thus forever alone or exposed to the fascinations of men like this bewildering foreigner, to the hints of that woman, shall I tell him—dare I tell him what was said to me this very night? I had guessed it before—but oh, to have others tell me of a rival, others condole and speak so pityingly because he loves me no longer. This will drive me mad! What was it that man said to me at parting," she exclaimed, starting from the pillow, and putting the ringlets of dishevelled gold back from her pallid temples with both hands. "It was that which I should not have listened to, I a wife—*his* wife!"—all at once a faint crimson stole over the cheek of that fair young creature; she bent her eyes to the floor and seemed trying to connect some memory in her troubled mind. "He held my hand, and yet I did not reprove him, my heart was too full—too cruelly torn with what I had heard of my husband, I did not know it till now, perhaps even yet it was not so: my head aches dreadfully, I might have dreamed it—but, but——"

She sprang forward with a quick breath which was almost a cry, undid the bolt, and reached forth her arms to receive her husband: she recoiled with a look of terror, and attempted to close the door again. It was not Percy, but the foreigner who had paid the so neglected young creature so much attention for weeks, when her heart and mind were unsettled with distrust of her husband's principles as well as of his love. There he stood at the door of her private room, late at night, and she alone, unprotected, and in a boarding-house.

"One moment," said the foreigner, in his peculiar broken English, "I did not wish to intrude, but you left the drawing-room so abruptly this evening. I heard you walking to and fro and could not rest, thinking one so lovely anxious or ill at ease. I

feared that my boldness had offended, and come to apologize—are you ill? Have I given pain?”

Mrs. Purcy could not answer, but trembling in every limb, motioned the bold intruder to depart, and when he seemed inclined to speak again, she forced the door against him and drew the bolt—at that moment a carriage stopped at the door, and she heard a step, *his* step in the passage. A sudden faintness came over her, and she sunk to a chair trembling like a frightened child. It was Purcy, who had entered the hall just in time to see the foreigner coming from the direction of his wife's parlor. He stopped suddenly and confronted the man, his brow burning, and with a stern expression in his dark eyes.

“You are up late, sir, and absent from your room at an unusual hour,” he said, in a voice strangely low and calm.

The man bent his head and seemed about to pass on with the bland smile natural to him just visible on his lip, but at a glance of the stern eyes bent upon him, his face seemed to change his purpose.

“I have been to inquire after Mrs. Purcy,” he said, “I heard a sound in her room, a moaning sound, as if some one was suffering with pain or fear: there was no servant that I could summon, and knowing, even though ill, that the lady had no one near to render assistance, I went up to proffer aid if it were needed. The lady did not admit me, and I came away.”

The man spoke quietly, and all he said was true. He had listened to the unsteady footstep of the poor lady watching in the room above till a late hour, and fearing that her restlessness arose from displeasure at his careless gallantry during the evening, he had allowed a generous impulse to draw him into offering atonement—he little knew that the dangerous tongue of a woman, whose joy lay in creating discord, had filled that gentle bosom with feelings it had never known before, and that his own culpable expressions of admiration were scarcely noticed in the terrible anguish created by the idea of a rival to her husband's love.

Purcy looked keenly in the young man's face for a moment after he had done speaking.

“You were kind,” he said, with a haughty bow, “good night, sir!” and the husband passed on to the apartment of his wife.

Mrs. Purcy was sitting in the chair to which she had fallen when her husband knocked gently at the door, she arose and admitted him, but her hand shook, and it was some time before it had strength to turn the bolt.

Purcy cast one glance at her pallid face, quietly asked why she was up so late, and going to a table poured out a glass of water and drank it off.

“You look ill and tired,” he said in a voice so strangely calm and gentle that impulsively she lifted her heavy eyes to his face.

“I could not sleep while you were away,” she said, sitting down and resting her arm on the table. Her head fell forward, and as it lay upon her arm she turned the soft eyes he had once loved earnestly on his face.

He turned away his head, and taking up a pen began to write—“you had better go to bed now, I have writing that will keep me busy some hours,” he said, still with unusual gentleness. “You will require rest, for to-morrow we shall return to New England—can you and the child be ready for the afternoon cars?”

The young wife started up with a look of sudden joy, and would have flung herself upon his bosom in the fulness of her gratitude; but he did not seem to observe the affectionate impulse, and with a feeling of disappointed tenderness she withdrew into the bed-room.

Purcy leaned his forehead on his hand and seemed lost in deep, if not painful thought, for more than half an hour.

“Why should I doubt or hesitate,” he said, “why,” and with his eyes fixed on the paper before him, “though this suspicion had never crossed my mind. I cannot love her as I did, unless it were possible to call back the crude ideas of youth, the boyish fancy which is satisfied with gentleness and beauty alone—I will not deal harshly with her, I, who have left her so much to herself, I should have guarded her better for my child's sake, and for her's if not for my own. She shall keep the child, too, it would be cruelty to separate them—but for me——”

He broke off his meditations and began to write, but his usually rapid pen faltered more than once in its task, and when the letter was finished he sealed it with a trembling hand. It lay upon the table before him folded and ready for the inscription full half an hour, at length he removed the hand which had supported his forehead, took up the pen again, and slowly wrote his wife's name, but as he did so a moisture crept into his eyes, and his fever lip quivered for an instant. He put the letter in his pocket-book, and lying down on the sofa, remained there till morning still, but sleepless.

Three days after the scene we have described, Jane Purcy stood in a chamber of her father's dwelling, her child was playing in the sunshine which streamed through a neighboring window, and her husband stood before her equipped for a journey.

“You will return soon,” she said anxiously, “I shall not be contended to remain here long if you are away.”

"It is impossible for me to set a time," replied Percy evasively, but with a steady voice.

The child had thrown one of its playthings out of reach and began to cry, the mother stepped toward it, and while her back was turned, Percy approached the bed and placed a letter beneath one of the pillows. He was about to leave the room, but she approached him, with the child in her arms, and giving way for one instant he snatched the baby, kissed it and left the room.

The young wife sat her child on the bed and lay down beside it weeping bitterly, she scarcely knew why, for Percy had only left them for a few days, and the shelter of home was over and about herself and her little one; still she wept on, now and then lifting her head to kiss the rosy cheek of her infant as it played with the fringed curtains, and beat the pillow with its tiny hand. She was becoming more composed when the child set up a gleeful shout, and she saw that a letter was grasped and slightly crushed in its tiny fingers, she saw her own name in Percy's hand writing, and snatching the letter tore it open regardless of the infant who began to cry violently at being thus harshly dealt with. With the letter held firmly in both hands, Jane Percy read it through, her lips and entire face blanched perfectly white as she finished the first line; and when the child crept toward her and exerted his baby strength to recover the paper it was clenched convulsively, and the unhappy mother lay senseless and white as a corpse on the pillow.

An hour went by, and still the deserted wife lay senseless and like a thing of death. The babe became tired of play and fell asleep with his warm, rosy cheek nestled close to the pallid face of his parent. Thus it was that the father of Jane Percy found his child when he entered the chamber to inquire after his little grandson.

The old man took the paper from his child and read it, while the household were crowding around the sufferer bewildered and in terror. She revived at last, and then the stern father sent every one from the room even to the infant.

"My child," said the old man.

The sufferer turned her head feebly on the pillow and lifted her heavy eyes to his.

"My child," repeated the old man once more, "had he any cause for this suspicion?"

"Oh, father!" exclaimed the unhappy young creature in a voice of thrilling reproach.

"Thank God!" burst from the lips of that aged man, his face fell forward upon the bed, and he wept aloud. "Do not grieve—let the selfish one go—I have a roof to shelter my girl and her child, you can be happy with me once more, my poor

Jane!" said the kind man, once more lifting his face.

"I loved him, father," was the touching reply.

For one moment the old man looked almost angrily on the frail creature prostrated before him, but his better nature was ever uppermost, and instead of chiding he bent down and kissed her forehead.

"It is right, my girl, he is your husband."

She placed her arm feebly around his neck and returned his kindness with a faint, but grateful pressure of her tremulous lips. "Let me read the letter again, my father."

The old man placed the letter in her hand and left the room. She read it attentively more than once, laid it in her bosom and tried to arise, but she was too feeble, and it was many days before that pale head was lifted from its pillow again.

For two years the unhappy wife remained with her father. The cruel desertion of her husband seemed to have changed and strengthened her character—"I know it all," she would say, "he believed me nothing more than a child, he had no sympathy with my feelings, while I could have none with his mind. He loved me with his whole being, I had never been suspected of wavering in my deep, too deep affection for him. But I will hope, father, struggle and hope on."

The old man would smile kindly and encourage her, so with one strong and affectionate faith at her heart she studied night and day, toiling for knowledge with a perseverance that nothing could daunt or diminish. She had a beautiful guide, his books, his drawings, and pictures were in her possession. His pencil marks on the margin of every volume were a precious guide through the path of knowledge which he had pursued alone.

Two years, how much can two years of study accomplish when the heart becomes teacher to the mind? The strange, wilful man who had abandoned his wife so ruthlessly would scarcely have known the quiet, thoughtful and dignified woman, whose sweet face had become beautiful with thought and affections chastened but not diminished—affections that became stronger and brighter as they were blended with the intellectual.

Jane Percy was alone in her chamber—books lay upon a table by the window where she sat, a half finished drawing was in her hand, and tears stood in her eyes, it was an attempt at his features imperfect and sketchy, but the boy was like his father, and that fond heart had not lost one shade of the lineaments that wrong and absence had but traced the deeper there. It was not strange that Jane Percy should be sad that night, for it was

just two years since the husband of her youth had departed for Europe.

She laid down the drawing with a heavy heart. Could it be that Percy had left them forever, that he would not return to look on the face of his boy. How like his father he was lying in that snowy bed, with one small hand nestled under the warm cheek, and that soft brown hair curling so thickly over his head!

Poor Jane Percy she was desponding then: the past had been whispering in her heart; the present, it was a gloomy, sad present, and the future, just then she had no hope for the future. Weary with the tears she had shed, and almost heart broken with tender regrets, she crept to the side of her child, laid her wet cheek to his and slept heavily.

At day break the child became restless and murmured in his sleep, the mother slumbered on but drew him closer to her heart, a single tear dropped from her closed lashes to the pillow, and words of gentle tenderness broke from her lips. Still the soft gray light of morning came through a grape vine rustling at the window before those gentle eyes unclosed. The child was still asleep, but her kisses awoke him, and when he saw that she had been weeping, the little fellow sat up in bed and made a gentle attempt to console her, and in the effort dropped into a soft slumber again.

Jane arose from the bed, and for the first time remarked that she was still dressed, and had remained all night exactly as she had dropped away from grief and weariness, while fondling her child. She had dreamed, too, that all night long, sweet, sad fancies had haunted her pillow. She went to a table, sat down, and began to write, for the first time in poetry, and thus was registered the

DREAM OF THE DESERTED.

I SLEPT—amid the thoughts that roam
And weave themselves so strangely round me,
Those mournful memories that come
Like spirit tones that anew have bound me,
And there, upon my slumbering sense,
A knowledge fell that we were parted;
A mournful knowledge, so intense,
That sleeping, I was broken hearted;
My soul was sorrowful and lone,
My very sense of life grew dreary,
As prisoned in a marble stone,
My pulse beat on inert and weary,
And feelings only thine for years,
Unfettered, free and sweetly gushing,
Lay on my heart, a weight of tears,
I felt them to my eyelids rushing,
I felt them freeze around the strings
That gave my heart its music tone,
And, as the wintry moonbeam flings
Cold brightness on an altar-stone,

The memory of thy smile came back;
But it was all estranged and cold,
It left no sunshine in its track;
In sleep, my heart was growing old.

I wept, for in that painful sleep
My feelings knew but one control,
And pride, that sentinel to keep
The portal of a woman's soul,
Now slumbered sadly on his post,
And visions of the past went by,
Of love and hope all dead and lost,
Like flowers that briefly bloom and die.
My dream was lengthened into years—
Years of such utter loneliness—
As falls upon a heart, when tears
Have worn it cold and passionless.
Earth was to me a weary home,
My soul was driven from its shrine,
It seemed a gem where light had come
And hardened when it taught to shine.

A change came softly o'er my dream,
'T was like the sunshine gently stealing
With rosy touch and pleasant gleam
Across the frozen fount of feeling,
It was as if a seraph came
Born of that sunbeam music's daughter,
Who smiling bent and wove a chain
Of starry blossoms on the water.
And from those blossoms softly stole
A light, like pearl gleams in the ocean,
And through the chambers of my soul
It kindled still some sweet emotion.
'T was thou had'st wrought the change, I knew
That light, it was the smile that won me!
The blossoms—there was one that threw
A gentle perfume all around me,
Our souls lay blended in its life,
It linked the solemn chain that bound us,
Its cup with dew and sweetness rife
Made the air holy all around us.

I slept, and still we were apart!
But in the changes of my dream,
That blossom, pillowed on my heart
Like lily on a restless stream,
Was cherished with the ruby dew
That swells my veins, with thoughts of thee,
My own—my better life—and grew
In nature like ourselves; and we
By its young light as by a star
Met once again—oh! it was sweet
We who had been apart so far
Thus in my slumbering thoughts to meet,
Still in my calm unrest I knew
The arms that clasped me were but seeming,
But dear the vision, though untrue,
'T was joy to love thee if but dreaming.
Thy breath was warm upon my cheek,
And tears beneath these eyelids lay,
While the glad words I could not speak
Died faintly on my lips, for they
Seemed fearful that their overflow
Might hush the gentle music stealing

Through the full heart that beat below,
 Happy, yet half its bliss concealing.
 Though conscious it was still a dream,
 And that dear presence all ideal,
 As children see the rainbow's gleam,
 And think the golden cup is real,
 I closed my senses to the truth,
 And thought thy murmured words were there
 That 'woke the echo of my youth,
 And the deep feelings from repose!
 Which faithlessness, or time, or wrong,
 May seek to crush, but all in vain!
 The soul that wakes to perfect song
 Can never hush its strings again:
 My slumbering thoughts still cling to thee
 In the soft stillness of that hour,
 As each had been a restless bee—
 Thy heart a golden jessamine flower.

A distant light came softly breathing
 Like sunbeams through the hazy past,
 Some gentle mem'ry still awaking
 More dear, more tender than the last.
 That light, it was the dawning day
 Through my lone casement faintly streaming,
 That light so dreary, chill and gray—
 I knew—I knew it was but dreaming!
 Oh! wherefore should these eyes unclose,
 Whence came that vision as I slept,
 To mock my soul in its repose!
Thy child unto my heart had crept.

Oh! God, it was not all untrue;
 The arms that clasped my neck are thine.
 Thy own proud blood is blushing through
 The limbs that nestle close to mine,
 The breath, which floats upon my mouth
 And mingles softly with my own—
 Like perfume wafted through the south,
 From roses of the torrid zone—
 Was of thy life the purest light,
 A ray from thy own being given
 To lips so innocent and bright,
 Their smile belongs to thee—or heaven:
 He moves, that pleasant eye uncloses,
 He murmurs, sleepily and low,
 This cheek all warm with youth and roses,
 In sleep has found a richer glow;
 A shadow falls upon our child,
 For he has seen his mother's tears,
 These lips that trembled when he smiled
 Would fill his infant heart with fears;
 He feels, but cannot understand
 Why these dim eyes are turned away,
 But groaning, lifts his tiny hand
 To move the tresses back, where they
 Have fallen on my aching brow,
 Gently and kind, as it would seem
 His infant heart began to know
 The pain left by that mocking dream.
 He bends his dewy lips to me,
 And with a sweet importune groan
 He turns those blue eyes lovingly
 Upon my pale and troubled form.

21*

He knows not why that soft caress
 Renews no answering clasp or tone,
 But his red lips still closer press,
 My child—my child—we are alone!

When Jane Purcy had finished writing, she folded the paper and directed it to her husband. She had received neither message, line, nor token from him since his departure, but he had left correspondents in the country, and she knew that he had travelled over Europe, and was then in Paris. So that little paper was sent forth tremblingly like a dove upon the cold waters.

It was late one evening when Purcy entered his hotel weary and completely satiated with the excitements of Paris. He had spent months in London, Rome and Naples, had trod the sacred grounds of Jerusalem, and in every place sought eagerly to fling off a consciousness of the past, but it haunted him like a shadow. In vain he tried to cast the responsibility of his unhappiness on the young mother whom he had deserted. Reason as he would, a scarcely acknowledged consciousness of her innocence and of his own unworthy conduct made itself felt through selfishness and sophistry. There came seasons, too, of loneliness and solitude, when his spirit pined for the quiet of home, for the smiles of his child, for the soft voice that had blended itself so long with his very existence. And now amid the whirl of Parisian society, and surrounded by the blandishments of the most fascinating and brilliant women on earth—this till now transient yearning after affection, and the sweet endearments of home, become a powerful want. He had found female intellect ready to lavish its brightness upon him at every corner; but the affections, the sincerity, that is to intellect what perfume is to the rose—that was wanting.

Upon the night when we again introduce the selfish man to our readers, he had been at a large party given by the American ambassador, a party that had combined in its attractions everything that would charm the taste of a refined and fastidious man. Women celebrated for their beauty and intellect surrounded him. Men of great minds had taxed his great conversational powers to the utmost, but amid it all, Purcy was sad and dispirited. A shadow of the past lay on his heart—he left the gay throng almost unconsciously, and entering his hotel sat moodily down to indulge in the gloomy thoughts that were far more suitable for the solitude of that dim old chamber, than the glittering saloons he had left. As he sat supporting his head with one hand, with his eyes fixed on the fire and a lamp burning dimly at his elbow, a picture arose before his mind with a vividness which, struggle against it as he would, remained there fixed and

immovable. The picture was that of a young child playing in the sunshine, and of a fair matron with a sweet maternal sadness on her face, stooping to lift the boy that he might look upon the husband and parent that was about to desert them forever.

Purcy arose and began to pace the room; but moving or at rest, that same picture was before his mind. He sat down again, and for the first time observed a folded paper lying near the lamp—a letter directed to himself. The hand writing made him turn pale; his hands shook as he broke the seal, and when the broken lines of a poem met his eye, he began to read while the very breath seemed hushed in his bosom, so intensely was he absorbed in the lines. Again and again he perused that paper till the color came back to his marble cheek, and the fire of a happy resolve broke through the gloom of his dark eyes. About midnight Purcy started up, thrust the paper in his bosom, and rang the bell.

His valet appeared.

"When does the next packet sail for New York?" he said:

"On Wednesday," replied the man.

"And this is Monday—do not go to rest again, but pack my trunks—I leave Paris in the morning!"

"Mamma, look there!" said little Charley Purcy, leaning over the window sill of his mother's bed chamber, and thrusting back the grape leaves with his little hand, "What a great tall man, mamma."

Jane was absorbed by an old dry bough which she was working into a clump of trees, that formed the foreground of a landscape in oils. She heard the child's voice without marking his words, lifted her pencil a moment, looked up, and smiling on the boy, bent over her picture again.

"Mamma, he is coming in!" exclaimed the boy, springing from the chair which had supported him by the window.

Jane started up, and the pencil fell from her hand—a footstep was on the stairs—that footstep her heart had leaped to a thousand times, but she could not move; the blood left her cheek, and with parted lips and glittering eyes she stood breathless as a statue. The door opened, she sprang forward with a thrilling cry, and fainted on Purcy's bosom.

"Lay her upon the bed," said the old man, wiping the tears from his face and taking Charley in his arms who was crying lustily, and shaking his little fist at the tall man who had frightened his mamma.

"Hush Charley, hush," said the grandfather, patting the boy's curly head and smiling through his own tears, "hush, it is your father."

WHAT IS MOST BEAUTIFUL.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"WHAT is most beautiful, hill or dale,
Forest or prairie, mountain or vale?
Answer me, dryads, from breezy shade,
By cooling stream or in woodland glade."
And a low, sweet whisper was on the air—
"The soul of the beautiful dwells not there."

"Kingly old mountains, so stately now,
With your crowns of snow on each hoary brow,
Speak from your seats of a thousand years,
What is most beautiful, cloud-wrapped seers?"
And a voice came down in the pine-woods drear,
"The soul of the beautiful dwells not here."

"Ocean, old ocean, thou rollest along
Chiming to heaven thy ceaseless song,
Zoning the earth with thy boundless sea,
Surely, more beautiful naught can be!"
And a naiad sang from the blue depths near—
"The soul of the beautiful dwells not here."

"Stars, as ye hymn in your orbs on high,
Stars, as ye wheel in the mystic sky,
Stars, prophet stars, in your seer-like tones,
Answer me down from your burning thrones,"
And a voice was heard, as a voice from a bier—
"The soul of the beautiful dwells not here."

I ceased, but a sound went by me still,
And echoed each old eternal hill,
Murmured the wood, the sea, and the plain.
And sang the stars from their high domain—
"In the maiden meek, in the maiden fair,
Oh! look for the soul of the beautiful there."

THE BELLE.

BY H. J. VERNON.

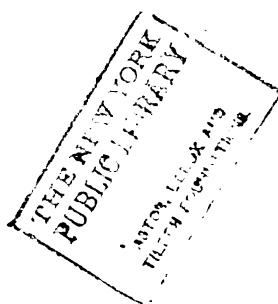
Thou art very beautiful!
With thine eye of light,
Like a starry angel
Smiling on the night.
Oh! thou art a miracle
To my wond'ring sight.

Thou art very beautiful!
Arch as any child,
With thy sportive laughter
And thy gambols wild:
Yet thy soul, Isora,
Holy is and mild.

Thou art very beautiful!
Sing to me, my love,
Peace unto me bringing
Like a brooding dove,
With thy voice cherubic.
As from choirs above!



THE MUSICAL RECLINANT.
A LUTE AND A CUP OF TEA.



MARY LOVELL.

BY J. MILTON SAUNDERS.

"It was in the leafy month of June," said the stranger, as we sat together in the little country inn, waiting until the stage-coach, in which we had been overturned, should be repaired, "on one of those calm, crystal evenings only seen in southern climates, that I first saw Mary Lovell, the youthful, bewitching Mary! I was introduced to her at a ball, where music floated around, where the perfume of flowers filled the air, and where voices, sweeter than the note of the nightingale, filled the soul with ecstasy. And the most melodious of all voices was that of Mary. Oh! I loved her from the first moment I beheld her.

"That night will live in my memory forever. Our hearts soon grew closer, and ere long she was leaning on my arm, listening to my burning words, for a strange eloquence had seized me. The merry laugh from the garden reached our ears, and thither we went. It was a glorious night. The landscape was bathed in the liquid light of the silver moon, not a shadow of floating cloud or mist for a moment dimmed the splendor, but like a bright creation from the pencil of Claude, the garden lay before us. A river flowed below us, and catching the reflections from the trees its waves flung them again into our eyes. The air was mild and redolent of perfume. With a gentleness which scarcely lifted the sunny curls from Mary's neck, it fanned our temples, and wafted the breath of myriads of flowers into our faces. Think you not that I was then happy! I have heard the glowing words of the Oriental *In-provisatoire*, I have dwelt enraptured upon their brilliant imaginings, and dreamed with them of heavens and hofris, till my leaping heart almost burst with ecstasy, but still I experienced not the beatitude with which I listened to the low, soft voice of Mary Lovell. The mother's heart swells with delight as she first catches the prattle of her worshipped infant; the devotee's bosom glows as his excited imagination pictures to him the consummation of his long cherished and loftiest aspirations—but what are they to the bliss of love?

"Long and secretly I loved, but with a natural diffidence I barred my passion within my breast till it could no longer be contained. At last it burst its confinement, and I revealed it. Again it was on a festive occasion—in that very garden where I had first learned to love. And it was reciprocated. My wildest dreams were now realized. The hand of Mary Lovell was clasped in mine; her large, deep blue eyes were beaming love on me with a language before whose power and

eloquence words fall powerless and unmeaning. I poured out my heart's burning contents into her ears—the deep founts of her heart answered in her cheeks—with every word that heart beat a response, and the pressure of her hand confirmed it. This was a rapturous moment—she had just unburdened the passion which she had long cherished for me—her lips had just uttered the words which sealed my happiness, when a figure started up and interrupted us. A moment satisfied me it was Howard St. John.

"This man had long loved Mary Lovell, but his passion was not reciprocated. The gentle spirit of Mary shrank from his stern, but impetuous nature. Rich and little used to being thwarted in his desires, he had become wayward and incapable of governing himself in the least. Every person had submitted to his behests, till he imagined that for him to speak was to be obeyed. He was a creature of the most impetuous and ungovernable passion, impulsive and quick in his determinations, and dreaded by all who knew him.

"It was this man who now so suddenly placed himself before the object of my adoration. The fire of his dark eye flashed on her, the curl of his lip grew deeper, and the scorn with which he gazed at her became black and withering in its expression.

"*'Mary Lovell,'* spoke he, as he folded his arms. *'Why are you not as is generally your wont among the dancers? Here is no place for one so lovely as you—permit me to lead you where men of rank and wealth may gaze upon you and be enraptured.'*

"*'Howard St. John, this gentleman will lead me where you desire,'* spoke Mary Lovell, recoiling from him like the sensitive plant when touched by some rude hand.

"*'And pray, sir, who are you?'* cried St. John, quickly turning upon his heel, and looking keenly in my face. The blood mounted into my temples—with a scorn equalling his own, I scrutinized the dark features of the intruder, and threw back again his eagle gaze. There was a calmness in my answer which astonished me, knowing, as I did, the impetuosity of my temper when aroused.

"*'Sir, I am a gentleman.'* A derisive laugh escaped the stranger, the scarlet blood could be seen even through his dark skin, and the expression of his eye became of that unearthly and furious nature which characterizes a maddened animal. But for a moment he disregarded me.

"*'Mary Lovell,'* spoke he, *'I have loved you long and ardently. When the world has been hushed in repose, have I stood for hours in the bower where you are wont to sit, and pictured to my mind the lineaments of your face. Mary Lovell! I love you with a deep, a consuming*

devotion—aye, I worship you above everything on earth, even more than my God—can you not return a degree of my love? Cannot you bid me hope? bid me but despair not, and I am content. Speak—no equivocation, no subterfuge, but answer plainly—can you love me?”

“The roseate fled from Mary’s cheeks, in a moment they were bleached of Parian whiteness, and she trembled as she answered,

“‘Howard St. John I love another.’

“St. John slowly raised his hand and pressed it against his forehead—he closed his eyes, and staggered against a tree—his breast heaved with the wildest throes, and his face lost its color. It was but a moment—like the wild tiger when she beholds her offspring about to be torn from her, St. John sprang from his leaning posture. His ashy lips were firmly compressed against his closed teeth—his eyes were wild, and their expression furious. The next instant he leapt upon me, almost before I suspected his purpose, with a drawn poignard in his hand. The first intimation I had of his intention was betrayed by the gleaming of the steel in the moonlight.

“‘Ha!’ he hissed, ‘have I been supplanted by you? Then here I revenge myself.’

“As he spoke the dagger descended on the air, but at this crisis, when death seemed irresistible, for he had wound his other arm tightly around me, and for the time I was defenceless, a hand caught his and arrested the blow.

“Quick as lightning St. John, now transported by passion into a fiend, sprang on Mary who had thus interposed, and, though I darted to her side with equal speed, I was too late. I saw the blade poised an instant in the air just out of arms reach, I beheld it descend, and then the warm blood gushed from Mary’s bosom before my eyes—”

“Oh! God,” I screamed, interrupting the narrator, while the wine-glass crushed beneath the intense pressure of my hand, “and he murdered her.”

“No,” said the narrator, “for at that instant I awoke; and I need not tell you how overjoyed I was to find that I was lying in my bed, whither I had retired half mad with joy, for that evening Mary had accepted me. Many an anxious hour had St. John given me before I could summon courage to address her; and so my vision was, after all, not so unnatural. Mary and I were soon happily married, and if you will visit me at —, I will prove to you that even now, twenty years after that memorable evening, she is still beautiful.”

At this instant the door of the inn opened, and the stage-driver appearing, told us that the coach had been mended and not a moment was to be lost.

THINGS THAT I LOVE.

BY NEHEMIAH HODGE.

I LOVE the murmuring woodlands
In summer’s heat to rove,
And steal the notes of melody
That warble in the grove;
Where e’en the giant forest
Its branches green entwines,
In solitude to wander
At weary day’s decline.

I love to watch the shadows
Along the hill-side creep,
Or through the valley lengthen,
Or o’er the river leap;
The breezes soft that waft them
The crystal waters o’er,
And kiss with maiden sweetness
The ripples on the shore.

I love the noiseless silence
That evening’s shadows bring,
And e’en the dusky mantle
That o’er the world they fling;
Night’s sable, seamless curtain
That hides the welkin blue,
And opes the tiny portals
That let the glory through.

I love the starry phalanx
That evening’s gates unfold.
That dance along night’s ocean
Like bubbles dipt in gold;
The peerless queen that leads them
The azure summit through,
And decks the earth, her sister,
With pearls of living dew.

I love to sit embowered
Beneath the evening sky,
And soar in secret rapture
To fairy worlds on high;
On faith’s angelic pinions
To scale the heights above,
And range with kindred spirits
Through mansions bright of love.

SONNET.

CAN I forget those early, blessed hours,
When first I learned to roam alone with thee,
When all on earth seem’d lost in melody,
Or gently wrapt in love’s sweet magic powers?
Can I forget that joyful love-fraught song
Which thou so oft hast sweetly sung to me?
Angelic melody it seem’d to be,
Ringing the hills and leafy woods among.
Youth’s brightest, fairest days may pass away—
Old age, with faltering step, come on apace,
Yet ne’er while reason holds its god-like sway
Can I forget those days—that lovely face.
To banish them I strive in vain, and never
Can I forget: in dreams I see them ever. B. J. F.

THE COUSIN'S PROTEGÉE.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

"HARRY, Harry," exclaimed a young girl to her companion, as they were sauntering down Broadway one fine spring afternoon, "save, oh, save her!" pointing at the same moment to a child who was crossing the street, unconscious that a horse which had become disengaged from a wagon, was running furiously toward her. Harry sprang forward, but he was too late. The child fell, and the animal passed over her. He raised her in his arms and carried her insensible into a shop near by. The usual restoratives were applied and she soon revived. On first unclosing her eyes she was bewildered, and after anxiously glancing around as though in search of some dear, familiar face, she dropped her head on her preserver's shoulder and burst into tears.

Having ascertained the street and number of her mother's residence, Harry Alnwood procured a carriage, and entering it with his cousin, proceeded immediately to the house. A delicate and interesting woman about thirty years of age, met them at the door.

"My child, my Lucy," she screamed as they bore the little girl into the house, "oh, God! is she killed?"

"No, my dear madam," said Caroline Alnwood, taking her hand, "be calm, I entreat you. She is frightened and some hurt, but not seriously, we trust."

Harry placed Lucy in her mother's arms.

"I am not much hurt, dear mother," she said; "I shall be well to-morrow. Don't cry so, I am sure I shall be well."

Caroline remained with the mother while Harry ran for a physician. On his arrival he pronounced the injury to be of a trifling nature; but advised rest and quiet for a few days. Harry and his cousin then took their leave, promising to call on the following day.

The next morning they made an early visit and found little Lucy sitting in a large arm chair engaged with her books. She was a lovely child about ten years of age. Fair and delicate in her appearance, with intelligence and affection beaming in her countenance, "none saw her but to love her." The whole expression of her features was so pure, so innocent, that as you gazed upon them you could almost fancy her a being of a holier world than ours.

She smiled with pleasure as she saw our two young friends, and the pale mother smiled too,

when she saw the kindness manifested by them toward her darling. Gradually, they drew from her a sketch of her sad history. She had married in opposition to the wishes of her friends, and a few years saw her a widow with a young babe. For long and weary years she had toiled day and night to preserve herself and child from want, but her health was now fast failing her, and she felt that her child would soon be alone in a cold and selfish world.

"I cannot," she added in conclusion, "I cannot bear that my Lucy should be dependent on those, who have despised my kind, true-hearted husband. Oh! I pray that I may be spared until she is able, by her own efforts, to procure a comfortable subsistence."

After a few kind words, Harry and his cousin left the house. They walked some distance in silence. At length Harry said,

"Cousin, why do you not adopt that little girl? I have often heard you say you would like a protégée. Where can you find a lovelier one than Lucy? I will willingly defray all the expenses if you will take that sad mother and her beautiful child under your protection."

"You have anticipated me, Harry," replied Caroline, "my mind has been constantly busied since last evening with schemes for benefitting Lucy. I had almost resolved on the course you have proposed, and now that I have your approval I shall hesitate no longer. You know I am called rather Quixotic in my ideas of benevolence, so that it is quite consoling to have my whims countenanced, even by my young and giddy cousin."

Caroline Alnwood was a beautiful girl of twenty-two years of age. Accomplished and agreeable, and the mistress of an independent fortune, left her by the early death of her parents, she was surrounded by flatterers and admirers; yet high-minded and noble in her character and feelings, she stood unscathed among them. Easily discerning between the true and the false among her suitors, she had the word of pity and regret for the one, and galling words of scorn and contempt for the other. Her heart was free and joyous as the birds in spring. By the world she was called eccentric—but that same world dare breathe of naught but purity connected with her name. Enthusiastic in all that interested her, she was pleased to find in cousin Harry (though two years her junior) a warm supporter and advocate.

It was soon decided that Lucy was to be adopted and educated by the cousins, and the proposal was received with deep gratitude by the mother, whose heart was now at ease about her child. Lucy soon endeared herself to her young friends by her gentle

and winning ways and her affectionate disposition, and most dearly did they love the little girl.

Six months passed by, and Harry Alnwood departed for Europe on a tour of three years, and a few weeks after his departure the mother of Lucy was carried to her last resting-place, wept only by her daughter and that daughter's kind friend.

CHAPTER II.

"Say, dear Harry, when shall we make our visit to the country? You know that you have long promised that we should go as soon as the warm weather commenced."

The speaker was a fair young girl, and very lovely; yet sadness, the sadness of a breaking heart, rested on every feature; and the smile that sometimes illuminated her countenance was marked with the same deep melancholy. As she raised her eyes to the person she addressed, love, deep, fervent, undying love, was expressed in that single glance.

"As soon, dear Lucy, as I can make arrangements to leave conveniently," Harry Alnwood replied; "but where do you most wish to go, Lucy?"

"To M——, my birth-place, and the burial-place of my parents. It seems to me that if I could once more breathe the pure air of my native hills, and press my aching forehead to the fresh green sods of my mother's grave, I should be better—happier. Oh, mother! mother!" she continued, and an expression of anguish passed over her countenance, "why, why was your dying advice so fatal to your child? Oh! Harry, well do I remember my feelings while returning from mother's funeral. She had charged me with her dying breath to place implicit confidence in my adopted friends, and to have no reserves from them, for they would advise me for my good; and to love them dearly, for so only could I repay the great debt of gratitude I owed them: and I thought of all this when I had seen her laid in the cold grave, and in the simplicity of childhood I wished that you were with me, that I might tell you all she said, and how much, how very much I loved you. Oh, mother! mother, would that your child had died with you. Oh! Harry, it breaks my heart to think of these things."

She had buried her face in her hands while speaking. As she raised her head she saw an expression of impatience on Alnwood's brow which brought the bitter tears to her eyes, but with a strong effort she drove them back, and taking his hand pressed it to her pale face, and sat in silence. As Alnwood gazed on her, his feelings were those of pity and regret. He thought of her pure and fervent love for him, and of her devoted attachment to him unworthy as he had proved himself to be. As he looked on the wan countenance and

attenuated form of the once bright and happy Lucy, his heart smote him, and he would have given worlds to restore to her the purity and peace of mind which he had destroyed. He felt that it was worse than mockery to utter words of consolation to that bruised spirit, and drawing her gently toward him, he murmured words of endearment so precious to the heart that truly loves, and with assurances of affection unchangeable he would have soothed her. And for a time she yielded to his influence. But dark and bitter thoughts crowded fast through her mind, and bursting into tears, she sobbed,

"Oh! Harry, promise never to forsake me or I cannot live. There is a feeling of coming evil which I cannot subdue. It haunts me constantly; but say that you do love, and never will forsake your Lucy, and I will trust you."

"Most dearly do I love you, Lucy," he replied; "and, rest assured, I never will forsake you."

She smiled through her tears, and believed the lying words of an unprincipled man. Poor Lucy! she was yet to taste of a cup presented by the hand of him she loved that would madden her very soul. Soothed and tranquilized by the kindness of Alnwood's manner, the day passed swiftly and pleasantly away.

Soon after sunset Harry prepared for a walk, and advised Lucy to retire early, as he expected a friend to pass the evening with him. Folding her in his arms he pressed his lips to her forehead, and left the house, and Lucy retired to her chamber with a lighter heart than she had known for many weeks.

She had distrusted her kind, true-hearted Harry! Oh! she would never be guilty of a doubt again. Seating herself by a small table, she turned over the leaves of a new book, in the vain attempt to fix her mind on its contents. But she could not read; she could not remain quiet; and she threw herself upon the bed, hoping to find forgetfulness in sleep. The night was hot and sultry, and the close air of the room insupportable. Rising and hastily robing herself in a morning gown, she descended to an apartment adjoining the one occupied by Alnwood and his friend. For a time she paced the room, listening with feelings of envy to the gay voices which fell upon her ear, but the cool air was grateful to her excited and feverish frame. Throwing herself upon a couch she yielded to its influence, and soon sank into a quiet slumber. An hour passed by, and still she slept sweetly. A loud voice pronouncing the name of Caroline Alnwood, her benefactress, roused her, and she listened eagerly for the words of the speaker.

"So, Hal, you are determined to propose: what

will you bet the fair lady does not reject your very disinterested offer?"

"Any thing you please, Fred," said Harry Alnwood, in reply. "I know cousin Cary well, and I have too much confidence in her affection for me to doubt her acceptance."

"I wonder, Hal," said Fred, with a quiet sneer, "if Miss Alnwood is as well acquainted with her honorable cousin's character as your humble servant. Does she know that the gamester's debts are to be liquidated from the handsome fortune she will bring her husband? Does she know that the lovely fairy, Lucy—"

"Hush, Fred, for heaven's sake, hush, unless you would drive me mad. Fred, I love Caroline Alnwood with my whole soul, and I shrink with self-abasement from the consciousness of the duplicity I am practising. I do not think she has any suspicion of my follies and errors, and I am certain that did she know of poor Lucy, she would spurn me from her as a thing too vile for earth." And for a moment he sighed. "But I am a ruined and a desperate man, and my only chance of retrieving myself is by a union with my cousin. To-morrow I shall propose. Come to me in the evening and I will let you know the result."

"But what will become of Lucy, Hal?"

"Alas! I know not. The poor child loves me with all the affection of a woman, and I fear it will break her little heart. She has long wished to visit the country. I shall leave her there and communicate my intentions by writing. It will spare me a scene."

Lucy listened for no more. Pressing her hands to her throbbing temples as though she feared her reason would desert her, she proceeded slowly to her room. Quietly closing the door, she seated herself by a window, and leaning her head upon her hand, she tried to recall what she had heard. Neither sigh nor tear escaped her. Calm and unmoved she sat there, while she thought of the past. Seven years had gone by since she received the dying blessing of her mother, and turned for consolation to the cousins; her only friends in the wide world. She thought of Caroline's kindness and affection for her, and of the love and gratitude that had ever filled her heart towards her young benefactress. She thought of the time of Harry's return to his native country—of the love that she had lavished on him. How when surrounded by admirers she had turned coldly from them all, to win a smile from him she loved. She remembered his ardent professions of undying love for her—the influence he had exerted to prevail on her to forsake her bright and happy home, to become an outcast to all but him. She remembered her wild dreams

of happiness—how for a time they had been realized; and then came the harsh words and cruel neglect; and she thought how she had borne it all lest he should be entirely alienated from her.

Then came the remembrance of the kind words of that day, and his promise of never forsaking her; and the cold careless words of the evening, which had so wrung her soul. It was too much for that gentle girl. She sank back in the chair senseless.

The next morning, Alnwood found an incoherent scrawl upon his table. It was from Lucy, bidding him farewell, and praying him to remember kindly the love of the heart he had crushed. He was surprised, grieved; but, after the first shock of the intelligence, with the selfishness of a man of the world, he rejoiced that the connection had been so easily dissolved. Yet conscience whispered him that if she died he was a murderer; and the recollection of her fervent love for him, and her patient endurance of his neglect and harshness filled him with remorse. He made diligent inquiry of the household as to the time and manner of Lucy's departure, but he could find no clue to her retreat. To banish reflection, he proceeded early to his cousin's house. He learned at the door that Caroline had been called suddenly into the country by a sick friend, and that it was uncertain when she returned.

CHAPTER III.

A fortnight passed, and Alnwood received intelligence of his cousin's return. He hastened to welcome her. She returned his greeting kindly, but her loveliness was dimmed by the hours of watching and anguish, she had passed by the side of her sick friend. Tears started in her eyes as she received his embrace, and covering her face with her hands she wept aloud. Alnwood was grieved to see her so affected, and he told her so; and as she became more composed, he spoke of his earnest desire to be permitted to protect and soothe her under every circumstance of life. He spoke of his long affection for her, which had commenced in childhood; of the doubts and fears which harassed him; and concluded by placing his happiness at her disposal.

She did not shrink from him—she did not even withdraw the hand he had taken, but her voice was sorrowful as she replied—

"Cousin, I am too much affected to think of happiness now." She sighed deeply, and for many moments she was silent, and apparently much affected. "My anxiety about poor Lucy has been renewed," she said. "The letter I received purporting to come from her mother's friends, I have proved to be a forgery. Harry," she placed her hand

upon his arm and looked him earnestly in the face, "Harry, report says that you can tell me what became of her when she left my protection. Is it so? Speak truly, Harry, and I will bless you."

For a moment he hesitated. The proud man shrank from the light touch of that small hand, and from that beseeching glance, and he could have fallen at his cousin's feet and confessed all. For a moment, the idea flashed through his mind, could Lucy have betrayed him; but he knew that he wronged her by the thought. Every thing was at stake, and he replied,

"Report speaks not the truth."

Did he understand that glance of his noble cousin's eye? Did it express indignation and contempt? He was bewildered. She recalled him to himself by saying sternly,

"Follow me, Harry."

As she spoke, she threw open the doors into another room, and pointed to a table in the centre of it, covered with a white cloth. It concealed a coffin bearing the name and age of the unfortunate Lucy. Removing the cloth and placing her hand on the cold fair forehead, she bade him "look." The wretched man groaned aloud.

"Poor, poor Lucy," murmured Caroline; "Harry, she came to me in the frenzy of delirium and revealed all, every thing. A few days before she died she was sensible, and she would have retracted all that she had said; she would have made me believe it false; but she unwittingly corroborated the truth of her ravings, by imploring me to love you and make you happy, for indeed you had never injured her. She died of a broken heart, and I thanked God that she was dead. Harry, you have long known that I loved you. Had you been the ingenuous cousin of former years, and acknowledged the great sin of which you have been guilty, I must have pitied, while I now despise. I put you to the test, and you disappointed me. Harry, Harry Alnwood, look on that face, once so lovely, now cold in death. Recall to mind our first meeting with her, an innocent, pure-hearted child; her affection for you as a child; her deep, self-destroying love as a woman. Remember her in the brightness and purity of her character; loving, trusting, and confiding in us her two dearest friends. Harry, do you remember all this? How like a fairy she appeared to us in her loveliness, and how we rejoiced that our adopted child was one so eminently worthy of our love. Oh! Harry, how I loved her. I would have died to have saved her." Caroline was silent, overcome by her feelings. She roused herself with an effort. "Harry Alnwood," she said, and her voice was sad and stern, "the fair child, the lovely girl, lies before

you. Whose victim! Aye, answer me that. You promised to love and cherish her as a young sister, and you have destroyed her. Did I tell you she died of a broken heart? Think of that. Dwell upon it, until you go mad, as she did. Oh, God! the best, the loveliest of thy creatures, to be destroyed by one who pledged himself to keep her from all harm. But she will not die unavenged. May her memory never die in his heart. Oh! Lucy! in your pure, unselfish love, you would have blessed the author of your misery. Harry Alnwood, I knew you to be unprincipled and a gamester, but I fondly hoped that my love would have won you back to virtue. Fool! fool that I was. But I did not know you," and her figure rose to its proudest height, "I did not know you to be a seducer—liar—murderer. Leave me, Harry Alnwood, and forever."

Alnwood had not interrupted her. He could not. Conscience stricken he stood before her, not daring to raise his eyes from the ground. Her last words recalled him to himself. He would have said, "Let us not part in anger," but his lips refused him utterance.

Woman's pity triumphed over indignation in Caroline's heart, as she saw the misery depicted in his countenance, and offering her hand, she said, "Farewell, cousin, may God forgive you this sin;" she would not add, "as I forgive you;" and bending her head down to the pale face of the dead, she wept bitterly. Oh, Lucy! Lucy!

Alnwood rushed from the house. Disappointment, remorse, and despair filled his soul, and reckless and desperate he madly rushed into eternity. And Harry Alnwood, the generous, noble hearted, enthusiastic youth, the cold hearted, unprincipled, and dissipated man, was laid in the suicide's grave.

J. G.

MY MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

On! as the twining tendrils of the vine
Fasten themselves around some graceful tree.
So did mine infant arms encircle thee!
Thou who did'st answer, with the strength of thine,
The fond, beseeching helplessness of mine!
Whose bosom was the cradle of my youth—
From whose sweet, snowy fountains, warm with truth,
Which, in thy heart's core, burnt with love divine.
I drank the emulgent nectar, while the shine
Of thy sweet countenance beamed down on me
With angel tenderness—all radiantly—
And kindled in mine agile form supine
A thrill of joy, responsive to thine own,
Which, since that hour, this heart hath never known

THE NEW COMER.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

Our village was one day thrown into commotion by the arrival of a stranger, whose business there baffled the gossips, a sort of folks who usually know more of other people's affairs than of their own. The new comer was a gentleman, young and handsome, and, some said, rich, though on this point there was a dispute, for, though he dressed well and was lavish of his money, he kept no horses, and this in our village, be it known, was generally considered the test of opulence. He kept himself aloof from society, made few acquaintances, and either spent the day reading in his rooms or wandering off alone into the hills. On Sunday morning he attended church, and sat in the gallery, but, in the afternoon, he was to be seen idly strolling along the banks of the little river that wound around our village. This practice greatly scandalized some of the stricter folks, who accordingly set him down as no better than he should be. There was certainly something mysterious about him, said the gossips, and people did not court mystery unless they had something to conceal. The tide soon became strong against the new comer. He was voted, at most of the tea-tables, a suspicious character; while, at a few, he was even stigmatized as a forger, escaped convict, or something worse.

"Do you know?" said an elderly, red-armed spinster, at one of these assemblies, "that this Mr. Jones, the new comer, has been seen at night on the lake, rowing about like one crazy? It's my opinion the man's mad—perhaps a maniac escaped from the hospital. Don't you think there's something wild about his eye, Miss Christie?"

"Well, I don't know," said the lady addressed, putting down her tea-cup, and looking with some surprise at the speaker, "really you are always making out that folks are crazy. Now there's Mrs. Simpson, when she lost her husband, you said would grow crazy; and there's Polly Thorne, when Jim Stiles was drowned at sea, was certain to become a lunatic, you declared; and there's Nehemiah Maule—why, you had it, he was going mad for joy, right off the reel, when he drew the prize in the lottery. Everybody, Miss Jenkins, according to you, is going crazy—I expect, some day, you'll have it that I'm getting out of my head."

A general laugh followed this, after which Miss Christie continued with evident elation and in a patronizing tone,

"Now as for Mr. Jones, no one, if she was to talk from now till doomsday, could persuade me that he was crazy. It would be better for him,"

she said, lowering her voice, "if he was. It's my belief that the man's a——"

"What?" said half a dozen voices breathlessly.

Miss Christie first looked cautiously all around, and then, bending her head across the table, whispered,

"A burglar!"

"A burglar!" responded the voices, and then there was a silence, during which the hearers looked amazed from each other to the speaker.

"Yes! a burglar. And I'll tell you what makes me think so," she continued, still in a whisper. "Last night our help was returning from a visit out of the village, late at night, and just as she passed Squire Holdich's big house, who should she see but a man stealing along under the shadow of the fence as if to avoid observation. But she caught a glimpse of his face, nevertheless, and knew him to be Mr. Jones. Curious to see what he was doing there she hid in a clump of trees close by and watched him. Well he went all round the house, looking up at the windows, but stooping and shrinking into the shadow if he heard the slightest noise. He kept this up for near half an hour, and then went softly back to the pond, which, you know, comes close up to the back of the Squire's garden, and got into a skiff and rowed across to the tavern, but so stealthily that you couldn't have heard the least noise from his oars."

The opinion of Miss Christie, deduced from these facts, seemed plausible to her listeners. Squire Holdich was old and feeble, and lived almost alone. Nothing would be easier than to rob the old man. After some further discussion, it was resolved, Miss Jenkins only dissenting, that the new comer intended to break into the squire's house some night soon, and rob, and, perhaps, murder the old man.

From the tea-table the gossips went forth big with their intelligence, which early the next morning travelled through the village. About nine o'clock, and when the news was still fresh, the inhabitants were thrown into commotion by the information that Squire Holdich had been found that morning dead in bed, and it was rumored that marks of violence were on his person. The two facts were sufficient. The whole village was in a turmoil of horror, zeal and indignation. Search was instantly made for Mr. Jones, who, discovered in his chamber, was arrested, and dragged before the neighboring magistrate, the infuriated inhabitants not allowing him until then a word of exculpation.

"May I ask," said the prisoner, when order had been in some measure restored in the zealous crowd, and he found himself confronted with the magistrate, "what I am here for? Seized rudely in my room, and dragged hither by a vociferous

mob, I have had no opportunity to learn clearly of what I am accused, much less to defend myself. Let me hear the charge."

The pompous functionary, who never before having had a capital case before him, now fairly swelled with importance, stated the charge at length. The start of the prisoner on hearing of the squire's death, and his continued agitation were taken as conclusive evidences of his guilt. However, witnesses were called. The help of Miss Christie's family appeared and told her story. Now, for the first time, did a smile steal over the face of the prisoner. He waited until she had ceased, when he said,

"I think, sir, I can settle this matter easily. You must have seen my agitation on hearing Mr. Holdich's death. It was natural, for he was my uncle. But, of late years, we have been on indifferent terms, chiefly because I am a suitor for his daughter." Here the gossips opened their eyes. "I came here clandestinely, and under an assumed name, to see her. I am a lawyer by profession, of some little note I believe, since it is my good fortune to be attorney general of this state." Here the magistrate started and looked confounded. "There must, even in this little village, be many who have seen and can identify me. As for my uncle's death, I know not the facts yet, but he was apoplectic, and has probably been carried off by a stroke of that disease. Let the physician be sent for from the mansion, for one is, by this time, doubtless there, who can pronounce on the cause of my relative's death. Rumor is nothing, you know, sir."

The magistrate, at these words, was overwhelmed, and, for a space, lost his speech. Recovering it he was full of apologies, for now, on scrutinizing the face of the new comer, he recognized the able attorney general, whom he had worshipped at a distance, in Trenton, the preceding winter. He got down from his chair, expressed a world of regret, and was now as servile as he had been before important. Had a doubt remained on any one's mind it would have been removed by the arrival of the physician, who, having heard that a stranger had been arrested for the murder of Squire Holdich, hastened to tell the magistrate that the old man died of apoplexy.

The gossips of our village were for once confounded, and Miss Christie's surmises never thereafter obtained much credit. She, however, took her revenge by saying, twelve months after, when the heiress was united to her distinguished, but comparatively poorer cousin, that "Miss Holdich ought to be ashamed of herself for marrying a man her father opposed." But everybody else said that the heiress was right, since the old man had suffered the young people to love each other for years un-

opposed, and only became hostile to his nephew, of late years, when his avarice became a madness to him. Ellen had always been a dutiful child to her father when living—they said—but it did not follow that she must make herself miserable for life. And so even the gossips put Miss Christie down.

Our village still busies itself about every stranger's business; though we think we can say that the gossips are on the decrease.

NATURE'S INSPIRATION.

BY J. HAYARD TAYLOR.

NATURE alone can fill the thirsting soul
With that pure depth of high and holy thought,
That bids it soar from earthly things; and he—
Who walks through life, unmoved by all the forms
Of radiant beauty o'er the fair earth spread,
Whose heart thrills not, like the Æolian lyre,
With every change the varying year assumes.
Or bounds not with the earlier breath of spring,
Which whispers softly to the slumbering flowers
Their genial wakening time,—who feels no awe
Steal o'er his spirit, when the gathering storm
Wheels in its cloudy car across the skies,
By lightning steeds far-borne—knows not the joy.
The pure, unmingled bliss that Nature yields.

And he, who kneels at Poesy's shrine, and seeks
To win a poet's bays, will find the stream
That tells, as it flows on, of forest-wilds,
And dells, where, leaping from the green earth's breast,
Its joyous course began, a nobler fount
To inspire high thoughts than even Castaly;
And every crag or thunder-riven peak
That lifts its hoary head above the storm,
Will be to him a Delphos. When he treads
Its rock-encumbered crests, and feels the strange
And wild, tumultuous throbings of his heart,
Its every chord vibrating with the touch
Of the high Power that reigns supreme o'er all,
He well may deem that lips of angel-forms
Have breathed to him the holy melody,
That fills his o'erfraught heart. And ev'ry breeze
That bears the wild flowers rifled sweets; each tree
That waves upon the steep, and babbling rills,
That gush unnoticed save by him alone,
Shall waken feelings in his heaven-lit mind.
That spring, like Alpine flowers, to beautify
The waste of worldly thought.

Let him go forth,
Amid the stillness of the silent night,
Where fall the quiv'ring moonbeams through the
boughs
Of some dim, shadowy wood; and while the low
And sighing wind breathes thro' the whispering trees
Like sphery music from the far-off stars.
Commune alone with Nature's majesty,
And feel the presence of an unseen power
That fills the soul with deep-hushed awe, yet leads
It from terrestrial cares, to soar on high.
And walk with God the starry halls of Heaven.

THE SUMMER TIME.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THIS is the first day of the season that reminds us of what the Germans call, so lovingly, "the summer time." The air is soft and balmy and smells of far off flowers. Yesterday it dallied among the orange groves, and to day, lo! it is here, going by the cheek as if the wing of an angel rustled nigh, and stealing over the senses to infuse a delicious languor into every nerve. Last night beheld the brightest moon of the year, and this morning the sky was still intensely blue, but a thin mist is stealing over it as the day advances, white and transparent, but gradually getting creamy toward the south. It will rain to-morrow. And a fortnight may pass before we have another day like this, intoxicating us, here under these April skies, with visions of the summer time.

Who does not love the summer time? Autumn, with its golden fruitage, waving fields, and gentle airs—its corn huskers singing to the harvest, and its children nutting in the woods—its forests of variegated hue, its brown hill sides regally clothed in purple, and its still waters slumbering in the drowsy sunshine of the afternoon is beautiful—ay! beautiful exceedingly, even as that Paradise the way-worn pilgrim, Christian, saw glimpses of, afar off, from the Delectable land. There is a grandeur in winter, stern and wild it may be, but a grandeur which speaks to the soul. Its aspect and associations carve their names deep in the memory. When the snow spins in the tempest, and the naked trees moan, tossing their branches to and fro—when dark clouds lower almost to the earth, and the hail rushes down like the voice of an Alpine torrent—when the stars twinkle clear in the frosty atmosphere, and the keen northwest moans down the hill side like a lost spirit—when you sit by your crackling fire and hear the merry jingle of approaching bells, then is winter, stern old gray-beard, to be remembered. Spring has a beauty of its own. There is something in the bursting grass, the returning birds, the fragrant earth, the full waters of early spring which wakes the emotion of poetry even in breasts seared by crime, soured by misfortune or frozen by age. There is something in the leafing of the trees, in the opening of the blossoms, and in the fragrance of early wild flowers which has always made spring peculiarly intoxicating to us. We can echo Keat's rapturous desire, "for a beaker full of the warm South." The first mild day in March, who does not remember it. The soft April rains, ah! what can equal them. And then the melody of running waters combined with the earliest songs of the blue-bird, bobolink, and a dozen other favorites.

Spring is indeed lovely—a maiden in her innocence and truth, blushing, smiling, and anon even tearful, and daily seeming to your fond eyes more beautiful. But if spring is a virgin in her youthful, summer is a matron in her maturer loveliness. The one, delicate and ethereal; but the other, womanly, warm, trusting and all your own. Oh! the summer time for us.

Now, if we were a German, how, at that word, we would straightway begin to think of long stiff rows of lindens shading the dusty roads that lead to gardens out in the country, where we might eat our curds with all the town, and afterward drink our coffee and smoke our meerschaum in dreamy idleness, vacillating between sleeping and waking, and building castles in the air all through the long, drowsy summer afternoon. If we were well to do in the world we should be going off to our vineyard or *lust-haus* to regale ourselves and friends; for a German, mind ye, must be eating, even over the finest landscape in the world. Or we would gather together a troop of our acquaintance and trundle ourselves, in clumsy, rickety waggons, off to some ruin or mountain side, where, sitting on rude benches between trees, we would open our hampers and dine, drinking sour wines and contemplating the scenery whenever we could snatch a moment from the cold cut on our plate. Having dined, we would light our pipes and set the country boys scrambling for kreutzers, or we would play at blindman's buff, laughing all the time like children loosed from school; and, toward evening, stowing ourselves again in our waggons, we would rumble off home along a road that roams at large through unfenced corn-fields and garden plats, as if it had got astray, an idea corroborated by the staring wonder of the little plump, old-womanish girl, who, with their hair hanging in tails down their backs, stand agape as we pass. To tell the truth there is a deal of cant about your German's love for the summer time. The secret of his going into raptures over it is that he can then eat in the open air. Unless he could go off to some quiet farm-house, or old orchard, or moss grown rampart, or romantic mountain side to devour a dinner, lying on the grass, and drink wine or coffee, with coat off, under the trees, he would not care a snap for the summer time. He admires nature, it is true, but admires her for the same reason an alderman admires a town hall, because it is associated with recollections of good eating. Ask him to walk out into the country and he will enquire what kind of victuals you intend to take. Pause at a fine landscape and his raptures will be heightened by the sandwich he is munching. He likes a breezy sky and rustling trees because they make an excellent place for an ordinary, and

his admiration of nature, rising and falling with the state of the larder, dies out with the last cut of cold chicken. Oh! the Germans love the summer time, but after a way of their own, forcibly expressed in their famous national song,

"The summer comes once mo!
To beer, boys, to beer."

But thank heaven! we are not a German. We love the summer for its breezy uplands, rustling woods, cool vallies and running waters. We love it for its mysterious melodies like the sound of unseen bells at sea. We love it for its varied aspects, for its sweet associations, for its voluptuous idleness. It is then we leave the heats of town for the delicious coolness of the country. No longer do we sit beside our casement, through which the panting breeze, sick and faint with its toilsome way over the burning house-tops, creeps in to die; but, up with early dawn, we are off through the fields, brushing the dew drops from the grass, pausing to hear the full, liquid carols of the birds, or throwing ourselves on some breezy knoll to bathe our brow in the fresh morning gale. Oh! the summer time, the summer time, there is nothing like the summer time. Go out into the country then, and wherever you go, in simple hut or lordly hall, in cottages shut in with embowering vines or old mansions stately among patriarchal trees, you will see the beauty of the summer time. You cannot pause in your walk without having your ears filled with music. The rustling of the leaves, from the light murmur caused by a timid zephyr to the loud diapason of the rising gale, gives forth melodies which no composer can rival. And, at night, even the baying of a dog across the hills has something musical. Then there is the laughing voice of the brook playing among stones; the low, fond whisper of a rivulet caressing the long grass; the merry song of the tiny waterfall; the deep, quiet murmur of happiness coming from the full bosomed stream; and a thousand other of the tones of moving water, which endear to us the summer time, and make our hearts leap now at the thought that it is coming. We do not wonder that the oldest song in our language was written to commemorate the approach of this intoxicating time.

"Summer is a coming in,
Loud sing cuckoo!
Springeth seed,
And bloweth mead,
And groweth the weed new!"

Oh! the summer time, the summer time—with that draught of the soft south air, we are full of visions of the summer time. In fancy we smell the new mown hay or scent the wild rose, sweet briar and honeysuckle. We hear the birds, at early

morning, in the woods, making the air around us drunk with melody. We go along sheltered nooks, at the foot of rocks or under the high banks of streams, hunting for columbines or forgetme-nots.

We are up with the sun to see the mowers moving, like animated music, in their long and graceful line; and we lie with them dozing in the shade at noon day, or watching the atmosphere undulate in the sultry sunbeams. We steal down to the cool spring-house, after a hot walk across the fields, and drink the limpid water that gushes from the stone basin in the corner, or we throw ourselves, panting and exhausted, beside the mill-race, and listen to the whirr of the mossy wheel, dreamily regarding the bright, silver drops that, flung from its buckets, play sparkling in the sunshine. We sit beneath a motionless elm, in the still, drowsy afternoon, while the slumberous hum of the bees comes monotonously to the ear, lulling us to indolent repose. And, toward evening, we stroll down some shady lane, between wood-covered hills, until we reach a stream in the valley, where a rustic bridge is found, with willows fringing the road for a hundred yards on either side. Around is untold music. The low sigh of the wind in the branches, the twitter of birds in the brake, and the purling sound of the stream touch mysterious chords in our heart, until by and bye the choral anthem of the stars peals out, and the soul is "lapt into Elysium." Here, in the cool twilight we will sit and think, calling back our childish days when we built mimic water-wheels in just such another spot, and used to lie awake at night—for the house was nigh enough for this—to hear the low whirr of our plaything, rising and falling on the ear, with the fitful wind, that now rustled gently in the tree-tops, and now died away into awe-inspiring silence. We then believed in fairies, for there were often strange, though exquisitely musical sounds, at that hour of the night, and ignorant of their origin, or not caring to enquire into it, we were wont to fancy that these little creatures had come out to play around our mill, and that it was their low voices and merry laughter that we heard so strangely. The dream has long faded, but we never, even now, come on such a spot in our walks, without having that childish fancy brought back to us, and almost believing, for the moment, that there are fairies, and that in just such spots as these they gambol, dancing on the smooth silvery sward at moonlight to the music of murmuring leaves, or, it may be, a tiny mill wheel like our own. And nothing, in our after years, has given us such unalloyed delight as this fanciful belief of our childhood. What would we give now to lie awake at midnight and think we listened to the fairies.

Words cannot tell the pleasure of the trembling eagerness with which, now and then, we would rise from bed and holding our breath, steal to the window, to catch a glimpse of these tiny revelers as they repaired to the trysting spot, according to the fanciful description of Drake.

"They come from beds of lichen green,
They creep from the mullen's velvet screen;
Some on the backs of beetles fly
From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,
Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,
And rock'd about in the evening breeze;
Some from the hum' bird's downy nest—
They had driven him out by elfin power,
And pillowed on plumes of his rainbow breast,
Had slumbered there till the charmed hour;
Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,
With glittering ising-stars inlaid;
And some had opened the four-o'clock,
And stole within its purple shade.
And now they throng the moonlight glade,
Above—below—on every side,
Their little nimble forms array'd
In the tricky pomp of fairy pride!"

Thank God for the summer time! It visits us like an angel sent from heaven to remind us of a brighter existence. What would become of the inhabitants of our cities if there was no sultry August to lure them away into the country, where, forgetting the cares and heartlessness of the town, they recall the purity of childhood, and insensibly grow better men. Tell us not of the wild dissipation at our watering places. All do not go thither; and there is something in the influence of nature, in the humble habits of the country, in the quiet churches where you go to worship on the Sabbath, which distils better feelings, like gentle dew on the heart, and widens our sympathies with nature and our fellow men. He who spends a month in the country during summer, and comes back with his heart unsoftened has lost forever the brightest heritage of his nature. Yes! we thank God for the summer time! Who does not look forward, in the long dreary winter months, or when harrassed by the cares of business, to the hour, in July or August, which shall release him, for a time, from his slavery, and send him out into the country with a breast comparatively lightened of trouble, and an eye and ear for everything beautiful in nature, whether it be a forest glade or a simple flower, the roar of Niagara or the carol of a bird. And oh! how delightful is it for those who were born in the country to go back to the old homestead and spend a week or two with their parents. There is something holy in this custom. It keeps alive one of the best emotions of our nature, for he who continues to reverence his parents, but especially his mother, will rarely commit any great crime. Think of the glad hearts of the parents as they clasp their son to their bosoms and note, with honest pride, the

improvement a year has made in his appearance. Think of the sisters clinging around the newly returned brother, of the killing of the fatted calf to welcome his coming, and of the eagerness with which the whole family gathers around him to hear what he has to tell. On the next day he visits every spot he knew in childhood!—the old school house, the play ground, the spring in the woods, and a score of places besides. He calls, too, on old friends, and all is hilarity. Everything around him—so quiet and unpretending—contrasts with the false glare and turmoil of the town, and he goes to bed at night with better, because gentler feelings than he has experienced for months, and, dreaming, perhaps, that he has grown rich and returned to settle in his native village, wakes to resolve on it in earnest if ever he should acquire a competence. They have more of this home-feeling in New England than here, and they are the better for it. We shall never forget a coarsely clad youth whom we once met on the great western route, who dressed thus plainly and even meanly that he might be able to come east and see his parents. He had travelled all the way from Iowa, and was bound to Maine, and the joyousness with which he looked forward to the meeting almost seemed childish. But it told how he loved his old parents in their poverty, and it drew our heart to him. We have never heard of him since, but the image of that youth, denying himself for months that he might gladden his parents' hearts with a sight of him again before they died, often recurs to us admonishingly when we would think illy of our fellow man.

Oh! the summer time, the summer time, blessings on the golden summer time! All through the land—in humble dwelling or princely pile—there is rejoicing at its approach, for it comes breathing happiness on every one alike. With the song of birds and the blooming of roses it comes, dancing along the mead like a Bacchante crowned with grapes. The poor widow no longer weeps as she beholds her hungry children shivering over a scanty fire, for in the summer time she knows that food will be plenty, and that the blue vault of heaven will be spread smilingly over them. From miserable alleys and damp cellars, where one would think a human being could scarcely exist, sick and emaciated wretches creep out to see the glad sunshine and drink the invigorating air, in hopes to regain the health they have struggled vainly to recover, in their wet and noisome dens, during the dreary winter months. Go out into the suburbs and you will see the honest laborer, after his hard day's work, sitting, in the cool of the evening, with his family around him, enjoying the soft air which, at the gloamin, steals into the town, smelling of the

flowers it has dallied with on the hill-side all day long; and, in the country, at the same hour, you will find the farmer in his porch, resting after the toils of the day, while the twitter of retiring birds from the hedges and the tinkling bells of the returning kine, soothe him with melodies in unison with his thoughts. But words cannot describe the charm of the summer time. It may be felt but not told. With its green meadows, its thickly growing clover, its fields of glowing grain—its cool evenings which are the more delightful for the heats of noon-day—its starry nights and cloudless moonlit skies—its birds and flowers and limpid waters—and its refreshing rains that come down on wood and lake with a sound like the playing of fairy music, there is no season so bewitching as the summer time. From the first days of June, when the peach trees, with their delicately tinted blossoms, remind you of the gardens of the Hesperides, to the coming in of September with its glowing fruits, yellowing corn, and glorious skies, it is one continued dream of fairy land.

We once knew a beautiful girl, a high-souled, impulsive creature, full of poetry to overflowing, who, at the age of eighteen, was brought to death's door by consumption. She had always had a passionate love for the summer time. Her childhood had been spent in the country, in one of the most pleasant vallies of the Susquehannah, amid primeval forests and romantic mountains. From her earliest years she had been accustomed to the fresh air of the hills, the murmur of trees and waters, and the magnificence of nature, so that, at last, these things became, as it were, a part of her being, and she pined for them, when absent, as the divided heart pines for its other half. When she grew to her tenth year, her parents removed to the city, but, annually, at the leafing of the trees, she was accustomed to go to her birth-place, where she remained until the cool evenings of autumn drove the family again to town. Everything, therefore, that was beautiful in nature came to be associated, in her mind, with the notion of the summer time. The first breath of reviving spring, with its warm, south, *summerly* feel, brought to her visions of wild roses blooming on the cliffs, and all the delights of her romantic country life; for she would climb the hill side like a young chamois, and row about, all unaccompanied, the whole day on some lonely mountain lake. But one summer she was in Europe, and could not visit her native valley. She came back with a severe cold, which soon settled on her vitals. She was not at first considered dangerous, and she whiled away the tedious hours by anticipations of her delight when summer should come around, and she should return to her

native hills again; for it seemed, she said, as if she had been absent from them for years. And, as her disease advanced, this feeling settled into a devouring passion. She could think or talk of nothing else. "When will summer return?" was her constant question. In her dreams she fancied herself back again in her loved valley, and often woke her sister at midnight by her tears of disappointment. Every morning her first inquiry was about the weather. When the snow whirled down the deserted streets she drooped and grew desponding; but on those mild days, that often appear in the dead of winter, she was like a bird just come back to his native groves, and made all hearts in the household lighter with her gaiety. As the season drew on, her spirits rose to an unbounded height, and when March, at last, returned, her joy could scarcely be restrained. But then came a reverse. Suddenly she grew worse, and, once or twice, it was thought that she was dying. But she revived, still to dream of the summer, longing for it "as the hart panteth for the water brooks." She knew now that she had not long to live; and though, to one so young and beautiful, it might have been thought that death would come an unwelcome visitor, she repined little, and seemed only to wish to survive until the summer time. Over the wreck of her early hopes, over the loss of her cherished friends, over the separation from brothers, sisters, and parents she shed no tears: they were dear to her, and she parted from them with pain; but the all engrossing passion of her heart was to see her native hills again bathed in the golden sunshine of the summer time. It was her prayer that they would bear her thither; and after many misgivings at the effect of the fatigue on her weak frame, the journey was undertaken.

They who have travelled up the Susquehannah know the exquisite loveliness of its scenery. As the dying girl recognized each familiar object her eye lighted, and the glow of enthusiasm came to her cheek. But it was only for an hour or two at noonday that she could be carried out from the close cabin of the boat to gaze on the landscape, for the weather, with that fickleness peculiar to our climate, had suddenly grown chilly again, and winter seemed about returning to assert a longer sway. One morning there was a white frost on the deck, and the cool air from the hills drove all within the cabin. How the sufferer's hopes fell! She counted the few sands yet to run from her heart, and felt that not many hours more would be allowed to her on earth. Should she never again behold her darling summer time?

She grew delirious. Her talk was incoherent and melancholy, but through the tissue of dark

thoughts ran a golden thread—it was a wild dream that she should see the summer time. Her friends feared that she would not hold out until the end of the journey, and hastened on. Before they reached their destination she had sunk into a state of stupor, from which they vainly tried to arouse her. The fatigue of travelling, joined to the agitation of her spirits had totally exhausted her, leaving her family no hope that she would revive even for a moment, before she died. In tears they bore her to the home of her infancy, and laid her down in her own quiet chamber.

It was evening. There had been another sudden change in the weather, and the air was now balmy and from the south; it was just such a day as this on which we are writing. They opened the casement, for they knew how she loved the pure air. It was the Sabbath, and the bell of the little church suddenly began to ring for evening service. The sound had been familiar to the sufferer from infancy, and as it came stealing on her ear, an expression of pleased surprise dawned on her face, which had lately been so vacant. She stirred, held up her finger, and listened, like a child when it hears sweet music: then as chord after chord of her memory vibrated to the tones, a look of enthusiasm burst gloriously across her face, and, rising unsupported in bed, she gazed enquiringly around. One familiar object after another met her eye, and a smile of ineffable joy irradiated her face. She looked to her mother and murmured, though like one talking in a bewildering dream,

"Is not this home? Surely, it is home, mother."

Her mother sat on the bed supporting her, but was unable to reply for emotion. The dying girl saw it not, for her attention had been drawn to the window, through which the soft, south wind, laden with fragrance from the early blossoming garden trees, stole gently, filling the room with balmy odors, and playing caressingly with the hot brow and dark tresses of the sufferer. The bells had now ceased, but sounds as strangely sweet still met her ear. She heard the low murmur of the neighboring stream, the rustle of leaves, the hum of early bees, and other dear and familiar tones. Far away she saw her loved hills bathed in the mellow gold of the evening sunshine. Her passionate desire seemed fulfilled. Brighter and more glorious grew the look of rapture on her face: she raised her hands, and spreading them out toward the landscape, said,

"It is summer. Did I not say I should live till summer?"

She looked triumphantly around, her face, glowing with extatic joy until it shone as that of an angel: and thus, for a full minute, she continued

gazing from face to face. Oh! who would break, even if they could, her glorious illusion? What though the tears of the spectators fell like rain! She saw them not, for the all absorbing thought of her mind was that the summer time had come. And when she sank back exhausted on the pillows, that look of high enthusiasm still glowed on her face; and when they put their ears down to her moving lips to catch the almost unintelligible words, they found that the same idea still ran through her mind. She was talking of heaven, where, she said, it was always summer time. And so, murmuring, she died.

We have not the heart to write more.

TO A MINATURE.

BY B. E. PRATT.

STILL the same look! I would a change
Might come upon thine eye,
It answers ever to my gaze,
Too brightly, joyously:
They pictured on thy face no grief—
Were but a sad look there,
'T would surely bring some slight relief
To all this wild despair.

There rests no shadow on thy brow,
As calm and bright it seems
As when we pledged that broken vow
Beside the moonlit stream;
Years have gone by, but still I feel
As if 't was yesterday,
And fancy almost bids me steal
To our old haunts away.

Oh! Mary, might but one low tone
Thy slumbering heart within
Awake, and with repentant moan
Lament thy early sin—
I might not struggle thus to fling
All thoughts of thee away.
But in my heart, a chastened thing
Thy memory might stay.

But now 'twere better thou did'st sleep
Within an early tomb,
Than that thine eye its light should keep,
Thy cheek its summer bloom;
'T were better since all purity
Within thy heart is dead,
And from thy beauty all the light
And loveliness has fled.

I thought not that this love would cling
So long to its chafed chain,
Yet life were nought could I but bring
Thy soul's truth back again;
But it is vain—and life must bear
Few smiles, few hopes for me,
I know this heart shall ever wear
A shroud of grief for thee.

OUR KATE;

OR, BORN FOR AN OLD MAID.

WE can imagine a recluse, who, by constant reading of the lighter fictions of the day and strong imaginative powers, might conclude that all the young ladies of our wide-spreading country were like the angelic creatures described in a story, with beaming eyes, transparent complexion and ruby lips. But fortunately such recluses do not exist, or they are careful to avoid any awakening from their blissful state of ignorance.

From such recluses our heroine would never receive a second glance; and, indeed, so little was she formed to win the general admiration even of the fashionable world, a world not *over* fastidious, that without our kind efforts to draw her forth, we fear she would remain unnoticed. Our Kate was as far from a beauty at seventeen as can commonly be found. To be sure she neither squinted, had red hair, nor was freckled: neither did she stoop in walking; yet she had reached the mature age mentioned above, and no one called her more than good-looking. If you had asked any of the belles and beaux of H—, after a brilliant party, if Kate was there, they would have answered hesitatingly, "yes—no—I believe so—in some corner—of course we saw but little of her." *Of course*; for Kate was sadly out of place on such occasions, and to retire into some remote corner, or draw within the folds of a window curtain and watch those about her, was to her the height of enjoyment.

I will not deny that there were times, when, with her admiration of the splendid charms of her cousin Ellen, there was mingled a sigh for her own want of beauty, for woman will be woman, and there are none who would not choose to be beautiful. But Kate was immediately cured of the sighing if Ellen, from her body of adorers, cast a glance and a smile to the nook where she was; for the cousins were mutually fond and proud of each other, and the best friends in the world. "Proud of each other?" asks some one, "what had Kate, pray, that any one should be proud of her?" My dear reader, she had a well stored and well balanced mind; she was the charm of the winter evening fireside, when sitting with her grand parents and cousin Ellen, for both the girls were orphans; she made them happy by relating to them the most amusing anecdotes she had read during the day, the most interesting of the adventures she had met with in her strolls; in short, without knowing of such an art as that of conversation, our Kate had acquired it perfectly. Then was Ellen the quiet admirer and listener; she had the good sense to know that Kate was far her superior.

Kate had no lovers! Of course not: the idea is absurd: she never thought of the possibility of such a thing, and so tacitly was it understood and firmly was it believed that Kate was "cut out" for an old maid, that it had long been settled between the cousins that whenever Ellen should choose a husband from among her admirers, Kate should play the single sister of her household. But as yet both were "fancy free;" so thought they, and so thought all; and so in fact it was, much as our young minister, who frequently visited the *old folks*, wished that it was not; but as long as he thought his secret unsuspected, he tried to be contented with his fate. It had entered Kate's mind, for she saw more than others from her habits of quiet observation, that perhaps the grave, reserved and dignified Mr. Grey might be captivated by the all-conquering graces of Ellen; for, from time immemorial, she knew that, in cases of love, it had been a settled principle, that unlike qualities should unite; and Kate liked him well enough to wish him success. Ellen saw his superiority and confessed to herself the love of such a man was worth winning.

A slight look from Kate, with the slightest possible smile, when Mr. Grey was the subject of praise—as a minister always is in a little town—revealed to Ellen the suspicions of Kate, and with her eyes now opened to the subject, she determined to understand how the matter stood, for she could not deny to herself that she felt a pleasure in believing Kate right.

"Is it possible," said she to herself, "that Mr. Grey and I are in love with each other, and that only Kate knows it?" Ellen was no novice in love, and she knew every symptom of an incipient love affair; when Mr. Grey, therefore, entered for his usual morning call, he was subjected to a close scrutiny. He came with his usual gifts of wild flowers for the young ladies and cheerful chat for the old people. With the air of gallantry to which Ellen was accustomed, and an easy flow of compliment, he presented a bunch to her, but proffered in silence the remainder to Kate. "This is rather mystifying," thought Ellen, "can Kate be wrong?" and, as she again looked up, she saw that his eyes still rested on Kate. The truth flashed upon her. "It is Kate herself," she said. Her opinion was confirmed when she noticed that her own flowers were the gay and gaudy ones which the careless loiterer cannot fail to notice everywhere, while Kate's were those sweet and modest ones which must be sought beneath the tall grass and among the thick hedges.

And how did Ellen feel under this conviction! First there came a pang of wounded vanity; then an earnest "thank God I am yet heart whole;"

then a generous wish that Kate might return his love, and then a glow of girlish triumph that for once she was more clear sighted than Kate.

It was some months after this, and Ellen had kept her secret most discreetly, when, during a sunset ramble, they were joined by Mr. Grey. Their stroll was so wandering and unsettled in its plan that each occasionally left the others, in pursuit of flower, or berry or bird, and Ellen, in unusually high glee, was flitting about like a mere child when it suddenly occurred to her that, though Kate was constantly calling her back to admire something which Mr. Grey had found, the gentleman showed no particular anxiety to detain her.

"Please Mr. Grey," said she, "may I have leave of absence for half an hour? I don't like to be 'detrop,'" and with a laugh at Kate's look of consternation and Mr. Grey's rising color, she darted off into a shady path, and was soon out of sight.

I have admitted that Ellen was discreet, and instead of joining them at the end of a half hour, she walked quietly home, and telling her grand parents that Kate had strolled farther with the minister, she *tried* to wait patiently her return. It was quite dark, and the old people were getting anxious before this happened, and then Mr. Grey stepped in to say Kate must not be scolded, and so bade good night to all, with a pressure of the hand to Ellen, so kind that she could not help laughing and asking his forgiveness for running away from them, and thereupon the minister said, "God bless you Ellen," with an earnestness that proved it to come from his heart, and was off.

"Cousin Kate," said Ellen, whispering to her cousin. "I hope for the future you will value more my sagacity and penetration, and believe if I am a belle I am almost as wise as you."

"Wiser a great deal, and the best cousin in the world," said Kate, and she kissed Ellen so affectionately that the old people wondered what it could all mean.

I will say nothing of the gossip of the town, when it was known the next day that our Kate, so nicely adapted to an old maid's life, was to be the wife of the minister. * *

A FRAGMENT.

ALL men are brothers, speak to them as such:
Kind words are monies put at usury
Which yearly grow with added interest
Until the sum's a mountain. Ne'er omit
The chance to make you friends. Bouys they are
Laid down in life's wild channel; and when storms
Come up, and blackness shrouds the watery waste,
Their aid may frighten shipwreck from your side.

A. W.

THE TWO WEDDINGS.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

A large and fashionable party had just assembled in Mrs. Staunton's splendid drawing rooms, which were brilliantly lighted and redolent with the perfume of the fragrant exotic plants, whose profusion seemed to create a mimic summer during winter's dreary reign. Though a hundred voices have till now been busy with the passing jest and lively repartee, all are hushed, and the stillness of expectation has settled on every countenance. At length the door opens, and a train of fair bridesmaids, with their attendants, first advance, who, when they reach the centre of the circle, divide to right and left, and in their midst appears the lovely bride, leaning on the arm of him whom she has chosen for her companion through the rest of her mortal pilgrimage. How solemn is a marriage rite—what a concentration of life's holiest hopes and highest duties are embodied in that moment. The clergyman raises his voice in exhortation, while the head of the fair bride is bowed upon her bosom—the holy vows are breathed "for better for worse, for richer for poorer, till death do us part." The prayer and blessing have been spoken, and the beautiful creature is now enfolded in her mother's arms, while the murmur of congratulation succeeds, and gradually recovering from her agitation, she gracefully receives the wishes for her happiness that all press forward to utter. Lovely as Dora Staunton always was, she had never looked so proudly beautiful as now. Of queenly presence, she is attired as becomes a queen. The costly robe of lace covers the snow white satin; the graceful Brussels veil, fastened by a wreath of orange blossoms among her luxuriant hair, like a tissue from a fairy's loom, enshrouds her falling shoulders and rounded form; while on her bosom and her brow sparkle diamonds of purest water, the gift of the happy bridegroom. And now, having admired the costly dress, and paid the compliments that courtesy demands, the company once more return to their gossip, while the busy hostess glides from group to group, to see that all are duly entertained, until the summons to a splendid supper relieves her from ministering to their intellectual wants, and the evening is concluded amid feasting and hilarity. It is useless to tell our readers that here is the seat of wealth and fashion, and that a brilliant future is predicted to these favored children of fortune, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson Huntley.

We must now take a glance at another scene of a similar nature, that is enacting in a more humble dwelling, within a few squares of the aristocratic

mansion, into which we have ventured to intrude ourselves. It is the home of a widow and her only daughter—a widow of but few months' standing, the greater portion of whose means of living have departed with the husband of her affections. But Providence has provided her with a support in the betrothed lover of her child, who is struggling day and night to advance in a profession that may secure an independence to himself and the woman he has loved from childhood. They had been engaged for four long years, and even now would not have felt justified in terminating this period of expectation, had it not been for the unprotected and desolate condition in which Mary and her mother had been left by the death of Mr. Harding, whose income had been derived from the salary of an office which, of course, ceased with his life. It was therefore determined that instead of Mrs. Harding being permitted to make any effort to add to her scanty means, for which her delicate health and deep depression of spirit rendered her peculiarly unfit, the young people should hasten the period of their marriage, and by industry and economy endeavour to make amends for the want of greater wealth.

The evening fixed for their union happened to be the same as that on which Dora Staunton's wedding was to take place; but great was the contrast between the two assemblages, though both were composed of those moving in the same circle of society. About six of Mrs. Harding's nearest connexions, most of them in deep mourning, and a few of those of Walter Mansfield, composed the company, who were quietly awaiting the appearance of the bride, while the scarcely suppressed agitation of the lately widowed mother shed a gloom upon the spirits of all. In her plain white muslin dress, with no ornament, save a single sprig of orange blossoms in her dark hair, Mary at length appeared with the tall and distinguished looking youth to whom she had been so long attached; and the few who looked upon them as they stood there in their loveliness, vowing the deep affection which had become part of their very existence, felt all the mystic beauty of the holy rite, and that it is, indeed, an apt emblem of the tie that binds the church on earth to its Great Spouse in Heaven. Some of the elder and more prudent of their friends felt, indeed, some anxiety as to the worldly welfare of these young voyagers on the sea of life, thus casting themselves with such faith among its rough billows—but when they looked at the lofty integrity that dwelt on Walter's brow, the talent that flashed in his dark eye, the determined energy that had already drawn its lines about his mouth, and knew that these elements of success were fostered by the concentration of all his faculties to his moral and

intellectual advancement—they could not but feel that the bright star of hope had already risen with clear and lustrous beams upon their way, and would assuredly guide them to a safe and happy haven.

Mary Harding was Dora Staunton's senior by about two years. They had been school fellows and good friends, though never particularly intimate, as their tastes and pursuits were not very congenial; but the circumstance of their being married on the same night gave each a stronger interest in the other than she had ever felt before. Mary, in particular, had a great curiosity to see and know the man who had succeeded in winning the affections of the gay and versatile Dora; the loss of her father having secluded her from society before Mr. Thomson Huntley had appeared, who had but recently removed from another city, and embarked, it was said, a large fortune in an extensive business. On his first introduction into the fashionable circle in which she moved, he had attached himself to Dora, who had hitherto been so much of a coquette, that until her engagement was actually announced, her most intimate friends scarcely knew whether she would finally accept his hand—for Mr. Huntley, though handsome, was thought, by some, unrefined; and though what is commonly called "smart," he was certainly unintellectual. Of his family connexions little was known in the city of his adoption; but as he had brought letters from respectable gentlemen in the town where he had last resided, and was evidently possessed of extensive means, he was thought by Dora's father (himself a merchant of wealth and high standing) a most eligible match for his beautiful daughter.

Mr. Thomson Huntley had purchased, previously to his marriage, a large and elegant house which Mr. Staunton furnished very handsomely, though not, as it appeared, in a style that quite suited the magnificent tastes of its owner, who added to it many articles of costly luxury which Mr. Staunton did not consider his fortune entitled him to bestow upon his daughter, the eldest of several children. To this establishment Mr. and Mrs. Huntley removed immediately after their marriage, and entered upon a style of living suitable to their great expectations—for Mr. Thompson Huntley was absolutely coining money by his successful mercantile speculations.

After they had been married about six weeks, as Mary Mansfield was sitting quietly at work one afternoon, in her neat parlor, she was surprised by a visit from her gay and fashionable friend. Now Mrs. Huntley had called with her husband and left cards at Mrs. Harding's door—this second visit was therefore quite unexpected, as the first had not been returned. Mary welcomed her guest most affec-

tionately, and after mutual congratulations had been exchanged, Dora exclaimed,

"I cannot tell, Mary, how often I have thought of you since I was married, and wondered if you were as happy as I am myself—you must forgive my saying so, but I am surprised you did not defer your wedding until your close mourning was over—it must be so stupid to be married without any gaiety. Do you know we have hardly spent an evening at home since we have been at housekeeping—not one, indeed, unless we had company. Your wedding was so small that it must have been a very solemn thing."

"I think all weddings solemn occasions," said Mary, "no matter how gay or numerous the company. It is the most important moment of two lives, and I never was at any wedding without being overcome by the solemnity of the service. You may imagine what I felt at my own."

"It is a solemn service," said Dora thoughtfully. "Do you know, Mary, that I never in my life *felt* there was to be a day of judgment until I heard it in the service at my own marriage—I really thought I should have fainted."

"I hope you have often thought of it since, dear Dora," said Mary. "Marriage brings heavy responsibilities, and it is well to think of the account we must give of how we have fulfilled them."

"Indeed, I have been too much absorbed to think much about it," answered Dora, "what with visiting and receiving visits, dinners, balls, and suppers, I have hardly had a moment I could call my own."

"And how long is this to last?" asked Mary.

"Always I hope," replied her visitor, "at least all the season. In the summer we shall go to Niagara, and on our return, remain awhile at the springs, so that I anticipate nothing but enjoyment for a very long time."

"And is Mr. Huntley as fond of this life as you are?" asked Mary.

"Why, he has his business to attend to which, of course, occupies him in the morning—but he is very social in his tastes, and is always ready to enter into my plans—indeed, he is the best creature in the world—every one likes him, he is so generous and hospitable in his disposition—never so happy as when he sees his friends about him. I wish you knew him, Mary—and then my house—you must see my house, it is so beautiful."

"So I have heard," said Mary—"Mrs. Thomson Huntley's elegant establishment has been the theme of all tongues for some time past."

"Well, you must come and see me, and judge for yourself. Meantime, tell me, do you not feel very dull, as a bride, without company—any visits?"

"I assure you, I have had as many visits as I

want," said Mary; "and as for dullness, you, who are a wife, will believe me, when I say I never was so happy in my life. It is true, Walter is obliged to be at his office nearly all day, and I sometimes wish he could be more with me; but then my dear mother is here, and I have so much to do that I rarely feel dull. You know," she added, "that we are poor, and it is my business to make my husband's earnings go as far as possible. It is only by industry and frugality that we can hope to improve our circumstances."

"And industry and frugality are to my mind most unattractive virtues—they always seem to me to shut out all the elegance of existence. I never hear of them without thinking of checked aprons and soiled, dumpy fingers, two things for which I have no fancy."

"Yet I have practised both all my life, without having ever worn a checked apron, or disfigured my hands so very much," said Mary, laughing, and holding up her fair taper fingers. "Believe me, Dora, the real elegancies of life may be enjoyed even more highly by a woman who devotes the greater portion of each day to useful household duty, than by the listless ennuyée who makes pleasure the business of her life, instead of using it, as it was intended we should, as a relief from real care."

"Do not talk of care," said Dora, "it is my aversion, and I am very thankful that my present circumstances exempt me from entertaining that very stupid thought. As to industry, I believe I have a small touch of the virtue, homely as it is, or I should not have worked my beautiful fire-screen, or picked up my smattering of French and Italian, to say nothing of my music—I was industrious at that, you must allow, Mary."

"I did not deny it, Dora, for I know you have a great deal of energy when you are once interested in any pursuit. It was you who traduced the noble virtue, the companion of all great achievements in the physical and intellectual world, by calling it homely and dumpy fingered, and I know not what."

"Nay, it is only when coupled with frugality that it is so unattractive—by itself it is not enough. But when will you come to see me, Mary? The first evening we are to be at home without company you must positively come and take tea with me, and you can then form your opinion both of my house and husband, for I am very proud of both. Will you promise me that pleasure?"

Mary hesitated a moment, and then replied, "if I can get a friend to sit with my mother while I am absent, I will certainly come," and after some further conversation the visitor departed.

Some weeks elapsed before the invitation was received, and Mary had quite forgotten her promise, when a note from Dora reminded her of it, and begged that she and her husband would spend that evening with them. Dora was a sweet attractive hostess, and the house was beautiful, though a fitter residence for a millionaire than for one whose fortune was still embarked in commerce. The drawing rooms were very spacious, and crowded with the most expensive furniture. Mirrors of great size reflected each other's images from the walls. Sofas and chairs of every shape, from the most graceful to the most grotesque, were covered with richest satin; curtains, of the same material, fell in heavy folds to the gobelin carpet. A splendid piano-forte occupied one of the recesses, while tables of marble and scagliola, mounted with costly gilding, and loaded with candelabra, vases, and other ornaments, filled the remaining space. The other parts of the establishment were equally handsome, and displayed to great advantage the taste and magnificence of the proprietors. Mrs. Mansfield admired every thing, and the evening passed pleasantly, though Mary could not help thinking that the great display of plate, and the rich entertainment prepared for them, was entirely too grand for the occasion.

"Well, Mary," said Walter, as they were walking home, "what think you of Mr. Thomson Huntley? Do you not envy Dora her rich husband?"

"I like the house much better than the husband," answered Mary. "There is something in Mr. Huntley's eye that repels me. Besides I am very sure that he has not always been used to the society of refined people."

"Association will not always produce refinement, Mary—it may be a defect of nature."

"True," replied Mary, "but his is not the brusquerie we often see in those otherwise well-bred. There is on the contrary a constant effort to be elegant that does not sit easily upon him. Do not think me uncharitable, Walter, but with his chains, rings, and very elaborate toilette, his flourishing, bowing, and would-be-ease of manner, so different from the quiet repose of a truly well-bred man, he constantly reminded me of the fable of the ass in the lion's skin with his long ears sticking out."

"But the ass was betrayed by his braying," said Walter, laughing, "now Mr. Huntley talks very much to the purpose."

"Yes, about money and stocks and such things—but on other subjects there is an assumption of knowledge without the reality, and altogether a tone of pretension that makes you mistrust the man. He has words at will to be sure, but even

when the sentiments he uttered were just, they seemed to come from the lips and not from the heart."

"Nay, Mary, this is not the judgment of charity—besides I am disposed to think well of him just now, for while you and Dora were looking through the house he placed some law business in my hands which will, I hope, be valuable to me, and for which I am sincerely grateful."

"Be as grateful as you please," said Mary, "but do not trust him, Walter."

* * * * *

Six years have passed since the two weddings we have described were solemnized, during which the career of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson Huntley has been one of uninterrupted prosperity. Wealth seemed to flow in upon them like a flood, and Mrs. Huntley's parties, Mrs. Huntley's dinners, their establishment, equipage, &c., were still of the highest ton. But the lovely Dora is herself much changed. She looks faded and worn, and though three sweet children are added to her other treasures, she still seeks her happiness amid the glare and glitter of dissipation. A musical mania has of late seized upon the élite of the place, and Mrs. Thomson Huntley's voice and fingers are greatly in demand. Her private hours are, therefore, devoted to practising, and her public to exhibiting, while her children are left to the care of hirelings, and her house and husband take care of themselves. Not that Mrs. Huntley is an unnatural mother, for she has many paroxysms of fondness when her little ones are beautifully dressed and brought into the parlor to see "their pretty mamma." But "Rachel," she says, "understands the care of children much better than she does," and as this fortunately is the case, under Rachel's charge they are healthy and happy. But can the faithfulness of a domestic exonerate a mother from the performance of her duties toward the children whom God has given her? Nature tells us no—nourish thy babe at thine own bosom, and let it from thy own lips hear the first lessons of piety and virtue, and verily thou shalt have thy reward. A reward far higher than all the admiration of a thoughtless world.

But we must turn to our other friends, and look at Walter Mansfield as he sits in his office chair, intently poring over the large parchment he has spread before him. His glance is quick and penetrating, and all the energies of his mind are absorbed by the perusal of that dry and verbose page. The table is covered with books and papers, large book-cases occupy all sides of the apartment, and through the half opened door you see in the adjoining room several students busily occupied with book or pen. It is evident we are in the office of a well employed

lawyer. Walter is but little changed—if at all it is for the better, for his frame, which before was rather slender for his height, is now robust, and though the lines about his mouth and brow are somewhat deepened, they only add to the intellectual dignity of his countenance. But see, the door opens—and Mary bright and happy looking as ever, with her eldest boy in her hand, looks in to see if papa can join them in their walk, but as quickly withdraws when she witnesses his studious abstraction. The reward of industry and talent has not been withheld, and Walter Mansfield is fast rising to professional eminence.

And Mary, has she degenerated into the household drudge and mere money saver of the establishment? Far from it. By a judicious distribution of her time, she has not only been able to give strict attention to domestic duties, but to devote a sufficient portion of it to the cultivation of her intellect and the refinement of her taste, and her society is now even more attractive to her husband and her friends than when in the first bloom of her girlish beauty. As their circumstances have improved she has relaxed her strict economy; and their style of living, though still plain, is not without elegance, and is in every respect such as becomes their condition. Mary's mother died within a year of her marriage, and from the small inheritance she then received she contributes to the various works of faith and charity that are going on around her, while in the delightful taste of rearing the two lovely boys with which Heaven has blest her, she unites her holiest duty with her purest happiness. The total dissimilarity of their aims in life has prevented a very cordial intercourse between Dora and Mary, for while the one has been advancing in all the dignity and elevation of character—the other has been retrograding into worldliness and vanity. But Mary still persists in the opinion that had Dora married a man of different character she would have ripened into a valuable and excellent woman. "The germs of many lovely flowers were there," she would say, "but alas! they have been choked by the weeds of selfishness and worldly pleasure." They still visited, and when they met were always cordial. Mary would also frequently have Rachel and the children with her, as they were near the ages of her own, and the faithful servant owed much of her success with the little ones that were entrusted to her, to the advice and experience of that exemplary mother.

"Pray, Mary," said her husband one evening as he seated himself by his cheerful parlor fire, after a hard day's work, "have you seen anything of Mrs. Thomson Huntley lately?"

He looked disturbed as he spoke.

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"No, I have not," answered Mary—"but why do you ask?"

"I am afraid matters are not so well with them as they have been, for some very heavy notes of his are in the market—but it may be only a temporary embarrassment."

"I doubt it," said Mary. "You know I never had much faith in his wealth, though for the sake of Dora and the children I trust I may be mistaken in him. Poor thing—she is ill-fitted to struggle with adversity."

"It may agree with her better than prosperity has done," said Walter. "Mrs. Thomson Huntley is a very different creature from Dora Staunton."

"True, indeed," said Mary with a sigh. After a pause, in which both were lost in thought, Walter added,

"But Mr. Staunton is a man of much judgment, and I have no doubt if Huntley is going behind hand will make him retrench in time," so saying he changed the subject.

Mary, a few days afterward, met Mrs. Huntley at the house of a friend, when the conversation happening to turn upon the absorbing subject of the commercial embarrassments that were just then commencing, Dora took occasion to repeat some of her husband's views, and from all she said showed that she was fully persuaded of the inexhaustible extent of his resources. After she had left the room Mary was shocked to hear that Mr. Huntley was believed by many to be on the verge of failure.

Like too many under similar circumstances, Mr. Huntley endeavored to sustain his falling credit by increased expenditure. His wife sent out invitations for a ball, which it was said was to excel in splendor any she had before given. But it would not do. Late one afternoon, Walter Mansfield entered his wife's apartment with an agitated countenance, and begged her to go to Mrs. Huntley's and contrive some pretence that might induce her to stay away from a large musical party to take place that evening, at which it was well known she was to be one of the principal performers.

"Has Thomson Huntley failed?" asked Mary.

"Worse than failed," was the reply, "he has embezzled funds to a large amount, and whispers are afloat of a dreadful nature. The news came by the afternoon mail, and officers of justice are now in pursuit of him."

"Gracious heaven! what an end of all their splendor," said Mary. "But does not Dora know—?"

"She will be the last one to know it, and will go to that wretched party, and will be the theme of every tongue. Save her from it, Mary, if you can"—and Walter left the room as hurriedly as he had entered it.

Mary was too good a wife to dispute her husband's wishes, and though she would fain have waived the task, she put aside her employment, and went at once to Mrs. Huntley's. She found her seated at her instrument practising with an Italian professor a duet they were to perform in the evening. Mary remained in the adjoining room until they had finished, and then as much at a loss as ever how to accomplish the object of her visit, presented herself to Dora, and enquired after her health and that of her children.

"I have a headache," said Dora, "I have, I believe, been singing too long, and must lie down to rest a while before dressing for the party. Will you come with me to the nursery and see Julia? Rachel tells me she is not well, but I have not yet had time to see her."

Mary gladly consented, determining to make the most of the child's indisposition, hoping to induce the mother to remain with her. They found the child, a lovely infant of little more than a year old, really ill, and Mary begged the physician might be sent for immediately, but though Dora yielded to her wishes, she said she did not see any cause for anxiety as the child was only teething, and soon after retired to her chamber. Mary remained with the infant awaiting the arrival of the physician, but as he did not come, and she heard from the servants that Mrs. Huntley had commenced the duties of the toilette, she sent a message desiring to be admitted to her room. She threw a glance as she entered round the luxurious apartment, which was illuminated by the wax lights upon the dressing-table, and as her eye dwelt upon the costly furniture and the rich garments that were spread out ready for their wearer's use, she felt an inward shudder at the contrast between appearances and realities, and then in a brief but earnest manner entreated Dora to remain with her child instead of appearing at the evening party.

"It is impossible, Mary," she answered in a displeased tone, "I am to sing in four different pieces to-night, and they could not get on without me. Rachel will be as attentive to the child as I could be, and it would be the rudest thing in the world to spoil the effect of Mrs. C——'s musical soireé, merely because a baby has a slight fever."

"But the child's life may be in danger," said Mary. "Oh! Dora, for your own sake if not for your child's, stay at home I entreat you—spare yourself the agonies of self-reproach."

"Nay, if I thought there was any danger I would remain," said Dora, hesitating for a moment—"but I know there is none, and I cannot disappoint Mrs. C——. Besides here is my turban that I have just received from Paris, and am to wear to-night

for the first time—is it not exquisite?" she asked as she exhibited it to her visitor; "it is from Herbauld's, and cost me fifty dollars—did you ever see such a feather?"

Mary's heart sickened as she turned from the deluded woman whose soul was moved by a feather, while she could look upon her sick child, untouched by its sufferings, and only said, "I then will remain with the baby; but mark me, Dora, you will not enjoy this party," and then quickly left the room to despatch a note to her husband, announcing the ill-success of her mission, and her intention of remaining all night with the suffering child. Her note was answered by her husband in person, who came (soon after Dora, magnificently dressed, had driven from the door,) to tell her that, with the assistance of his friends, Huntley had eluded those in search of him, and absconded—that Mr. Staunton was involved in his ruin, though not in his disgrace, and that misery was spread upon all sides of the thoughtless woman, who was then exhibiting herself to the gaze of hundreds, little dreaming of the precipice on which she stood. He had hardly finished his recital before Mr. Staunton, pale with agitation, burst into the room, asking for his daughter—

"She is at Mrs. C——'s," was the reply.

"I am then too late," he exclaimed, "I had only time to force my wife and daughter to return, for they were just getting into the carriage when I arrived at home—as soon as I could get from them I came here hoping to detain Dora. Mr. Mansfield you know all, I see—I am a ruined man, and Huntley a double-dyed villain"—and he walked up and down the room in indescribable agitation. "For God's sake Mr. Mansfield go after her, it drives me mad to think of my daughter, in her fool's attire, tickling the ears of hundreds, while starvation is before her. Go for her—bring her home on any pretence—tell her I am ill or dying—or anything that will get her from that horrid place. My carriage is at the door, do not lose a moment."

"Her child is ill," said Mary, "that is a sufficient excuse for withdrawing her—go, dear Walter, for pity's sake," and they hurried him into the carriage.

The crowd was so dense in Mrs. C——'s rooms that Walter found considerable difficulty in making his way to Dora, who had just been delighting the company with her exquisite execution of a difficult Italian song; and during his slow progress through the room, the frequent recurrence of Huntley's name, convinced him that, recent as was the news of his disgrace, it was well known through the whole assembly. Dora looked alarmed when he suddenly presented himself before her, for Mary's parting words had not been forgotten, and suddenly exclaimed,

"Oh! Mr. Mansfield, is she worse?"

"She is quite ill," he replied, "and your father thinks you had better be at home. His carriage is now waiting, and we can retire through this door without observation"—so saying, he unfastened a door behind them which had till then been closed, and hurried Dora from the room. Not a word was spoken during their short drive home; and as soon as she alighted Dora hastened to the nursery where she found the physician with her child, who appeared much easier than when she left it. Mr. Staunton and Mary were also in the room; and the moment her anxiety about the infant was relieved, she turned to ask why she had been so suddenly summoned from the party? The expression of agony on her father's face struck her in an instant, and sinking on a chair, she exclaimed, "something dreadful has happened—do not keep me in suspense—my mother—my husband!" and her agitation became so intense that they were obliged by degrees to reveal the nature of the evil, though not its full extent. Huntley had long been a neglectful husband, but Dora had once truly loved him; and when the idea of his abandoning her without a word or look of adieu broke in upon her mind, she was like a frantic creature, and those around her feared her reason had deserted her. There she sat, in her rich, gala dress, adorned with the same jewels she had worn on her wedding night, a crushed, impoverished and deserted woman. By force they at last removed her to her apartment, and administered composing medicines, but a fever ensued of such violence that it was weeks before she could be removed from the house, which, with all its splendid furniture, was now attached by the creditors. The sweet infant, too, whose first attack had so alarmed Mary, was taken from her to a better world while she was unconscious of her loss, and she was at length carried a deserted wife and a bereaved mother from the house she had entered but six years before, a proud and happy bride. Her father's family were also obliged to yield up their fair possessions to their creditors; for sagacious as he was, Mr. Staunton had been entirely blinded by Huntley's arts, and become responsible for him to a large amount. It was, therefore, to a comparatively humble home that Dora was at length removed, with her two remaining children, there to acquire the lessons that so many of our day have had to learn, taught by poverty and bereavement. They were not lost upon her, and after some months of seclusion, during which she heard of her husband's death by an accident upon the western waters, she determined to endeavor to lessen the burdens her unfortunate marriage had entailed upon her father by making an effort for her own support as an

instructress in music. She succeeded at once in obtaining scholars, her talent and ability being well known, and by the exercise of industry and frugality, the virtues she once so heartily despised, is now independent. Soon after Huntley had absconded it was discovered that the career that had ended in villainy had commenced in dishonesty; and that from a most humble condition he had risen by fraud and cunning to the position he so unworthily occupied—adding one to the many warnings to parents against allowing their fair and innocent daughters to bestow their hands and hearts upon men of whose previous history they know little or nothing.

Walter Mansfield and his wife have proved themselves true friends to Dora in all her troubles. He by exerting to the utmost his influence and professional ability in her behalf and that of her family; and Mary by all the acts of kind attention that fall so soothingly upon the torn hearts of the children of misfortune. The sun of prosperity now shines upon them, ripening with its kindly warmth the precious fruits planted and tended in a less genial season, and the contrast between their present position with that of the now humbled Dora, is even greater than that afforded at the commencement of their career by their *two weddings*.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

THERE'S sadness in the bower.

There's weeping in the hall;

The fairest sister flower,

The brightest of them all.

In her first hour of blushing

Hath bent beneath the breath

That swept too rudely, crushing

The beauty of the wreath.

A voice the softest, clearest,

The lighted hall hath lost.

Whose gentle tones were dearest.

And breathings prized the most;

When needed most it faltered—

When sought for it was fled;

The fair cheek's hue was altered,

And the sweet minstrel dead.

Yet weep them not—the flower

Hath sought a brighter sphere,

And gladness as a dower

Hangs round the sweet parterre.

The voice—would'st thou recall it

From angel spheres afar?

Would'st thou on earth enthal it,

Now soul of some bright star?

THE DECLARED LOVER.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"WILL you go with me to-morrow night?" said Frank Huston as he parted from Lucy Alton at the door late one evening.

"Oh! to be sure," said Lucy, "provided the exhibition is worth seeing, which I suppose it is, or such a gay gallant as you would not have asked me."

"Very well," said Frank, lifting his hat and turning to depart, "I shall be here early."

Frank was Lucy's lover. He had been so for several months. Frank was open as the day, and loved Lucy with his whole heart, and he had often urged her to consent to a speedy marriage. But she was a gay, thoughtless creature, who, though she loved him in her secret soul, strove to conceal it from him, as many of her sex do. Had Frank not been a declared lover this would have been commendable; but as it was she only made him unhappy without any commensurate gratification to herself, for often after she had been so capricious as to drive her lover nearly to despair, would she lie awake weeping all night. How false is that sentiment which induces a woman thus wantonly to trifle with a lover, through mistaken notions of pride.

But Lucy was not solely to blame for her conduct. She had an elder sister who possessed great influence over her, and this sister secretly disliked Frank, taking every opportunity to injure him, though outwardly treating him with feigned favor. The morning after the conversation with which our tale begins, Lucy and her sister had just seated themselves at the breakfast table, when the latter said,

"Mr. Townsend was here last night—he left invitations for us to the concert this evening. I told him you had no engagement, and he is to bring Mr. Sartori, his Italian friend, with him."

"How sorry I am," said Lucy.

"Sorry for what?" responded her sister.

"That he asked me, for I told Frank I would go to the exhibition with him to-night."

"Pshaw!—Frank again."

"Why what would you have me to do?" said Lucy, after a minute's painful pause.

"I cannot take on me to advise," replied the sister. "Only this I will say; that Mr. Townsend and his friend will think it very odd that, after making an engagement with them, you break it for Frank."

"But won't Frank think it very odd for me, after making an engagement with him, to break it for these comparative strangers?"

"There is the difference. With a friend one may take liberties, but not with a stranger. Frank can go with you any evening, but Mr. Sartori leaves town the day after to-morrow. He has been very civil to you, and it is but polite to go with him."

Lucy paused.

"But Frank will be so angry," she said, timidly, at length.

"Then let him be. Oh! before I would suffer a gentleman to see that I cared for angering him I would die. What! surrender this privilege of our sex. No, no, if you wish to retain the affection of a man tease him and conceal from him your love."

There was again a pause for several minutes, and the breakfast service was nearly over when Lucy's sister carelessly remarked,

"This is the last night of Signor Nagel, is it not? You have the newspaper, Lucy."

"Yes! He sails for Europe next week."

"And the exhibition remains open for a month."

"It does."

"Then I'm astonished that Frank did not ask you to hear the Signor this evening. He knows how fond you are of music."

"I'm a great mind to go," said Lucy, who, by this time, began to yield, as customary, to her sister, from a secret dread of that sister's sarcasms if she betrayed her love, "Frank and I can go to the exhibition some other time."

"But not if he gets angry," said the sister, with a slight scorn on her lip, which stung Lucy to the soul.

"Angry or not I will go with Sartori," said Lucy, with flashing eyes. "So that's fixed," and she rose from the table.

And she *did* go with the Italian to the concert. Frank arrived a few minutes after she had left the house, and words cannot describe his surprise, indignation and pain at her conduct. He paced his room for hours that night, now resolving never again to visit Lucy, and now determining to see her once more and hear her excuse. He finally concluded to adopt the latter course.

Lucy herself spent an unhappy evening. Not even the divine strains of Nagel's instrument could banish from her mind the thought of how Frank would regard her conduct. On returning home she heard of the surprise of her lover, which he had not affected to conceal, and, auguring the worst, she retired to her chamber and spent the night in tears. At the breakfast table she strove in vain to hide the effect the last evening's events had produced on her. Her sister read her secret in her swollen eyes, and with a few well managed

taunts, turned the whole current of Lucy's thoughts and made her ashamed of her weakness. It was while she was in this new mood that Frank called.

"Well, your jailor is below," said her sister, bringing Frank's card up to Lucy. "He has come, I suppose, to see your repentant tears under pain of his eternal displeasure."

In no temper, therefore, to receive her lover as a injured person did Lucy descend to the parlor. The salutations on both sides were cold, and the conversation at first general and embarrassed. At last Frank came to the point.

"You went out last night, Lucy. Was I mistaken in supposing, from what you said the night before, that you were engaged to visit the exhibition with me?"

This was said mildly, though with some constraint, and had Lucy replied to it in a proper spirit all would have gone well. But, instead of making a candid explanation of the circumstances, and trusting to her lover's generosity, she replied, for she was still writhing under her sister's implied taunts.

"And if I was engaged with you—what then?"

Frank looked sadly at her, for there was a defiance in the tone as well as in the words. Lucy's heart rebuked her, and had she then changed her demeanor all might still have gone well. But pride, that fatal curse, again interposed, and she resumed.

"You say nothing!"

"Lucy," said Frank reprovingly. Her eyes flashed.

"I do not understand you, sir. You assume a tone of unwarrantable authority over my movements this morning. Have I ever given you leave to do this?"

Frank hesitated ere he replied. He saw that she had taken a position which precluded all explanation, since it denied his right to ask any. But he saw also the erroneous nature of this position. He, therefore, determined not to give up the point yet.

"This is not what I assert, Lucy," he said.

"You made an engagement with me, which was broken. This surely entitles me to an explanation, and I ask nothing strange, I assume no unwarrantable authority in seeking it."

The justice of this position impressed Lucy, and again she was on the point of yielding; but again her better impulses gave way to pride.

"Thank heaven," she said, rising, "we are not engaged. If I cannot do as I please, without being treated like a truant child—if my conduct cannot be regarded as right, without explanation, and on the faith of my own notions of justice,

then I care not to make any effort to place it in a favorable light. You have your answer, sir. A jealous tyrant for a husband is my particular aversion."

There was a tone of contempt in these latter words which overthrew the guard that Frank had hitherto maintained over his feelings. He, too, rose. His whole demeanor was changed.

"It is well," he said with dignity. "Lucy, I had not looked for this. I came here disposed to be frank: you met me with insult. I shall never trouble you again. Sometime hereafter you may think differently of this hour." He waited for no reply, but left the room. And Lucy, hesitating an instant whether or not to call him back, sank on the sofa when the hall door closed, and burst into tears. The next day she heard that Frank had left the city suddenly on a visit to his sister at New Orleans.

A month passed away. Often was Lucy tempted to write to her lover and sue for his forgiveness, but a fatal voice always interposed, whispering that he would soon return, when an opportunity for a reconciliation might occur without compromising her pride.

One morning, about two months after Frank's departure, on opening the newspaper, her eyes fell on the following paragraph:

"Died, at New Orleans, on the sixteenth inst., FRANK ALWIN, Esq., of New York, of yellow fever."

The paper fell from Lucy's hand and she fainted away. She was carried to her chamber which she did not leave for months, and when she came forth she was a different creature. Years have passed since then, and though her offers have been numerous, she still remains faithful to the memory of her lover. She looks on herself, in part, as his murderer. And those who could see the sad, pale face of the once haughty Lucy would acknowledge that bitter has been the lesson she has learned *never to trifle with a declared lover*.

FAREWELL.

FAREWELL! to other lands I go,

Beneath a burning sun

Where Death stands waiting at the door—

Soon may my race be run.

Oh! if a meeting here below

To us no more is given,

I'll cheer me with the happy thought,

We'll meet again in heaven.

I.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

THE fashions are now out in all the beauty of summer. Light silks, foulards, reps cachemire, and pekings d'ete are the rage, while Neapolitan bonnets trimmed with lace and flowers, or silk hats covered with lace, are found on the promenade. Not for many years has the sex dressed with such taste as this season.

We lay before our readers for this month a plate of fashions unusually rich as well as novel. The designs are from Paris, and anticipate those of the London World of Fashion. We give for

FIG. I.—A FANCY COSTUME, of rich crimson velvet, and trimmed with splendid black lace, headed with black velvet, upon which is worked an Egyptian bordering of gold; a row of deep cut vandykes edged with gold, surrounds the waist, the stomacher of the body being splendidly brocaded with gold; the long hanging sleeve, and small cape, composed of embroidered black velvet, the latter edged with narrow black lace, the former lined with white satin, the corners of the sleeve decorated with long gold tassels. Boots of crimson velvet, attached up the centre with gold buttons. The head-dress composed of a fancy crimson velvet and gold cap, the ends finished with small gold tassels, the centre part of the cap decorated with a small white Polish feather fastened on to the head with a gold chain, which passes over the forehead, and is fastened at the back of the head with a glovina pin.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS of chequered light green silk: tight high body and sleeves, the former ornamented with a cape made with four folds overlapping each other; ornamented around the bottom with three deep tucks. The bonnet is a Neapolitan one, trimmed with lace and small blush roses. A thin white veil completes this most elegant of the costumes of the month.

FIG. III.—AN EVENING DRESS of white tarlatane muslin: waist pointed: low in the neck: the sleeves short and trimmed round with lace. The head-dress is of green and gold, ornamented over the left ear with white ostrich feathers.

FIG. IV.—A BALL DRESS of pink satin; corsage low and pointed, fitting close; a deep lace cape covers the shoulders. The sleeves are short. The head-dress is a turban of cachemire, with drooping ends on the left side, and a bird of Paradise on the right.

FIG. V.—AN EVENING DRESS of tarlatane: corsage plaited and low, trimmed around the top with lace: the sleeves are short and finished with bows and very scant falling sleeves. The hair is dressed plain with small blush roses and violets, with their leaves.

FIG. VI.—A WALKING DRESS of lilac silk: the corsage low and rounded, with an embroidered cape; a spencer edged with lace fits high on the shoulders: the sleeves are hanging and show others of white crepe inside: the bonnet is of a delicate lilac, trimmed outside with white flowers, and inside with lace.

The fashion of ornamenting dresses with flowers and lace is now prevalent: many tulle dresses have

detached bouquets. But let us give the costumes more in detail.

EVENING DRESSES.—These are usually of muslin ocatelle, and tarlatane embroidered in silk and gauze Arachree, with Aragonaire embroidery, sometimes intermixed with gold. Corsages are worn so low as to require some slight covering for the bust. For this purpose a simple lace, about the width of two fingers, of a delicate texture, may be placed within the top of the corsage. For a rich style of dress we have a robe of pink taffetas, over which is worn an English lace *tunique*: the corsage pointed and draped with folds; sleeves *agrafees* and trimmed with lace. There is also a dress of sky blue *crepe*, on which descends a square tunic, rather short: the skirt trimmed with three rows of lace: the edge of the tunic similarly ornamented and bound all round with satin ribbon. A very rich full evening dress is of rich blue mazarine satin, the skirt *a la traine*, and trimmed round the bottom with a broad *volant* of white point lace, headed with an embroidery of silver; tight low corsage; waist *a pointe*, from which depends a blue and silver cord, the ends of which are decorated with double blue and silver tassels; a rich lace *berthe* or *pelerine* surrounds the top of the corsage, concealing the short sleeve, and forming a *point* just at the bottom of the centre of the waist; this cape is partly attached with three splendid ornaments decorating the centre of the corsage. The coiffure is composed of a gypme net-work of silver and white *chenille*, drooping low on each side, the ends being ornamented with a deep silver fringe; the left side of this coiffure is decorated with a long twisted white ostrich feather. The tops of the gloves trimmed with a fancy net-work of the same description as that of which the head-dress is composed. One of less splendor, but of great beauty, is of embroidered *tarlatane*, the skirt *en tablier*; it is surrounded by a broad hem, through which is drawn a blue ribbon; the open sides of the skirt are laced together by a rouleau of satin, and a large bow of satin confines the hems at the bottom; corsage low and pointed, fitting close; full folds surround the bust, meeting in a point at the centre; sleeves short and tight, finished by two folds of *tarlatane*, through which is drawn a blue ribbon to correspond with the skirt, having a bow of satin in the centre.

WALKING DRESSES are made high and with rounded points. When the material is plain the dress is enriched by coques of ribbon; gimp trimmings are also much used, and under the name of gimp arachnees, filigranes, guipures, are formed elegant fronts for dresses, berthes, or sleeve ornaments, producing a kind of embroidery with excellent effect. Dresses of gray poul de soie are elegantly trimmed all round the skirt with black guipure gimp, which rises up the sides of the front breadth, meeting at the point of the corsage. *Les robes redingotes* are much in vogue for summer in Paris. The most graceful robes worn are a *manches grecques*. The body is formed high, fitting close to the figure, and strapped across with filigree *beau debourge*; this style of trimming is disposed also *en echelle* up the front of the skirt; the sleeves are made very short, and *demi* wide, the whole length of the sleeve descending only to the middle of the arm.



The Latest Summer Fashions June 1845 Engraved expressly for this Magazine

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turning back, and fastened with a certain number of buttons and loops; underneath is worn a muslin sleeve, gauged and puffed in a slanting direction, the opening of the sleeves being edged with silk.

BONNETS.—The size of the brim is much the same: they are, however, rather lower than heretofore. Some are made of sky blue *gros d'Afrique*, decorated with rose buds, forming *agrafes*, and placed on a lappet of lace fullied. Others are of white *crepe*, covered with fullings of tulle in the same color, scattered over with a perfect shower of small flowers. For morning costume coarse straws are much worn, trimmed with pale pink or blue, the front of the brim partially covered with a demi veil of tulle or lace, edged with a narrow blonde or lace. In Paris the most fashionable bonnets are in green, trimmed with roses and Spanish lilacs; then, again, a beautiful shade of lilac, decorated with the Persian lilac and Vervain; different tints of blues, ornamented with branches of the clematis, and jacinth; the *paille*, or straw color having small branches of Forget-me-Nots and roses, arranged in a coquettish manner at the sides of the *Capote*. Then, again, those in pink, with snow drops or crocuses, covered with dew and *hepaticques*; and lastly, the emerald greens, decorated with splendid white roses, the hearts of which are represented of a beautiful tint of yellow. We must observe that *ruches* and folds are generally worn round the edge of these very *distingus* and becoming description of *Capotes*.

CAPS.—These are generally speaking rather shorter at the ears. Rich and costly blondes are entirely usurping those splendid laces that were during the winter so much the fashion. Caps composed of the many colored iris gauzes, are much in vogue; they are mostly decorated with a light description of flowers; when the material is lace, they are generally trimmed with bunches of satin ribbon, either pink, blue, or green; those style of caps in pink *gaze de laine* are also much in vogue: they are generally decorated with a May bunch of small roses and leaves.

FLOWERS.—Those most in request are the red honeysuckles, the dew jasmine and branches of the eglantine. Those intended for decorating the hair, and which it is impossible to pass over in silence, are those splendid *bourrelets*, or large rings of Parma violets, for encircling the broad plaits worn at the back of the head; the coiffures Carlotta, the *pompons Pompadour*, which are so much to be admired for their simplicity, being composed of a charming flower without leaves. But of all the coiffures, that which meets the greatest notice is the *corinne wreath*, formed of green currants or grapes, intermixed with moss roses. Nothing can be fresher in appearance, than this charming style of wreath. We must not omit mentioning at the same time, the *Nerina* crown, the *diademes Josephine*, the Ceres wreath, and the girandoles Pompadour.

COLORS.—These are of the most delicate hues, such as shades of pale pink, green of various tints, and clouded lilac. Plaid is much worn, the ground-work of blue, green or gray, on which are lozenges of white, and in the centre small bouquets of different colors.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WITH the present number we close the respective volumes of "THE ARTIST" and "LADY'S WORLD," and in July shall begin a new series of both magazines united into one. The new volume will be opened with many attractions, of which, we may say, in general terms, that they will herald a new era in the magazine business. For the details of the new arrangement we refer to the Prospectus. So far as the embellishments are concerned, the fact that Messrs. Quarre, Sartain, and numerous line engravers will be chiefly employed in illustrating the book, guarantees an excellence in this department which few of the three dollar magazines will be able to equal and none to outstrip. Our fair readers will still find the latest and most correct fashions reported at length in our pages, accompanied by colored engravings of rare and elegant costumes. The reputation which "The Lady's World" and "Artist," severally acquired of leading in this department, all the other magazines, will not only be sustained, but surpassed. In a word, the new magazine will combine beauty, taste, and fashion in a style hitherto unattempted.

The literary department of the magazine will be under the control of Mrs. Ann S. Stephens and Charles J. Peterson. The patrons of "The Lady's World" are already acquainted with us: to the subscribers of "The Artist," we can only say that nothing shall be left undone to render our acquaintance agreeable to them. We have gathered around us a corps of the first writers of the country, of both sexes, and we shall continue adding to our list until no celebrated name shall be wanting to it. By referring to the Prospectus it will be seen what rank our contributors hold in the world of letters. We shall studiously watch that no article insufficient in merit, or improper in character, finds a place in our pages. We shall labor to make our magazine peculiarly a *lady's* book, and, in so doing, according to our estimate of that character, render it acceptable to both sexes. To be elegant it is not necessary to be trivial. In a word the literary merits of the magazine will be not a whit behind its pictorial ones. Intending to deserve success we have no fears but that we shall gain it.

The price of the book is fixed at TWO DOLLARS, the publisher believing that small profits on a large circulation are preferable to high gains on a small edition. Never before in this country has a work of such cost been offered at so low a price. The finest engravings, the choicest literature and the most correct reports of the latest fashions can be now obtained for a sum so trifling that no lady will omit the opportunity to avail herself of Mr. Peterson's new enterprise. No centre-table will be complete without his magazine.

Before closing we will advert to the exceedingly liberal offer of the publisher, to give a copy of "THE GEMS OF ART AND BEAUTY," to any person who will procure two new subscribers, and remit four dollars, or two copies of the same splendid pictorial work to any person who will procure three new subscribers, and remit six dollars. The "GEMS OF ART AND

BEAUTY" has just been published by W. H. Graham, and contains twelve fine mezzotint and steel engravings, equal to those in the eight dollar English annuals. We know of no late American publication that is so appropriate an ornament of the centre-table.

This has been a longer article than we are wont to give, but it is customary to compliment a newly married pair in a speech, and we may be pardoned the length to which we have been drawn in consideration of the happy occasion. The pair appear this month in ordinary costume, but in July they will come forth in *gala* dress. In closing the volume we have borne in mind that we must keep up our usual outward appearance, for consistency's sake, if for no other reason. The little Scotch song says admonishingly,

"Its well to be off with the old love
Before you are on with the new."

So, in July, our fair friends must be on the look-out. We shall come with the flowers and the summer skies, the songs of our sweetest birds, and the sound of waters in sultry days, and coming thus, how else can we be than welcome! And every lady of taste is asked to stand bridesmaid at the union of THE ARTIST AND LADY'S WORLD.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE rage for cheap re-prints still continues, though a manifest improvement is perceptible in the introduction of volumes got up in the orthodox style though without binding. Among these the works issued by J. M. Campbell, Philadelphia, are the most popular. His "Biblical Cabinet," and "Library of Religious Literature," have proved as agreeable to the public as they merited, and this is saying a great deal. To Mr. Campbell we are indebted for portraits of Macaulay and Wilson, whose faces hitherto—much as their writings have been read—have been little known in this country. He issued some time since an edition of "The Neighbors," from the Swedish of Frederika Bremer, a quiet novel of every-day life, distinguished for the vigor with which its characters are drawn, its uniformly instructive tone, and the graphic pictures it gives of Swedish life. It is, in this respect, to us what the Scottish novels of Waverley are to the natives of Sweden. Messrs. Saxton and Peirce, of Boston, have issued two other novels by the same author, entitled respectively "The H—— family," and "The President's Daughter," both excellent works, though not translated by Mary Howitt, as was the case with "The Neighbors."

G. S. Appleton has published, in one volume, a very beautiful edition of "The Wives of England," by Mrs. Ellis, without exception the best book of the month, we might say of the season. It is in the writer's best style, instructive and often eloquent. Mr. Appleton has also published new editions uniform with the above, of the author's former works, "The Women of England," and "The Daughters of England." The three volumes form a series which should be in the hands of every American female. No writer has handled these subjects so well as Mrs.

Ellis. She has seen much of the world, and writes with a profound knowledge of the human heart, so that the advice she gives her sex will be found adapted to the most trying as well as most ordinary situations. And a Christian spirit breathes on every page.

Harper and Brothers have just issued a splendid Dictionary of Roman Antiquities edited by Professor Anthon, in one large volume—a very valuable work. They have also published cheap editions of "Lockhart's Life of Napoleon," "Milman's History of the Jews," and "Seward's Narrative," the latter a work whose run, when first published, was unparalleled. Their edition of "Stephens' Incidents of Travel in Yucatan," has gone off handsomely, notwithstanding the high price of the work: the orders from England alone amounted to four thousand copies.

E. H. Butler, Philadelphia, is publishing in numbers a Pictorial History of the United States, by John Frost, A. M. The work is elegantly got up, the spirited wood engravings by Croome being of high merit, and though not always, perhaps, historically correct, are better calculated to impress the mind than if they were. The same publisher is issuing, also in numbers, "The American Naval Biography," by the same author. This work likewise is embellished with spirited engravings printed in the text.

Wilson & Co., of New York, have issued "Anselmo," a novel translated from the French of Didier, and not from the Italian as the publishers erroneously state, by H. Hastings Weld, Esq. The only fault of Didier's works is that, like too many French novels, they contain exceptionable matter, but this the translator, in the present instance, has expunged, without impairing the thread of the story. Whatever Mr. Weld undertakes he does well. "Anselmo," besides being a thrilling novel, embodies a deal of historical and antiquarian information which will repay even the student for the hours devoted to its perusal.

EMBELLISHMENTS OF THE NUMBER.

THE COLORED PLATE engraved by F. Quarre for this number is an earnest of what he can do now that his undivided attention is bestowed on his art. In this unique design he has embodied no less than three illustrations. The first outline is that of a seashell. In this is placed a lace pattern, corresponding to the shape of the shell, and embodying a rare and elegant style. For the third illustration we have a miniature wreath of morning glory, surrounding the shell, while the same flower appears, of a more natural size, in the interior. Altogether the plate is unrivalled by anything Monsieur Quarre has hitherto produced.

THE MEZZOTINT by J. Sartain is in his happiest style. We have, however, plates infinitely handsomer now being prepared by this artist.

THE FASHION PLATE contains six costumes, being three more than is usually given in magazines, and is colored after the prevailing modes.

With these illustrations, of the first rank in their respective departments, we send forth the number.

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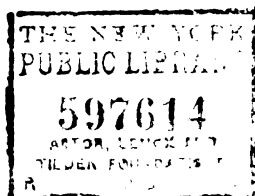
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VOLUME IV.
FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, INCLUSIVE.

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No. 1.

ANNA TAYLOR.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

Alas—it is a fearful thing

When the first blossoms of our youth

Are withered in the early spring,

By knowledge of the hearts untruth!

POOR Anna White! we had laid her in the cold grave with chastened and sorrowing hearts.* The pledge which united the remnant of our little band seemed strengthened and woven more closely together by the fingers of death which had rent one of its brightest links away. We talked of the dead, of her gentleness, her beauty, and of the solemn watch which we had kept night and day by her death bed. Many a lone twilight did we meet without consent, and as if animated by one yearning wish, in the still grave-yard where she lay. It was a sad, sweet pleasure. Our hearts were full of regret, but at pain with themselves, for even as sisters had we been to the departed. No broken promise was recorded against us—no lack of attention haunted us with a bitter memory, and we knew if sweet Anna White could arise from her grave and sit down with us in the shadow of that still burial place, she could not reproach us for an unkind act or word. And we, who had been so faithful to the dead, could we in a few short weeks be treacherous to each other? Alas, scarcely had the sods that lay upon the grave of our friend closed, scarcely had the grass which covered them knitted its roots over her bosom, when treachery a thousand times worse than death crept into our little fold.

I have said that Anna Taylor, the eldest of our set, was a fine healthy and beautiful girl. Beautiful indeed she was, but oh! how unlike the sweet feminine loveliness of the departed. Her figure was superb, and even at that early age every limb was rounded into almost voluptuous fulness. Each day her thick raven tresses become more abundant

and glossy, and the rich brown hue of her complexion deepened with every breath of summer air till her cheeks were literally pearl-like in their bloom, and no over ripe strawberry was ever half so bright and red as her small mouth.

Anna Taylor knew that she was beautiful. You could see it in the sparkle of her large black eyes, in the coquettish manner with which she moved those lustrous orbs beneath their jetty lashes when admiring eyes were upon her, in the smile which so frequently exhibited those pearly and even teeth. It was visible in her deportment and conversation also. She gradually became haughty and dictatorial with us; and even while standing by the grave of Anna White, would triumphantly relate the complimentary nonsense that had been lavished on her during a short visit which she had made to the county town directly after our friend's funeral. But with all her faults we loved our playmate, and were fond of her, even when the rare beauty which captivated so many sometimes interfered with our own social claims. It is true Anna Clare would now and then turn away in tears when the haughty girl disturbed the still resting-place of the dead with boasts of her selfish conquests; and I had often observed her look up reproachfully when commanded, rather than desired to perform any of the kindly offices which, as friends, we had so long interchanged among us. But Anna Clare was an over sensitive girl, an orphan, and alone in the world, and it was not strange that she should shrink from the thoughtless vanity which depressed her too gentle nature. Her refined and poetical mind would hold little sympathy with the worldliness which seemed rejoicing in the heart of Anna Taylor as her form expanded in grace and beauty. Perhaps, too, the orphan Clare felt her own want of personal attractions somewhat too keenly; for her love of the beautiful was intense, and a naturally meek disposition rendered her dissatisfied with the quiet attractions of a sweet, thoughtful face, which, if not strikingly handsome, had a thousand charms of soul and mind which were sure to win upon the heart and the affection, and strengthen

*See Anna White, a tale, in "The Lady's World" for March, 1843.

their hold there long after Anna Taylor's more brilliant person had lost its power. Her manner too was graceful and exceedingly winning, and she had that most lovely of all charms in woman, a soft, low voice, which was eloquent with feeling, even more than the words it expressed. Still no stranger would have looked at the orphan Clare twice when Anna Taylor was by, for never did she appear to so little advantage as then. There was nothing in those soft black eyes, or the smooth tresses twisted in a single band around the head to challenge admiration; nothing in the quiet and almost languid movements of that slight form to rival the overpowering beauty and womanly self-possession which marked every movement of our village belle. After all, the difference between the two might have been drawn in one sentence. Everybody admired Anna Taylor; but Anna Clare was beloved as few girls in our village ever were before or since her time. Why should my pen hesitate and linger thus on the first paragraphs of my story—why should it love to mark decisive lines of character when events that it hesitates to enter upon painted them in colors stronger than pen ever drew? Alas! it is a painful thing to register the infirmities of those we have loved and trusted, and we did love Anna Taylor better than she will ever be loved again, better a thousand times than she deserved.

In the little sketch which preceded this, I have said that a student of Lawyer Gilbert had exhibited a boyish admiration for Anna Taylor, which was interrupted by his departure for a western state. About four months after the death of our poor friend, this young man returned to the village. His father had died during his absence, and he became inheritor of a property which rendered him one of the richest unmarried men in the county.

Anna Clare lived with her aunt, a maiden lady who had brought up and educated the orphan daughter of her only brother, and to whom she had been generous, tender and affectionate as a parent could have been.

The farm-house which, with fifty acres of land, had fallen a patrimony to the old maid some years after the death of her relative, was a favorite haunt with all the young people of the village, for a cheerful, kind creature was aunt Clare, and there was not a being in the neighborhood who did not love her. It was an old fashioned house, unpainted, weather-beaten, and half buried in lilacs, white roses and snow-ball bushes. Thick grasses grew tall and green around the front door step, and a row of margolds, peonies and sweet-williams bordered each side of the footpath, which led up from a picket gate to the public stage road, where it wound around the meadow and swept down to the village.

On the afternoon that young Frank returned from the west, some half dozen of us had been strawberrying on a hill side, back of Miss Clare's house. There was a long swelling knoll heaving up from the face of the hill like a green wave, and here the strawberries grew red and large in the warm sunshine that constantly smiled upon them through the tall grass. It was also a famous place for butterflies and ground birds, and, as we stooped to gather the luscious fruit, it was pleasant to see the little timid birds fluttering about us, terrified lest we should tread upon the tuft of clover or brake leaves that concealed their nests. Sometimes a cloud of yellow butterflies would start up and sail away through the bland air with a soft sleepy flutter, as if a whole bed of the yellow flowers that starred the grassy hill had suddenly broken loose from their stems at our approach. It was a pleasant, happy afternoon, and many a shout of merry laughter rung up the hill as we wandered to and fro in the slanting sunshine, parting the long grass with our hands, and sometimes half lying down on the hill side, and idly gathering the ruby fruit within reach, with a degree of sleepy enjoyment, exquisite as the ripe berries that almost melted to the slightest touch of our warm lips.

We were grouped together on the hill side, some of us standing ready to go home with our baskets filled to the brim, others sitting by with their laps full of the long stems they were hastily disencumbering of their fruit, and one superb girl, Anna Taylor, lying half buried in the long grass, resting on one elbow, and in a posture of luxurious ease, and languidly selecting the largest fruit from her brimming basket, and dropping it into her half open mouth, till her lips deepened to a riper red, and were dewy with the luscious juice that bathed them. And her voice seemed mellowed by it as she laughed low and carelessly at our protestations against her idleness. We were in this position, when, all at once, the sound of a stage horn rang loud and cheerfully among the hills; we heard the cracking of a whip, the rattle of wheels, and caught a glimpse of the heavy coach as it swept round the house below, and onward toward the village. Just then aunt Clare came to the back door of her dwelling and waved a napkin as a signal that tea was ready.

"Now for a race," exclaimed two or three voices at once. Instantly there was a snatching up of baskets, a settling of sun bonnets, and away we went at the top of our speed, laughing, shouting, and full of frolic, with the strawberries dropping from our baskets at every step, and marking our path down the hill as with garnet pebbles.

"Anna Taylor, why don't you come along?"

we called out from the foot of the hill, observing that the indolent girl had not followed our wild band; but she only waved her bonnet, and called out that we need not wait for her, she would be down long before our strawberries were picked for tea, and away we went again through the meadow, and into the back door of the dwelling.

The tea-table was spread in the "out room," on a large, old fashioned table, with twisted legs and broad leaves, from which a cloth of bird's eye linen, fine and white as a woof of snow, swept to the home-made carpet. Plates of cake, dishes of preserved fruit, butter just from the spring-house and yellow as gold, were all set forth in tempting array amid old fashioned china, and dignified by an antique silver tea pot and sugar bowl, that the ancestors of aunt Clare had brought from Europe, years before, and which she never failed to point out as an object worthy our especial reverence. A large dish of cut glass was brought forth, and we heaped it full of the fruit we had gathered on the hill side, while aunt Clare sprinkled it with sugar, and allowed the rich cream to flow softly over it from her silver milk cup, till it seemed melting away in a sea of liquid pearl.

This evening glory of the tea-table had just been carefully lifted to its place by the old maid, when some of us happened to remember that Anna Taylor was not present, and away we went to learn what had detained her, running through the kitchen and out of the back door, ready for anything that promised a good run in the meadow again. We had just passed the old well curb when there was a dead halt, and amid exclamations of "dear me!—who would have thought it—where did he come from?" we retreated into the house, for there was Anna Taylor leaning with an appearance of perfect composure on the arm of young Lawyer Warren, looking up in his face and talking with trust and animation, as if they had not been separated for a twelve month. Her strawberry basket was on his arm, and he looked both confused and happy as they slowly approached the house. He had seen Anna on the eminence, and sprang from the stage to greet his former lady love, while we were racing down the hill, and too much occupied in keeping our bonnets on to observe him. But Anna was not so inattentive, and when she joined us at the tea-table it was with a look of triumph, and with a sort of patronizing air that would have set us off in a fit of downright laughter, but for the presence of her companion. As it was we gravely ranged ourselves around the table, answered firmly to Miss Clare's inquiries regarding our taste for sugar and milk, and sipped our tea from the tiny silver spoons,

after the most approved fashion of interesting young ladies put upon their good behavior by the presence of a gentleman.

Greenville Warren had improved greatly during his sojourn at the west. A wild life upon the prairies, in contact with stern, energetic men, such as form a frontier population, had given strength and manliness to his character seldom to be found in a youth of two and twenty. He was handsomer too from exposure to the elements, for the rich brown tint which the sun had given to his otherwise rather delicate complexion, harmonized finely with his deep brown eyes and hair. He had grown taller, more muscular, and had attained that reckless, dashing manner which is characteristic of the region through which he had travelled.

At that day, when Astoria was an unwritten book, and Farnham's hair breadth adventures on the Rocky Mountains had never been dreamed of, there was something wild and romantic in the conversation of one who had travelled beyond the Mississippi, and slept in the wigwams of a savage tribe, and we listened to young Warren's account of the buffalo hunt with wonder, shuddered at his description of the red warrior, and asked a thousand questions about the prairie flowers, the birds that haunted them, and everything pertaining to those vast oceans of vegetable life, half in unbelief as if we had been called upon to give credit to a second edition of fairy tales.

Aunt Clare sat a full hour later at the tea-table than she had ever been known to remain before, so completely was she fascinated by the new world which our visitor was opening to us; and when she smoothed the patchwork cushion of her easy chair, and sat down with her knitting, she desired the young man to take a seat close by that she might not lose a syllable of his narrative. She forgot to bring candles into the room, and when the clock beat ten, that night we were all grouped around the window, gazing earnestly at the young man, whose animated face looked beautiful in the soft moonbeams that came shimmering through the cinnamon rose trees which spread a profuse and fragrant drapery over the front of that old house. But when we heard the old brass clock pealing the time of night from the kitchen, the whole group was in a state of consternation. It was a full hour beyond aunt Clare's usual bed time, and there she sat wide awake, her fourth knitting needle in its sheath, the yarn twisted around her finger, but both hands motionless on her work, so completely was she absorbed by the handsome young fellow sitting close by her side in the moonlight, and playing with her ball of worsted as he related his strange adventures. It was a thing unprecedented

in the life of the old maid; and when the faithful old clock first made her conscious of it, she dropped her knitting work into her lap, and looked round upon our rueful faces in comical dismay, but the faithful old time-keeper kept on measuring off the extent of our delinquency with a solemn clang, till at length it broke off with a low, rusty sound as if hoarse with warning us to bed.

The kitchen fire had gone out, and before aunt Clare could kindle a light from her tinder-box, we had gathered up our baskets and cast off garments by the moonlight, and were hurrying down the road homeward, astonished at ourselves for being out so late at night, and wondering how on earth we were to explain the matter next morning. Anna Taylor was the largest of our party, and certainly the one best able to carry her own strawberry basket, but young Warren took it from her as she passed through the gate, and she leaned on his arm all the way home, a circumstance that rather increased our sources of annoyance.

For several weeks after our strawberry party we saw little of Anna Taylor, except by such glimpses as we caught of her riding out with young Warren, sitting by the window with him at sunset, and wandering about through the fields, sometimes with both her white hands clasped over his arm, and her beautiful face lifted to his as she walked slowly through the moonlit grass. Of course such indications as these could not be mistaken in a land of steady habits like old Connecticut. It was soon whispered through the village that the young couple were engaged, and if any one ventured a whisper of unbelief, the grave old ladies would shake their heads and exclaim,

"Well, then, if they are not engaged they ought to be, that's all." But they were engaged: there could be no doubt of that. Deacon Taylor, the elder of a church, the owner of a dry goods store and three large farms, was not likely to allow his beautiful and only daughter to run about the fields, hanging on the arm of a handsome young man, and all for mere amusement. Three times had the proud girl been observed at the window, with her hand imprisoned in that of Greenville Warren, while "I'd be a butterfly, I'd be a butterfly," burst cheerily from her red lips in the very "keeping room" where Deacon Taylor held his weekly prayer meetings, and which, up to that time, had never echoed a note of music less solemn than "Days of Absence," or Old Hundred, long metre, measured off line after line by the deacon's right hand. If all these strange events did not sufficiently indicate an engagement speedily approaching its consummation, why as the old ladies said, "they ought to, that was all."

But Anna Clare and myself were better acquainted with the matter than most of our neighbors, for the very next day after the strawberry party our friend told us of her engagement, not timidly, with a heart burning over with gentle thankfulness and self-distrust as the orphan Clare might have done, but with a look of exultation on her beautiful face, a proud curve of the lip, a sparkle of the eye, but no blush upon the cheek. There was no tremor in her voice, no drooping of the eye-lashes as she told us, word for word, how eagerly young Warren had declared his passion, how he had taken her hand like a frightened creature at first, and then with renewed courage lavished praises on her beauty, her grace and accomplishments. She thought him handsome, very handsome, and his property was more valuable by a third than people supposed. Her father had taken pains to inquire of old Mr. Warren's executors, and was perfectly convinced of it. There was something coarse and unsatisfactory in this, a selfishness that chilled all sympathy. It was not thus that poor Anna White had confessed her love. We thought of her sweet bashfulness, of her delicacy and truth, and grew sorrowful at the contrast. *She* had never told us of her lover's wealth, or whispered one word of the beautiful heart nonsense which deep, true affection can alone render dignified and holy—nonsense which a delicate woman could bury in the memories of her soul, but never repeat, even in words, to her own blushing self.

Scarcely was the engagement of young Warren with our friend made public when it became necessary that he should return to the west, where he had wild lands which required attention. He was desirous that the marriage ceremony should take place before his departure: but Anna Taylor was not one to waive an iota of the pomp and circumstances attendant on a wealthy bridal. The mansion which they were to occupy was somewhat out of repair, and time was requisite for the selection of furniture; besides all this Anna had always indulged an ambition to spend a season in the great Commercial Emporium. So it was decided that Warren should arrange his affairs at the west, while his intended indulged in three months of city life, and made preparations for housekeeping.

The night before our friend was to depart he came to aunt Clare's to bid us farewell, and we strolled away from the house saddened at the thoughts of separation, and silently pursued the path which led toward the grave of Anna White, for, now that we were about to part, a feeling of renewed affection drew our hearts together, and it seemed as if the sweet spirit of the dead must

sympathize with the sadness of ours. It was scarcely more than a year since she had left us gaily and full of hope. *Her* wedding day had been fixed, and her bridal bed, alas! it was the cold grave. There were blossoms springing up all over it, and the willow we had planted at the marble head-stone was covered with pale leaves, and drooped mournfully in the ruddy sunset. We paused by the grave, and Anna Taylor leaned on a corner of the marble slab, with her face turned away, it might be in tears: we could not observe closely, for the past, with its light and shadows, lay around us, and our own eyes were blinded with drops of grief.

"It will make a beautiful place, don't you think it will?" said Anna Taylor at length, turning her cheerful face toward us, and pointing to the old Warren mansion-house that was half concealed from the grave-yard by a grove of fine maples. "It must be painted white though, I detest that dull stone color, and those old lilac trees must be cut away. I say, girls, what do you think papa intends to do for me by way of a 'setting out?' Brussels carpet and mahogany chairs for every room—I insisted on that, and I intend to persuade him into getting me a grand piano or a harp—did you ever see a harp?—they tell me it is the best instrument on earth for showing off a graceful figure or a white arm."

As she spoke, the proud girl unconsciously drew herself up and glanced with a smile at the matchless arm that rested on the tomb-stone. The sleeve of her black silk dress had fallen back, and the beautiful limb might have seemed a fragment of the marble, but for the warm life flushing over it.

"Come, now, give me your opinion, shall it be a piano or harp?"

"Not here," said Anna Clare, rising suddenly and wiping the tears from her eyes. "She who is tuning her golden harp up yonder: she, whom we all loved so dearly, must not have her holy rest disturbed thus. The very blossoms that cover her bosom seem reproaching us for our worldliness."

The young girl lifted her finger toward the sky as she spoke, and her eloquent face glowed out in the purplish light beautiful, and with an expression of spiritual loveliness difficult to describe; but her eyes filled with tears as she looked to the grave an instant, and then turned sorrowfully away.

"Let us go home, Anna Taylor," she said gently. "It seems like a sacrilege to talk of every day things here—let us go home, and there we can advise with you about your new projects."

Anna Taylor gathered the shawl over her magnificent person, and moved forward silently, but with a sullen look.

"You are terribly particular," she said at last, as we left the grave-yard; "Anna White has been dead more than a year, and one cannot be expected to fret forever; I should cease to grieve for the loss of my own mother in less time than that."

The orphan Clare was walking a little in advance, but she turned back, and, laying her hand on the arm of our beautiful friend, looked earnestly into her face. How inferior was the merely physical loveliness of that face to the soul-lit features lifted toward it! Like an alabaster lamp, lighted from within, and one gorgeously colored and fretted with gold, which no fire could kindle into brilliancy, was the contrast exhibited by these young creatures.

"We should remember *you* many a long year," said Anna Clare, gently.

"Would you?" was the faint and subdued reply, for there was something in the manner and tone with which these simple words were spoken that would have touched a worse heart than hers.

"I do not know why you should," she added, turning her face away, "I know that I am thoughtless and wicked sometimes, but I loved her as much as you did. My heart was full of other things just now, and I thought you intended to find fault, but——" The impulsive girl began to sob.

"Do not take it to heart in this way; we ought to have known that you did not mean it—indeed, indeed we are very sorry to have wounded your feelings so—let us forgive each other. It is strange that we should have indulged in harsh words here," said Anna Clare, ready at all times to blame herself rather than cast a shadow on the spirit of another.

Anna Taylor was completely subdued. She flung her arm around the sweet girl, and tears were on her dark lashes as she pressed her lips on the pure forehead affectionately uplifted to her.

"And now," said the orphan Clare, turning to me, while a bright smile shone through her tears. "Now we *must* talk over the wedding dresses—see, there is the old rock, with the moss creeping over it greener than ever, and there, the same tuft of meadow honeysuckles springing from the cleft; is it not strange that such frail things should outlive us? That one little root has grown and blossomed in the same place ever since I can remember, long before we dreamed of death. Well, well—we must not be sad again—come, lady bride, sit down and tell us of the dresses, the harp and piano, let us be cheerful now!"

We sat down on the old rock: the affianced bride flung off her bonnet and began to explain her arrangements eagerly, and with a touch of girlish pride, which, in her softened mood, was pleasant and rather agreeable. She spoke of her visit to the city—of the thousand things that she

would bring home—of the bridal dresses which a French milliner was to select for us all—and then she began to talk of her prospects in the more distant future. We were each to have a room in the Warren Mansion when she became its mistress. We must all learn the harp together, perfect ourselves in water colors, and read in concert as usual. Marriage should make no difference with our sweet relation to each other, but a band of sisters faithful and true were we ever to remain.

Anna Clare entered into all this with the most beautiful earnestness. I never remember to have seen her so animated or more touchingly lovely than in the soft confidence of that parting hour.

I have said that Anna Taylor had flung off her bonnet: her shawl had also fallen back in rich folds till half of it lay a woof of crimson drapery on the rock. The air around us grew dim and mellow with the golden and purplish light born of the warm sunset that fell upon the moss-encrusted rock and on the figure of that superb girl with an effect that I have never seen equalled. Her hair of braided blackness seemed shining through the dust of a thousand gems, a voluptuous tint was given to her complexion, and the folds of her dress took the light as artists sometimes boldly dash colors upon their canvass. Anna Clare was bending toward her speaking in her soft, sweet way, her little hand had crept beneath the shawl of her friend, and their fingers were lovingly interwoven.

"We shall always be kind and faithful to each other," she murmured affectionately; "faithful even unto death, as we proved to our lost one, married or single—rich or poor—we three must cling together—alas, I have no sisters, my aunt cannot live long, and if you forsake me I am alone!"

It was strange, but, through all our conversation that evening, these mournful presentiments would break forth through the speech of Anna Clare—struggle against it as she would, strive to be animated and cheerful as she certainly did, the same sad foreboding tone was still blended with her words. I had observed it all the time, and the memory of Anna White as she had foreshadowed her own death on that very rock haunted me all the time.

"*May heaven prove merciful to me as I am a true friend to you!*" said Anna Taylor, with sudden animation, and speaking almost solemnly.

At that moment two persons came suddenly upon us—so suddenly that Anna Clare started to her feet with an exclamation that seemed almost a cry of terror. Young Warren and a stranger were standing close by. The first was laughing at the fright he had occasioned, but the other stood silently in the hazy twilight, with his large, clear eyes fixed on Anna Clare as if they were counting the pulsa-

tions of her heart. She did not blush, but stood pale and even trembling in his presence, like one who unexpectedly found herself standing face to face with the being of her destiny.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FAITHFUL LOVE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

SINCE last we met, some dreary of care
Has pained thy gentle breast,
And made that brow a shade less fair
Where sunshine loved to rest;
The light that lives within thine eye
Of sadness seems to speak,
Upon thy lip there breathes a sigh,
And paler is thy cheek.

And yet though girlhood's spring has flown,
To me thou 'rt ever dear,
Thy voice has now a melting tone
Like music on the ear;
The brightness of youth's charms are o'er,
All quenched in sorrow's night,
But mirth, that beamed too gay before,
Now wears a softer light.

They tell me since we parted last
That thou hast loved in vain,
Well be it so, forget the past,
And learn to smile again;
For grief has only touched thy heart
To call its virtue's forth,
And patient suffering can impart
New records of thy worth.

The love I gave in early years
Seemed worthless in thine eyes,
But now when time has proved its truth
Wilt thou that love despise?
It was my dream through life's sad day
When hopeless and deprest,
The star that shone upon my way
And soothed my cheerless breast.

If thou had'st been as once all blest,
No faith my soul had vowed,
My lips no pleading suit had prest,
For still my heart was proud,
But when the friends of happier years
No longer sought thy side
To share with thee thine hours of tears,
I thought no more of pride.

Nor say that thou unworthy art
Of all the love I give,
But yield the shadow of thy heart,
And I on hope can live;
Then dry for aye those weeping eyes,
At length thou art mine own.
Thy tender love, tho' born 'mid sighs,
Shall for the past atone.

THE WRECKER.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE storm was at its height. During the whole day and part of the preceding night it had been blowing fiercely, increasing in fury every hour, until it now raged with an intensity rarely witnessed even on our inhospitable Atlantic coast. The wind whistled shrilly over the flat beach, making the bare elder bushes rattle like dry bones and almost prostrating the solitary wayfarer, who stood, half sheltered by a low sand hill, gazing out over the white and troubled ocean. Whoever he might be he had chosen a singular hour for his watch. It was long after twilight, and, in the shadowy obscurity the agitated ocean before him, with its dark billows tipped with foam, stretching away before the sight until lost in the gloom of the wild seaboard, had something ghastly in its aspect. A rack of leaden colored clouds drove across the firmament, stooping low down over the waters with a weird and threatening aspect. The sea ran in mountains, and though the whole surface of the deep was spotted with foam, there was a white, continuous line that never disappeared, just beneath the visible horizon, betokening the shoals off the coast. Further in, the waves broke again; and a few yards from the watcher they were shivered for the third time, hurling themselves on the beach in ceaseless thunder. At first their dark bosoms could be seen heaving sullenly up against the black seaboard; then, all at once, a white line of foam, beginning at one end of the toppling wave, would run swiftly along the brow; the crest would curl over for an instant; and then the huge mass of water would plunge headlong, in a cataract of snowy spray, on the beach. For a space the fragments of the wave would be seen shooting up the sand, and then as rapidly returning with the undertow. Another billow would now break with a concussion as loud as before, again the shattered wave would slide up the beach, and again the undertow would succeed.

But it was not to gaze on the sublimity of this scene that the solitary individual had taken post on that desolate beach. His eye ranged the horizon as if in search of some expected object, and at length he stooped forward, and shading his eyes with his hand, gazed intently across the white waste of waters, while a smile of savage, almost fiendish exultation came across his face.

"Ay! there she is," he muttered, "I knew she could not escape me, for I saw her in the offing an hour ago, I was sure. I have her now. There

has been but a poor trade this winter; but this tall ship will make up for the bad times."

He rubbed his hands as he spoke and looked around, as if already contemplating the bales of rich silks which he expected to realize from the wreck; for well he knew that nothing short of a miracle could save the doomed ship, since she was already too high to be able to claw off the coast in the teeth of the north-easter. He then cast his eye upward to a light fixed on a heavy pole, on the summit of the low sand hill.

"Ah! it's a trick I never knew to fail," said the wrecker, as if conversing with himself. "They think it the light off the Hook, and shape their course accordingly. Let me see," he continued, stopping a space to think, "they will bear up a little, so that they'll come on a mile or two further down. Well, well, one place is as good as another. By morning"—

"The crew will be all dead," said a harsh voice behind him, so unexpectedly that he started and looked around like one half expecting to see a spirit.

The wrecker's fears, however, vanished, when, holding the lantern to the intruder, he beheld a woman's face. But it was seamed with exposure and age, and made more repulsive by the grizzled hair which hung, like a Medusa's snakes, about it. She wore a man's hat and pea-jacket.

"It's only me, Master Bowen," said she, "you needn't be afeard. The devil, no doubt, will have you some day, but not yet, not yet. You haven't murdered enough folk yet by luring 'em on here. But your time's coming."

A dark scowl settled on the man's brow at these words, while the veins of his forehead swelled like whip-cord with suppressed passion.

"What calls you here, old beldame?" he said sharply, "I told you to stay up at the hut," and noticing a certain leer in her eyes, he continued, abruptly changing his tone, "well—what have you seen to pay you for your walk?"

"Nothing, master, nothing I haven't long suspected. But enough," she added, smiling maliciously, "to make your neck not worth a farthing if I choose to speak out."

The man regarded her, for an instant, with a scowling brow, and perhaps might be meditating whether he should not murder her; but the temptation passed away, or he thought proper to change his tactics.

"Come, come, old Kate," he said, at length, "this won't do. You and I have been together too long to fall out now. You've seen me do only what a dozen others along the coast have done, and what you'd do yourself if a good chance offered. Here, on the beach, all that comes ashore

is ours, and, if the winter's unlucky, we must take to our wits to make it more fortunate."

"Ha! ha! old master," said the creature, changing her malicious laugh to one of seemingly un-earthly jocularity, "there you're right. I was only trying your nerves. What! old Kate tell on you. Not for all the fiends below. Besides," she added, and her voice lost some of its harshness, as if a better feeling was struggling to break through her icy heart, "its all for Margy—all we get—all that falls to your lot, all that I pick up. Sweet child, I wish she would come back—when, did you say, she was to leave Charleston?"

"She was to have come home this winter, but I sent word for her to stay till summer. By that time I shall have left here, and I thought it best, on further consideration, that she shouldn't return to this neighborhood again."

"Oh! ay! I see it now. You will go to Philadelphia or York, as you've told me, and set up for merchant or gentleman. Well—its best. I can't go; but I'll come sometime and see Margy. She's more like my own child than a stranger. It's best she shouldn't know the folks down here. But ha! look out yonder—the ship will soon be on."

The man turned his look hastily seaward, and saw the tall and gallant ship which he had last beheld but faintly in the offing, now clearly defined against the murky sky, and evidently much closer in than when he before observed her. She had an enormous press of canvass spread, as if too late sensible of her danger; and, with her head to the south-east, was endeavoring to claw off the shore; but, as she rose and fell heavily with the seas, now plunging headlong into the trough of the wave, and now shoving her bowsprit up and rising with difficulty after it, her drift to leeward was apparent. The practised gaze of the man and his confederates saw that her doom was sealed, and their eyes met in savage exultation. The wrecker rubbed his hands.

"She's a noble craft and deeply laden; and has the look of an Indiaman, don't you think so, Kate? I said this should be my last winter if I had luck, and I'll keep my word. I've worked hard here to have something to leave Margy, and we'll now enjoy it. Ah! old woman, shan't that be the way?"

"What if Margy should be aboard that ship?" said the woman.

The man started, and his sun-burnt complexion seemed to become white as ashes for an instant.

"I hope to God she is not," he said fervently. "No—pshaw!" he added impatiently, as if ashamed of his momentary weakness. "You frightened me. What devil possesses you to-night."

"I too hope she isn't," said the woman, appear-

ing not to notice his question. "But the thought came into my head. Wouldn't it be an awful thing, Master Bowen, if she was aboard, and should die with the rest? It would be, if the Bible's right—and I used to think it so when I was young, though I haven't seen or thought of it before for years—it would be, I say, a just punishment to us for bringing so many innocent folk on this coast. You remember the mother frozen to death with the baby at her breast, who came on here last winter? It was from the brig you misled with that same lantern."

The face of the father had again become livid, and he gazed with a haggard look on the speaker for a full minute after she ceased. The very suggestion that his child might be on board—impossible as it was that such could be the case—appeared to unnerve his whole frame. He shook with weakness, and was forced to lean against the sand-bank. Once or twice he attempted to speak, but could not, for his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. The woman, meantime, stood regarding him, not in exultation, but pity. Indeed her demeanor showed that what she had said was spoken with no malignant feelings, but as if under some irresistible impulse. She now approached him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't take on so, sir," she said, with a touch of almost kindness, certainly of sympathy, in her harsh tones. "I don't know what made me speak as I did; but sure I never thought Margy was aboard—it would drive me mad if she was."

"And me, too, by G—," said the man, with startling energy. "What have I not done to win riches for that child," he said wildly, and as if unconscious that any one heard him, "periled perhaps, my salvation—made myself an outcast on earth if my deeds are discovered—and now to think, if she was in that ship. Oh! God it is too much."

In a minute, however, he was calm. The dark fear passed from him, he stared around vacantly an instant, and then, with his old, grim, exulting smile, said,

"Pshaw! you made a fool of me, you beldame. Margy is safe in Charleston: and this night's work will add a few thousands to her fortune, won't it, old Kate? But come, let us move up the beach toward the hut. You left the men there?"

Our readers, by this time, fully understand the characters we have introduced to them. Even within the last few years the existence on our coast, and within a few miles of a great sea-port, of a gang of wreckers, or land-pirates as they are called in the popular vocabulary, has been established by irrefragable proof; but, at the period of which we write, these wretches existed in larger

numbers, and carried on their nefarious practices with far greater impunity than now. Wealthy men were, at that day, as now, implicated in these transactions, some as receivers of goods from the wrecks, and others as more prominent actors. Among the latter was the man we have chosen to call Bowen. He had been a sea-captain in his youth, and had commanded a privateer, not of the most unexceptionable character, in the revolutionary war. Returning to the land, at the close of the conflict, he had married and settled on the main, directly in the rear of a wild, island beach, separated from the continent, like scores of those scattered along the coast, by a shallow bay interspersed with islets of salt marsh and thoroughfares navigable only for boats of a few tons burden. It was not long before Bowen purchased the beach and erected on it a house, ostensibly for the residence of a man to take care of the oyster beds he planted in the bay. But the number of shipwrecks which occurred on this beach, together with the rapid increase in the owner's wealth led eventually to dark suspicions. It was said that, on stormy nights, false beacons might be seen on Bowen's beach, and that more than once vessels had thus been lured ashore. But these rumors never spread beyond his immediate neighborhood, or reached the ears of justice. Bowen had grown rich and therefore powerful before they arose, and even then, circulating among a people whose morality on this subject was lax, they did him little harm. Besides, most of the fishermen, who could have told anything on the subject, were, in one way or another, dependant on his favor, and so, for many years, he had gone on unchecked in his career.

It may be asked what induced a man of some education and not wholly penniless to embark in these illegal practices. We can only point to the affection he entertained for his daughter, paradoxical as it may appear at first, to elucidate this otherwise incomprehensible trait. His wife died when her child was but three years old; and the love the bereaved husband soon came to entertain for his motherless offspring, would have seemed incredible, to a superficial observer, when his stern character is taken into consideration. But the feelings, choked up in every other outlet, found vent, with tenfold force, in affection for his child. He loved her with a self-sacrificing passion, which made him disregard every law, human or divine, in order to advance what he thought her interests. He resolved that she should be rich, and accordingly embarked secretly in the practices we have described. At first he only received the goods others obtained; then he engaged personally in the business; and finally, hardening with custom, he

adopted means to lure vessels to his net. But he studiously concealed from his daughter his participation in these foul acts. Bad as he was he did not care that she should know his true character, and accordingly when she approached an age at which it would be impossible to keep uneasy suspicions from her, he sent her to Charleston, ostensibly for the purpose of education, but in reality to remove her from a neighborhood where she might hear, by some untoward accident, of her father's pursuits. His determination was, as he himself said in his conversation on the beach, to remove from his present vicinity into one where his former course of life should be unknown, before recalling his daughter to his household.

We left Bowen and the old woman who attended him, on their way to the hut. The gale blew with such intensity, sometimes almost prostrating them, that it was with difficulty they made any headway, and a full half hour had elapsed ere they reached the cabin in which their confederates were. By that time the ill-fated ship had drifted in within half a mile of the beach. She was still seen staggering along under a press of sail in the vain attempt to claw off the shore. Even through the gloom of the night, they could behold her white sails lifting and falling against the sky, and mark the flashing foam that went crackling aft from her bows as she thumped against the seas.

"Give us the *Nantes*," said old Kate, as she pushed open the cabin door, and roused three men who sat smoking and drinking over a scanty fire, "the fish is almost caught—in five minutes she'll strike."

"Ah!" said one of the men, as they all started to their feet on recognizing their employer, "we hadn't thought she was so close in. The jug, Mr. Bowen. A fine prize I hope she may be."

"With all my heart; and may there be none to tell tales," he added significantly.

"It's easier to bury the dead," said the man with a coarse laugh, "than to take care of the living. The night's pretty chilly, so I think we need have no fears on that point. But hark! there go her guns."

As he spoke, the report of a cannon, fired close at hand, boomed sullenly by; and at the interval of half a minute, another report broke on the silence, which the party of wreckers had meantime maintained. A savage gleam of exultation might be seen on every face, by the light of the now waning fire, giving them the appearance of fiends rather than of human beings.

The silence continued for the space of nearly five minutes, during which the incessant boom of the signal cannon met their ears at intervals of

thirty seconds; but at length the regular period having elapsed without a repetition of the sound, Bowen, who stood nearest the door, laid his hand on the latch, and threw open the entrance, exclaiming, with sudden energy,

"They have struck. Hark!"

As he spoke he rushed out on the beach, followed by the party of wreckers. The wind whirled into the room and put out the fire, then, eddying back, slammed to the door, and could be heard shrieking across the beach, drowning, for the instant, even the noise of the surf. But suddenly a more awful sound was heard rising shrill and high, in the wild accents of despair, over even the howling of the hurricane. It was that cry to which Bowen had called their attention. All held their breath while it swelled up for an instant on the gale, and then, as it passed off to leeward, a silence ensued; for even those hardened listeners were, for the moment, awe-struck by the agonizing shriek of a hundred human beings in despair.

"It is over," at length said Bowen, drawing a long breath, despite his efforts to conceal it, "and now the game's our own."

"Look sharp," said one of the men, after a pause. "Isn't that a spar, or something white floating out here. Just in a line with that elder bush—see—the ship, I take it, is that black mass of shadow, occasionally lost in foam, hereaway, east by so' east from where I stand—now the object I see is a point or two south of that."

"I see it," said Bowen, "it's unlucky if it should be one of the crew. A passenger we don't so much mind," and he moved toward the surf, followed by the men.

"No violence," said Kate, striding up and laying her hand on Bowen's arm, "mind—I don't feel like it to-night—and that awful shout hasn't yet left my ears."

Bowen shook her off with an oath, but recollecting himself, he said,

"Pshaw! you needn't fear it. But see," and he quickened his pace to a run, "it is a man, and he has touched the strand—but ah! the undertow carries him off—no! he re-appears—he is swept under again—curse him, there he is again, the fellow has the life of a dog."

The man, who had been wildly buffeting the surf, now hurled forward toward the beach, and now sucked back into the vortex of the breakers, gained a firm footing with Bowen's words, and after staggering an instant ran swiftly up the beach and stood in safety beyond the reach of the undertow. Here he paused, looking back on the boiling surf, and then on the shadowy wreck in the wild vortex beyond. As he did so he clasped his hands

and raised his eyes hurriedly above as if breathing a thanksgiving. One of the wreckers looked at Bowen meaningly and glanced at the man, but the leader shook his head.

"No—I'll have none of that," he said, "let us call up the man, and learn from him what sort of a prize we've got. We can then pretend to him that he is exhausted, give him some brandy, and lock him in the hut as an invalid whether he will or not." With the words Bowen advanced from behind the sand-bank, where, with his party, he had stood concealed. The man turned at the sound of footsteps, and tottered toward them.

"Thank God!" he said, "I have fallen among Christians. I am almost exhausted," and then, as if a sudden pang crossed him, he said, "oh! my poor wife and child. Have none of you, good sirs, any means to reach the wreck? They may yet be saved. My darling wife and only child are there. Why did I desert them?" and he turned wildly from one to another of the group.

"Nonsense, man," said Bowen, "they are gone, and there's an end of it. Nothing can save them."

"No—no. They cannot have perished," said the man eagerly. "Sir, I am rich," and he grasped Bowen's arm, as the latter was turning away, "and I will give you all I am worth if you will save them. You must have a boat nigh—launch her into the surf. The ship 'Queen' is a stout craft and will hold together these two hours. My wife is in the cabin, for I left her there when I went on deck and was swept overboard. There's a young woman there—but never mind her, unless you can save both."

Bowen wheeled sharp around on the man at these words, and said with a quick, agitated voice,

"What is that? Is yonder ship 'The Queen' of Charleston?"

The man nodded vacantly and again clasped his hands imploringly, as if about to renew his prayer for aid.

"Then in God's name," said Bowen fiercely, continuing his sentence, and he seized the man's shoulder with such sudden energy as to turn him completely around, "who is the young lady aboard?"

The man, startled, for the moment, even out of his anxiety for his wife, by the passionate demeanor of Bowen, gazed in surprise on the speaker, and then stammered,

"A Miss Bowen, I"—but his sentence was cut short, for at that word, the unhappy father uttered a groan, and, as if struck by a thunderbolt, fell to the ground.

The delay in the answer had been but a few seconds, not three at the most, but in that short

space, what a world of agony and remorse was crowded on the father's heart! The mention of the ship's name, and the intimation that a young lady was on board, awoke a terrible fear in his bosom, for it was in that vessel his daughter had originally intended taking passage. He was certain Margaret was aboard. He felt it because her death by these means would be a terrible retribution. Instantly there rushed on his mind his whole guilty career: he heard again the shrieks of drowning men lured on the sands by his fatal light, he saw the mother and infant lying pale and icy on the wintry beach. To secure wealth for his only child he had done all this, and now she was herself the victim of his crime. To what avail had he loaded his soul with guilt, since she was to be snatched from him almost at the very moment he expected to clasp her in his arms. In that terrible moment he felt the avenging hand of the Almighty. His love for his child had been made the instrument of punishing himself. He gazed breathlessly, with straining eyes and eager face on the speaker, until the fatal words were pronounced which confirmed his fears, but then he could hold out no longer, the muscles of his face twitched convulsively, he gave a groan that seemed torn from the lowest depths of his heart, staggered, and fell insensible. The speaker stopped and stared around.

"It is his child," said one of the men, pushing aside the rescued passenger, "away with your pitiful prayers."

"Oh! my mistress—my poor mistress—sweet, sweet Margy," said the old woman, with touching pathos, her voice losing all its harshness in her grief, "can't you save her, Jim?—or you Benson? oh! to think of her drowning out there, and we not a quarter of a mile off, safe and sound on dry land," and she wrung her withered hands in hopeless agony.

But nature would not permit the father long to remain insensible, and opening his eyes, he stared an instant wildly around; then, comprehending all, he sprang to his feet and rushed wildly toward the surf. Two of the men darted after him and seized him when already knee deep in the undertow. He struggled fiercely, but they bore him back.

"Let me go," he cried, fighting like a maniac for liberty, "I will go—my child is drowning, my only child, my darling Margy—I can save her and I will. Let me go, I say. Off, devils, murderers. Are you fathers? oh! let me go," he continued, his tone changing to one of heart-breaking entreaty. "She is shrieking for me. Oh! God—oh! God, have mercy on me, and spare me my daughter," and again he went off into phrenzied exclamations. "She shall not die. She is there within sound of

my voice and you shan't keep me from her. Let me free," he cried, as with distorted countenance, he struggled for liberty; and so gigantic was his strength that the third man had to be called in before he could be restrained.

Even those weather-beaten and depraved men were moved, for, criminal as human nature may become, it rarely grows callous to natural affection.

"Be quiet, sir," said one of the men soothingly, "the man may be wrong. But at any rate nothing can be done for your daughter."

The father, exhausted by his efforts, remained still while the men spoke. But finding no hope held out, he gave a sudden and desperate jerk, which nearly freed himself.

"Give me my liberty," he howled, rather than cried, twisting his body wildly toward the stranded ship, "and don't mock me by saying my daughter can't be saved when you are not lifting a finger for her. I tell you, Benson, if your child was out there," he said, with more coherency, "I would risk my life but I would save her. So I would if you had a daughter on that shoal, Alloways. Oh! have you the hearts of men, or are you fiends? I don't ask you to go with me," continued he, imploringly, finding he could not break free, and the tears rained down his cheeks as he spoke, "only let me go. I'm an old man, and she's my sole daughter. If she dies, I will die too. Oh! give me one arm loose, only one arm. For the love of heaven don't hold me here to see my child die."

"Let him go—get a boat—save my wife and child," said the rescued passenger, venturing to approach the group again, regardless of old Kate who would have held him back.

"Curse the man, can't he hold his tongue," said Benson, turning angrily around and striking the inopportune pleader a blow that laid him on the earth. "If we can't do anything for an old comrade, and a sort of captain of ours, does he think we'll try for him?"

During this little episode the frantic father had continued his struggles and entreaties, now imprecating the resistance of his keepers, and now beseeching them, in the most moving tones, to grant his prayer. Old Kate, forgetting her own grief in sympathy for him, approached with tearful eyes.

"Don't take on so, dear master," she said. "Margy may not be aboard after all. But oh! what do I say?" and she broke off abruptly, wringing her hands, "There is no comfort for you or me hereafter—none, none."

"No—I have murdered my child," said the father in wild accents of self-reproach, "she might have been safe if it hadn't been for me and my accursed light. Oh! God of heaven have mercy

on me—take not such fearful retribution. It will soon be too late to save her. Give me my freedom while there is hope. There is hope I tell you, Benson. Won't you give me hope? You have served me long," and he clung to the man despairingly, "serve me now in this and I'll go down on my knees to you. See, the waves are breaking over the ship, and in a little while she will be lost forever. Oh! let me try while she lives—give me—"

He paused, arrested as if by some supernatural spell, gasping for breath, and his frame shaking like one in a fit; for at that instant a cry, even more fearful than the shriek which had risen from the ship when she struck, swept by on the gale, and instantaneously the dark shadow, occasionally lost in foam, which the wreckers had noticed on the outer shoal, vanished like a wreath of smoke blown away. The ship, with her living freight, was a prey to the wild waters.

A minute of profound silence ensued. The wreckers stood awe-struck, but at length they turned their eyes curiously on Bowen, for as yet he had not by word or motion given evidence of the effect the catastrophe produced on him. His eyes starting from their sockets were fixed on the spot where the vessel had been last seen, but their expression was stony and vacant, and the muscles of his face were rigid. He stood motionless, his head slightly inclined forward, but his lips were parted, and on them dwelt a frightful smile, half mockery, half mirth. In a moment he burst into a maniacal laugh. They started back from him.

"He has gone mad!" at length said Benson, averted into solemnity.

It was so. The conflict had overthrown his reason.

In the vain hope that his daughter might, by some miracle, reach the shore alive, the wreckers sought her along the coast for hours during the night. Their search was useless. Numerous bodies were washed on shore, but no living thing appears to have survived the parting of the ship's timbers. When morning dawned, cold and gray, the wreckers went forth from the hut where they had spent the latter portion of the night, and, on reaching the beach, saw a figure clothed in white lying lifeless on the strand. Her face was turned to the sky. A smile of calm repose dwelt on the features, which, though pale and sharp in death, were still beautiful. The hands were meekly clasped holding a bible to the bosom. It was the corpse of Margaret Bowen.

They laid her in a still, quiet corner of the old church-yard, where tall pines wailed their mournful music over her, and the sound of a gentle brook

was heard day and night. But her erring parent sleeps far away from her side. After years of suffering he found rest in a public burial ground. He died in the P— Hospital. Happy for his angel daughter that she perished ignorant alike of his crimes and of his retributive fate.

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

To the Lady of Rose Mount I've long wish'd to pay
Such thanks as were due, for her musical lay,—
But many a care, with importunate mien,
Thrust itself, me, and my lyre between;
And lastly, the *hydra of house-cleansing* came,
With dripping fingers, and cheeks of flame,
Pictures, and vases, and flower-pots fled,
At her flashing eye, and her frown of dread,
While tubs and brushes, with Vandal haste,
Like a mob of Chartists their betters displac'd,
And she, at the head of that motley crowd,
A brandish'd broom for her sceptre proud,
Held all in an uproar, from sun to sun,
Then went off in a miff, ere her work was done.

Keep clear of her, dearest, as long as you can,
She's a terror, in sooth, both to woman and man,
And husbands, especially, quake when they see
Their sanctums expos'd to her ministry,
Books and papers, then they learn to their cost,
If "*put in order*," are fain to be lost,
And though wax-like neatness may reign around,
Yet the things that are wanted, can never be found,
And a test of their temper Socratic 't will prove,
If they pass thro' the ordeal in patience and love.

From the claws of this terrible vixen set free,
How sweet was the scenery of Rose Mount to me,
When, yesterday, noon as my dinner was o'er,
My sun-shade I spread, and set off for your door,
While there, in her own little carriage was seen,
Your baby, in state, like a young fairy queen,
The lawn, with its plants, and spring blossoms so gay,
And she, in her beauty, as lovely as they,—
Then she told with a voice, that like music did melt,
The names of the pair who in Paradise dwelt,
And so many fine phrases had learn'd to repeat,
And each guest with such gentle politeness to greet,
That all were surpris'd, when her date they survey'd,
How in scarce eighteen months, she such progress
had made.

For myself, as I gaz'd on this residence rare,
A landscape so rich, and a household so fair,
How many, thought I, if their pathway below,
Thus sprinkled with gems, and with flowrets should
glow,
Would be tempted on earth, all their treasures to rest,
And ne'er heave a sigh for a region more blest.
But you, with a heart ever upward and true,
Will keep, I am trusting, their Giver in view,
And be made by His gifts still more fitting and pure
For that clime, where all beauties and blessings
endure.



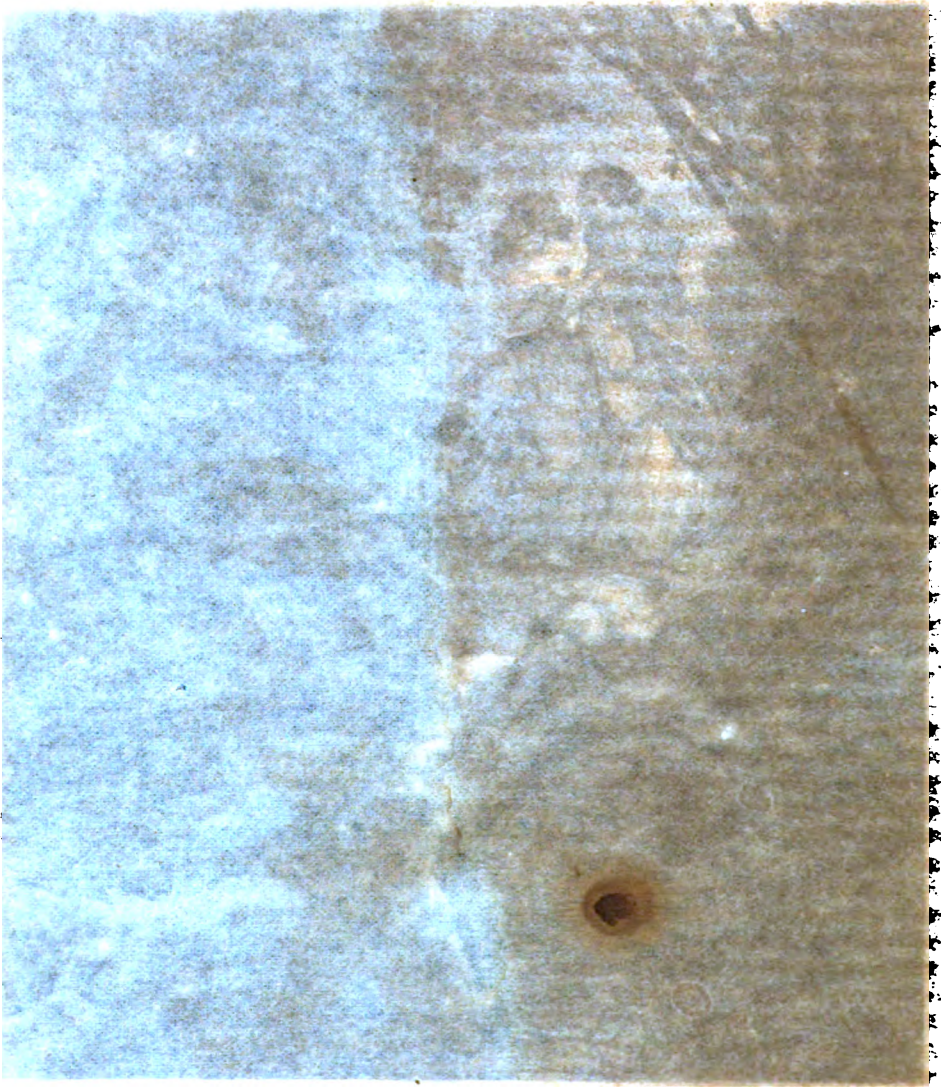


THE WOMEN OF THE HOUSE OF
THE FORTUNE TELLER
IN THE FOREST

RECEIVED MAY 21 1964

ran from the room, followed by her companion; while the cavalier seized his plumed hat, and finding the ladies had already left the apartment, placed his hand on the sill and leaping boldly out the window, stood on the terrace, deferentially

Sometimes Lucy's tender hearted cousin Mary would remonstrate with the proud beauty for her



THE PERILOUS FEAT.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

"A PRETTY gallant you are. Here we have been waiting your pleasure these five minutes. Were ever damsels so neglected?"

The speaker was a lady in the bloom of youth and beauty, whose studiously regular features were preserved from tameness by an expression of arch mischief that lurked in her brilliant black eyes. She entered the room with a noiseless step, and her finger to her lips, and looked carefully around it ere she spoke: but at last, discovering the object of her search, she curtsied gracefully to him and spoke in the words of gay raillery we have quoted.

The person she addressed was a cavalier, still young and of a noble figure, though his face was rather dignified than beautiful. He had been standing with folded arms, in the recess of a window, gazing, as if in a reverie, on the floor; but, at the sound of the Lady Lucy's voice, he started, and while a blush of confusion overspread his cheeks, stammered in a vain attempt to speak.

"Oh! take time, sir knight of the woful countenance," said his fair tormentor. "The man's wits have been wool gathering, Mary," and she turned to a female friend who had entered behind her, "see—he is standing for an Antinous."

The cavalier had indeed assumed, for the moment, something of the attitude of that celebrated statue, and his cheeks grew redder than before at the clear, silvery laugh which followed the Lady Lucy's sally. He, however, threw off his embarrassment with an effort, and replied, assuming a gay tone.

"Pardon, fair lady, pardon. You see your voice has broke the spell with which some foul magician has bound me. But what duty am I to perform? Shall I slay a second dragon, or chastise some recreant knight, or go against the giant Gargeunta, or——"

"Stop, stop. The man's tongue is like a trip-hammer, it will click clack forever if you once start it. We want you to undertake no such perilous enterprise. Mary and I are going to the Warlock's glen, and you are expected to accompany us. I shall reserve your offer to do all these great feats for another opportunity. There—have you courage for the walk? Then get your cap and follow us. Come, Mary!" With these words the wild girl ran from the room, followed by her companion; while the cavalier seized his plumed hat, and finding the ladies had already left the apartment, placed his hand on the sill and leaping boldly out the window, stood on the terrace, deferentially

waiting the arrival of the ladies by the more circuitous route.

"Well done," said the Lady Lucy, as soon as she came up, "why, really, you have found out the art of flying—pray heaven you don't kill yourself some of these days like the poor fool that flew from Stirling Castle. But come, have done with your bowing, and lead on."

The Lady Lucy besides being beautiful was witty and an heiress, and she knew it. She was said to be a flirt; and with her sparkling eyes and mischievous smile she looked like one. From her earliest childhood she had been plagued—as she said—with lovers, all whom she treated in the same gay, cavalier style, until at last they left her side in despair. But as soon as one crowd went another came. Thus flattered continually, conscious of talent and beauty, and having withal a provoking love for tormenting others, she had grown up to womanhood, until now, in her nineteenth year, she was the admiration and yet dread of all the young men of rank in the county. As for love she laughed at it, and many a merry jest did she break on her female companions as one after another they were betrothed or married.

Of all her suitors the Lady Lucy seemed chiefly to delight in tormenting the young heir of Hastings, the cavalier whom we have introduced to the reader. He was a ward of Lord Wyndham, and had, when quite a boy, resided at the castle, so that Lucy and he had been playmates in childhood, but during the years that had since elapsed he had been first at college and then abroad, so that, when he returned to his guardian's, he had quite forgot his former companion. But she soon gave him cause to remember her. Like all the rest he was the victim of her raillery, and for awhile he was tempted to dislike her. But in spite of her wit there was a charm about her irresistible; and Walter Hastings soon passed from pique to love. He was not without something of Lucy's own powers of raillery, and sometimes he retorted on her with such success as to abash her; but at other times a single word would silence him and leave Lucy the conqueror. He had never yet dared to reveal his passion, but loving in silence and despair was contented to be near his mistress without aspiring after her. So wayward, too, had been his conduct toward her that even Lucy might doubt his affection. And, perhaps, this made her more severe at times toward him. He had originally intended that his visit should terminate with a fortnight, but had lingered on, day after day, and week after week, unable to tear himself away.

Sometimes Lucy's tender hearted cousin Mary would remonstrate with the proud beauty for her

treatment of him; but a laugh or cutting remark on Hastings was the only reply. The Lady Lucy felt her power, and seemed to delight in tormenting the young heir even more than others; and Beatrice herself was not more saucy. But with all this apparent indifference to her lover she sometimes betrayed sentiments of an opposite character. When Hastings was absent none listened more eagerly to the narrative of his exploits in the field, or his bravery in war than Lucy; and once, when a false rumor told that he had fallen from his horse when hunting and was dying, if not dead, she turned pale as a corpse and staggered from the room, escaping observation only on account of the general grief. Often, too, when Hastings, piqued with her coldness, transferred his attentions for awhile to other beauties, the Lady Lucy would appear not wholly at ease. These, in others, would have been called the symptoms of love, but no one thought that she could be guilty of such a weakness, and so they were placed to the account of her vanity or friendship.

Hastings had been musing on his hopeless affection, and the spell which bound him to Wyndham Castle against his better reason, and had resolved to tear himself away, by a decisive effort, that very day, when Lucy entered; but her challenge drove, for the time, all thoughts of departure from him. He, however, only postponed until the morrow the execution of his purpose. Meantime he resolved to be the gayest of the gay, no matter what the effort cost him; for his pride was aroused, and he was determined to exert himself to the utmost. And well did he keep up this new character during the walk. Never had he been so self-possessed, never had his wit sparkled brighter, or his natural eloquence shone so unclouded. The Lady Lucy confessed to herself that few could appear to such advantage.

The Wizard's Glen was a wild ravine, as its name imported, buried in the heart of the magnificent old park, or rather chase, surrounding Wyndham Castle. Overgrown with gigantic trees, which nearly shut out the light of day, it had always a sombre look. Tradition said that it had once been the resort of a mighty wizard, whose deeds, like those of Michael Scott, yet lived in the memory of the common people. Through the middle of the ravine ran a stream, which terminated in an abyss, down which the waters tumbled headlong; and so black and deep was this chasm that the fall lost itself in spray and shadow long before it reached the bottom, though the sullen roar it sent up attested the strife below. The spot itself was always a gloomy sight; but the scenery around was wild, and, in some places, beautiful, so that it was a favorite walk with the ladies of the castle.

"Ah! now for a trial of that courage of which our knight has boasted so much, Mary," said the Lady Lucy, when they reached the waterfall. "Do you see that wild rose on the side of the chasm—there, just in a line with the fallen trunk. Now if Sir Dare-Everything here, who was dying to slay dragons and giants a half hour since, will bring me that flower I will exonerate him from his promise. Otherwise he is a forsworn knight, and his boast that he would overthrow even enchanters for us is naught."

"Oh! no, no," said Mary, as timidly approaching the brink, she gazed down the fearful abyss, "do not ask Hastings to attempt it. My head is giddy already."

"Pshaw! poor girl—why see, it does not affect me. I very believe I could pluck the flower unharmed myself."

"There is no danger," said Hastings proudly, yet his fine eyes beamed his thanks on Mary for her fears, "and if there were I would not shrink from the challenge. I can reach the roses, and ere five minutes both Lucy and you shall have one from my hand."

But though he spoke thus assuredly, the attempt to be made was in reality perilous. The flower grew at a considerable distance below the edge of the precipice, and would have been wholly inaccessible but for the trunk of a decaying tree, which, originally growing out of the opposite side of the ravine, had been uprooted in some tempest years before, and had fallen across the abyss, forming a descending bridge, the lower edge of which was about half way down to the rose, though on the other side of the chasm. The white, bleached trunk stood in bold relief against the dark rocks, and looked like a plank over which it impended. Hastings, trusting himself to this frail bridge, was in no mood to shrink from the feat, had it even been ten times more perilous. Mary, however, did not cease to dissuade him, and even Lucy, when she came to look again down into the apparently bottomless abyss, showed symptoms of recalling her lover; but he had by this time flung his cap on the ground and began his descent on the log. She waited, therefore, absorbed by the sight. Looking breathlessly over the precipice, while Mary clung to her imploringly, she watched, with intense interest, the progress of her lover, but forbore, from pride or a consciousness that she would now be disregarded, to bid him return.

At first Hastings fancied it would be easy to secure the prize; but when he began the descent he saw perils he had before overlooked. The fallen tree had lain so long in its present position that the

bark had rotted off, and it now presented a smooth and treacherous surface to the adventurer. But this was the least of his dangers. Beneath him yawned a seemingly unfathomable abyss, whose horrors were exaggerated by the noise of the unseen torrent below; and few could have looked down into that gulf, as Hastings was now forced to do, without turning giddy. For an instant he felt his brain whirling as his eye endeavored to trace the falling spray and water to the bottom of the chasm; but momentarily closing his eyes, he shook off this weakness, and resumed his course steadily along his frail support.

At last he reached the centre of the log. This was the nearest point to the flower, and here he paused. With one arm thrown up and grasping one of the two branches into which the trunk separated, he lay across the tree and poising himself reached to pluck the rose. But his utmost stretch fell short of the prize. Thinking he might be able to reach it by moving further down the log, he changed his position and again attempted to grasp the flower. But it was still beyond his reach. He now carefully advanced his chest further over the tree, managing with great difficulty to maintain his equipoise, and thus hung, so nicely balanced that a breath of air would have been almost able to destroy his poise. It was a feat of great difficulty to extend his hand sufficiently to grasp the prize without overthrowing his balance. Three several times did he unsuccessfully advance it for this purpose until he felt his body trembling on its pivot, and was forced to desist. But though his extended fingers did not even touch the flower, the distance yet to be passed was so slight, that his eagerness, inflamed by disappointment, increased with every trial.

Meantime the cousins stood on the bank above, their arms encircling each other as if for mutual support, breathlessly awaiting the issue of this perilous endeavor, which had now grown to be of painfully absorbing interest. When Mary saw the abortive efforts of Hastings to reach the flower she could no longer contain herself, but turned shuddering away, now earnestly beseeching him to desist, and now imploring Lucy to interfere. Her cousin, with more nerve, stood leaning forward, on the very edge of the precipice, so intensely regarding the adventurer as not for a moment to hear the speaker. But at a fourth attempt by Hastings, in which he nearly lost his equipoise, and recovered himself only by a desperate exertion of agility and strength, she uttered a shriek, and now, seemingly as fearful as Mary, exclaimed, in a tone of anxiety,

"Come back—come back, or you will fall—

oh!" she added, as Hastings seemed about to make a fifth attempt, "do not—come back!"

Her voice had gradually grown more beseeching, and the last words were uttered with an expression of anguish which, in any less exciting moment, Lucy would have blushed at as a confession of her weakness. A wild emotion of delight at this acknowledged interest in him, on the part of one who had always affected such indifference, thrilled the heart of Hastings, and he resolved to possess the flower, if daring could obtain it. He did not desist from his attempt, therefore, but leaning forward still further over the log, poised himself anew, stretching his hand out until his whole frame trembled with the exertion, and the perspiration started in large drops from his forehead, for every muscle was strained to the utmost. He just touched the edge of the flower, but was unable to pluck it. Prudence, in a calmer moment, would have bade him now desist, since he had already ventured too much; but another cry from Lucy, this time full of heart breaking agony, while it threw a flood of light and joy on his heart, stimulated him to still further efforts, for with that contradiction natural to his sex in such circumstances, he felt a strange pleasure in the consciousness of her alarm. He, therefore, rallied every muscle and sprang forward, slightly indeed, and only just sufficient to grasp the stem of the prize close under the flower; but the momentum of the spring was nevertheless enough to destroy his balance, and he felt himself falling forward. He had prior to this let go his hold on the branch, and was now almost powerless. Too late aware of his indiscretion he made an effort to regain his equipoise, and, for an instant, success appeared to attend it, for he hung motionless over the tree, with his lower limbs thrown far back and extended to the utmost, quivering at their extremities with the tension required to maintain his balance. But the smooth and treacherous surface of the decayed tree proved his ruin in this extremity. He soon became aware that he was slipping slowly forward, nor could he make any exertion to save himself, lest the effort should precipitate his fall. He turned his head and looked hurriedly upward. The two girls stood gazing horror-struck on him, Lucy with clasped hands and like one turned to stone. As she caught sight of his face which now in this awful moment breathed the devoted love he had hitherto deemed it hopeless to express, her lips parted, but sound and language were alike denied her, and she could only cast on him a parting look of mingled anguish, remorse and affection. But that one look made him happier than he had ever been before.

And yet with that happiness was mingled the

most exquisite pain, for that he should die now, just as he became conscious of being loved, was a thought full of agony. Oh! if he could live but a year, one little month, even a single week, that he might tell Lucy how long and passionately he had loved her. Oh! that he could have a moment to say that he forgave her and to bid her remember him. In an extremity like his, it is wonderful with what velocity the mind acts. Such thoughts, therefore, rushed across him, with many others, in a space of time incredibly short in its duration. His balance once lost, he glided, inch by inch, from his support, rapidly increasing in his momentum, until, at last, with a cry to Lucy to remember him, and with the fatal flower clutched in his grasp, he fell headlong into the abyss. His descending body was seen for an instant, by the agonized females, shooting downward like an arrow, and then it was swallowed up in the obscurity.

So rapidly had this occurred that scarcely an instant had elapsed between the effort of Lucy to speak and the disappearance of her lover's form. She had held her breath until she fancied she caught the sullen sound of the body striking the bottom below, but then her over-excited nerves gave way, and she would have staggered frantic and fainting into the abyss, had not the almost equally horror-struck Mary dragged her backward. And for a space both sank trembling and nearly insensible to the sword.

Lucy was the first to rally herself. The awful fate of her lover had stunned her for the time, but whether from her stronger nature or with the faint hope that he might not be yet dead, she soon recovered sufficiently to think of the possibility of descending the abyss, and rendering him aid if he still breathed. All the energy of her character was aroused at the thought. She now became miraculously collected, though a wild light in her eye revealed her calmness to be that of deep excitement. With an unfaltering voice she re-invigorated Mary and bade her hasten to the nearest cottage—a woodman's lodge happily not many hundred yards off—and bring assistance, with ropes and ladders, by which a descent might be made into the chasm. Her secret intention was to remain, meanwhile, and seek for some way, if one could be found, to reach the bottom of the abyss unaided. But Mary's limbs refused to do the errand, the poor girl's nerves being completely shattered for the time. Lucy, therefore, set forth herself, and reached the hut out of breath, where fortunately she found the woodman with three of his companions, all of whom hastened to the glen with ropes and torches.

"Oh! he lives—he lives," were the first words

of Mary who had been left behind. "I heard his cry while you were gone. He lives, but must be dangerously hurt."

The woodman shook his head.

"I fear it was fancy," he said sadly, "we can scarcely hear each other talk for the noise of the waterfall; and to distinguish a wounded man's cry from that deep gulf is impossible."

The tears gathered in Lucy's eye and her lip quivered, but she struggled to maintain her composure.

"But, Hickman, we lose time," she said, addressing the woodman, "hasten, one of you, and descend. He may be dying," and her voice became choked. She turned away to hide her weakness.

Those tears were more eloquent than words. One by one the laborers had approached the brink of the abyss and gazing into it, shrank back with an ominous shake of the head; but now they sprang forward simultaneously and volunteered to descend. One of their number was soon chosen for the task. A rope was then made fast to him, and the other end of it after being passed around a tree was retained by his companions. A torch was lighted, and holding it in his hand he began his descent.

Lucy alone of the two girls had courage to approach the edge of the precipice and look down. A tree, growing on the left hand side of the stream, leaned over the chasm. Winding one arm tightly around the trunk she stretched forward and gazed beneath. The sight, at any other time, would have made her shudder, but an unnatural strength now enabled her to gaze unmoved on the scene. As the man was lowered slowly down, his torch, irradiating the dark sides of the abyss, roused the bats from their haunts and sent them blindly winging into the waterfall, whence they fell stunned to the bottom. As he proceeded, the gloom became more profound, so that the light he carried could scarcely dissipate it, but burned with a ghastly hue amid the darkness; while the jutting rocks and falling water wore a wild and spectral aspect through the thick, pitchy smoke that rolled upward from his torch. At last he, as well as objects around him, became indistinct, so that his position was betrayed only by a misty halo, as of a distant light in a fog. This grew fainter and fainter. Then a dim irradiation, seemingly at a vast distance down, alone was visible. The rope slackened. He was at the bottom.

Now ensued a few minutes of suspense amounting to agony. All crowded to the edge of the precipice and looked down, scarcely venturing to hope. In the haste of the descent they had forgotten to arrange with the adventurer a sign by which the life or death of the sufferer might be known, so

that now they would be forced to wait until he had nearly ascended before their suspense could be relieved. Not a word was spoken. When the rope was pulled in token that he wished to ascend, the consciousness that soon she would know all, added to her present uncertainty, brought a faintness over Lucy, so that, for a moment, she was forced to withdraw her eyes from the abyss. As the man rapidly ascended hope and fear alternated in her bosom until her feelings became nearly un-supportable, as might be read in the changes of her cheek and the agitation of her bosom.

"In with him," said the woodman, perceiving her agony and wishing to terminate it, for he knew that a certainty of the worst would be more tolerable than this suspense, "faster—see, he waves his torch!"

The adventurer was still too far down, and the gloom of the abyss was too profound for the lineaments of his face to be distinguishable, so that they could draw no certain inference from this action. But Lucy seized eagerly on the slightest grounds of hope.

"Can it be!—does he live!" she gasped.

"Hilloo!" said the woodman, leaning far over the abyss and shouting thus to attract the adventurer's attention, "is there hope?"

It seemed an age to the listeners on the brink of the gulf before the sound, reverberating from side to side down the abyss, appeared to reach the ascending man. Then he shook his head.

"He is dead," broke from Lucy in heart-rending tones.

"God forbid!" hurriedly ejaculated the woodman, "perhaps he could not make out what we said, and shook his head to say so. Faster, faster, my lads,"

The rope fairly smoked across the limb, so rapidly was the ascending man now drawn in. Poor Lucy, whose hopes again faintly revived at these words, pressed her hand to her heart, and, with the rest, gazed eagerly on the now perceptible face of the man. Scarcely five seconds had passed since the woodman last spoke when he shouted again. The answer of the adventurer was now instantaneous.

"He lives!" he said, waving his torch excitedly.

Lucy heard no more. She clasped her hands, raised her eyes to heaven, and her lips moved as if she would have spoken, but no sound proceeded from them; for, at that instant, everything appeared to swim around her: the waterfall, the group, the abyss itself whirled past in a mad circuit, and then she lost all consciousness.

When she came to herself the first object that met her eyes was Mary, who had stood at her side and caught her sinking form, and who now bent

over, ready to say that Hastings had already been raised from the abyss, and that, though much injured, he was in no danger of his life, for that he had caught in some projecting bushes which intercepted his fall and let him down with comparative ease. He lay on a rude litter not far off, unwilling, notwithstanding his sufferings, that they should bear him away until she had recovered. The fatal flower was still clenched in his hand: he would surrender it, he said, to none but her.

What a tumult of feelings now filled Lucy's bosom. Joy at her lover's safety, remorse that she had brought him to this state of suffering, and something of maidenly shame that the secret of her love had been discovered were the prominent emotions in her breast, but they all gave way to a feeling of unutterable love, when Mary supported her to Hastings' side, and she saw what he had suffered for her sake. With trembling hand and eyes full of tears, she took the flower he extended to her, and placed it next her heart, inwardly resolved never to part with the precious relic. Her look of self-reproach melted her lover's heart, and he kissed her hand forgivingly with the delicacy of a knight of old.

Throughout the weary weeks that Hastings was confined to his chamber by his broken limb, the Lady Lucy, giving up her gay sports, devoted herself to her affianced husband, and made amends, by her constant and tender care, for the idle whim which had nearly cost him his life and broken her own heart.

Hastings and Lucy were married that autumn. She was soon as gay as ever, but never again so wild. Time sobered down her overflowing spirits, and took from her something of the proud spirit that had come so nearly destroying her happiness forever.

MEMORY.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

As silent burns that everlasting flame
Amid the darkness of the Heathen's tomb—
A lambent light which Time cannot consume—
So, in my heart, unquenchable, the same,
Love's unconsuming fire, no age can tame,
Burns ever, star-like, giving tireless light
To thy sweet Memory, drest in saintly white,
Which there lies treasured; while thy precious name.
The fountain whence my inspiration came—
Like Hesperus among the lights of Heaven—
Burns in the centre of my thoughts, which sit
With twinkling vigils, like the stars of even,
Each, for its own life's sake, now watching it—
Shewing the soul it never can forget.

A WINTER LANDSCAPE.

Composed on a morning of unusual blandness in February.

BY THOMAS E. VAN BIBBER.

LONE standing on this quiet hill,
Which snows o'erstrew and withered leaves,
I see a prospect calm and still;

A Switzer barn, with jutting eaves,
Where boys tie up their bags for mill,
Or strew the threshing floor with sheaves,
Whilst here and there, across the view,
Sail flocks of pigeons white and blue.

Few sounds are heard, and none are rude:

Cows low around the fodder'd stacks;
Faint echoing from a distant wood,
Stroke after stroke resounds the axe;
In sooth, a peaceful neighborhood!

I, too, beside yon smoking stacks
Would fain repair, and have some fun
With children basking in the sun.

No! no! Sad thoughts have mark'd my brow.

And haply I might mar their joy;
I have not the same spirit now
As when I was myself a boy,
And cruel it would be, I trow,

With aught like *shadow*, to destroy
The sunny brilliancy, that lies,
Like heaven's own splendor, in their eyes.

With me long since have childhood's dew

Been all to gelid rime congeal'd,
Hence, I would not have others lose

One joy life's orient morn can yield:
There—where white lambs around their ewes
Frisk gaily o'er the snowy field,
Lie rustic tomb-stones two or three—
There, there's the basking place for me.

TO ———.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

If thou our love hadst never crost,
How different both might be!—
I had not been a torn sail tost

Upon a stormy sea,
Nor thou, a bird in gilded bars
Pining to range the eternal stars.

Pining to range the starry sphere
To which thy spirit soars,
But shackled by thy baseness here
Upon these barren shores—
A wife unloved, a rich man's slave,
Far better wert thou in thy grave!

Thou darest not think upon the past—

Thou hast no hope to come—
A shroud, as of the dead, is cast
Around thy hateful home,
And thou the living victim art,
The scorpion ever at thy heart!

LOUISA.

BY MISS CHRISTIAN HANSON.

CHAPTER I.

SHE was beautiful! Oh, how transcendently beautiful! In other lands and amid various scenes I have beheld beauty, but never did a face like hers meet my gaze. I cannot read of peerless loveliness, in romance or history, without her bright image floating before my mental vision.

Shall I describe her? Can words convey an adequate conception of her unrivalled excellence? Hers was not the beauty of complexion, but of feature and expression. Her forehead was of a moderate height, smooth and polished as marble; her nose was Grecian; her lips, beautiful in form and color, displayed, when she smiled, teeth such as I have never since seen so regular in form, in whiteness so extreme. The contour of her cheek was most perfect; her eyes of jet were bright, yet soft and liquid; her hair black and smooth as the plumage of the raven. Her complexion was too dark for beauty, though I have seen a richer blush crimson her cheek than a fairer skin would admit; yet it was the ever changing expression of her lovely countenance which constituted her principal charm.

Perhaps her figure was not equal in perfection to her face, yet it was good, save that it had a slight obliquity in one shoulder, over which, however, she always wore some tasteful drapery—and so graceful were her movements that the defect was seldom observed.

She was deficient in no feminine accomplishment, and her mind was highly cultivated in many more abstruse studies than were usually pursued by females of the day in which she lived. So charming a woman could not be without many suitors—she was admired by all—devotedly loved by several. Among them was one young man, handsome and accomplished, although scarce her equal in mental powers—she encouraged many, but to Edward Freeman she avowed a reciprocal regard. To him she was an object of idolatry—he lived but in her smile. Their affection, however, was concealed from all their friends—for he was poor, and she might have had the wealthiest and noblest of the land at her command. Her father, a stern man, she knew would not permit a union which he would consider so unsuitable—particularly as he frequently urged her to marry one of her rich suitors, who was more importunate than any of the others. She was reluctant yet to lose her liberty, but she led her father to believe that ultimately she would comply with his wishes—in

the meanwhile she ceased not to profess to Edward Freeman the most devoted attachment.

Louisa had a friend. What beautiful woman was ever without a confidant? Perhaps their regard was cemented by the very contrast in their persons and temperament; for while Louisa might be termed beautiful and brilliant, Mary might more appropriately be styled pretty, gentle, engaging and sensible. One seemed made to be admired and adored, the other to be loved and esteemed. Mary was fair and pale, with hazle eyes, dark auburn locks, and features, which, though regular, were not striking—her form was symmetrical, her manners unobtrusive. Her feelings, not easily excited, were strong and enduring—silently the stream flowed, but it was deep and broad. Her capacious mind was richly endowed with various knowledge, which she treasured up to amuse her hours of solitude, or to gladden the family circle, but which was never brought forward for the purpose of display. Although so meek she was much better qualified to bear adverse fortune than her more volatile friend. No one could gaze with more admiration on the lovely Louisa, or listen with more pleased attention to her fascinating converse than Mary, even though she were herself neglected in the homage accorded to her companion.

Mary had hitherto escaped any dart from Cupid's shaft, but, on a visit which she paid to a neighboring town, she met a young physician. He was the most captivating man she had ever seen. With a fine person and well cultivated mind, he combined a manner so gentle and insinuating that Mary was not proof against his flattering attentions—and when she returned home she had a love tale to breathe into the ear of Louisa, in return for the many confidences of the same nature which she had received. Louisa smiled.

"I thought my dear Mary was proof against all attractions. He must be, indeed, a charming youth who has succeeded in melting the ice about your heart. Heigh ho! you are a fortunate girl, your lover is wealthy and well descended, and your father is so kind that Dr. Willemere need only ask consent; while poor Edward and I must sigh through life without hope of a termination to our woes."

She rose, and going to the mirror, looked for a moment at the faultless image it reflected, and playfully throwing back her glossy curls, she glided with a waltzing step through the room as if anxious to cast off the unpleasant thoughts which had intruded.

At the period of this conversation Louisa was on a visit to Mary. The father of Louisa had suspected, notwithstanding the precautions used,

that there was some regard entertained by Edward Freeman for his daughter, and he had in consequence treated the young man with so much contempt that the lover forbore to visit at the house, and only occasionally saw Louisa at the residence of her friends. And now Louisa, looking from the window, descried a horseman at some distance.

"Come, Mary, can you tell me who that is? My dear Edward is seldom long in discovering when I have made my escape from the prison-house."

The girls, with their arms locked about each other, watched the approach of the visitor. At the same instant they both uttered a loud scream. Edward's steed had taken fright, and after plunging violently for some seconds, had succeeded in dismounting his rider, who was thrown among a bed of rocks, and dreadfully bruised. In a state of insensibility he was brought to the house.

The bloom had fled from the cheek of Louisa as she hung with anxious looks over the bleeding and inanimate form. For many days Edward's life was despaired of—but consciousness had returned, and he lay looking with fond, but desponding gaze, on the fair being who sat by his bed, with solicitude expressed in every lineament of her angelic face.

"Louisa, do not lament me if I die—for life will be worthless without you, and I shall never aspire to your hand; but mine will be the pain of seeing you sacrificed to wealth and station. It is better, then, much better, that I should die."

Louisa sprung from her seat, and falling on her knees, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, she said,

"Heaven is my witness, Edward, that no force or persuasion shall ever compel me to marry any other person. I swear, if my father will not consent to our union, that I will remain single for your sake—but he will yield, he must to my entreaties—else I will brave his anger and be yours."

It was a beautiful sight to behold a woman so admired, so flattered, forgetting the homage of the crowd for the sake of one faithful heart. Unbribed by adulation, wealth, or honor, devoting herself to a pure disinterested affection. Her sweet voice reading or singing, as none else could sing, cheered the hours of Edward's convalescence.

Her father was still ignorant of all that had occurred—but she often repeated her promise to Edward, that on her return she would confess the depth of her affection, and implore his sanction to the only event which would render life endurable.

The young man returned with renovated hopes to his usual avocations—and was in fact thankful

for the accident which had procured him so much bliss.

CHAPTER II.

A MONTH had elapsed since the visit of Louisa. Mary Bradley was seated at her piano, in compliance with the request of an old friend of her father's, who had called in to spend a few hours. Her fingers ran over the keys, and notes harmonious as her own mind followed beneath her light touch. During a pause in the music the visitor who stood near her said,

"I need not ask you if you have heard the news, for of course you would be the first person apprised of the event."

"Indeed, I am at a loss to discover your meaning, sir," replied Mary.

"What, is it possible you have not heard of the approaching wedding of your beautiful friend, Louisa Graham?"

"The public," replied Mary, "are very fond of disposing of Louisa's hand, but as I have heard nothing of it from herself I can scarce give credit to the report."

"It is nevertheless true, though I am much surprised at your ignorance of it—but I cannot doubt it, as I heard it from the gentleman himself, who gave me an invitation to the wedding, which will take place in three days. It has been a very sudden affair, and this may account for your not being apprised of it."

"You heard it from the gentleman himself. Where did you see Mr. Freeman?"

"Freeman!" said the gentleman in a tone of surprise!—"I see you are quite in the wrong box, my dear girl. Dr. Willemere is the elected bridegroom, and a fine fellow he is."

Mary leaned over the piano. For a moment the blood forsook her heart: her utterance was impeded; but soon, regaining the mastery of herself, she asked in a tone of as much indifference as she could assume.

"Did you, indeed, hear this from Dr. Willemere himself?"

"I did, indeed."

"I have not heard lately from Louisa—it may be so."

"So much for the boasted confidence you ladies place in each other," said Mr. Bradley—"I certainly did not think, after all Miss Graham's professions, that she would have acted so rudely as not even to invite you to her wedding."

Mary hastened to her own room to ponder over the incredible intelligence. It was true that friendship had not so blinded her judgment, as to prevent her seeing that Louisa was a coquet—but that after her solemn vows to Freeman, and the knowledge

that an attachment existed between herself and Willemere, Louisa should have been so treacherous to her lover and friend, Mary could hardly believe. Still some circumstances had lately perplexed her. Louisa, on her departure, had promised a frequent correspondence, but Mary has only received one hasty note. She had also heard that Louisa was visiting at the town where Willemere resided. Her lover had also promised to visit her father and declare his regard for her, but he had not come, and she had received only an unsatisfactory letter, telling her that he should be obliged to postpone the pleasure of seeing her. Her only consolation was that she had never breathed the secrets of her love to any but her treacherous friend, and her father would be ignorant of the anguish which the intelligence gave her.

She fell on her knees and fervently thanked God for the escape which she had made from such a husband—such a friend. She was indeed unnerved by the sudden shock, and wept bitterly, but they were the last tears she ever shed for objects so unworthy. The strength of her character was called forth by the exigence—and none could have guessed that the placid tenor of her life had been disturbed. That there was a dreary blank in her affections she could not deny to herself—but she sought assiduously to banish all reference to the unpleasant subject from her thoughts by ceaseless employment.

The day before that appointed for the wedding of Louisa, Mary was summoned to a visitor. When she entered she beheld Edward Freeman—his face was ghastly, his eyes swollen, his steps feeble, he seized her hand, and said,

"Miss Bradley you have heard——"

He sank into a chair unable to support himself.

"I have heard it, with surprise, Mr. Freeman."

"Have you been the confidant of this base transaction?"

"No, indeed—I heard it but by accident."

"Oh! Miss Bradley, do you not pity me?"

"I esteem you too much to pity you, Mr. Freeman, and I entreat you to respect yourself—could you wish for such a wife?"

"Oh! Mary, I loved as never man loved. My sun is gone down—my days will all be darkness till I sink into the grave."

In vain did Mary offer every argument, which, alas! her own heart suggested. The miserable man was inconsolable.

From him she learnt some of the circumstances of this strange affair. He had received a letter from Louisa soon after her return home, saying that she had appealed to her father, but he was obdurate. Still she assured him her heart was unchanged, and that she would remain single unless

her father could be brought to consent to her union with the only man she could ever love. She informed him that in compliance with her father's wish she was about starting for — town on a visit to a relation there. This was the last information he received from herself. It was not long, however, before he heard from a friend, that Dr. Willemere and Miss Graham, having met at a party, seemed instantly fascinated with each other. They were always together, and it was reported that, after an acquaintance of two weeks, they were engaged to be married, Mr. Graham, as soon as he was consulted, having acceded to the proposal. Edward instantly set off for town. With his own eyes he had seen them in the dance, at the concert, and on horseback. One day he threw himself in the way of Louisa, but she passed by without noticing him. Having learnt that the day of her marriage was fixed, he had just returned, and, in a state bordering on madness, sought Mary, as if by pouring out his soul to her, who had been the witness of the vows made to himself, he hoped for some alleviation of a grief which was sapping the fountains of life.

CHAPTER III.

THREE days after, a servant, in elegant livery, brought to Mary a small parcel, enclosed in the whitest paper, and tied with ribbon of the same hue, on which was inscribed in a delicate hand, "The compliments of Dr. and Mrs. Willemere." Her first impulse was to throw it indignantly from her. Her second was to take it calmly with a smile from the hand of the servant, and enquire where Mrs. Willemere was. The reply was at her father's.

Now was the trial to Mary. She certainly wished for no further acquaintance with the doctor and his lady, yet etiquette would require her to call. But she felt a desire to show the perjured pair that she was unaffected by their perfidy. Her father, who was offended at the slighting manner in which she had been treated by her former friend, desired to omit the ceremony of a visit. She, however, prevailed, and with her parent entered the dwelling of Mr. Graham. Louisa flew to her and embracing her said,

"Oh! my dear Mary, I am so glad to see you, I was afraid you would not come."

Mary, with a smile calm as an angel, replied,

"I could scarce have been so ill-bred as not to offer my congratulations on your happy marriage."

The conscious pair felt much embarrassed in the presence of the amiable girl, whose easy manner and happy countenance sadly perplexed them. Willemere feared to raise his eyes to the guileless creature whose love he had won, and so

recklessly cast away; but appeared wholly occupied in gazing, with impassioned looks, on his beautiful bride. As Mary rose to withdraw, Louisa took her aside, and said,

"Dear Mary, as there was some little flirtation between you and Willemere, I feared you would think I had behaved unkindly. My only excuse is in his fascinating self. I could not resist, I knew not what it was to love till I saw him—therefore you must pardon me if I have eclipsed you."

"I have nothing to regret," said Mary, quietly, "I only hope that your Heaven attested vows to Edward Freeman may not be heavily visited on you."

"Ah! poor Edward, I suppose he is much grieved—I am sorry, but love must be my plea."

Mary turned away in disgust, and soon took leave. When she regained her own chamber she clasped her hands and exclaimed,

"Thank God! that is over, and I am myself again. Oh! how could I have been such a fool, on so short an acquaintance to trust my happiness to the keeping of another?"

When Willemere and his wife were left alone, he said,

"My charming Louisa I cannot imagine how I could ever think that Mary Bradley pretty. She certainly is an insipid little thing. The fact is I had not seen Louisa, and had, therefore, no standard for beauty."

"You flatter, dearest Willemere, but truly Mary never loved you, or she would not be so easy. Ah! had it been me I could not have survived the loss of you."

Thus this couple, for a time, deluded themselves with the belief that the passion, which had blinded them to honor and friendship, would be enduring; but soon distrusts of each other began to arise. Admiration and adulation were still as eagerly sought by Louisa as ever, she could not yield up the incense to which she had been accustomed—she was still the most beautiful woman wherever she appeared, and flatterers were ever near to laud her charms. But her husband felt no confidence in her, he knew how her faith had been broken to another. As he became irritated by her coquetry he revenged himself by neglecting her, and devoting his attentions to any other pretty woman in company. Soon they were almost estranged from each other.

Three months after Louisa's marriage Mary was herself a bride.

Ferdinand Greenwald had known and loved her from childhood, but Mary had always refused his proffers, for she believed that the sisterly regard she felt for him was not the high-wrought emotion

which she imagined necessary to happiness in the married life. Now she had tasted the bitter fruit of a sudden and romantic passion—and the virtues and tried affection of Ferdinand gained in her estimation by contrast with the meretricious qualities which had deceived her in Willemere. She was now, therefore, not long deaf to the solicitations of Greenwald—friendship ripened into love—and never had she cause to regret the hour which united their destiny. Affection founded on esteem and a knowledge of each other's character qualified them well to endure together the ills of life, and to enjoy its innocent delights.

The first cloud which for a moment obscured the sunshine of Mary's happiness, after her marriage, was a summons to attend the dying bed of Edward Freeman. This young man, weakly cherishing a hopeless passion, which he should have torn from his heart, flew to intemperance as a refuge from tormenting thoughts. Ruined health was the consequence. As he lay contemplating the stern image of death, tortured by the sense of his infatuated folly, he longed to hear the voice of reason which he had before spurned. The gentle tone of Mary beseeching him to respect himself, and rise superior to misfortune, as it fell on his ear, in the first paroxysms of disappointment, now seemed to echo through his darkened chamber. Had he listened to that counsel death might not now have been an object of terror. He wished to see once more her who had been the bosom friend of Louisa. The request was instantly complied with by Greenwald and his wife. It was piteous to see a young man of so much promise brought thus early to a dishonored grave by the treachery of the woman he loved, and the weakness of his own resolution. His friends pointed out the path of repentance and faith, and directed his thoughts to peace beyond the grave. Gradually they saw the fruit of their efforts. Tears of contrition fell on the pillow of suffering. Faith, feeble but sincere, and gleams of trembling hope shed their radiance over the closing hours of Edward Freeman.

Louisa became the mother of a lovely boy somewhat more than a year after her marriage. It was not long after his birth that her levity had been the means of nearly alienating the affections of her husband. To her Willemere was still the object of unbounded love, and it was merely the thirst for admiration which led her so to act as to induce in his mind a belief that he was no longer valued. Bitter were Louisa's hours of solitude as she became convinced that she was no more esteemed by her beloved Willemere. In the society of her flatterers she, for a short time, forgot her misery—but there were many hours when she was necessarily alone

—then her boy was the only solace. On him she lavished all the affection of which his father had once been the object. His innocent caresses softened her heart and made it better. Dr. Willemere was seldom at home. Occupied by his profession and his literary pursuits, he shunned a place where memory was too busy recalling the happiness he had forfeited when he relinquished Mary Bradley and domestic peace, for Louisa and a deserted hearth. He loved Louisa; passionately loved her—but he had learned to think her heartless and selfish. Regret for the false step he had taken was, therefore, the only feeling uppermost in his mind during absence, or when he saw Louisa in the gay assembly. Sometimes, however, when he met her at home, her unparalleled loveliness, and the remembrance of that overpowering passion which had induced him to burst every barrier of honor and feeling, would again revive all his former emotions.

When Louisa's boy was two years old he was taken dangerously ill. Dr. Willemere was absent. She knew not where he was, or when he would return. All that maternal tenderness could suggest she did for the little sufferer—but a physician whom she called, in the absence of her husband, gave her no hope of his recovery. When left alone with her child, Louisa saw indeed that death was advancing with rapid strides.

She knelt by him—then it was that the action recalled events long forgotten. There lay her dying child in the solitude of her lonely chamber, and in deeper solitude of heart, did the hour when she knelt by Edward Freeman, and called Heaven to witness her vows of fidelity since so basely broken, rise as vividly before her as if the scene were now again enacted. For the first time a sense of her guilt was realized—she felt that she was Edward's murderer. She shuddered. The words of Mary Bradley assumed the aspect of prophecy.

"I hope your Heaven attested vows to Edward Freeman may not be heavily visited on you."

"They are visited—they are heavily visited," she wildly exclaimed—"my husband loves me no more, my darling child, my only comfort is taken from me—and I have no refuge—I am perjured, and a murderer."

She bowed her head on her hands in silent agony, and her sobs came thick and fast. She was unconscious that the door opened, that a light step crossed the room, that a lady stood beside her; but the intruder's hand laid on her shoulder aroused her at last. She looked up: Mary Greenwald stood before her.

"Are you come to reproach me in this bitter hour?" she asked.

"No, my dear Louisa, I am come to comfort

you—I heard accidentally that your sweet boy was ill, and I thought the presence of a friend would be welcome.”

“You a friend, are you—can you be a friend after all my baseness?”

“Speak not so, Louisa, I am your sincere friend, think not of the past, except as it may serve to guide your future conduct,” said Mary approaching the child.

She bent softly over it, and her tears fell on its little face. Mary now endeavored to lead her friend to better thoughts. She gently pointed out her errors, but excused them with the sweetest charity, and led her to hope for the pardon of the Almighty and the renewed affection of her husband if she would abandon the vanity which had caused her to fall into so many faults.

Tears, but not such bitter ones as she had before shed, fell from the eyes of Louisa on the bosom of her friend.

They now stood by the infant, and endeavored to alleviate his pains—he soon fell into a deep sleep, from which he never woke—but passed quietly into another state of being.

Dr. Willemere now entered—Louisa rushed toward him, and pointed to the bed.

“Willemere our child is dying.”

“I have heard it, my Louisa, since I arrived—but is there no hope?”

He bent over the child.

“No, no, there is none,” he clasped his hand over his forehead.

Louisa approached and threw herself at his feet.

“Willemere for my sake bear it—we have deserved this chastisement, and I hope it will be for our improvement—and oh, my husband, forgive all I have done to offend you—henceforward I will devote myself to promote your domestic happiness—for you only are dear to me now that this child which has long been my only solace, is about to be taken from me—but oh! leave me not to solitude and misery.”

Willemere was deeply moved.

“My wife, my adored Louisa, I have also been in fault—I have judged you wrongfully—and neglected you shamefully—henceforth we will be united in soul—but see, our child is departing—the will of God be done.”

They knelt side by side and gazed on the face of their dying babe. With a sweet smile he passed away. And by his bedside the parents vowed anew to bear with each others faults.

Louisa kept her word. She became an excellent woman, an adoring wife, a careful mother, a faithful friend. She was much with Mary Greenwald, and this intercourse tended to her improvement. From

Mary she had the satisfaction to learn that the death of Edward was not without hope. Louisa now became the centre of a domestic circle, and was more beautiful than ever, for what can be more lovely than a Christian mother?

MY MOTHER.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

MOTHER! upon the rugged track

Of manhood's hot and dusty years,
The mem'ry of my youth comes back,
At times, to fill my eyes with tears—
I think of when, beside thy knee,
I prayed, my hand inclosed in thine,
Until thy mild face seemed to me,
With holy thoughts, almost divine.

I see thee bending o'er my bed

With choking tears to kiss my cheek,
Thy hands are clasped, they deem me dead,
Alas! thou hast not words to speak—
Oh! often in the hush of night
I hear again that thrilling cry,
When faint I stirred, of wild delight,
“My child, my child, he will not die!”

Mother! dost thou remember yet

When I and brother on thy knee
Would listen, as the evening set,
To thy old tales of memory?
Of holy sires with the dead,
(You bade us tread the paths they trod);—
Of angels watching all we said—
Of martyrs who had died for God—

Of they who Joseph's garment tore—

And Pharoah swallowed in the seas—
The persecutors given o'er
To perish by unknown disease—
The Jew, like lonely albatross,
A wand'rer 'till Eternity,
For mocking him who clomb with cross
The flinty sides of Calvary.

Mother! those lessons still remain,

Though often, for a time, forgot—
Seed time and harvest come again,—
And that thy prayers are vain, think not!—
The bud first blossoms in the wood
Long after falls the April shower,
So, in our hearts, the seeds of good
Are watered to the perfect flower.

Some lines of gray are in thy hair—

How many have my errors made
Oh! never can thy loving care
By years of kindness be repaid.
If from the earth doth yet remain
A chord that leads to heaven above,
The links of that eternal chain
Are welded by a mother's love.

THE DISCONTENTED WIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

THE beautiful Zeila had been two years wedded to the good and modest Amedan. The union was one formed under the happiest auspices; Amedan, satisfied with the possession of Zeila, introduced into his household no rivals in his affections; and Zeila, absolute mistress of the heart of her husband, had received from him all in his power to bestow which her own heart could desire. He was not jealous, he placed none of the guards or spies about her which eastern customs warrant. Escorted by her women, or alone, if she so desired, Zeila visited her friends without asking permission, or traversed the bazaars, where she found collected the richest merchandizes of Europe and of the Indies. She purchased whatever pleased her, for Amedan, though not opulent, had an easy fortune, and never asked of his wife—"what did this cost me, pray?" He thought that whatever could, for an instant, make his Zeila contented and happy, could not be too dearly purchased. Such was the character of Amedan. How many husbands, think you, resemble him?

All the women of Ispahan envied Zeila, and yet unreasonable as it may seem, she was *not* happy. For many months a sombre melancholy had worn upon her spirits. She frequently melted to tears, and the gloom of her thoughts covered with mourning the rich tapestry of her apartments. The good Amedan had exhausted himself in vain efforts to dissipate the chagrin which oppressed her, and to restore that cheerfulness which was at once the sign and the proof of happiness. Every day he became more and more attentive to the wife he adored; and he tried every device of love the most devoted, and kindness the most delicate and refined. All was useless; and he despaired of restoring the happiness, the cause of the absence of which Zeila dared not confess to herself, much less entrust to her husband.

One day while she was plunged in her usual gloomy reverie, Amedan approached her and said: "Zeila, a business affair of great importance compels me to be absent from you for eight days. I depart for Sheraz, and I hope, upon my return, that I shall find you more happy. May the prophet restore the smile to the lips of Zeila—for one heartfelt home of cheerfulness I would give all the wealth I possess." And tenderly embracing her, he took his leave.

There resided then in Ispahan a very aged woman, renowned for the possession of proficiency

in magic, and a knowledge of the future which had never been deceived. She had lived in the city thirty years, and there had been a time when she was much in vogue, and when her wisdom was daily consulted by high and low. But one by one her crowd of admirers had fallen off; because that while her predictions rarely flattered the applicants, she joined to them so many reprimands, so much railery, and above all so much good advice, of which she was much more prodigal, than of the secrets of her art. Beside all this, she would receive no fee or reward from those who came to consult her, and a mercenary world is very apt to estimate the value of that at nothing, for which nothing is demanded. These considerations had hitherto prevented Zeila from having recourse to her, though she had thought of doing so more than once; but the prospect of eight days' absence of her husband opened to her such an age of ennui, that she determined to seek the sorceress and open the heart to her, which, until then, she had hardly dared to read to herself.

It was in the suburbs of Ispahan, near the gardens of Zurpha, that the magician dwelt. At nightfall Zeila repaired to her residence, enveloped in a thick veil, and accompanied by a single slave. She was introduced into a small apartment, simply but richly and conveniently furnished, and was astonished to find nothing in the features or in the appearance of the old lady, which could give rise to that fright which she expected to experience. The old lady perceived and profited by this happy disappointment of her visitor, to gain, by questions, showing the kind interest taken by the speaker, the confidence of the beautiful afflicted one. The consultant of the oracle, after much blushing and hesitation, revealed the cause of her unhappiness.

"I have good cause to grieve," she said, "for I have the best husband alive, and yet he is the cause of all my unhappiness. He possesses every virtue—he is kindness personified—but still he has nothing in his character striking or distinguished. It is a dead level of even and uniform correctness and beauty—and so placid is his disposition, so void is he of ambition, so destitute of any distinguishing trait, that I shall die of ennui. I never hear him speak of himself, of his genius—of his accomplishments—for genius he has none. It is true that his judgment is perfect—his common sense is unimpeachable—his education is good; but what are judgment, common sense, education, without genius? They are like a garden without roses. In a word, my kind mother, I see with grief that my husband never will be distinguished—he never will be mentioned out of his own family, or named out of his own house."

"Indeed, my daughter," said the old woman, "you have abundant reason to complain. You have truly a detestable apology for a husband; and I do not see how your friends could thus sacrifice you. Such a brilliant woman as you are, should have wedded a brilliant man—a man of genius—a poet who could have sung verse in your praise, and who, by his rank and riches, could have surrounded you with the splendor of his own glory and greatness. Cruel are the parents in the age in which we live! I will repair their injustice. You would have a husband of your own choice?"

Zeila assented.

"Very well, my daughter, I have only to pronounce a single word, and when you go forth you shall hear of the death of Amedan."

"No! no!" eagerly interrupted Zeila, "sooner let me die myself, I cannot purchase happiness at that price. Amedan merits all my friendship, all my esteem, all my gratitude—may he live forever, though while I live I remain unhappy!"

"Well, well," replied the old woman encouragingly, "he shall still live, and you shall be happy notwithstanding. It is necessary, my daughter, that you remain five days with me, alone. You will find that my house is as pleasant and as well furnished at least as your own. Every day, morning and evening, we will promenade in the public places, where the young men assemble. We shall be invisible, and unheard, you shall see, hear, appreciate, and choose. When one of them has touched your heart, look for him in this little magic mirror. It will show you what he will be to you in two years after marriage, should you wed him. If, after this prospect, you determine that you would like him as a husband, I will take care that he shall love you and demand your hand."

At these words the old lady opened a secret door, and conducted Zeila into a suite of magnificent apartments; overlooking the vast gardens, the trees of which concealed from the public eye the palace of the magician; and Zeila seeing the opulence which the sorceress enjoyed, doubted no more her power and wisdom. On the morrow, anxious to make trial of the magic mirror, she was out betimes, with the old lady for a companion. Hardly had they promenaded for a quarter of an hour, when they saw pass before them a young man of splendid presence. To the most beautiful figure in the world was joined a countenance in which the lily was blended with the rose; moustaches black as jet, teeth white as ivory. His costume assisted the elegance of his form and face, and proved a taste refined and accomplished. Zeila compared this striking personage with her kind Amedan, in person neither elegant

nor inelegant, and fell at once in love with the handsome stranger. "What a beautiful being!" she exclaimed, delighted—"such is the husband of Zeila's choice!"

"Consult your mirror," quietly suggested her companion.

Zeila looked in the magic glass for the young man, as he would be, in two years after marriage. "Just Allah!" she exclaimed, "what frightfully long ears! What frightful ears! and what a pity it is that such a beautiful man should have the ears of a stupid beast! How happens it that they cannot be discerned upon him now?"

"My daughter," replied the old lady, "it requires at least two years of marriage to discern these defects. The faultless husband of the honey moon betrays his blemishes of brain upon acquaintance."

At each beautiful man who passed, Zeila consulted her magic mirror, and was astonished at the universal longitude of their auricular appendages. At length she asked if it were impossible that a man could be handsome in person, and still gifted in mind.

"I have not said that, my daughter," said the old lady, "but beauty of person is rare, and genius is rare also. We are not then to wonder that the union of the two is rare indeed."

The poor Zeila was nearly disgusted with beautiful men, when she perceived one more faultlessly elegant than all the others. She uttered an exclamation of surprised delight, and hastened to consult her faithful mirror. What was her joy when she discovered that his ears at any rate were not beyond the symmetrical standard. She gazed upon the picture, persuaded that now, at last, she had found the beau ideal, for which she had pined, while tired of Amedan's even and negative features. As she looked she saw that the beauty, seated negligently upon a sofa, was intently watching another young man, as like himself as two drops of water. He regarded this personage with absorbing love and pride—he had no word, no look, no thought for anything beside. A young and beautiful woman, whose features were those of Zeila, approached him—she seemed to address him tenderly, and to strive by little tricks of amiable and innocent coquetry to attract his attention. But the ingrate was insensible to all her endearments—wholly wrapped in the contemplation and worship of his idol. "What a hateful and impertinent creature!" cried Zeila—"his ears are well enough, but he is none the more amiable for all that!"

"No," said the magician, "the lack of refinement, indicated by length of ears, is no worse than the futurity shown in self-worship. That image which he so doats upon is his own reflection. He

loves, admires, adores himself, and all the rest of the world is to him as nothing."

So finished the first day's work. On the morrow, Zeila, still filled with the idea of wedding a splendid husband, resumed her walks with the old magician. She visited the splendidly decorated places of public resort, where the most distinguished men of Ispahan assembled to partake of ices and sherbet. A group was collected about a man who spoke in a high voice, with due emphasis, and gesticulated with infinite vivacity; frequent bursts of applause interrupting his declamation. Zeila listened with a lively interest, and watched the effect which he produced upon his numerous auditory. She heard them repeat, in all corners of the saloon—"How beautiful!—how well expressed! What mind!—what music of voice! What poetry of thought!"

"Behold," said Zeila, "the man of my choice! A brilliant mind—a superior genius! How happy will be the woman who has such a husband!"

She consulted the magic mirror. She saw the man of genius in busy contemplation of a little monster, without head or tail, form or comeliness. He admired it with evident ecstasy—caressed it—viewed it at all points—smiled to it, talked to it, sung to it, unable to withdraw his attention from it for a single instant. A young woman, as in the former case, the image of Zeila, strove to divert his attention from this bizarre monster, but he repulsed her with angry impatience. "What an oddity!" cried Zeila. "Look, my good mother, and see with what a ridiculous object this man of genius is fascinated!"

"Oh! my dear child," said the old lady with an air of some little contempt, "he is nothing but a poet. That headless little monster is a pet poem of his composition. He has already manufactured half a hundred such—he may turn out a hundred more, but the last is always that which he considers most beautiful and most admires. He prefers it above all preceding, and if any one should tell him that it is headless, pointless and inane, you would be amused at the towering passion into which such detraction of his favorite would throw him."

Zeila could not refrain from a burst of laughter. "What a singular blindness," she exclaimed, "but is it not possible to find a man of genius who is not a poet?"

"Oh, certainly," said the old lady, "there are men of genius who are not poets, as there are many poets innocent of genius."

"Well, then," rejoined Zeila, "I would wish to wed a man of genius who never made a verse in his life!"

"That again," answered the old lady, "may be hard enough to find. In these days, all the world

dabbles in verse. But let us continue the search, it may end in discovering what you desire."

They sought for some days, and succeeded at last in finding the object of their pursuit—a man who could have jingled verse but had not—rare are such in other cities than Ispahan. Zeila was immediately entranced, but it was in common with all the city. The man was the admiration of every circle; everywhere invited, all classes struggled for the honor and pleasure of his presence. He knew how to accommodate himself to all moods and manners, he conversed boldly and freely upon all subjects, now he spoke gravely and profoundly, and now the light sallies of his sparkling wit dazzled all hearers. Zeila thought that of all others this certainly was just the man for a husband, but she would first apply the test which had been applied to all the rest. She looked in the mirror to discover what manner of man he would be, two years after marriage.

She was overwhelmed with astonishment when her magic mirror showed the man of genius surrounded with a troop of little personages, ugly and dirty, but exceedingly pompous and full of grimace, who all appeared to be utterly devoid of common sense. Some of them beat, scratched and knocked, while others flattered and caressed him. Each seized him in turn, and he permitted himself to be conducted wherever they would, without making even a show of resistance. He listened to them as oracles, and did precisely what they counselled; in fine they exercised an absolute dominion over him.

"Good Heavens!" cried Zeila, "how those villainous little wretches treat that man of genius! How can he permit himself to be led by creatures so disagreeable and sottish!"

"My child," replied the magician, "those little personages, so peevish and imperious, are called *PRETENSIONS*. They follow him everywhere, he does not even desire to be rid of them, and makes it his happiness to labor to humor all their caprices. There is nothing he would not do to obey them. They embroil him with his best friends, they create for him in the world a host of enemies by their unreasonable claims and their jealousies, and they render him supremely ridiculous in the eyes of all who know him."

"I wish no such husband as that!" cried Zeila. "I wish not to be the slave of a host of creatures, whose disposition does not seem to me the most agreeable. Should I have the misfortune, however innocently, to cross one of these Pretensions, my husband would sacrifice me, without love, mercy or remorse. But does there exist no man of genius, who is not the slave of Pretensions and caprices?"

Here commenced new researches, but, like former ones, without success. No doubt there are, in the world, men who unite modesty with brilliant talents, but Zeila had not the good fortune to encounter such a prodigy, and was cured effectually of her desire to wed what the world calls a man of genius.

Disappointed in so many experiments, Zeila now turned her thoughts upon a husband who should gratify her vanity and self-love; one who, occupying an important and splendid position in the world, would reflect upon her a part of the eclat of his position. She saw one day a courtier, still young, descending the steps from the palace of the Shah. The courtier was escorted by a numerous crowd. His costume was magnificent, and all who approached addressed him with respect the most obsequious, humility the most profound. His smile was benevolent and patronising, and the light of happiness shone upon his lips. Zeila was fascinated, and all impatient to wed this mighty courtier. What a position would be held by the wife of such a man! What splendor!—what pomp! Her head was already half turned, when she referred to the magic mirror.

The scene was changed. The courtier smiled no more. His brow was furrowed, he threw around him glances unquiet and suspicious; and the man who but now seemed so gay was transformed into the most melancholy and unhappy of beings. Zeila saw that he was attended by a great serpent, whose maw was always ravenous. The courtier was occupied entirely with this troublesome companion, and labored incessantly, but in vain to sate its capacity. The more the reptile swallowed, the more he craved. Some friends of the courtier presented themselves, he received them with a manner the most gracious and amiable, he made them offers of friendship apparently the most disinterested, but precisely at the moment when they least expected it, he thrust them into the jaws of the hideous reptile. In this picture also Zeila figured as the wife; the serpent turned his burning eyes upon her, as if demanding a new victim. The courtier hesitated not an instant, and Zeila uttered a cry of horror, as she saw him sacrifice his wife as he had his friends. She turned, affrighted and disgusted, from the revolting picture.

"Just Heaven!" she cried, "is it possible there are men depraved enough to sacrifice to a serpent all the ties of friendship and of love?"

"Alas, yes! my dear child," replied the old woman. "The serpent **AMBITION** is always hungry, and unfortunate to those who attempt to satisfy him. It ends, sooner or later, in their being devoured themselves." Zeila could not help

thinking of her own ambition, but it was but for an instant, and she rejoined:

"But all courtiers certainly cannot be at the mercy of a serpent so capacious!"

"Alas, yes! my daughter."

"No courtier then for my husband!" exclaimed Zeila. "Still, my good mother, I must acknowledge that I have a great desire to be a lady of the court!" Hardly had she spoken when she perceived the Grand Vizier. Mounted upon a noble courser, his caparison glittering with gems and with gold, the slaves and officers of his suite magnificently clothed, the people crowding after the pageant, the procession deployed before Zeila, in all the pride of Asiatic pomp. She was dazzled with the magnificence of the spectacle, and doubted not that with all this glitter the grand vizier united the most amiable traits. "Can I not wed the grand vizier?" suddenly she asked.

"Without doubt," said the magician, "if you desire it. Look in your mirror, and tell me how you decide."

Zeila interrogated the oracle which should inform her where, in two years, would be the grand vizier. She beheld him—strangled with the bow-string!"

"Oh, Mahomet!" she screamed, "what a frightful end to his greatness! No, no! No vizier for me!"

The impression made by this last tableau was so deep, that poor Zeila prayed the old sorceress to lead her instantly back to the house. Left alone in her apartment, she gave herself up to the reflections to which so many unsuccessful essays naturally gave birth. "Alas!" she cried, "what have I done! Why did I quit the house of my dear good husband? Poor Amedan! What will be his grief, when he returns, and vainly seeks his beloved Zeila! Would there were but opportunity yet to return! I feel now, how dear was the husband I have lost by my imprudence and my pride. Experience has cured me of all desire for a brilliant lot; and I recall with grief the placid happiness which I might have enjoyed all my days, but for my ridiculous vanity. Dear Amedan! If, after my foolish and wicked wanderings, I could return to thee, I would fall at thy feet, and I know thou wouldst pardon my error!"

"Yes, my dear Zeila," said Amedan, who suddenly appeared at her side, "with my whole heart!" Zeila started up in affright and fell into her husband's arms; while she could not recover from her surprise, but let joy take its place in her mind. Amedan explained.

"You believed me gone to Sheraz, but I had hardly left Ispahan upon my journey, when I was overtaken by your slave, sent to recall me, by the good woman in whose house we are. Under this

roof I have spent every night, and each day I have heard the report of your progress."

"Yes, my daughter," said the kind magician, who now joined them, "I knew that your heart was right—it was your head only which was attacked with a ridiculous mania. I was sure of curing you, because your understanding is naturally sound; but I would not have commenced the undertaking if you had resembled others who have consulted me in the promptings of criminal wishes, or fatal curiosity. I have no need of assistance from men, and few can estimate the value of my aid."

More the sorceress would have added, had she not been interrupted by Amedan and Zeila, who could not find language strong enough to express their gratitude. The reformation of Zeila was complete and permanent; she felt that Amedan possessed the attributes which alone can ensure the happiness of a wife: benevolence, delicacy of mind and thought, and trusting confidence, based on that esteem which the tender and noble heart preserves always for the object of its affections. Above all he was gifted with **COMMON SENSE**, a treasure much more precious, and more rare than genius. Zeila cherished more and more the simple and modest virtues of Amedan, since she had learned that a woman almost always purchases a **BRILLIANT MAN**, at a higher price than he is worth. Husbands should on their part remember that there may sometimes be the same disproportion between the value and the cost of a **BRILLIANT WOMAN**.

TO ELLEN.

Oh! tell me not of brighter homes
In southern climes away,
Where morning winds are low as lutes,
And moonlit fountains play,
And never are the hours told,
And all are free from care,
And life is like a marriage feast—
I care not to be there!

Oh! tell me not of eastern climes
Where Sharon's roses blow,
And fragrance floats on ev'ry breeze,
And shaded waters flow,
The bulbul warbles to its mate
Beside the starlit streams,
And love smiles on us all the day,
And whispers in our dreams.

Oh! tell me not of fairer lands,
Though Houris from the blest
Should beckon to ambrosial groves
In green isles in the west—
Why should I fly to foreign lands,
Or tempt the treach'rous sea?
A home within thy loving heart
Were all the world to me.

KEATS' HYPERION.

A HALF HOUR'S CHAT.

WE have just taken up a volume of the poems of Keats. Let us turn to his finest work, *Hyperion*. Keats was not appreciated in his life time, and has not been understood since. He is of all our poets the most deeply imbued with the Grecian spirit; for Shelley, though versed in the old classic poetry, was too intellectual to be real, and we turn with relief from his fine-spun ideality to the more palpable beauties of Keats. Do the latter justice. He was the victim of a clique, unjustly condemned while living, and having no powerful friends to defend him when dead. His sonnets will be eternal monuments to his genius. He was not twenty-five when he died, and had already written "*Endymion*," "*Lamia*," "*The Eve of St. Agnes*" and "*Hyperion*," each poem evincing a progressive improvement, which, if continued until forty, would have brought him up with the great masters of our tongue.

We have always shared in the fondness of the elder Greek poets for the Titanic legends. Keats in selecting a theme from them has evinced his genius. There is some slovenliness, a little redundancy, and now and then a turgid passage in *Hyperion*, but, take it with all its faults, it is, even in its fragmentary condition, one of the best poems of this century. We will read it.

"Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud."

Such is the opening, and what can be finer? The battle is over, Saturn is dethroned, and the rebels sit in heaven. In gloomy despair the god retires to this spot to hide his shame, brooding over his lost empire with an agony such only as immortals feel. But he does not long remain alone. Then soon seeks him out; but so deep is his dejection that he hears not her approaching footsteps. Let us read the poet's description of her: it comes in, like a wild prelude, to the Titanic drama.

"Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestal'd haply in a palace-court,
When eagles look'd to Egypt for their lore.
But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
How beautiful, if Sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self."

She approaches the god, as he lies supine and nerveless on the ground, and bending in reverence beside him, attempts to console him, but alas! her own heart is heavy within her, and the task is soon abandoned.

"Poor old King,
I have no comfort for thee."

She mourns over his defeat, reproaches herself that she tried to awake him, and bids him sleep on while she will weep at his feet. Her words break the profound hush for a few moments, and then all again is still.

"As when upon a tranced summer-night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave:
So came those words and went; the while in tears
She touched her fair large forehead to the ground."

And thus they remain—he prone on the earth, and she weeping at his feet until Saturn lifts up his faded eyes, and seeing his kingdom gone, bewails his ruin in accents like a god, but like one in despair. As he proceeds, however, recapitulating his misfortunes, something of his old energy awakes within him, his indignation starts to life and is poured forth in majestic eloquence, and, finally lashing himself to a phrenzy, he leaps to his feet and asks for another chaos, that out of it he may again create a world. Well may the poet say,

"That word
Found way unto Olympus and made quake
The rebel three."

Think of the god in that attitude, and speaking those words! What a picture it would make!—and yet no living artist could grasp it.

Thea seizes the favorable opportunity presented by this word, and leads Saturn to the Titans, who lie brooding over their defeat, groaning for their old allegiance, needing only a leader to attempt Olympus. The poet now shifting the scene, proceeds to a description of Hyperion, the god of day, (who alone of all Saturn's friends maintains his rank) now striding wrathfully through his colossal halls, fretting at his new master, though not knowing but that his own downfall is approaching, and now flying impatient from the phantoms who torment him there, and stretching himself, "six hours before the dewy dawn," at the gate of day, to await the morn, "in grief and radiance faint." Here he hears the voice of Cælus bidding him repair to Saturn, and lead the foremost van to assert the rights of the fallen god. The book closes with one of Keats' fine pictures, for Hyperion, obeying his mother,

"with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly sea,
Forward he stoop'd over the airy shore,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep night."

One cannot peruse this book without being struck with the beauty of the pictures, and the

exquisite melody of many of the verses. That is especially a fine touch where the poet makes the palace door fly open in "*smoothed silence*."

Now let us turn to the second book. At the very moment when Hyperion stoops from his height, Saturn and Thea reach the place where the ruined Titans await his approach. Their retreat is a fitting one for fallen immortals.

"It was a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seemed
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns."

Here were assembled the Titans, except those who were in torture or wandering. Cæus, Gyges, Briareüs, Typhon, Dolor and Porphyron, with others, the bravest in assault, were pent in close dungeons, where their huge limbs, cramped and screwed, were locked up like veins of metal. The rest found covert in this dismal den. And dismal indeed it must have been with its impenetrable gloom, unseen cataracts, and horrid monstrous crags, even to those who had been unaccustomed to the celestial plains. Then what must have been its horrors to the conquered Titans! Their feelings may be judged from the disorder in which they lay, the disorder of defeat, impotent rage and despair.

"Scarce images of life, one here, one there.
Lay vast and edgeways; like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November."

In this passage the poet displays an imagination of the highest order. Had he compared the Titans merely to a vast circle of Druid stones, he would have evinced no higher faculty than fancy, but when these stones are seen at twilight, on a forlorn moor, with a chill rain falling, on a November eve, he rises, by so many steps into the loftiest regions of imagination. There is something mysterious and awful in contemplating those vast ruins at such a time and under such circumstances, for their shadowy shapes appear in the dim light, to grow even more colossal, and even at times to look as if endowed with life. If the description had gone no further we should have regarded them, however, as devoid of feeling, mere huge, shadowy monsters, lying prone and motionless. But a vitality is given to the picture by the chill November rain which vividly reminds us of the icy despair of those Titanic hearts. The whole simile is a fine example of the process by which, through the force of association, Burke says the emotion of terror and sublimity is awoke in the soul.

Here then lie the Titans, among them Cottus

Phorcus, Atlas, Cr  us and Asia, mighty names. There too is Enceladus, once the mildest of the race, but now wroth for war. Misfortune has changed his character; he alone is not prostrate; but raised on his elbow glares savagely around, meditating that second war which was to shake Olympus, and dim traditions of which we still read of with awe in the pages of Hesiod and the ante-Homeric poets.

This melancholy scene meets the eye of Saturn as he reaches the borders of the dismal gulf. Tortured by rage, grief, anxiety, and most of all despair—for never had he so keenly felt his downfall until now—he staggers forward fainting. The sight is too much, the anguish is too severe even for a god: and he would have fallen,

"But that he met Enceladus's eye,
Whose mightiness and awe of him, at once
Came like an inspiration; and he shouted,
'Titans, behold your God!'"

This is one of the finest touches in the poem, or indeed in any poem, Homeric or Miltonic. It alone would settle Keats' claim to high genius. This simple passage is worth all that was ever written by the malignant old cobbler who hunted him to death. Had Keats maintained himself at an equal height throughout the poem he would have left a name second only to that of the bard of Eden.

But we must hurry on. Thus inspired with his old daring, Saturn, in a noble speech, incites the Titans to arise, ending by calling on Oceanus for his opinion. The dethroned god speaks and declares that their fall is by the law of Nature, which in its struggle for perfection has appointed other and better powers to succeed them. He holds out no hope, but resigns himself to fate. A deep silence ensues, none answering for a space: then Clymene lifts her timid voice in melancholy regrets. She gives a beautiful description of the young god Apollo, which we must pass over. But her womanish complaints are suddenly drowned by the fierce voice of Enceladus. Let us tell it in the poet's own words:

"So far her voice flow'd on, like timorous brook
That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Doth fear to meet the sea; but sea it met,
And shuddered; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallowed it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus, while still upon his arm
He lean'd; not rising, from supreme contempt.
'Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
Or to the over-foolish giant, Gods?
Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
That rebel Jove's whole armory were spent.
Not world on world upon their shoulders piled,
Could agonize me more than baby-words
In midst of this dethronement horrible!'"

And then proceeding, in a strain of lofty eloquence, in which he makes his hearers fully sensible of their degradation, and inflames them, by every art, against their oppressor, he starts to his feet, and lifting up his vast stature, is about to paint the blissful days they once enjoyed, when he beholds Hyperion approaching, and ceasing suddenly he calls all eyes to view the only one of their household who is not disgraced. "Hyperion, lo! his radiance is here!" he cries. The passage that follows, as it is the most sustained in the book, we give entire.

"All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
A pallid gleam across his features stern:
Not savage, for he saw full many a God
Wroth as himself. He look'd upon them all,
And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
But splendor in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
In pale and silver silence they remain'd,
Till suddenly a splendor, like the morn,
Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
All the sad spaces of oblivion,
And every gulf, and every chasm old,
And every height, and every sullen depth,
Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams:
And all the everlasting cataracts,
And all the headlong torrents far and near,
Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
Now saw the light and made it terrible.
It was Hyperion:—a granite peak
His bright feet touch'd, and there he stay'd to view
The misery his brilliance had betray'd
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp,
He utter'd, while his hands, contemplative,
He press'd together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seized again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day,
And many hid their faces from the light:
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
Among the brotherhood; and, at their glare,
Uprose Iapetus, and Creus too,
And Phorcus, sea-born, and together strode
To where he towered on his eminence.
There those four shouted forth old Saturn's name;
Hyperion from the peak loud answered, 'Saturn!'
Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods,
In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods
Gave from their hollow throats the name of 'Saturn.'"

The second book closes with this magnificent passage, and, in the succeeding one, the author takes up another portion of his theme, as if he felt his inability to carry on immediately the scene he has opened. He never lived to finish it. The third book closes abruptly, and contains little except a description of Apollo and numerous isolated verses of great beauty. We will leave Hyperion now, therefore, and shut the volume.

At another time we may take up Keats more at large and endeavor to analyze his genius. C.

MAHTOE AND MARMAH.

BY D. M. ELWOOD.

THE town of Norwalk, Connecticut, was first purchased of the natives about the year 1640, only twenty years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth rock. It was at that time inhabited by a branch of the Mohegan tribe, who, at the settlement of the town, returned again to the main body, in what is now the eastern part of the state. There was one little Indian girl left behind. This was done at the urgent request of one of the settlers, named Marvin, who, having but one child, a son, desired to adopt this girl, and rear her as his own. She consented to remain with them, and saw her friends and family depart for the home of their fathers without apparent grief, though after they were gone she went away by herself and wept. It was not strange, for Mahtoe was young, a mere child indeed, only seven years old, and almost a stranger to her newly found friends. But she soon became quite reconciled to her new mode of life, and when she had learned the language of the English none ever appeared happier or more amiable than the little Indian girl. She speedily grew to be a favorite with the whole company of settlers, and was welcomed to their dwellings with the greatest cordiality.

Ten years passed away, and still Mahtoe remained in the family of Mr. Marvin. But what a change had those ten years wrought in her. Instead of the slender girl she was now the well formed woman. Tall, but splendidly proportioned, she was active as the deer, and almost as coy and timid. She seemed to have lost many of the characteristics of her race, or rather they had been greatly modified by her continued intercourse with a civilized people. For she had been instructed during those ten years in the same knowledge, and with the same care and labor that the children of the English enjoyed. She loved and respected her friends and benefactors, and their manners and mode of life had been gradually adopted as her own; so that by the time she was seventeen there was scarcely a more lady-like personage in the whole settlement than was Mahtoe the Indian girl. Oh! it would have charmed you to observe the bright hopes of youth speaking out through her brighter eyes—to hear her sweet voice break forth in the rude music of the times—and to watch her as she tripped gaily over the soft grass, now bounding like the panther, now climbing rocks that the wild goat would almost fear to tread, now paddling the frail canoe along the beautiful little river that watered the village.

I have said Mahtoe was coy—so she was whenever any of the young men of the town were by. But with George Marvin, her brother by adoption, she was, of course, perfectly familiar. As she had learned to call him, so she seemed to consider him her brother, and never were brother and sister more affectionate than were they, though the wide world were looked over to find them. Affectionate! They little thought how deep were the sources of that regard till at length, in the fullness of time, it broke upon them in an instant.

At Unguowa, a few miles to the northeast of the settlement, resided another branch of the same tribe to which those who had left Norwalk belonged. It chanced, one day in September, when Mahtoe, as I have said before, was seventeen, that a young Indian from Unguowa saw her as she was sitting on a tall hill that rises abruptly on the eastern side of the river. It was then covered with some noble forest trees, but now bears only a short row of stunted poplars. She was employed in weaving a little basket for her needle work, for she had not yet forgotten the rude acquirements of her younger years, nor the language which was her own, but amid all the accomplishments of civilized life, she still retained an affection for many of her old customs and pastimes. The view from the position which she occupied was beautiful. To the west, the valley of Norwalk, with its winding stream, its meadows, its trees, whose foliage glowed with all the tints of the rainbow—to the east, the forest all untouched, just as it came from the Almighty's hand—to the south, the sparkling waters of the sound, and the long, blue island beyond—all these were before her eye, and their surpassing beauty was fully appreciated. And as Mahtoe gazed on the face of Nature so rich, so calculated to inspire one with emotions of admiration, of love, and benevolence, the pure spirit within her manifested through her eyes its happiness, and her face was radiant with a quiet joy. The young hunter saw her and admired, I will not say he loved, for love is a plant of slower growth; but he was struck with her beauty, and stood and viewed her unobserved himself till Mahtoe having finished her work, arose to return home. He then placed himself directly before her, and addressed her in her own tongue.

"Will not the maiden stay awhile that Tontawae may feast his eyes on her beauty? It makes glad his heart to look on so fair a creature."

"It is time for Mahtoe to return," replied she, "see, the hill is already between the sun and the river, and the tree shadows are long. My brother awaits me at home."

"But Tontawae loves the maiden. He would

make her his wife. He will hunt for her all the day. She shall never want."

Her face grew pale at his words, and, though she knew not why, her heart sickened at the bare thought of becoming his wife. But she said firmly,

"It cannot be. The youth is a stranger, and seeks in vain for Mahtoe's heart. But he is welcome to our tent; will he eat with us to-night?" and she stepped aside to pass by him and lead the way home. Without further parley, the young hunter grasped her in his sinewy arms and bore her away in the opposite direction. She screamed for help, but it was too far from the settlement, and no one heard her cry. Tonawae carried her in his arms awhile, and then setting her on her feet, compelled her to walk by his side, holding her tightly by the hand till they arrived at Unguowa.

When Mahtoe returned not home at sunset, George, who was always uneasy if she were long absent from his sight, walked out to meet her. Though he knew not where she had been during the afternoon, he chanced to go directly to the spot from which she had been so rudely carried away. As he came to the tree, under whose shade she had been sitting, and saw the basket she had made, which had fallen from her hand in her struggles to escape, he knew not what to make of it. He looked about and saw the trail of heavy feet, but they were not hers. He called her, and searched all around, but she neither answered nor came. He returned to the village—no one had seen her or could tell anything concerning her. This certainly began to look alarming, for the sun had some time been down, and it was already growing dark. Mahtoe had never stayed so long away; and why did she leave her basket on the hill? There must have been violence, but who would injure Mahtoe? The affair was incomprehensible.

All that night and the next day was the search for the lost maiden continued, but nothing was discovered that afforded any clue to the mystery of her absence. Unfortunately no one had seen her when carried away by the stranger youth, and the idea of violence from any of her own people was not for a moment entertained. So they sought in the forest and the river, climbed the hills and crossed the valleys of the whole region about, and at last they gave her up as dead.

In the meantime the poor girl was exposed to a severe trial, from which she came out most gloriously. Her captor, on the day after he had taken her to his tent, finding entreaty useless, boldly threatened her with death if she longer refused to yield to his brutal purposes. Death or dishonor; which did the high-minded Mahtoe

prefer? I need not tell. Both were sufficiently terrible to a young and happy thing like her, but death was nothing in comparison with the eternal stings of conscience, and a fame sullied among men. Still there was one hope of escape from both, and it was not forgotten, for as Tontawae approached the unhappy victim of his passion, she snatched suddenly his tomahawk, and as the stag at bay turns on his pursuer, so with the unwonted strength and the courage of desperation, with a single blow she felled her persecutor to the earth. It was a bold deed, and she knew it too, for if discovered by any of his people before she could make her escape good, the most fearful tortures were her portion. She was discovered, for she had hardly sprang through the door of the tent and was flying across the plain, when a stout warrior entered, and on seeing what had been done started immediately in pursuit. And he overtook her and brought her back to the village, and called out the tribe to witness the death of the ill-fated young man who was then ebbing out his life.

Mahtoe must die to-morrow; the relatives of the deceased demand blood for blood. There will be a solemn dance, a funeral dirge, and then the blazing fagots—the greedy flames will dry up the sources of life, and the fair maid will go to the land of spirits. And there will be savage triumph and rejoicing over her sufferings, and feasting and revelry will conclude the scene. But the girl is firm, for the spirit of twenty ancestral chiefs nerves her heart, and she will rise early on the morrow to see the sun for the last time as it peeps above the horizon.

It is midnight, and Mahtoe sleeps; not a muscle moves—not a sound do these sweet lips utter. The slumber is quite peaceful, for all is undisturbed within. A few bear skins spread on the ground form her only couch, but in her infancy she often rested on such a one. At the door of the tent lies a stalwart Indian, the same who had pursued her when she attempted to escape. Why does he sleep so soundly? Has he unwittingly partaken of some drug which deadens his senses and causes him to slumber at his sentry post? It must be, for he hears not the door of the tent open; a girlish form steps over his huge body, and gliding to the side of Mahtoe, whispers softly in her ear. She starts up, but does not cry out, for Indian blood runs in her veins, and Indian cunning and caution avail her now. The two, the girl and the woman, for Mahtoe's character has grown with the occasion, and she has laid aside the girlish character forever—the two approach the door, step lightly across the guard who is still wrapped in his dreams, the door closes after them, and they are gone amid the

darkness of the night. Well done, Mahtoe, bravely, nobly done, my little Marmah, and rich shall be thy reward. Fly swiftly, and pause not for weariness, for a long and toilsome journey is before you. Let not the howling of the wolf or the cry of the panther terrify you, for you leave worse enemies behind. The night is dark, and your path rough and difficult, but yonder bright star shall be your guide, and shall cheer you on till the morning dawns.

It did cheer them on, and when the sun burst forth in the morning the ten miles that separated Unguowa from the settlement at Norwalk had been passed, and the fugitives stood panting at Mr. Marvin's door. Mahtoe was soon locked in the arms of her brother, George, but she never called him *brother* after that. The little Marmah who had so generously saved her, could not, of course, return to her tribe, but she was soon far happier than she could ever have been with them, for with Mahtoe for a teacher a new and bright light beamed in upon her spirit. And she profited well by the lessons she had received, and became as great a favorite in the settlement as Mahtoe herself, and like her, soon had a home of her own, being married to a young man of the place, who was envied by all who were seeking a wife. Some of the most wealthy and respectable inhabitants of the town still boast their descent from one or the other of those two Indian girls.

TO MY DAUGHTER LOUISA.

BY JOHN C. DINNIES.

ROSE-BUD dear!

Oh! while I gaze

Deep in the depths of thy loveful eyes,—

Rose-bud sweet!

Thy winning ways

Foreshadow thy future victories!

Rose-bud loved!

Thy witching power

Softly reflects thy mother's charms,—

Thy parent rose

The dearest flower

That Nature folds in her teeming arms.

Rose-bud sweet!

Come near my heart,

Let it thrill and feel the throbs of thine,

And I will know

Its pulses start,

Warm from thy mother's soul divine!

Rose-bud mine!

The love that wells

From the depths of my heart for her and thee.

Rose and bud!

The stronger swells

As Time rolls on to Eternity.

THE HONEYMOON OVER.

BY C. H. FORD.

"WHY, what is the matter, child?" said aunt Sarah, laying down her knitting, and gazing, in astonishment, at her niece, who, with her bonnet still on, had sat convulsed with weeping from the moment of her entrance, and had twice disregarded the question which the old lady put to her now for the third time.

Aunt Sarah was one of the most single-hearted of her sex. She had, nevertheless, a strong mind, and from what she knew of Mary, suspected that something had gone wrong between the newly married couple. Mary continued weeping for some time, but at last spoke, though in disjointed sentences.

"Oh! I am so unhappy," she sobbed, "for Henry does not—love me—as he ought—as, as I believed he would. I wish I was dead."

"Mary!" said aunt Sarah in a tone of marked displeasure, sternly regarding her niece.

Mary hung her head and burst into a fresh flood of tears. Aunt Sarah continued.

"I am shocked to hear you use such language, Mary. What! repine against Providence and wish yourself dead!"

"Oh! forgive me," said Mary, running into her aunt's arms, "I scarcely knew what I said. But I am so unhappy. Indeed, indeed I am. I feel as if my heart would break."

Aunt Sarah tenderly pressed the sufferer to her bosom, soothing her as she would have quieted a child, and when the composure of the weeper had been somewhat restored by these means, said,

"But you have not told me, my dear child, *why* you are unhappy! Open your heart to me. You are aware that I love you as a mother—perhaps I can do something for you."

Aunt Sarah had taken charge of Mary when, left an orphan at the age of nine, she had no other friend in the world. It was under aunt Sarah's guidance that Mary grew up to be a really estimable girl, though not without faults, for alas! who, in this world, is exempt from them. It was from Aunt Sarah's house that Mary had gone forth a bride. What so natural then that the young wife should return thither for consolation in her trouble.

"I am glad you have come to me, Mary," said aunt Sarah, when she found that Mary at every attempt to speak, burst afresh into tears, "for a wife should never reveal any little difference with her husband, except to some very near and dear friend. I stand in the light of a mother to you,

and wish to hear, not from motives of curiosity, but to see if I cannot advise you. Fear not, then, to tell me all."

Mary at last gained courage to explain the causes of her grief, which were narrated with many interruptions from her tears. Her story was that which too many young wives have to tell. At first her husband had been devoted and constant in his attentions, and she had been supremely happy; but gradually his demeanor changed, though why she could not tell unless that he had ceased to love her. At times he would seem annoyed; often he spoke querulously; and to-day he had showed positive anger, and addressed her so sternly that she had come, the instant he left the house after dinner, almost broken-hearted to her aunt. Such was the substance of Mary's story.

Her aunt listened, without interruption, until the young wife had finished her tale, when she looked at her a moment kindly and said,

"You have done wrong, Mary, though in what I cannot yet tell." Mary started in surprise. "Yes! my dear, you have done something wrong, though by your present demeanor I see it was done innocently. In some way you have crossed your husband's wishes, or jarred on some one of his peculiar notions. For instance, I noticed you the other evening hanging around him the whole evening at Mrs. C——'s company. Some men are excessively annoyed at such things. I know not whether I may be right as to this particular instance; but depend on it, in some little thing, of no more importance than this, you have displeased your husband. Every man has his whims, and the first duty of a wife should be to study them. You are a woman, and ought to have a woman's tact, and let it be your business to find out in what way you have displeased your husband."

"Oh! no, no, it cannot be. It is no trifle. Had you only heard him speak to-day."

"Mary, I know I am right. Cheer up, wipe off your tears, go home, and meet your husband to-night with a cheerful face. Make no allusion to the past, but demean yourself as nearly as possible as you did in the days of courtship."

Mary was at length reassured and departed. Aunt Sarah sat until about an hour before tea-time, when, as if a new thought had struck her, she put on her bonnet and stepped around to see her niece. The young wife was sitting in the parlor musing. The first words aunt Sarah addressed to her, even before the salutations of the day, were,

"Do you always dress in this way, Mary, when you expect no company?"

"Why?" said Mary, looking down at her attire, in surprise, "is not this sufficiently good?"

"It is old fashioned and does not fit you."

"But it is unsoiled and will yet wear a long time."

"That is no reason."

"What! not study economy?"

"No! for you do not look well in it. Let me ask you a question. Would you, if you were still unmarried and expected a suitor this evening, wear that dress?"

Mary looked confounded. A new light seemed breaking in on her.

"I will change the dress this instant if you will wait."

"Do, by all means."

In less than quarter of an hour Mary re-appeared totally changed in appearance by the substitution of a different dress.

"I think it very probable, Mary," said her aunt, "that in this little matter of your dress may lie one of the secrets of your difficulty with your husband. You know he is passionately fond of elegant dress. Besides it is no compliment to a husband to welcome him home in a dress in which you would not appear before the veriest stranger. Now a husband would be ashamed, perhaps, to tell so simple a cause of his annoyance, though he might be annoyed the more from being forced to be silent. May this not be the case with Henry?"

Mary looked up, and tears were in her eyes.

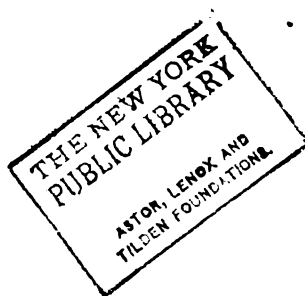
"You are right. I see it by numerous little things I had overlooked or disregarded before. A thousand, thousand thanks for your advice."

The next day Mary made her appearance at aunt Sarah's at an early hour. She entered smiling.

"All went off right," were her first words. "Henry's brow had lost its cloud, and we have not spent so happy an evening since the honeymoon. And this morning I wore no dishabille at breakfast, as I have been accustomed to: so, when Henry was going out, he took my hand and said, 'I wish you would always dress as pretty, Mary, as you did last night and this morning.' Oh! aunt Sarah what a load of unhappiness you have removed from my heart."

"Persevere, my dear child, and discover, if in anything else, you have innocently crossed your husband's likings. Remember a wife should always consult not only what is right, but what will please her husband, for only in doing this does she have any chance of happiness."

Mary took her aunt's advice, and never again had to complain of any indifference in her husband. From such slight causes often springs the unhappiness of the married life!





The above are some of the latest fashions in dress and bonnet.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

A RICH array of costumes has been forwarded to us this month, from which we select the figures in our plate. They are as follows:

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS of light colored silk; tight sleeves, and bodice high on the shoulders. A double lace mantelet is worn with this costume, the pattern of which appears in the plate. The bonnet is of crepe, trimmed with the same materials and with lace, to which is added a few daisies.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS not so high on the shoulders, displaying a worked chemisette beneath. The bodice is surmounted with a cape, having two rows of pointed ruffles of the same material with the dress. The sleeve, which is tight, is trimmed near the shoulder in the same way. Round waist: two deep flounces on the skirt, finished around the lower edge with points. Crepe bonnet, trimmed around the front with lace ruffled, and on the crown with crepe twisted in a very beautiful style.

FIG. III.—A WALKING DRESS of lilac colored silk. The principal feature of this dress is the very magnificent mantelet pelerine, of which we can give no description that will present near so good an idea of the article as may be derived from the plate, to which, therefore, we refer the reader.

FIG. IV.—A WALKING DRESS. The hanging sleeves at the elbow, and the new style of the bodice are the remarkable features in this costume.

FIG. V.—AN EVENING DRESS. This bodice has the fashionable buttons, and the style of the costume altogether is new and *distingue*. The pattern of the sleeves is particularly pretty.

FIG. VI.—Here is a back view of a cardinal, varying but a little from that in figure three.

WALKING DRESSES.—These dresses continue to be made long, especially behind; the bodies continue high and tight, but there may be a little fulness on the shoulders, and a full back, nor is the ceinture excluded: the sleeves are, in many cases, still worn tight, but those *a la Louis XIII.* have become popular with the advancing summer. We have seen bodies made half high in three pieces: the front trimmed with a fulling of the same material, placed over the middle seam of the corsage, and continued up each side to the epaulet; a row of pearly loops is put over the side seams and surrounds the edge of the epaulet and cuffs; the sleeves plain. Then there is a fashionable style in spotted Pekin silk; the body perfectly tight, the front *a bravaresses* allowing of the under chemisette of cambric being seen: the sleeves plain, and of a single piece with open facings; the skirt trimmed with two broad folds.

EVENING DRESS.—The prettiest evening dress of the month is made of rich figured satin of a bluish grey, open on each side of the skirt, and showing an under skirt of rose-colored *gros de Naples*; these openings are attached across with double *volants* of rich white lace, fastened to the dress with immense *choux* or roseettes of the same, gradually lessening upward; the corsage very low and fitting tight to the figure; waist a decided *point*; the whole of the upper

part of the corsage and short sleeve nearly concealed by a splendid lace *berthe*, to match the lace which decorates the skirt.

BONNETS.—The fronts of the bonnets are now being worn a little more projecting over the face, and less deep at the ears. The crowns do not descend very low upon the back of the neck, but allow of the back part of the head being rendered slightly visible. *Paille de riz*, crepe and blonde are much worn for bonnets, trimmed with the most delicate flowers and the lightest style of feathers; the form of the *paille de riz* hats being of such an elegant and novel shape, that without being too open in the front of the brim, yet allows of the hair being worn in great profusion on each side, or for the placing of those elegant ornaments, such as flowers, riband, &c. Some are composed of straw-colored *gros de Naples*, and trimmed with a bouquet of field flowers and taffetas ribands, shaded yellow and green.

Capotes a coulisses are not much ornamented, and some are made of straw with silk crowns, with merely a *nœud*, and long ends at the side; the *chou* is sometimes of plain net. White satin bonnets are covered with lace, and ornamented with a long white feather; the Penelope bonnet is the newest style, and *capotes a la Madonne*, with long veils of tulle. Leghorns, whether plain or sewed, are now in favor, and vary in form and trimming according to the use required. Bonnets of *etoffe sylphide* are made rather close, with a narrow *bouillonne* of tulle, and bunch of lilac or flour *de cedras*; *pailles de riz* mixed with silk form pretty *capotes*, with sprigs of May and feather leaves, or wreaths of *aubepine*.

MANTILLES of black fillet, with trimmings of the same, have been and continue to be fashionable; also the *manteau Venitienne* in black or white, lined with lilac or pink silk; scarfs of *glace* silk are hollowed out at the throat, and trimmed *a la grandemere*. *Crispins* and *camails* of *tarlatane* over silk, are made with four rows of lace and embroidery; the various styles of mantelet all form pelerine behind, and the ends are rounded; they are trimmed with a ribbon *a la veille*; trimmings of ribbon quilled, and bands of silk *decoupees* in festoons, are much in use.

CAPS.—The most successful cap for the present season is the bonnet *Petraque*, the lappet of blonde with which it is formed, and the delicate foliage which passes over the top of the front, and the beautiful exotic flower which droops on each side of the neck, combine to render this coiffure becoming to any style of face.

MATERIALS.—The chameleon silk is all the rage in Paris and London, and derives its name from the ever-varying shades it assumes in different lights. Buttons are much used in *redingotes* and robes of *demi negligé*; they are made of colored glass, agate, stones, &c., having a gold point in the centre, and are of a round form. Black lace is almost an indispensable accompaniment of every toilette; *camails* are of lace, scarfs of lace, flounces of lace, &c. &c. *Point de Venise* is also much in demand, and is made in every color; and the patterns are either antique, *renaissance* or *pompadour*; it is also made in black and white for shawls, or scarfs of *cachemire* or *barege*.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WITH this number begins a new volume which we enter on with the happiest auspices. The union of "THE LADY'S WORLD" and "ARTIST," gives the publisher the command of facilities such as no others can obtain. In novelty, beauty and style of embellishments we were said to surpass every cotemporary last month, and we predict for the illustrations of the present number a still more general popularity. In the literary department we shall leave nothing undone to please our readers, though on this point it becomes us to speak with more modesty. But while we shall be assisted by such writers as *Mrs. Sigourney*, *Mrs. Osgood*, *Mrs. Annan*, and other female authors of the first rank, we are confident of winning the suffrages of the sex for *THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE*.

Are our fair readers aware that we alone, of all the monthlies, published the fashions for last month? One of the magazines, we believe, issued patterns similar to our costumes nearly three weeks after they had appeared in our June number. This fact is the best testimony we could adduce to the superior advantages we possess for procuring the very latest styles. Our arrangements are such that we shall always receive patterns for our engraver even in case of a failure through the ordinary channels, so that in no case will there be a disappointment.

NEW BOOKS.

THE rage for cheap re-prints is sensibly declining. Where an edition of ten thousand of a newspaper extra was disposed of last summer, scarcely five thousand can now be sold. The public prefers the orthodox book form to the huge quartos of the newspapers. This is returning half way to the legitimate book-trade; and the ultimate effect we foresee will be to come back to the old channels, though at a reduced price. And the publishers will find it their interest to adapt themselves to the times and look for remuneration in a large edition.

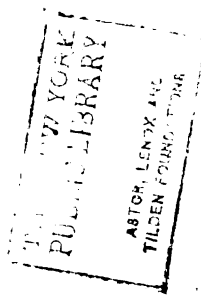
Harper & Brothers have just published "The False Heir," by James, which we will dismiss by saying it is pleasant, of a good moral tone, and as near as can be like all his late romances. They have also issued "Dr. Olin's travels in the Holy Land," illustrated by Catherwell, and got up in their best style. Dr. Olin, it will be remembered, is President of the Wesleyan University, and is a man of erudition, talent and character. His volumes are agreeable and instructive, and this is high praise when we remember who have been his pioneers in the same track. "The Family Library" at twenty-five cents a volume is being issued: this is just half the price at which it was at first afforded, and then it was considered a miracle of cheapness. From the same house we have "Home, or the Iron Rule," by Mrs. Ellis, which, like all her books, will do much good. "Brande's Encyclopædia," and "Alison's French Revolution," are still in the course of publication by the same house: both are standard works

George S. Appleton, Philadelphia, has just published "Seven Years and a half in the New Purchase," a book much in the style of Mrs. Claver's "New Home, who'll follow," but whose wit is more after the style of the old school of Sterne and Swift, intermingled with modern colloquialisms. The author gives a humorous and graphic picture of western life, and we heartily commend his volumes, warranting the purchaser much amusement, if not many a laugh. It is the book of books for a traveller, *ennuied* in a car, on a steamboat, or at the springs. "Hector O'Halloran," an Irish story by W. H. Maxwell, and published by Mr. Appleton, is also a pleasant book for after-dinner reading. The same publisher has issued "No sense like Common Sense," one of Mary Howitt's delightful volumes. She aims to teach that we should be contented with our situation in life, and admirably has she succeeded. The story is well told, and many will read the book for this, even if they neglect the moral. A beautiful edition of Milton, in pearl, has appeared from the same house, got up with a neatness and taste which would make Mr. Appleton's reputation, if that was not already done. The margin of the page in this volume is most bewitchingly ample.

E. H. Butler, Philadelphia, continues the publication of his "Pictorial History of the United States," and of his "American Naval Biography." A new number of each work is before us. The illustrations of the Pictorial History are particularly fine, and reflect high credit on the artist, Mr. Croome. There is a life, finish and truth to nature about his designs which approach the French artists, and which, if progressively improved, will eventually place him alongside of those celebrated designers. We have great hopes of this, for each new number of the work evinces a decided improvement over the last. The pictures are also historically true, that is as near so as it is possible to make them; and this is as much as can be asked. Great pains have been taken by the publisher, designer and editor to secure accuracy, not only in the costumes, but in the likenesses of such men as fill a prominent place in the history. As an instance of this we may refer to the portrait of Cabot, which is from an undoubted original, procured at a great cost. This work is the first pictorial one of magnitude got up on this side the Atlantic, and deserves encouragement on that account, if on no other. The celebrated English illustrated edition of Froissart is not near so accurate as this history, most of the costumes in that lauded edition being at least a century later than those of the time for which they are represented. We can, therefore, commend the illustrations of this book as exact, as well as spirited. The work should be in every one's hand.

Lea & Blanchard have issued in one volume "Moore's history of Ireland," being all that is contained in the three London volumes. Whenever the author finishes the work they propose issuing the remainder. The same house is issuing "The Encyclopædia of Geography," an excellent work, in numbers. A new novel by Cooper is to be published by L. & B. shortly. It is said to resemble "The Pioneers" in some respects.





LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

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No. 2.

THE CONSENT.

BY MRS. F. A. SEYMOUR.

It was on a bright moonlight evening, in the rosy month of June, that two young men were wandering, arm in arm, about the romantic scenery of Trenton falls. As they stepped fearlessly along, now treading on the very brink of the overhanging rocks, beneath which rolled the limpid waters, now pausing when some sudden turn brought them, one after another, in view of the several cascades, gleaming in silvery splendor, beneath the full-orbed moon, they were silent—for they were both lovers of nature, and they needed not language to express their feelings. The eloquent look, the silent grasp of the hand are sufficient, in such scenes, without the intervention of words.

At length, when they came to the last turn, and the glorious view of falling waters, bounding in one gladsome, never-tiring leap, while the basin into which they fell, was concealed by the shower of snowy spray, that everlastingly rises like a grateful incense to Heaven—as all this burst upon their enchanted vision, they paused in adoration—not of the scene before them—but of Him, who poured out these living streams in such beautiful and wild confusion. The eldest of the friends, raising his companion's hand in his own with uplifted eyes, exclaimed in a solemn tone—

These are thy glorious works, parent of God,
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
So wondrous fair—Thyself, how wondrous then!

Then, as if almost ashamed of his emotion, he sat down in silence upon a rock near at hand, where, in a few moments, his companion also seated himself, and by degrees their feelings sobered down to the calm realities of life.

While they are recovering themselves we will tell our readers who they are—Edward Vinton and Charles Manning were both residents of New York. The former, a practising lawyer, and the latter, a merchant. They had been playmates and school-fellows in boy-hood—friends and *chums* at college

—and the friendship, commencing in such early life, seemed to “grow with their growth and strengthen with their strength.” There are few such friendships in this matter-of-fact world, but when they do occur, what a source of pure happiness they may be found! They had been called Damon and Pythias at school, and I believe that each would have willingly laid down his life for the other, so sacred and exalted was the bond that united them. Charles Manning was about four and twenty years of age, and Vinton, his senior by two or three years, was well fitted, through superior judgment and depth of intellect, to be the counsellor and guide of his more volatile friend. Charles had lost his parents when very young, and therefore was the more fortunate in having had such a companion, while he himself, from his light and buoyant spirit was an excellent counterpoise to the more grave and susceptible nature of Vinton.

But we have left them too long sitting upon that rock. After a while their conversation had gradually subsided from the high-wrought strain in which they had indulged on this their first view of these delightful falls, and they began to speak of the party with whom they had been travelling from New York. “Now I think of it,” said Charles, “should we not have invited some of the young ladies to accompany us in our walk? I fear they will accuse us of want of gallantry.”

“To tell the truth,” replied Edward, “there is not one in our party for whose society I should have cared at this moment—I could not hear the thoughts of witnessing these scenes, for the first time, in the presence of an unsympathising heart, and therefore requested you to accompany me privately. Besides I always have an innate fear of rendering myself ridiculous by a display of emotions that I cannot control, and that would seem affected to one who did not feel with me.”

“Oh! Edward,” said Charles, laughing, “I fear you will never find the ‘sympathising heart’ that you desire among the fair sex—you will remain an old bachelor, and I shall have to keep you company, much against my inclination, I confess.”

"But," inquired he abruptly, "did you see that lovely creature who arrived a few minutes after ourselves? I was standing on the piazza, after you had gone up stairs, when a private carriage drew up, and the most beautiful young lady that my eyes ever rested upon, was handed out by a stately looking old gentleman, who must be her father. They did not appear at the tea-table, or I should have pointed them out to you." Vinton listened with great earnestness, and was about to reply when Charles added—"By the way, it struck me that she was the exact counterpart of that lovely damsel whom you raved so about, some months ago, and the old gentleman must be the stern tyrant who spirited her away so suddenly." As he finished speaking he glanced at his companion's face, and was startled to see that it was pale as death, while his dark, lustrous eyes swam with tears, which the clear moon-beams rendered distinctly visible—"Forgive me, Edward," he murmured softly—"I meant not to move you thus—indeed I knew not that the impression was so deep"—Edward smiled sadly as he replied,

"I ought to be ashamed of myself, Charles, for this weakness: you know all my heart, and yet you never can know how strong are the chains which bind me to that fair being—although I have seen her but once, I feel that she is the ruling star of my life, and I have a presentiment that we are to meet again—do not mistake me—I am not speaking of what men call *fate*, but I believe that there is an overruling Providence which directs all our ways, and which moves hearts destined for each other by some inexplicable charm, so that if not in this world, surely in another they will be united." Charles gazed upon his friend's countenance as it kindled with enthusiasm, and a half smile overspread his own features. But he checked it, and said,

"Do tell me again the history of that meeting which has stamped this feeling so indelibly upon your heart—it is so long ago that I have almost forgotten it."

"I will." Vinton commenced in a tone almost tremulous, but it grew calm as he proceeded.

"About six months ago, you will remember, I was called to Philadelphia on business. I saw little there to interest me, and should have returned home with a heart as indifferent as the one I took there, if I had not been tempted one fine, clear afternoon, to take a ride on horseback on the delightful road to Laurel Hill. Exhilarated by the fresh, bracing air, my spirits rose, and I was cantering gaily along, when I saw a figure on horseback, which instantly arrested my attention. So graceful and picturesque were the appearance and

attitude of the young lady, (for such it was) that I was impelled to ride hastily forward to see if the countenance corresponded with the rest of the person. A young gentleman rode by her side, and they seemed to be accompanying a carriage which was abreast with them—I rode quite near, when the object of my pursuit suddenly turned round and presented to my view the features which I have never forgotten. Her dark ringlets blown by the breeze into beautiful disorder, shaded her glowing cheeks, and a pair of eyes so brightly, deeply blue, and withal softened by such long eye-lashes, that they quite confused all my ideas. The rosy lips had just been parted with a smile, and the expression still remained upon them. I reined in my horse, and was following them more slowly, when I saw her horse suddenly start and gallop forward with the most fearful rapidity. The steed of her companion plunged violently and threw him senseless upon the ground; the driver of the carriage urged his animals to their utmost pace, while a thrilling voice cried from the window, 'my child—my child!' You may imagine that I pursued the lady's horse with all the speed in my power. She sat him admirably, but I could see that she began to waver—I shouted to her with the energy of despair, 'do not fear—keep firm.' At last, as the horse was bounding down a small slope, where she would assuredly have been thrown, I reached his head—seized the bridle in a moment, jumped from my seat, and caught her in my arms—I led her to the bank at the side of the road—she was pale as marble, but she did not faint. I saw that she struggled against it—never can I forget the feelings that agitated my soul as I gazed upon her lovely countenance—I saw the beau ideal that I had ever sighed to behold, and felt that she was the embodiment of all the dreams of my youth. It was only for a few short moments that she appeared unable to move—her lips murmured 'my father—where is he?' I replied that he was safe, and the next instant he came running toward us, his hat off, and his grey locks streaming in the wind. She made a faint effort to meet him—he clasped her to his breast with frantic delight, 'oh! my child—my Alice, my only treasure'—the tears streamed down his cheeks, nor were mine withheld from flowing in sympathy, when his Alice, for so I must call her, turned to me, and reaching out her small hand, which I took with respectful eagerness, exclaimed, 'Father, will you not thank this gentleman?—I owe him my life.' He thanked me with the feeling that you might suppose a father would experience toward one who had saved his child, yet I thought I observed a pride in his manner, as if he could not brook an obligation, even of such a

nature. After a few moments conversation, he inquired to whom he was so much indebted—I mentioned my name, and a cloud instantly overspread his fine countenance. In a cold and almost haughty manner he drew his daughter's arm within his own, and bidding me good evening, entered the carriage with her, leaving me lost in wonder at the strange alteration which the mention of my name had occasioned. I returned to the city in a dejected mood. I felt hurt, for the father of her whom I had rescued had not even asked me to call—indeed I knew not who he was, but I learnt the next day by inquiry that he was General Clifford—that he had lately returned from Europe with this only daughter, who was admired and sought by all, but watched over with the most jealous care by her proud father. I returned to New York, and since then have never seen or heard of them. Now, my dear friend, if you are wearied by this long story, remember you brought it upon yourself by asking for it."

Just at this moment a sweet voice was heard, exclaiming, "oh! father—do let us go on a few steps beyond this—I am sure that we shall see something still more beautiful." Vinton grasped his companion's arm with a convulsive pressure.

"It is *she*," he exclaimed. They both sprang to their feet, and General Clifford and his daughter stood before them. They recognized our hero at once, and the fair Alice said in a low tone as she took his offered hand,

"Mr. Vinton, I am happy to be able once more to thank you for my life." He could not forbear gently pressing the soft fingers that trembled in his—but her father received his polite salutation with such cold stateliness of bearing that his own pride was roused, and hastily touching his hat, he passed on with his friend, and left the father and daughter together.

"This is unaccountable," exclaimed Charles, as soon as they were out of hearing; "that a man should treat you so, after you have done him the greatest service that one human being could render to another—and yet what a beautiful creature Miss Clifford is! I have half a mind to fall in love with her myself." Edward could not speak, he was lost in thought—the remembrance of the sweet smile which had beamed upon him, and the almost certainty that the fairy fingers which he had touched had *very* gently returned his pressure, fairly intoxicated him with delight, in spite of her father's haughtiness. He looked forward with joyous anticipation to the morrow when he doubted not he should see her again. But what was his disappointment at the breakfast table, when he looked in vain for those melting eyes which shone in his

memory—the stars of his hope! He learned that the general departed at day-break, and thus he was again left to wonder at such inexplicable conduct. The object clearly seemed to be to avoid him, and he vainly sought to imagine why there should be such an evident desire to prevent his farther acquaintance. He was of good birth and family, and was conscious of no act of his life that should cause him to blush for his name. He lingered for a few days with the party with whom he had travelled, and then returned to his business more deeply in love than ever. He would reason with himself often thus—"Why should I cherish such feelings when they are sure to make me unhappy? I see that her father dislikes me and would never consent that she should be mine." But when was Love ever put to flight by Reason? Her pale light is unheeded when Love's flaming torch throws its radiance over our pathway.

Not long after the events narrated, Edward Vinton was passing through Broadway one afternoon, and saw the beautiful object of his thoughts emerging alone from a shop just before him. He could scarcely believe his senses that fortune should thus favor him. She blushed as she replied to his confused greeting: and that blush was a harbinger of joy to his spirit. He asked her permission to accompany her in her walk, which she readily granted. She informed him that they were passing a few days in the city on their return, from a long journey, to Philadelphia. She spoke with enthusiasm of the scenery at Trenton Falls, where they had last met, and regretted their sudden departure without mentioning the cause. Edward conversed with his usual ease after the first embarrassing moments, and that half hour's walk was to both a delightful season. He was charmed to perceive that the treasures of her intellect were not inferior to the beauties of her person. Too soon they reached the Astor House, and as he ventured to express his regret that their walk had terminated, his companion said with down cast eyes and timid grace,

"I would ask you to call, Mr. Vinton, but——"

"I understand you," he replied, "your father does not like me—I will not intrude, however much it may cost me. Permit me to hope that you will sometimes think of one from whose thoughts you are never absent." The "eloquent blood" rushed to her brow as he spoke, and she quietly replied,

"I can never forget that you have preserved my life." At this moment her father appeared, evidently watching for her, upon the steps of the Astor House. When he saw who was her companion, the same dark shade passed over his features which Edward had observed on their first

meeting, and with a cold bow and "good evening, Mr. Vinton," he led his daughter away, leaving her lover (for so we must call him) like one from whom the light of day is suddenly withdrawn. He had some faint hope that her father might possibly give him some excuse for advancing the acquaintance, but this hope was destroyed, and he felt almost in despair. Yet that bright blush, did it not whisper something to his heart! Yes—and *that* whisper, like an angel's, brought comfort and tranquillity to his bosom. The next evening Vinton and his friend Charles were invited to a party in a splendid mansion near the Battery. Vinton at first intended to decline, but overcome by the persuasions of Manning, who was fond of lively scenes, he consented, and they went together. What was Edward's joy when he entered the brilliantly lighted saloon, to see Miss Clifford conversing with a lady just opposite the door. He was so delighted with this unlooked for occurrence that he could scarcely return the graceful salutation of the lady of the house. He had never before seen Alice, except in a riding or walking dress. Arrayed in a white robe of simple elegance, with no ornaments but a single row of pearls upon her snowy neck, and a white rose in her hair, she looked the very perfection of living, breathing loveliness. Again, as Edward approached her, he saw the same bright blush steal over her countenance, like the rosy hue that announces Aurora's approach. He introduced Charles as his most intimate friend, and she welcomed him with a smile of pleasure. Again, he saw her father regarding him with that look which so saddened his heart. He said to Alice in a low tone—

"Miss Clifford, I dare not ask you to dance."

"No, no—do not," she replied, giving her hand to Manning, who had just petitioned for it. As her graceful figure floated through the dance Edward watched her so intently that he forgot all the splendor and pageantry around him, until a young lady, tapping his shoulder with her fan, rallied him in a lively tone about his absence of mind.

"Do tell me, Mr. Vinton," said she, "what are you thinking of? but there is no need of asking. Here you have been gazing at Miss Clifford for the last half hour without moving your eyes." Edward started, for he saw General Clifford standing near the lady—so near that he must have heard every word. Their eyes met, and a smile of bitter scorn passed over the proud general's countenance.

"Oh!" thought Vinton, "could I only unravel this mystery—if I could discover the cause of this strange antipathy—what would I not give?"

The hours sped rapidly away as light feet kept time to melodious sounds. Edward watched the fair Philadelphian with a beating heart—but she was so surrounded by admirers that it was but seldom he was able to catch a glance of her soft eyes. Toward the close of the evening he was fortunate enough to see her enter a small recess, formed by a deep window that overlooked the Battery. He ventured to step behind the light drapery which partially screened her from view. She was leaning on the side of the open window, apparently absorbed in contemplation of the beautiful green, on which the clear moonlight shone with unusual radiance.

"May I ask," said he, "how long you remain in the city?"

"We leave to-morrow morning," was the reply, in a low voice. She turned her head as she spoke, and a tear was seen trembling on those long, dark eye-lashes. Edward muttered something unintelligible about the moonlight and the water, which seemed to call for no response, and obtained none. He longed to ask a question, but dared not. The silence was becoming embarrassing, when he said,

"I dare not, Miss Clifford, ask leave to call on you at your own home—for I see that your father has some cause of antipathy against me, which I cannot understand. May I hope that it is not shared by yourself? and will you not think me presuming if I tell you that your image has never left my memory since the happy hour when I first saw you." Alice replied not, but she suffered him to take her hand. "You will not forget me?" murmured he in a soft voice.

"Never!" was the reply. "Oh! leave me," she added, "my father will see you." Here let no fastidious lady be shocked that the fair Alice should discover any tender feeling toward a lover whom she has only seen four times in her life. Let her remember that he had a face and figure too striking to be unnoticed, and that the first time in which she ever saw them he was her preserver from an untimely death.

I pray thee now, gentle reader, go with me to the good city of brotherly love. Let us ascend these marble steps, and this richly carpeted staircase. We will enter this half-open door—here is a drawing-room, magnificently furnished, silken hangings and costly gems of art which adorn the walls, all show the hand of taste as well as the power of wealth. On a pile of crimson cushions sits the fairy queen of this luxurious abode. Gen. Clifford reposes in a large arm-chair in a thoughtful mood. Perhaps his mind is wandering back to other days when the mother of his fair child was

with him—young and beautiful as *she* is now. That mother had been taken away in the very spring-time of existence. Since then he had supplied the place of both parents, watching over this tender flower with the fondest affection—and well had she repaid his love by the most unbounded confidence. Never (until lately) had he seen a shadow cross her brow, of which he knew not the cause.

"Alice, my child," said he abruptly, "come and sit by me—I wish to talk to you a little." Alice rose slowly and approached her father. He drew her fondly down into the chair beside him, but she did not speak. Surprised at this, he put his hand upon her face to turn it toward his own, it was wet with tears! "My dear daughter," said he tenderly, "what causes these tears? You know that you have only to mention your wishes to me and they shall be gratified—what cause have you for weeping?" She hid her face on his shoulder, and replied,

"I have done wrong, dear father—but, indeed, I felt that I could not sleep to-night without confessing it to you—will you forgive me?"

"You must tell me first what the offence is," replied the general in a lively tone—"what is it? I am glad to hear that is all that grieves you, for I am very sure that I have nothing to forgive." Alice had great difficulty in coming to her confession, but she had resolved upon it, and at length she told her father that a gentleman had called that morning while he was out—that she had seen him, and finally, with many tears and blushes, added that she feared she had done wrong in listening to all he said without her father's sanction.

"Tell me his name," thundered out the general, while a dark look settled on his brow.

"Mr. Vinton," faintly replied his daughter. He started, and with something like an imprecation on his lips, strode fiercely up and down the room; Alice, who knew her father's violent prejudices, knew also that it would be of no avail at the moment to attempt to soften him by words. She had feared that he disliked Mr. Vinton, but had never heard him allude to him in any way, and, therefore, sat trembling and wondering what could cause this great excitement. At length her father stopped before her and commanded her to look up.

"Alice," said he, "you have never deceived me—and I have never thwarted your wishes. Listen to what I say—Edward Vinton's father was once my dearest friend. We were both young and ambitious. He obtained by unfair means a place at which I was aiming. We never had any intercourse after that. He is now dead, and probably his son knows nothing of this, but I can never give my daughter to him whose father was my enemy.

Therefore, I command you to think no more of him—you have seen him but a few times—it surely can be no sacrifice to yield to the wishes of a father who loves you so fondly." Alice was deeply pained to see in the father whom she had always looked up to as the model of all that was great and good, such an unchristian spirit. She ventured to suggest something about forgiveness, but he would not listen for a moment. "Promise me," he cried, "that you will never encourage Mr. Vinton by word or look."

"I never will disobey you, my father," she replied—but her cheek, pale as marble, told how much the effort cost her. After she had become somewhat calm, the general sat down by her and said, in a tender manner,

"My dear child, when this painful conversation commenced, I was prepared to enter upon one of a very different character—you are now nineteen years of age—until this time it was your dear mother's wish that you should be left to pursue your education without the intrusion of other subjects of thought. Now I must inform you that it has long been my design to give you to one every way worthy of you—your cousin, Frank Lester. He loves you, and will, I doubt not, make you happy. He has returned from his voyage—and to-morrow I shall expect you to receive him as your future husband."

Alas! the general had forgotten, as too many fathers, and some mothers also are apt to do, the days of his own youth. Poor Alice was quite overwhelmed; she had never dreamed of such a calamity as having a husband selected for her, and she knew not what to answer. Her father expected nothing but silent acquiescence, and left her alone to sorrowful reflection.

Let us return to Vinton. After General Clifford and his daughter had left New York, he tried in vain to satisfy himself with the unsubstantial hope that he should again meet them in some fortunate manner, and that then everything would be arranged and satisfactorily. His friend Charles tried to encourage him, but he could not be contented to wait in uncertainty, and knowing that there was no reasonable obstacle—at least none that he could perceive to his wishes, he determined to go at once to Philadelphia and try his fortune. He saw Alice, and frankly told her of his love. She did all that a young maiden could do in referring him to her father. She did not conceal from him that she had never ceased to think of him with pleasure, since that moment in which he had rescued her from such danger—but at the same time told him that her father had strong prejudices, and she feared he had imbibed some against him-

self, which it would be difficult to overcome. Edward, with the blissful assurance of her love in his heart, saw little to fear from anything earthly. The next day the general received a respectful letter, in which his daughter's hand was sued for by Edward Vinton, with a manly and impassioned energy. The graceful diction and eloquent flow of words, expressing so warmly the feelings of his heart, excited a glow of admiration in the father's mind, but it did not change the stern decision which had been made. The lover received a cold answer, containing the substance of what Alice's father had told her, of his old enmity as the only reason for withholding his consent. He was further told that this reply was irrevocable. Where were now the dreams of future happiness that had danced before our hero's mental vision with such enchanting brightness? A dark cloud hung over his pathway, but one little star shone amid the darkness, and a voice whispered in his ear, "she loves thee—despair not."

A few weeks passed slowly away, and Vinton heard nothing from his beloved. He endeavored to interest his mind more deeply in his profession, with the hope that by winning fame and wealth, he might at last soften the old general's heart. He had been deeply hurt at the insinuation that his father had acquired the contested object by unfair means. He knew it to be untrue, and immediately set about an investigation of the proof. He had long known the circumstances, but knew not who was the early friend spoken of in his father's papers. This occupation deeply interested him, and he hoped, at some future time, to clear his father's memory from all stain. One day Charles Manning appeared at his friend's office in a state of great agitation. He soon disclosed to him that his affairs in Savannah, where almost all his property was centred, were in a very unsafe condition, and unless some faithful lawyer on whom he might depend, could be found to depart immediately, the result would be his total ruin. He was expecting in a few months to marry a beautiful, but portionless damsel, and thus he had more than common reasons for anxiety. Edward reflected for an instant, and then said,

"I will go myself."

"Oh! no, my dear fellow," said Charles, "it will injure your business and your prospects. I did not dream of such a sacrifice from you—only point out some one in whom I can confide, and I will engage him immediately." But Edward was firm in his determination; his was not a mind to shrink from self-denial in the cause of his friend. He well knew that no one else would bestow the labor that would be necessary to extricate Charles

from the embarrassments into which his own thoughtlessness and imprudence had plunged him. Although he felt that his own happiness was, for the present, out of the question, yet he rejoiced in that of his friend, and was determined to do all he could to secure it. But how could he banish himself so far from Alice? He checked the thought as a selfish one, and commending himself to Him who never forgets those who trust in Him, busied himself in preparations for his departure. Yet it was not without many sad thoughts that he saw his arrangements all completed, and felt that he must go, without hearing one word from her who was the object of all his hopes—for whose sake he alone wished to gain wealth or fame, and without whose smiles, even the highest earthly honors would be dimmed of their glory.

It was a bright, autumnal morning when Vinton stood on the deck of the vessel which was to bear him on his short voyage. He had grasped Manning's hand with a farewell pressure, and begged him if he saw his Alice, to speak of him to her, which the other readily promised, gaily telling him that he knew the course of his love would at last run smooth. With a smiling face Charles leaped on the quay, and the next moment turning round, waved his handkerchief with such a happy, triumphant air, that Edward was at a loss to comprehend him.

"Why is he so glad," was his almost reproachful question, when he felt the blood rushing in torrents to his heart, and a thrill of joy ran through his frame, for he saw General Clifford approaching with his daughter; the pale looks of the father told who was the invalid. Could it be that they were to be fellow-passengers? A few moments dispelled all doubt, for he saw baggage placed on board, superintended by a handsome young man, whom he regarded with an uneasiness that he vainly tried to shake off. But one glance at the soft eyes of Alice told him that he was still remembered, and the look of joyful recognition which she gave him, amply atoned for her father's scarcely perceptible salutation. Vinton soon learnt that the name of their companion was Lester. Two young men, both of such prepossessing appearance, could not fail to form an intimacy, and that intimacy ripened into friendship, during the fortnight which elapsed before they reached their destined port. Alice was the frequent subject of conversation between the new friends as they paced the deck, during the long starry nights. Lester frankly told Vinton of his uncle's projects, and of the disappointment he had experienced when his sweet cousin, whom he had loved from boyhood, had confessed to him that her heart was pledged to another. This she had

done in the noble spirit of sincerity which had always been a prominent feature in her character, and he acknowledged that it had saved him from much future pain. "For," he added, "I do not intend to be inconsolable."

Lester knew the character of his uncle so well that he could not give Vinton much hope of overcoming his prejudices, but told him that Alice had inherited the unchanging disposition of her father, and he need not doubt her constancy. He also informed him that the general's health had been failing for some weeks—although he was not an old man. He himself was strongly impressed with the idea that he should not recover, and had desired Mr. Lester to accompany them, fearing that he might be called to leave his only child in a strange land. Perhaps, too, he hoped that by being in daily habits of intercourse with her cousin, she might be brought at last to accept him as a lover. Alice did not appear often on deck, and then it was only in her father's company. Vinton could see that the general was much chagrined at his presence, and therefore prudently forbore to intrude himself at such times—but he saw that Alice herself was becoming pale and thin, through her constant attendance upon her father. What a trial to a young lover's feelings to know that the beloved of his heart was so near, and yet be forbidden to assure her of his unabated affection, save by an occasional glance which was all the intercourse allowed them! Yet even this solace he was soon to be deprived of when they reached the harbor. His business compelled him to take up his abode in the city; while the general and his family retired to lodgings in the suburbs. Lester frequently visited him, but he gave him no hope. He told him that he himself had tried, more than once, to intercede in his behalf, but his uncle had checked him in a manner so strangely determined that he could not proceed.

In the meantime poor Alice had many causes of disquietude. She had to suffer the daily importunities of her father to make him happy, by giving her hand to Lester. In vain she assured him that her cousin was perfectly willing to resign her—that she had told him of her attachment, and he wished not for a hand which could not bestow a heart. Her father accused her of unmaidenly conduct in confessing her love for one whose addresses he would never sanction, and the irritability of disease added to his naturally proud and wayward disposition, often made his gentle child shed tears of wounded feeling—yet never for one moment did she forget that he was her dear and honored father—and throughout her after life it was a source of pure happiness to remember that neither by word

nor look had she ever turned from the path of duty. But above all, the pious heart of this dutiful daughter was grieved at the thought that one just sinking into the grave, as she could not help fearing that her beloved father was, should cherish in his heart so unforgiving a spirit as his words and actions testified. Daily did her fervent prayers ascend that his soul might be purified from all earthly passions, and fitted for the mansions of eternal rest.

Alice had a voice of surpassing sweetness. Her father had always loved to hear her sing, and it had been his pride and delight to cultivate her powers to their highest extent. Now, in the days of his weakness, his greatest solace was to have his "warbling bird," as he fondly called her, seat herself by his couch, and charm him with the melody of her voice. Like David's harp of old, her sweet tones seemed to drive away the dark shadows that sometimes fell upon his spirit. Thus all her moments were devoted to her suffering parent. When he allowed it, she would read to him from the Holy Scriptures, which her dear mother had taught her to love—and her soft voice uttered words which the proud general would have brooked from no other.

As Lester watched her graceful form and lovely countenance moving about in the tender offices of affection, he often sighed to think she could never be his, and yet he acknowledged to his own heart that the love he felt for her was more like that of a brother—not the deep, immutable affection which filled the whole soul of Edward, and which he was assured could never be effaced. Vinton heard with grief of General Clifford's perceptible decline, but honorably refrained from seeking the society of his daughter. Although having discovered at what hour she took her solitary walk, he almost daily repaired to the spot, and enjoyed the privilege of gazing unseen on the form and face so dear to him. He observed sadly that her color had fled, and there was a look of tender sorrow in her eyes that made him long for the privilege of soothing her in affliction, and kissing away her tears.

One day Alice, having, as she thought, read her father to sleep, retired to the adjoining dressing-room. The window was open, and the "sweet south wind" stole through the lattice, redolent with sweets from the orange blossoms that shone in splendor upon every bough of the waving trees. The perfume seemed to waken in her heart soft feelings which she vainly endeavored to repress. In a sad, sweet voice, she chanted the words of a song which had often occurred to her since her father's stern commands had first made sorrow known to her—

"Oh! was it well to sever
Two hearts so linked together
Lost—lost—lost forever——"

She could not finish the last line, and as the gentle tones died away, her father's voice was heard—"Alice." Blushing as if detected in some guilty action, she approached, and was painfully struck with the thought that a change had come over him. He looked sad too, and his eyes were filled with tears.

"Alice," said he, "sing me that song I just heard you commence." The tears unbidden rushed to her eyes. For a moment she struggled against them.

"Oh! my father," she exclaimed, "forgive me, but I cannot"—she laid her head upon his pillow, and her long restrained emotion burst forth. With a gentle voice her father bade her call her cousin, and she gladly sought a spot where she might indulge her feelings alone. When Lester entered the room, his uncle seemed to be talking to himself. "This must not be—this must not be," he heard him repeat—then turning to him, he asked if he knew where Edward Vinton lodged in the city. Lester replied in the affirmative—and the general requested him to send for him instantly—to beg him to come as soon as possible, for that he was dying, and wished to say something before his departure. Full of wonder, Lester silently obeyed, then calling Alice, told her that he feared her father was worse. She ran hastily to seat herself at his side, when he tenderly took her hand in his, and seemed to fall into a tranquil slumber. Lester placed himself near without speaking. It was not long before Edward arrived, surprised at the hasty summons; he softly entered the apartment of the sick man, and Alice, though she saw him, moved not—so holy seemed the atmosphere—they felt as if all earthly was hushed in the presence of death. The sun was just setting, and a rosy glow rested upon the sick man's brow, while an expression of calm serenity, never before seen there, illumined his features. When he heard footsteps, he unclosed his eyes, and saw the noble figure of the young man before him—the image of his early friend.

"Edward Vinton," said he in a calm, clear voice, "do you still love my daughter?" Edward took the trembling hand of his beloved, and they sank on their knees before him. "Take her," said her father, "and may the God of her mother bless you and yours. My children," he continued, "now that I stand upon the borders of another world—while the light of eternity shines full upon my past life, things appear to me as they never did before. I see that I have been nourishing in my heart feelings with which I could not appear at that bar

before which I shall soon be judged. Forgive me, my Alice, as God, I trust, has forgiven me—and you, my noble young friend, cherish her when I am gone."

"Oh! father, father," cried the weeping Alice, "you must not die—I cannot part with you," and she flung herself upon his neck in an agony of grief.

Strange to stay, the good general did not die. After the excitement of this interesting scene, he fell into a refreshing slumber, and when he woke the physician told them that he would live. His recovery was rapid, and in a few weeks they all embarked again for the north. Edward had the pleasure of seeing his friend's business all happily arranged, and with a light heart again embarked in the same vessel with his fair Alice, but under what different circumstances! With pride and joy he exculpated his father's memory from every shadow of a stain, and in a short time claimed his lovely bride at her father's hand. Lester consoled himself with a sister of Edward's, and used laughingly to thank his cousin for having refused him. Charles was made happy about the same time with his friend, and their friendship through life was never darkened by a shadow. The general lived to a good old age, and never had reason to regret having given his consent.

DREAMINGS.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

HUSHED like the o'erweary child too late at play,

Who sobs to sleep upon his mother's breast,
Lies the vast city. The perturbed day,

With all its load of care and pain oppressed,

Sinks softly into slumber—down the west

Creeps the gray curtain of the peaceful night,

And hearts which wake by day in dreams are blest,

While, with a spring of fierce and far delight,

The eager soul, unchained, resumes her heavenward flight.

Now, like a mother's blessing, the rich dew—

Tears of Heaven's pity—kiss the gasping flower.

Now every banished star its smile renews,

And winds new fragrance shed upon the hour.

Now the tired brain resumes its wonted power,

And thoughts, like beauty bright, flash the mind,

Which, thus upborne above the clouds that lower,

Seeks once more commune with her lofty kind,

And spurns the groveling things of earth, far, far behind.

Once more is Nature beautiful. Once more

The bitter dregs of life have passed away

From my sick soul. Oh, how Night's ministers pour

Their incense over me! How dim the day

Seems, with its dusty glare, to the soft ray

Of yon fair smiling Goddess, beaming light

And love and beauty o'er her starry way!

Even *my* dark fortunes catch some hues of bright
And glowing radiance from the beauty-beaming night.

Now playful Fancy from her world of dreams
Looks out and smiles; and a bright host of forms
With love and beauty sparkling, like the gleams
Youth sees of glory, on my vision swarms,
And makes my heart beat as when youth was warm
And life one dream of rapture. Each bright hope,
Crushed to a fragrant ruin 'mid the storms
Of darksome life, feels its dry petals ope,
And once more boldly dares with life's sad ills to cope.

Now in this sweet and peaceful night, what fires
On Hope's forgotten altars gleam anew!
What glowing visions, and what high desires,
Like unsought spectres start upon my view!
Young life's sweet garden, where my heart flowers
grew.

Blooms freshly round me, and the busy hum
Of murmuring bees, who not in vain pursue
Their toil, distils its music o'er me. Come
Back to my weary heart, dreams of my childhood's
home!

My father blesses me again—and she
Whose tears like heart-gems glistened on my hair
Beneath her parting kisses, bends o'er me,
And in that hour of hushed and solemn prayer.
Mother! oh, mother! since we gathered there,
Around the hearth-stone I may see no more.
Darkness and gloom, and anguish, and despair
Have racked my soul to torture—but they bore
No power to tear thee from my heart's deep core.

Oh, bitter as the Dead Sea's hollow fruit,
Which turns to ashes on the lips, has been
The cup of life to me—and cold and mute
The music dreams which sang to me between
The pauses of thy blessing. I have seen
The flowers of Hope, leaf after leaf, decay,
And felt their canker-worm with poison keen
Eat to my soul, where on its altar lay
My broken heart-strings, with their music passed
away.

Yet, mother, in this bright and hallowed hour,
My soul is once more with thee; and again
The spells of love have o'er me their old power.
Once more thine eyes beam into mine, as when
Thy parting glance was on me, and again
Thine arms encircle me. Oh, bless me now,
Ere yet my dream breaks up! 'Tis o'er! my pen
Blots as with tears the page which I endow
With the wild thoughts that swell beneath this aching

heart
ache

ON A RIBBON TYING A BOUQUET.

BY EDWARD J. PORTER.

Love hath a language sweet—for every leaf
You gaze on now is breathing silently
Devotion's life-sighs:—though the hues are brief,
In thy sweet keeping free from blight they'll be,
And ceaseless weave Love's golden web for thee.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"So you do not like my choice," said Albert Vernon to his brother, "pray, what fault have you to find with Mary?"

"You have asked me frankly, and I will tell you. She is too gentle and relying—she wants character. Give me one of your bold dashing creatures, with a mind of her own, gay, spicy and even a bit of a flirt. Your kind amiable girls may suit others—they don't suit me."

"And this is your only objection to Mary?"

"Yes! She is pretty, of a good family, well educated, and lady-like, indeed *very* lady-like. I admire her too, but I don't like her for your wife. I'm sorry it has gone so far. Depend on it you'll lead a very humdrum sort of life with her. I think I see you both now, twenty years hence, she sitting at her work-stand knitting stockings, and you reading some one of her favorite, dull, sleepy works on divinity to her by the light of a dim lamp. Now there's Alice Green—she's just such a character as one ought to marry. She's a woman of the world, is fond of society, and admired by every body—the man that gets her will be a fortunate fellow, for he'll be envied by all his acquaintance."

"And that fortunate fellow is my brother Frank. Come—you needn't look so wisely," continued Albert with a smile, "I'll lay you brown Bess against your Manton pistols that you either have proposed or intend soon to propose for Miss Alice Green. And further, I'll bet you ten to one she accepts you."

"I shan't take you up," said Frank laughing to hide a blush, "for I should lose. We have always been frank with each other, and I intended to have told you before now. She accepted me last night."

"I thought so," rather drily said the brother.

"Why?"

"Oh!" said Albert: then he paused, and continuing in a gayer tone, "you know you're irresistible. Frank Vernon—why, who hasn't heard of his conquests?"

"Pshaw! You had some other reason which you keep back. I'm not to be put off this way. What made you think she'd accept me?"

"You're an unreasonable man, very, my good brother," said Albert smiling, "not satisfied with the reason I give, you insist I have another, and demand I should give it. But I really have no other to give you, except that you are handsome, agreeable, and a man of fortune—altogether the most desirable match in town."

"Except yourself."

"Oh! you're better looking than I am. And maybe," said Albert archly, "that's the reason I take up with a penniless orphan and leave the rich heiress to you."

"I wish you'd thought over that matter more. Mary's a very sweet creature, but she'll be without character—a doll, nothing but a doll, believe me."

"We shall see," said Albert, as he took up his hat and sauntered from the room.

Frank and Albert Vernon were orphans, and heirs to an immense estate. Their characters were, in some points, strikingly dissimilar. Frank was gayer and more volatile than his brother, and had less romance in his composition: he was the handsomer of the two and more fascinating in his manners. But Albert had the best stored mind, possessed firmer principles, and though quieter and perhaps less brilliant, was far more interesting as a companion, if the companionship was to be extended beyond an hour. Their large fortunes had made them welcome in every circle, and their hands had been the prizes for which more than one young lady of their native town had striven. In their choice of a partner for life each had followed the bent of his peculiar character. Frank had selected a fashionable belle, a beautiful, flattered girl, heiress of a fortune in her own right. She had been fashionably educated, was passionately fond of society, where she shone unrivalled—and indeed for nothing else was she fitted. Her talk was continually of balls, assemblies, soirees, and of all the other mediums of fashionable display and entertainment. Such a woman exactly suited the fancy of the dashing and mercurial Frank.

Mary Morton was a very different character. She had early been left an orphan, and, educated by a humble but pious aunt, had grown up almost without selfishness, pure-minded, simple in her wishes, doing good habitually as a matter of duty, and so kind, meek and winning as to be universally loved. Even the dashing Alice did not dislike her, but called her the inoffensive Mary. Albert had been struck with her from the first hour he saw her; and every time they met his admiration for her increased, until, at length, regardless of the folly he would be thought by the world to commit in marrying a poor girl, he offered her his hand, and, after some doubts on her part, for she trembled to leave her humble sphere, was accepted. Nor, in the increasing confidence of their betrothal, did he have any cause for regret. She entered into all his views, shared many of his studies, sympathized with him in his love of nature and his aversion to fashionable society, and so wove herself a thousand times closer around his heart, until

at length each loved the other as few on this earth love.

About three months after the conversation with which this tale begins the fortune of the two brothers was suddenly swept away by the dishonesty, failure, and flight of the trustees in whom it had been confided. The blow was a stunning one. Frank was at first more prostrated than his brother. But both were sensible men, and they strove to bear up bravely against their misfortunes.

"It might have been worse," said Albert, as they sat together, at a slight repast, the day of their return from an unsuccessful pursuit of the fugitives—"we have lost nearly all, it is true; but we still have the love of those who are dearer to us than existence. Mary and I must rough it through life. I've enough left to afford us the necessities, and I must do something to add to it the comforts of life. The luxuries we will have to do without. You, Frank, seem to take it the hardest, though the fortune of Alice is enough for both of you."

Frank's brow did not lose its look of care. He sat in deep thought. At length he looked up. Fixing his eye full on that of Albert, he said,

"But what if Alice should refuse to marry me? I shall offer to release her, of course, in consideration of my changed circumstances."

"She will not think of such a thing," indignantly retorted Albert, judging how Mary would decide, and thinking Alice would decide in the same way. "Is that what troubles you? Then dismiss your fear. Though," he added with some warmth, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself for harboring so unjust a suspicion against her."

"Alice has a miserly parent, you know, Albert."

"And what if she has? Isn't she an heiress in her own right, and, if she wasn't, wouldn't you marry her without a penny, if her father chose to cut her off. Judge of a woman's love and faith by your own, though our love is not half so deep, enduring and self-sacrificing as a woman's. No, no—if Alice loves you she will take you now as freely as ever—and she does love you, or she would never have chosen you over so many other suitors."

Albert spoke this confidently, but, as he did so, a suspicion came across his heart that Alice might, after all, be more selfish than he said. She was gay, vain and worldly, and so, when the brothers parted, on their way to see their mistresses, Albert felt far more uneasy for Frank than for himself.

Let us follow the latter to the stately mansion of Miss Greene's father. Frank had many misgivings as to his reception, for, since misfortune had overtaken him, the scales had fallen from his

eyes, and he began to fear that Alice would be governed more by the selfish notions of her father than by her own affection. There were many traits in her character that awoke this dread in his breast.

Miss Greene was sitting alone in the parlor when Frank entered. She rose and extended her hand, but did not advance to meet him.

"You have returned," were her first words, "I hope you were successful. We have been anxious concerning you ever since your departure."

These words somewhat re-assured Frank, and he had courage to proceed, for, at first, he felt his resolution failing him.

"We have come back as we went," he replied, "and I am here to-night to release you, Alice, from your engagement, for I have now nothing to offer you but my hand and a bare subsistence."

He paused, and for a full minute awaited her answer. He had indulged a faint hope, since her expression of her concern during his absence, that she would immediately tell him that the loss of his fortune did not, in her eyes, cancel their engagement, but as the embarrassing silence was lengthened out he gradually gave way to despair. At length Alice spoke.

"I hear this with regret, believe me, Mr. Vernon, for your own good sense must teach you that, under such altered circumstances, it would be improper and very foolish for us to continue our engagement. Indeed papa insisted that I should break it off. Your honorable withdrawal is exactly what I expected of you, and what I told him you would do. I shall still think of you as a friend."

"And this is the faith of woman," thought Frank. Oh! at that moment he could have shed bitter tears of disappointment and agony if it had not been for the presence of the heartless woman beside him. But he proudly controlled himself and rose to go. He could with difficulty, however, speak.

"Our acquaintance," he said, "must end here. I could not bear to see you and know that you were to be another's."

"I hope not," said Miss Greene, in a polite tone, "we all regret this very much. Let us still be friends."

"Friends!" groaned Frank, as he descended the hall steps, "friends with such heartless beings—never! Oh! just heaven," he exclaimed in a tone of agony, "can such selfishness exist and yet be called love?"

Leaving Frank to pace his chamber to and fro, now execrating Alice, and now himself, we will follow his brother.

The residence of Mary was a neat, unpretending

mansion, on the outskirts of the town, screened from the road by ancient trees, and surrounded by shrubbery. She caught sight of her lover approaching from the garden-gate and sprang to meet him. There was a look of sadness on his countenance which she immediately perceived.

"You have been unsuccessful," she said.

"I have," said Albert, "and I return to you almost a beggar. My fortune is gone excepting a bare subsistence."

"Do not look so troubled," said Mary soothingly, "for I feel more glad than sorrowful. I would not have you be otherwise. We can now be everything to each other. I will strive to make up to you, dear Albert, by my increased love for this loss, and you know I always said we should be happier if we were poorer. I dislike display, and one cannot avoid it if one is very rich."

"And you will still marry me!" said Albert after a pause.

Mary looked at him incredulously.

"Still marry you!"

"Yes! marry me in spite of my poverty."

A look of reproach was her only answer. Albert caught her to his bosom.

"I was only jesting, dearest. I never doubted your constancy. Not for worlds would I part from you, and I judged your faith and love by my own."

"No, not for worlds," murmured Mary. "Fortune is nothing, the favor of the world is nothing, so long as we love each other and our hearts remain faithful. Oh! Albert we shall grow dearer to each other from the troubles and griefs we shall endure together. We can do without a great many things you have thought necessary. What use shall we have for a carriage? The green fields are more delightful than dusty roads, and together we will walk out at morning and evening. I only regret that you must give up your horse of which you are so fond. The long train of servants you projected were useful only for show, and I am sure I can do without them. We shall require no such immense dwelling as the mansion you talked of building, for our family will be small and our wants few. Indeed, indeed, dear Albert, we shall all be better for being poorer."

Albert smiled on the eloquent face of the devoted girl, and felt that in her he possessed a treasure more valuable than millions. With her to sympathize with his sorrows, and share his joys, a life, spent in labor, would be far sweeter than one wasted in opulence without a kindred spirit.

It was late in the evening before he returned homeward with a heart full of love and hope to find Frank pacing his room like one distracted. Albert listened in unfeigned sympathy to the nar-

rative of his brother's interview with Alice, and strove to comfort the sufferer by every argument he could think of, but for a while without success. Frank's perturbed spirit would not suffer him to sleep, and morning found the brothers watchers. Time, however, in a measure healed Frank's wounds.

"Albert," said Frank bitterly, at length, "I did you injustice when I told you that Mary would not make you a fitting wife. I see my error now. And I am cured of my mad passion for that selfish creature I would have made the mistress of my fortune. She cared not for me, but for my estate, and thank heaven! I am clear of her."

"I rejoice to hear you say so," said Albert, "but come with me to see Mary, and your new opinion will be strengthened. It does not follow, Frank, that a woman, because she is reserved and retiring, has neither intellect nor decision of character. On the contrary give me a woman of domestic habits for a wife rather than the gay butterfly who flutters in a ball-room."

"You have made a convert of me," said Frank.

TO A FRIEND.

BY A. T. WILBUR.

WERE these the days when childhood's simple lore

Peopled with elfin forms each grot and dell,
I would for thee some fairy's aid implore,
To dip sweet waters from affection's well.

Thine are the youthful poet's soaring dreams,
The fire of rapture kindling in his eye;
A heavenly sunshine o'er thy pathway gleams,
Lighting up hopes of immortality.

Mine be the lowly floweret's humble lot,
In some secluded nook to live and die;
Its earthly life soon past, and soon forgot,
Transplanted to a better home on high.

Bright thoughts of fame in future years are thine,
Of mind, subjected to thy spirit's sway:
Sweet hopes and dear remembrances be mine,
Blossoms of friendship, never to decay.

Far through the vista of the coming years,
Thou may'st look forward with undaunted eye;
While 'mid the glittering fall of Memory's tears,
Hope throws her rainbows o'er my summer sky.

Yet as in some long-hoped and welcome hour,
Fame's brightest laurels rest upon thy brow;
Forget not in thine inmost heart, the flower
All silent blooming by thy pathway now.

And when upon thy glory-lighted way,
Love's sweet enchantment flings a roseate wreath;
Oft by a grassy tomb thy steps shall stray,
Mindful of one who sleeps in peace beneath.

OLD BACHELORS.

BY JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

OLD maids are crab apples, but old bachelors are verjuice. The one patronizes parrots and is patronized by young folk, but the other no body will have anything to do with. As for us, we wash our hands clean of them. We will have no communication with them any more than a Jew would have with a leper, or a good Christian with a ghost. Old bachelors should be shut up in a cage, or chopped into mince meat like the children in the story-book—they're fit for nothing else. Sour, crabbed, peevish, selfish, obstinate and snarling are all old bachelors, unless a miracle, as in one or two cases we know of, has kept some portion of their hearts green.

You have never popped the question, you say,—egad, then you've no better notion of happiness than a horse in a mill, sir. You've never popped the question—you outrageous fool—when town and country are studded with lovely girls as a meadow with May flowers. What would life be without that sex which you affect to despise? A wilderness, a desert, a trackless ocean—worse than that, a pandemonium, where every brutal passion would have full sway, and men, like famished beasts, would prey on each other continually. It is only the refinement which association with woman gives us that makes this world endurable. And you would sneer at the sex!—may you be condemned to a Tartarus, to darn stockings and be tormented by old maids and monks in *eternum*.

You have no friends, you say—the world is selfish and narrow minded:—how else should it seem to one like you who has never formed any close ties with it, and who has outlived all those nature formed for him? If you had a mother living, she might indeed shed a tear for you, but she has long since gone to her holy rest, and the brothers and sisters with whom you played in youth have now become the heads of families, and forming new ties more powerful than old ones have nearly forgotten you. Among your own people you are a stranger. In the world you are regarded much as a beast of prey is regarded, devouring its substance and making no return. You are a distorted, diseased, baneful member of society. Never having had any of the claims on your purse or on your heart which are daily made on the heads of a family, you have grown to regard solely your own comfort until there is not such another mass of selfishness on earth as yourself. Nor can you hope to escape from your horrible situation. Your heart is so crusted over with

selfishness, so completely transformed by the indulgence of selfish habits that you are incapable of the self-sacrificing spirit necessary to true love, and utterly unfit for the married life. You can never make a woman happy, because you cannot be yourself happy with any woman. A crusty, peevish, valetudinarian old bachelor!—heaven preserve us from your very acquaintance.

We are no boy. The love of which we speak is not that of children. It is a holy feeling, implanted in every human breast by God, intended to brighten our lot here and to draw us heavenward by its gentle and purifying power. What sunshine is to one benighted in a mine, love is to man. It expands his heart, fills it with glad sympathies, and binds it to the human race by new and delightful ties. He who truly loves has entered on a new existence. He sees everything in a new light. From the hour that his heart first leaps at the avowal that his passion is returned he gazes on nature as if a new sense had been given him. Everything has suddenly grown more beautiful. The flower that blushes in the sun, the tree that waves to the wind, the stream that sings and dances in the meadow, the bird that swings on the spray by your window to wake you while the dew yet glistens on the grass, are all lovelier and sweeter by a thousand fold than before. You feel once more the exuberant happiness of boyhood, and are almost wild with the extravagance of your spirits. And your heart is opened to mankind with a feeling of brotherhood such as you never experienced before. The old beggar, whose gray hairs toss in the wind, and whom yesterday you would have hurried past, becomes an object of your sympathies. You listen to his tale of misery and regret that you cannot do more for him. Oh! love restores all those holy and blessed promptings which we felt in youth, but which the world has been gradually corroding from our hearts. And thus it brings us nearer to heaven.

Have you never read Coleridge's *Genevieve*?

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."

Have you never read how the lover sang to *Genevieve*, by the statue of the old knight, against which she leaned in the calm moonlight? How he played a soft and doleful air to the story of him who, for ten years, wooed a lady in vain, until at length he went crazed—how he wandered about in savage dens, on lonely moors, amid craggy mountains, pursued, in imagination, by an angel that on his approach turned to a fiend—and how, unknowing what he did, he leaped into the midst

of a murderous gang and rescued the lady of his love, who wept and clasped his knees on finding him crazed, and nursed him in a cave tenderly until, a dying man, his madness departed. Have you never read this?—nor how—but hear it in Coleridge's immortal verse—

"His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturbed her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guiltless *Genevieve*;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love, and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she steep'd aside,
As conscious of my look she stepp'd—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my *Genevieve*,
My bright and beauteous Bride."

Such bliss is not for you. Nor is yours the still greater bliss of a wedded life. The tender attentions of a wife and the perfect confidence existing on all things between you—these are the elements of that happiness which gives us on earth a foretaste of the perfect bliss of heaven. We are not romancing now. We speak a truth which every married couple, who truly loved, and who were properly matched, will sustain us in. Oh! there is nothing in trouble or sickness like the tender solicitude of a wife. But to possess such happiness you must make a proper selection. You are a desirable young man yourself, at least you think so—but there are ninety women out of a hundred whom you will not suit, and ninety out of a hundred will not suit you. There must be compatibility of tastes and character—not too great a difference in this world's goods—love based on an estimate of each others worth and not on a mere whim, or the beggarly vanity of having a beautiful wife or a husband to be talked about. Marriage is not for a day only—it is not to end with youth—it is, on the contrary, to endure to

old age, and to be terminated only by the death of one of you. Amid joys and sorrows, sickness and health, privation, affliction, and persecution you are to be with each other and faithful to each other—and think not that this yoke can be borne together, unless you love truly and are suitably matched. You have heard the story of the Baroness Gertrude who tended her husband when broken on the wheel, regardless of the hooting of the crowd and his desertion by all the world. You have read of the Lady Arabella Stuart faithful to her lord even in death. And you have heard, in humble life, a thousand stories of woman's undying love, of her devotion, faithfulness and tender assiduity. Treasure them in your heart. They are noble monuments to her worth. They prove what woman can do when she truly loves. Go seek such a one, and you will have a treasure greater than that of Aladdin. A perfect woman! Not faultless!—for that is impossible, and those who *seem* faultless are usually weak-minded—but having some things in her for you to forgive, though she strives daily, yea! hourly to amend them. Beautiful!—not in feature, but in expression, which is the type of the soul, and without which there can be no true beauty, though where it exists sometimes in the highest perfection, those who look only at the outside often see no beauty at all. We speak now of that loveliness which is the offspring of neither feature, complexion, nor art, but of all holy thoughts and impulses, and which brightens the countenance as if sunshine were breaking through it up from the heart.

It is this loveliness we see in the face of childhood before care and sin have ploughed the face as if with lightning. It is this loveliness we see in the blushing and tearful bride—in the countenance of one animated by lofty conversation—on the brow of the matron as she gives her first-born to her husband—in the clear, mild, loving eye of our mother—in the placid smile and meek look of the aged matron, as she sits among her children and grand-children, her gentle countenance typical of the long life of holy benevolence which she has led. Look for this beauty when you seek a wife. It is the record of pure thoughts, of a kind and loving heart, of amiability, gentleness, sweetness, devotion and high-mindedness. It is the beauty of the perfect woman, such a one as Wordsworth describes, in those lines which seem almost written by an inspired man—and inspired he was, too, if the daily presence of such a being in his own household could give inspiration.

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight,

A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her on a nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.

And now I see, with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A creature breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit still and bright
With something of an angel light."

Look at an old couple, who have lived and loved for half a century, and then deny, if you can, the power and holiness of the love of which we speak. Every fond gaze the wife casts on her husband reminds you of the anonymous verse of John Anderson my Jo, a far better one, by the bye, than any Burns wrote.

"John Anderson my Jo, John,
They say 'tis forty year,
Since I called you my Jo, John,
And you called me your dear,
But no, it cannot be, John
'Tis not so long I know,
It's but a twelvemonth at the most,
John Anderson my Jo."

And well may she cast such a look on him. They started in life with a crowd of friends, and now they stand looking down into the grave together, the last of the company. The love which these two bear to each other is not the romantic passion of youth, nor even the affection of maturer years, but something far holier. It is cemented by a thousand remembrances, and hallowed by a thousand hopes. All through their lives the shuttle of events has been playing between their hearts, weaving them together by innumerable fine sympathies called forth by their mutual sorrows and rejoicings, until now their hearts, like two plants whose tendrils have penetrated each other, cannot exist apart. Every grief they have endured, every joy they have shared has added a link to their affection. They love each other the more because they have endured so much together. On her bosom he has leaned in sorrow; with her he has smiled and rejoiced; together they have followed friend after friend to the grave; and now, toward

the close of their day's travel, they journey on, with linked hands, like wayfarers at the set of sun, in a country where all is strange, and where, therefore, they are all to each other. They have lived so long together that they cannot exist separate. They would both choose to die on the same day and be buried in the same coffin. If the wife sickens and droops, it is not long before the husband follows. God wisely suffers him to be at rest.

An old bachelor is a moral monster, a *lusus nature* more revolting than the Siamese twins. His youth was spent in sneering at the sex, and his old age is consumed in drinking ipecacuanha. Fretting at everything and everybody, without comfort at home or attention abroad, condemned to the lowest seat at the table or the companionship of old dowagers and all other sorts of bores, he crawls through the remnant of a miserable life, his heirs daily praying for his death, and caring little whether he is decently interred or cast out like a dog on the highway. You may see him at assemblies talking to old maids with false hair, no teeth, and shoulder blades as sharp as cleavers, or stretching himself up in his pumps, at a quadrille, with a certain prim air, at which young ladies titter—an antiquated beau. Heaven help us from old bachelors!

WARNINGS.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

In the night a voice is crying
Through the street before my door,
With a solemn accent telling
Of the hours that are no more;
When I listen, all is silent—
At that noise again I start:
Lo! it is the quick sands running
With a dull sound from my heart.

In the night a bell is tolling
With a melancholy sweep,
Slow the solemn sound is passing
Rousing me from fevered sleep—
Silent is the mighty city—
At that sound again I start,
For I know that measured tolling,
'Tis the beating of my heart.

In the night I hear a knocking
Sounding through the empty hall,
On the step no form is standing,
Shadowless the moonbeams fall—
Weary on my pillow turning,
At that sound again I start,
Loud and loud and louder growing,
Death is knocking at my heart.

THE ERRAND BOY.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

AN elegant carriage dashed up to the pavement, and a servant in livery obsequiously opened the door, from which a lady, in widow's weeds, descended, followed by a little girl also attired in mourning.

"You may wait here, James," said the mistress of the carriage, "we have a few purchases to make in this vicinity and will not trouble you to follow us." The man bowed, and the widow, taking the little girl's hand, passed on.

She was still beautiful, though the look of quiet resignation on her face told that she had seen much sorrow. But in her child the same beauty was visible undimmed by the ravages of mental suffering—a more lovely being than Gertrude Brandon it was indeed impossible to conceive. Her soft blue eyes, transparent complexion and golden hair reminded you of the Hebe of Guido, while her sunny smile was beyond the painter's power to express.

"I shall be detained here some time, Gertrude," said her mother, entering a store, "you can sit on a stool by the counter or amuse yourself at the door, only do not leave the step."

The child timidly took a stool and sat gazing around her while her mother made her purchases, but at length becoming fatigued with this, she got up and approached the door. Here she amused herself by looking up and down the street, noting the carriages, the passers, and the stores, with their rich display of goods, on the other side of the street. At length her little parasol, which she was carelessly swinging in her hand, slipped and flew, with the impetus, far into the street. She started forward to pick it up, but was anticipated by a lad who sprang into the street and restored it to her before she reached the curb-stone. There was something in the frank countenance of the boy which attracted her toward him as children are attracted to each other, and she smiled as he bowed on returning the parasol.

"What is your name?" said she.

The boy was modestly retiring; for his dress showed that he was poor, very poor, while no one could have been mistaken in the rich attire of the young girl, and he doubtless felt the great distance between them; but at this inquiry spoken in a tone so kind, he stopped and said, also smiling.

"Frank Warren, Miss."

"A pretty name—pray," she said, with childish artlessness, noticing that the plain and patched but neat suit of the boy was black, and that a piece of crape was on his hat, "are you too an orphan?"

A tear gathered into the boy's eye, but, as if ashamed of his weakness before the strange little girl, he said,

"I have no mother."

"Poor boy," said Gertrude kindly, and a tear started in sympathy into her blue eye, "I have no father, but I am sure that is not half so bad. How I pity you."

"I have no father either," said the boy still more sadly.

There was a moment's silence, during which the two children, so strangely introduced, looked sympathizingly into each others faces. It seemed to their young hearts as if they were drawn irresistibly together.

"And where is your home? Where do you go to school?" at length said Gertrude.

"I have no home, I don't go to school any more, but earn money by running errands."

The ever ready tears again gushed into Gertrude's eyes. She was old enough to know what misery was, and already had her little charity school. She thought of the boy's hard lot, of his being an orphan like herself, and she instinctively held out the little purse she carried.

"Poor Frank, take this," she said, "for you've no home and have already to work for money. I have plenty of it."

The boy put back the proffered gift with a proud, but not angry air.

"Take it now, do," she said.

Again the boy shook his head, sadly, but determinedly. She still held the purse extended when an outcry was suddenly raised, and immediately a pair of horses came galloping around the corner, dragging a carriage, which bounded rather than flew behind the terrified animals. They made directly for the spot where Gertrude stood, and so paralyzed was she with fear that she could not move, and would have inevitably been run over but for the errand boy, who, with a presence of mind above his years, seized her arm and dragged her toward the wall. He was just in time to save her, though not to escape harm himself. As the infuriated beasts snorted wildly by they whirled the carriage high on the pavement, and the hinder wheel striking our hero prostrated him senseless on the ground. At the same instant the pursuing crowd sweeping around the corner separated him from Gertrude, and while two or three of the kindest hearted picked up the insensible boy and bore him into a neighboring apothecary's shop, the occupant of the store, rushing to the door after the shrieking mother, caught up Gertrude and carried her back with him, scarcely believing she was not hurt until her continued reiterations and the tender

examination of her mother had satisfied him to the contrary.

"Where is the little boy? Where is Frank?" she said, "he saved me from the terrible horses, but I saw him fall as if hurt."

Though she had asked this question four or five times before, she was only now attended to. She soon explained the occurrence we have narrated. Search was instantly made for the boy, and though it was found that he had been carried into the apothecary's shop, he had since been borne away by the order of a benevolent stranger, for the lad's leg had been broken. Whither he had gone the apothecary did not know.

Gertrude's purse was also missing. She remembered its place in the hand which the errand boy had seized to drag her from the horses, but whether he had by accident retained it or it had been lost she could not tell.

For several days search was made, by the grateful mother, for the deliverer of her child, and advertisements were inserted in the newspapers offering rewards to any one who would give information concerning him. But everything proved unavailing. Gertrude had forgotten his surname, and knew him only as Frank. He was probably confined to his bed, and his protector, whoever he might be, was either ignorant of the aid rendered to the little girl, or careless about coming forward in behalf of the boy. Such at least was the conclusion of Mrs. Brandon and her friends, and, after a while, the search was abandoned and the boy forgotten.

Forgotten!—yes, but not by all. One still thought of him. Often would his frank, handsome young countenance recur to Gertrude's memory, and the proud but sad air with which he put back her proffered purse. He was an orphan like herself, and she felt a strange interest in him. He was poor, too, and had to struggle with that unfriendly world of which she heard so much, while she was wealthy. Often would she think of the sad tone with which he said,

"I have no home!"

Daily, for several months, in her rides or walks she scrutinized every lad in the street to see if it was Frank, but without success, so that, at length, even in her mind, his remembrance began to fade. Such is human nature, nor could it be expected she should think of him forever. Long before she was eighteen the errand boy had passed totally from her memory.

CHAPTER II.

EIGHTEEN! who has forgotten when she was eighteen. It is the brightest era of a woman's

life. All around her is bright, and the vista before promises to be still brighter. She has friends, she has youth, she has beauty if she ever has it, she is flattered, she is surprised to find there is really so much more romance in life than her older and staid friends would have made her believe. And Gertrude Brandon was eighteen, very beautiful, and an heiress. She was already a reigning belle. What wonder that she was almost intoxicated by the homage everywhere paid to her.

For Gertrude, with her mother, was travelling on the continent of Europe, and had already been in most of the chief capitals, so that the admiration she won was far more seductive to her vanity than would have been the suffrages of her native city. She had been praised at St. James amid the majestic beauties of the court, she had received the marked attention of more than one of the old noblesse at Paris. There was a piquancy and originality about her which fascinated all who came within her reach. Had she been weak-minded her head would have been turned by the unceasing adulation offered at her shrine, but Gertrude, though perhaps a little vainer than she had been at home, had too much good sense wholly to give way to the temptations surrounding her.

Her mother was indeed more affected than herself by her triumph. Mrs. Brandon was an excellent woman in her way, and a kind parent, but her imagination was inflamed by the attentions titled lords paid her daughter, and especially by the devotedness of the Marquis of Gower, an English nobleman of proud family and extensive fortune.

"Why do you not at once accept the marquis, my child?" said Mrs. Brandon to her daughter one day, as they sat in their palazzo at Rome, "he offers the most ample settlements, and then think of his title and family."

"You know, my dear mother," said Gertrude, "I do not care for these. My fortune is ample enough for all my wants, and our family, originally noble, has gained new honors by the part our ancestors filled in our war of Independence. I would rather have it to say that my grandfather lost his fortune in the bombardment of Boston than that he was a belted earl. But the marquis is agreeable, and I believe loves me, which ought to be a guarantee that he would make me happy. Yet I cannot feel as if it would be right to marry him."

"Is there no one else, my child, whom you prefer before him?"

Gertrude blushed, for her mother's eyes were fixed meaningly on her. She looked down.

"I have thought, Gertrude, that the conversation of this young English painter, Mr. St. Clair, at

times deeply interested you. He is certainly *very* eloquent, but you must see he would be no suitable match."

Gertrude still looked down, but, after the lapse of nearly a minute, said,

"He is of good family though poor—the St. Clairs come of a noble stock. And his manners are those of a gentleman."

Mrs. Brandon laid down the book she had been holding open in her hands, and gazed full at her daughter.

"I too once thought he was of a good family, but I have every reason to think him an impostor," Gertrude started. "Do you recollect how embarrassed he was last week when Lord Swinton asked him to what family of the St. Clairs he belonged—how he stammered and could not at last give his lordship any satisfaction? He caught my eye fixed on him, and I know he read my thoughts, so the next day he sought an opportunity to tell me, as if incidentally, that he belonged to the St. Clairs of Derbyshire. I happened to relate this to my lord and he tells me that there are no St. Clairs there. I learn this, too, from others. So this artist is an impostor, or—to say the least—he has deceived us in this affair."

"I am surprised at what you tell me," said Gertrude, rising and running to her mother's arms. "I will confess that this man has had a strange fascination over me, so that I have feared to examine my own heart with respect to him. But I have been wrong in being thus allured by one who is a stranger to us. I will, hereafter, control my feelings, and when he next comes here, I will show him that his deceit has been discovered."

"Nor is this deceit all, dearest. Perhaps I ought not to proceed, but I will, painful as it may be for you to hear."

"What!" breathlessly said Gertrude.

"He has not only lifted his eyes to you, but he has gone about boasting that your hand and fortune are at his disposal."

"The base miscreant!" ejaculated Gertrude with flashing eyes, "I will frown him from my side forever the next time he insults me by addressing me."

"I knew you would act thus," said Mrs. Brandon, fondly kissing her forehead, "you have all your father's spirit. But go now and dress—dinner will be ready soon."

Gertrude hurried to her chamber, with a flushed cheek and agitated step. She was very indignant, for her pride had been wounded in its tenderest point. Gertrude had really been won upon by the eloquent artist, for he was a man of decided genius, had travelled much, and in his conversation mixed poetry and common sense in that peculiar style

which is so fascinating. She was not indeed in love with St. Clair, but she soon would have been if this boast of his, coming to her knowledge, had not aroused her pride and cured her. She was stung to the very quick and the mortification worked the cure.

"Never—never," she exclaimed, "shall he think he could have had me. Oh! how weak have I been, thus almost to fall a prey to a base, needy adventurer. But I will show him that he was mistaken. I will accept the marquis—he is everything I need ask—and I will school myself to love him. Nothing but this foolish weakness of mine has been in the way, and that is now cured."

CHAPTER III.

AND Gertrude avoided St. Clair. When he called she was not at home, and when they would have met in the public galleries she turned away or acknowledged his brow with a cold civility which repelled further advances. Wherever she now went the marquis was at her side apparently a favored suitor, and the report soon became general that she was betrothed to the nobleman.

Yet Gertrude was not wholly satisfied with herself. Often she would catch the eye of St. Clair fixed sorrowfully and reproachfully on her, and a secret pain would sting her heart. Could it be that the author of such a look had used her name improperly? She had many misgivings on this point. The preceding demeanor of St. Clair had been so respectful and was so entirely opposed to all duplicity that Gertrude, more than once, was tempted, with the frankness so natural to her, to ask an explanation of him. But then she reflected that if he was indeed an adventurer he would deny anything. She saw also that to seek an explanation, in such a case, would be held up as a proof of her infatuation. These considerations induced her to maintain her first position.

A fortnight had now passed. The marquis was becoming more urgent daily, and was powerfully seconded by her mother, and Gertrude had nothing to oppose to him except that she did not love him. But her mother assured her that esteem would soon ripen into love, and that Gertrude already felt as much for her suitor as was maidenly. Mrs. Brandon herself had formed such a marriage, and she was, therefore, honest when she urged her daughter to wed the marquis, and afterward learn to love him.

Gertrude, ignorant of love, was on the point of yielding to these solicitations, when she received a note that ran thus:—"Do not decide yet. Wait until the exhibition opens. The delay will be but three days. After you have gone there, if you decide for the marquis. I shall submit to fate."

The note was unsigned, but Gertrude determined at once that it came from St. Clair. But what could he mean by asking her to delay until the exhibition opened? Had he a picture there, and was he vain enough to suppose that it would turn the scales in his favor? And was he ignorant then of the cause of her displeasure? Why did he not seek her and ask an explanation of her conduct? The whole affair was a mystery. She would not attend to an anonymous correspondent. She would that day accept the marquis. Thus she reasoned.

But here she paused. Once having given her plighted word there could be no retraction. She shrank from uniting herself to a man she did not love—at least she ought not to take so important a step in a moment of pique. There might be something known to the writer of that note which would materially influence her fate, but which he could not now reveal. The result of this second consideration was a resolution to await the expiration of the three days.

The morning of the exhibition came, and with a large party Gertrude proceeded to the rooms. On entering them she cast her eye around for St. Clair, expecting to find in him the elucidation of the mystery, but he was not present. What was still more singular he had no pictures on the walls. Puzzled beyond measure, Gertrude knew not what to think. She began to think she had been made a sport of when her attention was arrested by an exclamation from one of her party.

"Heaven! what a likeness," exclaimed the Count Di Franca, "Miss Brandon, come here."

She turned at the words, and her eye was arrested by a picture representing a carriage dragged furiously along by a pair of frightened horses, and placing a young girl in imminent peril. A lad was springing forward as if to rescue her. The face of the girl was an exact counterpart of her own, and this it was which had drawn forth the exclamation of the count. The whole scene brought vividly before her the event with which our story opens. She felt that the painter, whoever he might be, knew something of her former life. She was deeply agitated.

"Who is the painter of this?" she asked, as soon as she could command herself.

"A Mr. Warren," said the count, turning to the catalogue, wondering at Gertrude's agitation, yet too polite to show any curiosity, "he is a stranger—I never heard the name before. The handling of the picture, too, is in a new style. Yet there is genius there."

The count was a connoisseur, as were also several of the party, and the appearance of a new artist led

to a discussion of his merits. Taking advantage of this Gertrude slipped away to her mother who was in a different part of the room, and induced her to leave the party, for she felt unable to remain without betraying an agitation which would lead to enquiry.

Once in her chamber, she sat down to think. The past rushed before her with strange power. She remembered the morning, *now* ten years ago, when she was saved, perhaps, from death, by the bold boy who never since had wholly left her thoughts. Could he be the painter of this picture? If so, was it to this the anonymous note she received alluded? Then she had been wrong in thinking St. Clair sent the note. The name was that of a stranger, and yet it did not seem wholly strange. What if it *was* that of the errand boy. A wild thrill shot through her heart at the supposition. If it was indeed he, his note and this picture showed that he entertained for her sentiments of love—that love had doubtless been nourished for years—and should she sacrifice such a priceless treasure for the marquis? She blushed, even in the solitude of her chamber, at this question. St. Clair and the nobleman were wholly forgotten. A new and delicious feeling had taken possession of her, she felt a tremor over her whole frame, and yet her emotions were such as she would not have exchanged for worlds. The idea of being thus secretly loved won on her heart, and she felt that if her preserver, if indeed the painter was he, was present, she could not refuse anything he might ask. She had built up a fabric of beautiful dreams, and her heart was already in possession of this imaginary hero.

CHAPTER IV.

THE picture soon became the talk of the town. That it contained a likeness of the reigning belle was enough to ensure it notoriety, but apart from this it evinced genius of the highest order. Yet the artist remained unknown. No one knew him personally, and amid the hundreds inhabiting the Pincian hill it was easy for him to escape observation. Rumors got out that it represented an event in Miss Brandon's early life, and the enquiry was universal "who could he be?"

One day a letter was left for Gertrude by a ragged boy who disappeared immediately. She recognized the hand-writing, and trembled, though with delightful emotions, as she broke the seal. It ran thus:—"Do you know me? I saw you gazing at the picture on the first day of the exhibition, and your agitation assures me I am not wholly forgotten by you. Yes! I am the poor Frank you once pitied. From that hour I loved you, boy as I was I loved you, and my life has since been

devoted to making myself worthy of you. My broken limb appealed for me to the sympathies of a stranger who was passing at the time of my accident, and he had me carried to a house in the suburbs, where I was nursed until I recovered. I was an orphan, and no one cared to enquire for me, so I remained with him, after my recovery, as a sort of upper servant. Since then my life has been full of vicissitudes. But I have never lost sight of you. I know the struggle that is going on in your mind, and had determined not to interfere, but I find I am not equal to the task. I cannot contemplate the possibility of your giving yourself to that haughty English nobleman. I determined to make an effort. I confess I am not without hope, but that hope fluctuates with fear. I cannot endure this suspense. I dread that you will not, when you see me, continue to think well of me. But I must know my fate, for this doubt is terrible—unendurable. Will you see me? If so name an hour when you will be alone, and when I can call on you?"

It would be impossible to describe Gertrude's emotions on reading this letter. The writer had then observed her conduct since she had been in Rome—he had doubtless been in her presence—he seemed to know the struggle in her heart between the marquis and St. Clair. But all other considerations were soon lost in one: he loved her and had loved her ever since that morning ten years ago. This love had been the guiding star of his existence. To her imaginative mind this consideration overbore all others. She felt that she could deny nothing to him, and she therefore determined to grant the interview.

But how should this be done? Taking up the note she saw a postscript in one corner which had escaped her notice. "If you will grant me the interview, let it take place on Thursday morning. If you assent to this wear your light hat when you go to the exhibition to-morrow."

"Strange," she muttered, "how could he know I was going to the exhibition to-morrow?" and leaning her face on her hand she ran over all her acquaintance to see if any one of them could possibly be the writer. But her enquiry was unsuccessful. She might have suspected St. Clair, but he no longer visited her; and besides he could not be the painter of the picture, for every one pronounced the style new. Moreover St. Clair was an Englishman.

The next day she appeared in the light hat, and scanned every face in the room. But she saw no one she could suspect. St. Clair was not there, and the idea that he was her preserver now wholly left her mind.

CHAPTER V.

The ensuing day was Thursday. She declined driving out with her mother, and waited with beating heart the arrival of her guest. The marquis dropped in, and during the half hour he staid she was in agonies. At length he took his leave. A step was now heard on the stair, and her bosom fluttered wildly. The door opened and Mr. St. Clair entered.

A haughty bow was all the civility she could extend to him, for Gertrude, aside from her changed opinion toward him, was angry that he should have chosen this time to seek his long delayed explanation. She feared he would not be gone before her preserver should appear. St. Clair, abashed by her reception, advanced in embarrassment.

"I feared it would be so, Miss Brandon," he said, "and have almost trembled to call on you. But yet I am ignorant in what way I have offended you."

"Mr. St. Clair *cannot* be ignorant on that point," said Gertrude with marked emphasis—"let him think of all he has said since he has been in Rome," and she rose as if to terminate the interview.

St. Clair could not disguise his astonishment.

"Stay, stay one moment, dear Miss Brandon," he said imploringly, "I cannot account for this excess of dislike. You plunge me from hope into utter despair—"

"Hope, sir!" said Gertrude indignantly, "can you repeat your insult here? When did I ever give you room to hope?"

"Never," said St. Clair sadly, "I spoke without thought. I meant I was led to hope you would not cut off this interview so quickly—that you would give me some time for explanation."

"And what led you to hope this?" said Gertrude, with a curl of her proud lip.

"Your own demeanor."

Again her eyes flashed.

"This is unbearable. If I were a gentleman, sir, you would not dare thus insult me. I leave you, since you will not leave me."

"Stay, for heaven's sake. At least let me ask if there is no mistake. Was it by accident you dressed as you did yesterday?"

Gertrude stopped, with her hand on the door. There was something in her look that induced St. Clair to proceed.

"You received my note then, and I was not mistaken in supposing you granted me this interview. If you doubt me, let this speak for me."

Surprised, agitated and nearly overcome, Gertrude suffered him to place within her hand a

purse, which she recognized as the one she had lost ten years before.

"I am indeed that poor Frank whom you pitied then; but in what way I have, as Mr. St. Clair, offended you, I know not. I see there is some terrible mystery about it. But oh! believe that one who has loved you so long and devotedly is incapable knowingly of insulting you."

His pleading look, the strangeness of the discovery, the fact that her preserver and the eloquent St. Clair were one pressed on her mind with irresistible force. She felt, too, the justice of what he had just said. The past rushed before her, and, in the whirl of strange yet delightful emotions, her head became giddy, and she would have fallen had not St. Clair caught her in his arms.

Before they parted that morning St. Clair learned all that had been urged against him, and fully acquitted himself. He admitted his name was assumed, but not wholly without reason, since it was the name of his benefactor, who was an Englishman, and who, on dying, had left him his estate. As to what he had been charged with saying his identity with her preserver acquitted him in her heart at once.

St. Clair had at first determined to win Gertrude as a stranger, and when he found her suddenly grown cold, attributing it to a preference for the marquis, or at least for his fortune, he resolved to forget her. But he found this impossible. He next resolved to reveal himself at once in his true character. But this idea he dismissed for the plan he subsequently adopted, by which he hoped to test Gertrude's memory of the past, before discovering himself. He watched her from a secret place in the gallery and saw the effect the picture produced on her, and this knowledge induced him to proceed.

When Gertrude learned that St. Clair was her preserver she was no longer at a loss to account for the strange fascination his face once had on her. It had always seemed familiar, yet she could not recall where she had seen it, or one like it.

All Rome was astonished to hear that Miss Brandon had dismissed the marquis and recalled St. Clair. But the surprise was lessened when their romantic story got abroad; and the marriage of the lovers was hailed with acclamations and congratulations on all hands.

Mrs. Brandon would have preferred the nobleman, but as her daughter was an heiress in her own right, and Mr. Clair was only an artist from taste and not from necessity, being the possessor of a handsome fortune, she could offer no objection. She lived to acknowledge the wisdom of her daughter's choice.

THE DYING POET TO HIS MOTHER.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"T WAS eve, a summer eve of joy and rest,
And parting ray was dying in the west—
Whilst fainter still was seen each rosy ray,
And darker shades appeared on mount and bay.
The perfumed breeze was softly borne along,
Joined to the tones of music and of song,
Far-off was heard the silver village bell,
And ocean's distant melancholy swell,
Hush'd was the music of the limpid stream,
And stillness reigned as in a peaceful dream.

"T was nature's holy hour,
And he, though dying, felt it's magic power,
Felt the deep gladness of that pensive clime
Bring back the joys of childhood's happy time,
And whilst around night deeper shadows flung,
These were the strains his harp of memory sung.

"Mother, farewell! I'm fading fast away,
And death is gathering on my pallid brow;
Life's waves are ebbing, like the sunny ray
That faintly gilds the distant mountain now;
The sun has set—and so have all the dreams
That robed my pathway in its matin hour,
Save one bright Hope that on my spirit gleams,
And points me onward with prophetic power.

And I have clung to *that* since first I learned
A student's love from lips I loved so well,
With folded wings my lonely spirit yearned
To lift the veil that shadowed such a spell—
It gave a charm to nature—all around
That presence seem'd to fill the glorious earth
With love and music, pure and sweet that sound
As when night wraps us in a holier birth.

And then within our humble home there dwelt
A something pure and true, almost divine,
A star above the altar where we dwelt,
An angel watching at a mother's shrine;
Calm went the streamlet on its noiseless way,
Scarce singing to the flowers their evening song,
But sweetly on its breast fell heaven's own ray
Far from the mart, the music and the throng.

Peace spread her wings above our homestead bower;
The Dove of promise 'round our hearthstone came,
And flower-crowned Hope was smiling on that hour,
That gave to Love and Genius each a name—
A resting-place within a mother's heart,
Pure as the spring time's earliest, richest breath,
A dream from all the world's rude cares apart,
Like friendship watching at the couch of death.
But that is gone—and I have said farewell
To *Fame* and *Love*, and everything save thee,
Still would my spirit linger in that spell
So linked with thine—my longings still will be—"

He sank to rest,
His hand within that mother's fondly prest,
And all was still, save that lone watcher's sighs,
As one by one was parted life's last ties:
And they who came, at morrow with the light,
Found son and mother wrapt in Death's sad night.

THE RED KNIGHT.

BY C. H. FORD.

"I fight for my God, and my love."

"AND you love me not. Oh! Annabel, Annabel, little did I think it would ever come to this. I have nourished a vain dream, but—" and the page stopped, overcome by emotion.

He was as gallant looking a page as ever painter drew or novelist described. Lithe and graceful in person, with a frank and handsome countenance, few of her sex could have resisted the love of Henri Condi. But she whom he now addressed seemed to belong to that small number. With a proud, cold eye she stood regarding the suppliant who knelt before her, and though a slight color mantled her cheek, her bosom heaved regularly, nor was there any perceptible evidence of emotion on her part. She withdrew her hand from that of the page.

"Rise, Henri," she said, "this becomes neither you nor I—you, as the debtor of my father, who ought not thus to seek his daughter against his will—I, as a child jealous of my father's honor, and conscious of his opposition to a union with you. I speak not to hurt your feelings," she added, quickly, in a softer tone, seeing the blood rush proudly over the young man's face; "but you know my father's prejudices, and the immeasurable distance he thinks exists between you and me. I will not say I differ with him, but this I will say—" and hesitating awhile, as if doubtful whether she ought after all to proceed, she continued eagerly—"this I will say, that if you had my parent's consent I fear I could not say you nay."

"Bless you for those words," said the page, "bless you, dear Annabel. You *do* then love me—at least you do not despise me. I may yet win you," and tears of overwrought excitement gushed into the eyes of the page.

"Nay, nay," said Annabel, and there seemed a touch of sadness in her voice, "do not indulge vain hopes. How can you, a portionless page, ever hope to win the broad lands without which we well know my father will never consent?"

"God will be with me," said the page, enthusiastically. "I will take for my motto—'for God and my love;' and go forth and win a name. If I die, shed one tear for me—but if I live, assuredly you shall hear from me."

It was a strange sight to behold those two young beings, for they were as yet only in the first blush of manhood and womanhood—the one of sterner sex, impassioned, enthusiastic and wholly given way to his feelings—the other, in whom we might

have looked for the most emotion, calm, reasoning and collected. But, though so equable was the demeanor of Annabel, if one could have looked into her heart, one would have seen it throbbing with hope, and already imagining the day when her lover would return, with her parent's consent, to claim her for his bride.

Annabel was an only child, and the heiress of her father's vast estates, comprising manors in many of the richest counties of the south of France. From early childhood she and Henri Condi, the last scion of a noble but impoverished house, had been brought up together in one of her father's castles. Henri was a year older than herself, and had been her guide and instructor for years. Insensibly their childish attachment changed to one of a warmer nature; but though Annabel secretly returned Henri's love, she never before had acknowledged it. She knew her father's prejudices, and having been educated in the strictest notions of duty to her parent, she thought it best to conceal from her lover the knowledge of her affection, hoping he might eventually cure himself of his passion. And now, though she had been surprised into an acknowledgment by the passionate sorrow of Henri, she almost repented of it when she began to consider the insurmountable obstacles to a union between them. Yet her heart strove against her reason, and, as we have said, a wild hope that he might succeed flashed across her in despite of her better convictions.

"I should not have told you this," she said, at length. "It were better for both of us to dismiss all vain hopes, and look at our situations more calmly—"

"Oh! do not crush my hopes. Be they vain or not, I would choose to die with them, for they fill my heart with joy. No, Annabel, I will not cease to hope. I will go forth, and with my father's sword win a name and riches, or die in the attempt. Promise to wait for me four years—if I return not before, then give up hope."

A momentary weakness came over Annabel, for when did enthusiasm and eloquence ever fail to subdue a woman's heart? All her calmer resolutions gave way, and she yielded herself passively to her lover's wishes.

"I promise," she said, "God be with you."

Henri clasped her unresisting to his bosom, kissed her now burning cheek, and, the next instant, at the sound of approaching footsteps, dashed into a coppice and disappeared.

The next morning Annabel learned from her father that his favorite page had solicited a dismissal from his household to join that of the Count Boulogne, famed for his great deeds in war, and now

one of the few who still waged a desperate contest against the triumphant English.

A year had passed, and Annabel, in all that time, had heard nothing of Henri, except that he had been knighted shortly after joining the train of the Count of Boulogne. At length, one evening, a palmer stopped at the castle, and being listless for want of occupation, Annabel sent for him to her bower. Perhaps, too, she was prompted to the interview by a latent hope of hearing of her lover.

"You come from the seat of war, sir palmer?" she said.

"I passed through it, fair lady. Would you seek news of any one there?"

The crimson deepened on Annabel's cheek, but she answered composedly.

"I would know, like a daughter of France, how goes the war; and who, of all our brave knights, have most distinguished themselves."

"There is one, lady, of whom you have perhaps heard, for, though many gallant chevaliers are in the camp, this one is said to surpass all in deeds of daring."

"I know not to whom you allude," said Annabel, with beating heart. "It is long since we have had certain intelligence from the seat of war."

"He is called the Red Knight, from the color of his plume, and was originally in the household of Count Boulogne, though now he has risen to have one of his own. His fame is on every one's lips. In the most desperate encounters he is ever foremost, and in battle you must look for his plume in the thickest of the fight."

Annabel felt this knight could be no other than her lover. She could scarcely, from very joy, maintain her composure. The palmer was speedily dismissed when she found she could extract no further information from him, and then, clasping her hands, she fell on her knees before an image of the virgin, and with tears gave thanks for this sudden happiness that filled her heart almost to delirium.

The career of the Red Knight was soon on every body's lips, and having once identified her lover, Annabel heard of him continually through pilgrims and stray travellers from the seat of war. Every month brought intelligence of some new and daring feat he had performed. Now it was a castle he had surprised, now it was a body of the enemy he had defeated against great odds, now it was a walled town he had taken by storm at the head of his gallant followers. Every one spoke of his extreme youth in connexion with his wonderful deeds. Yet this youthfulness did not prevent old men, and indeed all who sought glory, from enlisting under

his banner, so that soon he was at the head of as gallant a following as that of any nobleman around the king.

How Annabel's heart beat as such intelligence was repeated to her. How, when the narrator had departed and she was left alone, would the glad tears gush into her eyes, and dreams of happiness, long checked, float unrepressed through her mind. They who know our sex know that, under such circumstances, her love increased daily.

She often found herself wondering why Henri had never sent any message to her, but she always ended by concluding that he wished to try her, in punishment for her doubt of his success.

"He will find me faithful," she said, "delay as long as he will. I wonder if he will be so?"

This thought came suddenly and unbidden into her mind, and she dismissed it instantly as unjust to Henri, but, strange to say, it obtruded itself again, and often she caught herself thinking whether this long silence of his might not have something to do with his having forgotten her.

One day, about two years after his former visit, the same palmer who had first told her of Henri's success, appeared again at the castle gates, and, hearing he had come from the seat of war, Annabel sent for him, as before, to her bower. He talked long on indifferent subjects, but at length came to the exploits of the Red Knight.

"What say they now of him?" said Annabel. "I hear he carries for his motto—'I fight for my God and my love.' Does report say who the lady is?"

"It does. The beautiful Zaymodere, daughter of the Lord Thiery, and the richest heiress in the north of France, is said to be the happy lady. Men say that, as most of her father's possessions have been won back from the English by the knight's good sword, the old Count has offered her hand to the Red Knight, and that he, nothing loath, has accepted it."

"Can this be true?" interposed Annabel eagerly, displaying more interest in the matter than would have seemed proper in a stranger. The palmer looked up suddenly. But he as quickly resumed his usual immovable expression of countenance.

"Such is the rumor. I myself know, for a fact, that the knight escorted the lady home to her father's castle last month, and was there sumptuously entertained for many days. And, indeed, brave and renowned as he is, the fair Zaymodere is a prize even for him. Who can doubt but that he will accept her?"

"But," said Annabel faintly, though she made a strong effort to appear composed, "he may have had a former love, as indeed his motto would im-

ply, for it is but lately he has known the lady, and his motto was assumed, as I have heard, when he first entered the wars."

"That is true," said the palmer, thoughtfully, "but then you know, lady, knights are not always faithful any more than fair dames, and if he had a former mistress, she has perhaps forgotten him."

"Never, I can never—" said Annabel indignantly, no longer able to control her feelings. The accurate knowledge of the palmer convinced her that he was right, and that she had been deserted for perhaps a richer and fairer bride; and the consciousness of this stung her soul with agony, until she lost the control over her demeanor; but the instant she had spoken thus far, reflecting how she had betrayed herself, she stopped, and turning hastily away, burst into tears, and would have flown from the room.

The palmer started to his feet, no longer a decrepid old man, but hale and vigorous, and flinging aside his robe, stood before Annabel, embrowned by exposure, but still in the early years of manhood. He hurried after her and caught her in his arms.

"Stay, Annabel," he said, in his natural voice, "I am faithful as ever, and what I tell you is only the lying rumor of a camp. Forgive me for having thus tried you, but I knew not how absence might affect your love. My thoughts have never strayed an instant from you."

The glad surprise of Annabel what language can depict! In the revulsion from despair to joy she suffered her lover to draw her to his bosom, and, for the first time, to imprint a kiss on her lips. Then she wept long and freely, hiding her face on his shoulder, but at length looking up and smiling through her tears.

Henri, now Count de Condi, with large possessions granted him by the king whose empire he had been chiefly instrumental in restoring, and with a rank and renown that placed him foremost among the brave nobles that surrounded the throne, was now the equal of Annabel, even in her proud father's eyes, and immediately received the old man's consent, who saw, at this termination of affairs, the reason why hitherto his daughter had steadily refused every offer that had been made her, and had begged her father not to press her, at least for some years, to marry. In a few months, accordingly, the young couple were united with great magnificence.

The descendants of Henri and Annabel still lived in the north of France up to the period of the first revolution, and were known by the red crest of their ancestor, and his motto—"I fight for God and my love."

GOING TO THE SHORE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"PA! ain't you going to take us somewhere this summer?" said the eldest daughter of Mr. Struthers, one sultry day toward the end of June.

"Yes, pa, I'm most dying to get away from town, one sees nothing here but red brick walls glaring in the sun," said his second daughter.

"Indeed, my dear," remarked Mrs. Struthers, taking up the subject, "I think it very proper the girls should go somewhere. All their acquaintance intend to leave town."

"This looks very much like a preconceived attack," thought Mr. Struthers, but being an indulgent parent and having that day made a successful business speculation, he felt disinclined to deny the request.

"Well, where will you go?" he said, "you may have your choice—anywhere, at least, except to Niagara, which is too expensive."

"Where shall it be then?" said Lucy, the younger daughter, clapping her hands, glad to find success so easy, for the mother, though she encouraged the girls to attack their father, had expressed her doubts as to the result. "Shall we go to Saratoga, or Lake George, or Cape May, or Schooley's Mountain, or up the Hudson, or to Newport—"

"Why you run on," said the father, laughing, "as if you had just committed all the places by heart. I'm afraid you'll take a long time to select if you hesitate between so many spots."

"There's Miss Good, is going to the Catskill," said the elder sister.

"And Mary Jones is for the Virginia Springs," said Lucy.

"What do you think of the shore, my dear?" said Mrs. Struthers.

"Oh! the shore—let it be the shore—the dear, delightful shore," said Lucy, "I haven't been there since I was a girl. Do let us go there. How I used to love to chase the waves down the beach and be chased by them in turn. And then the shells, and the beach birds, and the fun of bathing. Oh! let us go to the shore, dear papa."

"But, my dear, you know I don't like Cape May. I hate fashion when I go to the sea-shore."

Lucy's countenance fell, but her mother came to her aid.

"But there's Deal, Manahawkan, Long Branch, Absecon, and a dozen other places, quiet and unpretending and much visited. You know H——, my dear, where we went after we were married. That's a pleasant place, and resorted to by family parties—let us go there."

The suggestion of the wife was adopted, and to H—— it was resolved to go.

Everybody has been to the shore. Everybody knows the preparations that are to be made for going to the shore. For a fortnight the family of Mr. Struthers was in a ferment getting ready for the shore, and the good man, when he came home, heard nothing but discussions about bathing dresses, morning dresses, plain bonnets, and all the other paraphernalia necessary for going to the shore. They were going to a private boarding-house, a very quiet, family-like place as the advertisement said, but still, as there would be strangers there, it was necessary, as Mrs. Struthers said, to look nice, and accordingly her extensive preparations.

It was one of the hottest days of the hottest month in the year, when the family party set out for the shore. The journey was performed in a rickety, uncomfortable stage, crowded to excess. The roads were very bad, and ran, for most of the way, through monotonous pine forests. Several times the horses nearly gave out, while the passengers were equally overcome with heat. Not a breath of air was stirring, and the dull sound of the wheels passing through the heavy sands oppressed the car. Fainting and almost exhausted they reached the end of their journey about an hour after twilight, and, after a hasty supper, retired, worn out with fatigue, to their rooms.

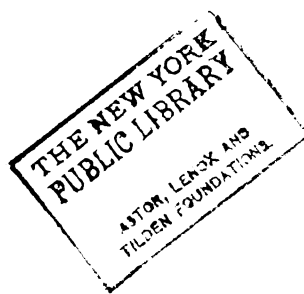
"Here we are at last," said Lucy to her sister, "dear me, if I had known we should have had such a horrible time to get here I don't think I would have started."

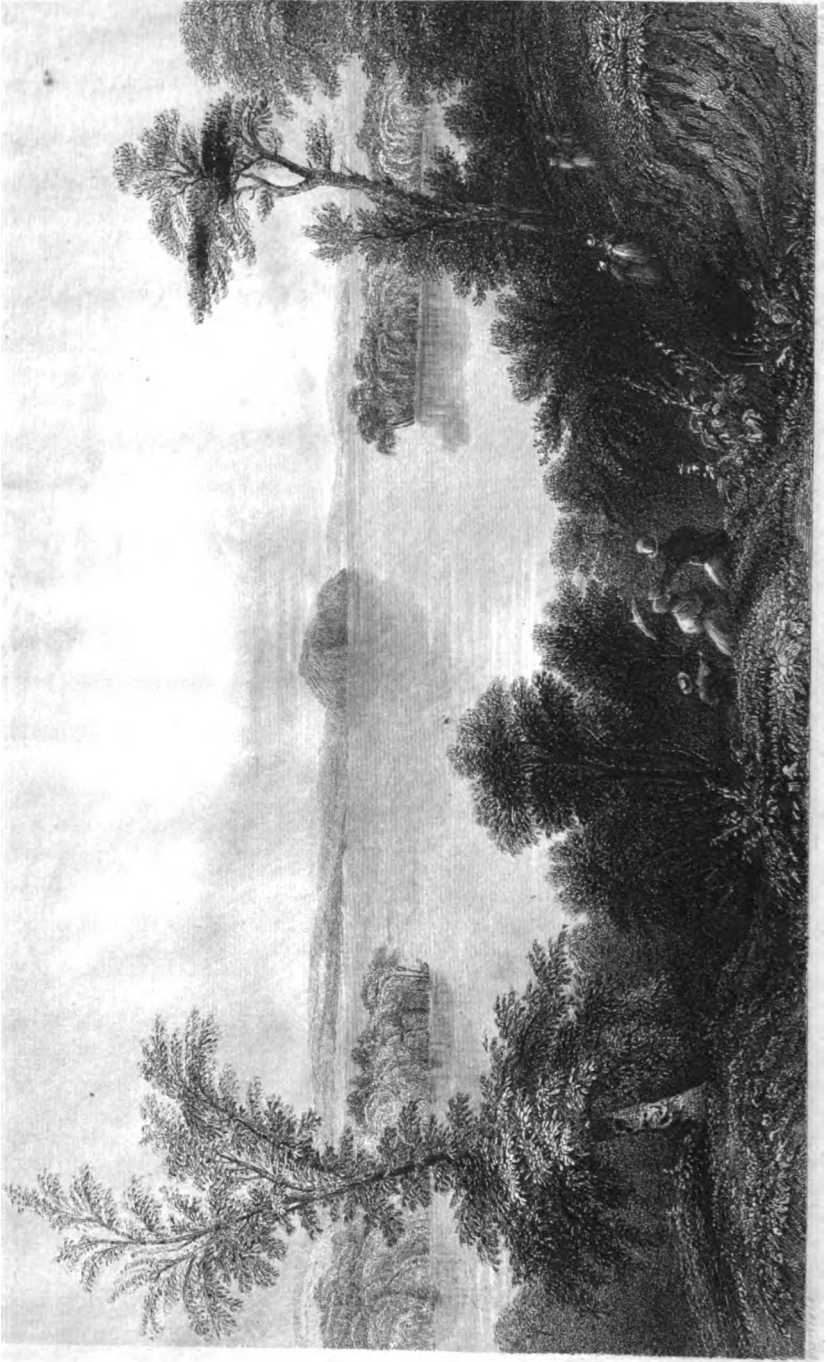
"Nor I," said her sister, "and what a little, close room they've put us into. I declare I shall almost stifle—it's so very sultry."

"And pa's is no larger," said Lucy, "but I suppose we must put up with this inconvenience at night in consideration of the pleasure we shall have during the day." And opening the single small window, to admit air, they betook themselves to sleep.

Toward morning, however, Lucy woke up. After the first effect of her fatigue had passed off she found she could not sleep. Accustomed to a large, airy sleeping apartment, and to a mattress, she could not repose on a feather bed, in a close, stifling room. She tossed uneasily about and soon awakened her sister, who, like herself, now found it impossible to sleep. At the first peep of day they arose and dressed, and passing out into the entry, found Mr. Struthers, who also had lost his rest, and who was accordingly in no very good humor.

"This is going to the shore is it. I'd rather be in my counting-house on Water street—it's cooler





SARATOGA LAKE.

by far. Why I haven't slept a wink since one o'clock," and down stairs he went grumbling.

With the fresh morning air, a sight of the sails at sea, and a good bath, the spirits of the party rose, and, at breakfast, their anticipations of pleasure were renewed as brightly as ever by a glowing description which the host gave of the pleasures of a fishing party. It was unanimously resolved by the boarders to have one the next day.

And at first the fishing party promised to be all they had anticipated. The morning was beautiful, a bracing air was going, and, as the waves sparkled in the sun, and the boat danced merrily along, the gaiety of the party became excessive. At length the fishing ground was reached, a mile or two out at sea. But here the rocking of the boat soon destroyed the pleasure. One after another the fishing lines were drawn in, and the ladies, though at first unwilling to admit it, had to acknowledge they were getting sea-sick. The lockers were soon covered with the sufferers, and now the gentlemen began to feel the effects of the swell. A shower, too, was seen coming up, and though they made all haste homeward, they were thoroughly drenched.

"I've had enough of their fishing parties," growled Mr. Struthers, "if I pay for such sport as that again call me a fool. There's Lucy and Margaret won't be able to hold their heads up for these two days."

He continued these complaints for some days, when Mrs. Struthers said,

"But you didn't like Cape May, or we'd have gone there."

"Nor do I like this," testily said Mr. Struthers. "It's the dullest place I was ever at. There's nothing to see, nothing to do, no news to hear—you can't sleep comfortably, and you can't stay awake. There isn't a tree within a mile of the house, and nothing but a garden, where they grow dwarf cabbages, to look at. If you stay in the house you roast, if you lie down the sun burns right through the roof overhead, if you walk out you must carry an umbrella or your skin will be scorched off your face. They've no papers, not a soul comes here, and the only thing one can do is to stand in the water for an hour morning and evening, looking like a drowned rat. If this is what you call enjoying yourself, you differ from me—that's all."

"But, my dear, you were here just after we were married, and enjoyed it."

"Bah! I was a fool then," said Mr. Struthers.

Thus ended the matrimonial colloquy; and, in a day or two, the daughters inclining to the opinion of their father respecting the pleasures of boarding at the sea-shore, the family party returned to the

city, well pleased to exchange close rooms, and all the discomforts of their late residence, for the airy apartments, shady streets, obliging servants, and the other luxuries which a city always affords.

CHILDHOOD.

BY J. A. MAYBEE.

"A LEAF
Fresh flung upon the river, that will dance
Upon the wave that stealth out its life,
Then sink of its own heaviness." WILLIS.

"How beautiful!" sang out a girl,
A fairy girl at play,
As bounding forth she pluck'd the flowers
That bloom'd beside her way—
"Oh, they shall deck my flowing hair—
How lovelier far they are
Than any gold or diamond stone
That ever sparkled there."

That voice—what music in its tone—
So silvery and clear;
Like thrillings, wildly beautiful.
That haunt the dreamer's ear!
That step—how airy in its grace,
And fawn-like in its glide;
'Twas "motion's poetry" indeed,
Earth's idol ones outvied!

And oh, the mine of feeling pure
Within her deep dark eye!
That met the gaze, as a springing star
Of southern evening's sky—
And her coral lips, with the hue and play
Of morning's early smile,
Told of a spirit shadowless,
Undimmed by care or guile!

Oh, childhood—holy, beautiful,
I weep your tender pride;
For all too soon its light is quench'd—
And thou to earth allied!
And Time a spoiler sure thou art
To mar so bright a thing.
And blight so fair a vision
As life within its spring!

SARATOGA LAKE.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

CALM, breathless, glassy, o'er the still expanse
No breeze is playing, not a sail is seen.
The waters sleep as in a mystic trance.
Scarce stirs a leaf against the heavens serene.
An August noon, and in its dusky sheen
The grass hangs drooping parched, athirst for rain,—
Far off a thin haze floats above the scene—
And waves the hot air over hill and plain,
Oh! for spring's gentle showers to make all bright
again.

ANNA TAYLOR.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER II.

'Tis sweet to mark the rose unfold
 Her heart, and let the fragrance free;
 'Tis bright to watch the sunset gold—
 Burning upon a distant sea!—
 But sweeter far it is, I know,
 To mark the warm and wavering blushes—
 The soft and crimson overflow
 When love within the young heart gushes!

THERE are times when an imaginative person can scarcely compel the mind to a disbelief in a destiny which renders our own acts futile, and our projects of no avail. A stern invisible will, which directs our acts and very thoughts as with a curb of irony seems weaving itself around us in a thousand circumstances which we have no power to regulate or conquer. Yet destiny is only a doctrine of the imagination, dangerous and false. The strong of mind, and pure of heart know the right path, and pursue it spite of circumstance. The lofty of intellect are those, who, by forethought and steady will, regulate and create the very circumstances that enthral weaker minds—and yet could Anna Clare oppose or prepare against the chance that sent that singular man to our village, and that drew him face to face with the orphan when that face was beaming all over with the poetry of her deep affections, till in her sweet intellectual beauty she looked even more lovely than the magnificent girl reclining by her side?

He was a slight man, but singularly gentle and refined in his appearance, with eyes of that changing color which baffles the closest observation. In the quiet of a morning hour they were of a deep, clear blue, but in conversation, and when excited in the least, and sometimes when at rest, they took a deep lustrous tint that was almost black, and always peculiarly expressive.

It was a strange thing that he should have come to our village—he the youngest son of an old English family, proud and wealthy! Why had he wandered from the aristocratic and proud home to startle the humble country girls in their evening ramble? It was a simple story. Warren had met him in the west, they had travelled the prairies together, and had ridden breast to breast in the buffalo hunt—there was a strange contrast in the two young men; but still a friendship sprang up between them, and when Kenworthy found himself in New York, less than a hundred miles from his forest companion, he bethought him of an

invitation given by the frank-hearted Yorker, and, having nothing better to do, stepped aboard a steamboat, took the stage at New Haven, and was set down at the Warren Mansion-house half an hour before he surprised us by his presence at the rock. But the mansion-house was out of order and tumultuous with workmen. Its master was about setting forth on a journey in the morning, and nothing could have been more badly timed than the young Englishman's visit—so in their brief walk across the fields, it had been arranged between the young men that he should join Warren's party and return to New York in the morning. All this was told us by Warren laughingly, but with some appearance of discontent. He was evidently annoyed at the unfortunate position of affairs that forced him to seem so inhospitable to a stranger guest.

"It is too bad, quite too bad," said the young man, taking off his leghorn hat, and ruffling up the mass of light hair which it had pressed upon his fine, open forehead. "If these confounded men had only finished hammering away at the old house we could put off the journey and have a famous time of it. There is fine shooting in the low grounds yonder, plenty of woodcocks, with now and then a partridge, well enough for these parts, but not quite equal to the prairie hens and wild turkeys that we slaughtered beyond the Mississippi. Then there is a beautiful trout stream—you can see it sparkle from here as it leaps down the gully on yonder hill-side. I have two or three pretty good horses in the stable—and the girls here know all sorts of shady walks and footpaths running to springs and mossy seats on the brookside, and bowers all tangled over with hemlock and wild ivy—besides this old moss-covered rock which my lady queen has taken for her throne," he added, casting himself down at Anna Taylor's feet.

For the first time young Kenworthy turned his eyes full on the beautiful girl, a look of admiration stole over his face, and at a glance he seemed to understand her position with regard to his friend.

"You offer me strong inducements to break up all your plans," he said with a quiet smile, "but a sojourn beyond the Mississippi among wild buffaloes and birds of prey spoils one for tamer sports. Your woodcocks and partridges are safe for me, but it will be something new exploring a wild wood dingle with a lady to admire and point out the beauties our careless eyes might overlook. Is it too late for a ramble now?"

"By no means," exclaimed Warren, starting to his feet again, "come girls, let us go down to the wintergreen woods, it will be a beautiful walk in this hazy light—don't stand there looking at each

other. The moon will be up in less than an hour, and no harm can come of it."

Anna Taylor had evidently been struck with the appearance of the stranger, more than once her fine black eyes were lifted to his face while Warren was speaking, and when she arose and took her shawl from the rock, it was with a sidelong glance toward him, and she suffered young Warren to fold it about her person with evident reluctance, lingering to arrange the drapery with her own hands, and drawing carelessly toward young Kenworthy meanwhile, as if too busy with her shawl to notice the arm which her lover held ready for her acceptance.

But Kenworthy seemed perfectly unconscious of her movements, and walked slowly forward to the side of Anna Clare, conversing in a low, impressive, and yet musical voice which I have never known equalled in man or woman. Anna was shy and reserved at first, but there was something so kind in his manner, so gentle and respectful that even her shrinking nature could not resist it. Before we reached the woods her ungloved hand lay timidly on his arm, and as if all unconsciously she was enlivening every word that she uttered with the rich feeling that made the great beauty of her character.

The "Wintergreen Woods" which terminated our walk were little more than a hollow opening from the gorge in a hill-side, through which the trout stream, pointed out by young Warren, came leaping and foaming to the fields below. This stream deepened as it ran through the Wintergreen hollow, and flowed on with a soft, perpetual murmur, which seemed, in the stillness of that evening, like happy children tired of play, and whispering together in the dim shadows. A footpath wound along the bank—and in the day-time a carpet of tender green leaves might be seen starting up through the moss, and variegating the forest sward with a fainter and more delicate tint of green. Around the knolls, and close along the trout stream, the sward was trodden down by troops of school children that haunted the grove constantly as the birds during the summer months. But we saw little of this, for the gold of sunset had died away on the dusky foliage; and the moon was up as we threaded the footpath. Its light came shimmering down on the water, and fell all around through the hemlock, birch and maple branches woven above us, tangling a perfect net-work of silver over the dangling waves and the flowing earth beneath our feet.

It was the first time we had visited the hollow after night-fall, and the beautiful quiet which reigned there, the flow of the brook and the fresh wind trembling among the leaves, stole upon us

like the voice of a holy spirit, and it seemed as if a word spoken above the breath would be harsh and almost sacrilegious.

As we crossed the fields, Anna Taylor had been sullen and capricious by turns, sometimes speaking out with a full, cheerful voice, laughing without apparent cause, and again walking silently by the side of her lover, and scarcely deigning a reply to anything he said. Warren seemed completely at a loss how to account for this strange conduct; and Kenworthy was—or appeared to be—utterly unconscious of it. At last it became her caprice that we walked too fast, and when we entered the Wintergreen Hollow she was standing in the moonlight on the verge of the wood, with her bonnet off, and making a last desperate effort to attract the stranger's sympathy by a thousand little airs of terror, and affected protestations against entering the grove when everything was so gloomy and dark.

It was not till we had passed some distance into the woods that Warren persuaded her to follow, and then she came forward speaking with an excited tone but little in harmony with the tranquil scene.

We had been watching the moonlight as it embroidered the trunk of an old tree which lay upon the brink of the stream, green with moss, and ready to crumble into earth. It lay partly in the water, which swept around the end with a musical ripple that won us unconsciously to sit down.

A whippoorwill was concealed somewhere in the grove, and his steady, solemn chaunt gave a still deeper shade to our sensations, a touch of pleasant melancholy, which is perhaps more exquisite than unchecked mirthfulness. We had been sitting in silence some moments, when, all at once, young Kenworthy began in a low voice which was almost a whisper, to repeat some lines of poetry. I do not remember what they were, and the author, to this day, is unknown to me. Indeed, were they repeated now and in another voice I should not recognize them, but the effect was thrilling. It was the "unwritten music" slumbering in our own hearts, taking to itself a language—a subduing, gentle language, which aroused all the inherent romance of our natures into action. There was no affectation or attempt at display in this—no theatrical exhibition to astonish two unsophisticated country girls. Every word fell naturally from his lips as honey drops from the heart of a flower; the charm lay in the extraordinary depth and sweetness of his voice, and in the impulse which gave rise to the words he was speaking.

At first Anna Clare bent toward him almost imperceptibly, and her very breathing was suppressed; for the first few lines were murmured almost in a whisper, as if the young man were only allowing

the music of his own thoughts to gush up naturally to his lips. As he went on I could feel that a faint thrill ran through her frame—and the moonlight which streamed through an open branch just over head, revealed her face lighted up with an expression of spiritual loveliness that rendered it exceedingly beautiful. At that moment Anna Taylor came up the footpath, with her bonnet swinging idly in her hand, she talking loudly and at random. Her voice might not have been higher than its usual tones, but in that tranquil solitude it sounded abrupt, and broke with almost painful discord on the musical words that had harmonized with the hush of the night-time, till the very silence around seemed full of poetry.

"Oh! don't hush—hush!" said Anna Clare, lifting her hand.

But Anna Taylor was excited and almost angry; for the first time in her life she had been overlooked by a stranger whose admiration was worth having.

"Well, here you are at last—sitting like so many night owls in the dark!" she said with a perceptible effort to appear careless, "Mr. Kenworthy repeating poetry to Anna Clare, on a damp log in the Wintergreen Woods, less than three hours after his first introduction. Romantic—isn't it, Warren?"

Warren laughed, but seemed very much annoyed.

"Poetry is an old failing with Kenworthy," he said, "I have seen him cover all the broad leaves of a magnolia, in the Mississippi valley with cantos from Byron, and there is no end to the birch bark that he scribbled over on our way to the Rocky Mountains."

"All very right and proper when it was for the benefit of young Indian girls and chiefs that could not read," replied Anna Taylor—"but here in a moonlight woods like this, you should be more careful, Mr. Kenworthy. Who knows the mischief it may do; Miss Clare may be tempted back to her old feelings, and take to writing verse again."

"Again," repeated the young gentleman so boldly challenged, casting a glance at poor Anna Clare, who stood trembling by my side as if detected in some disgraceful propensity—"again!"

"Oh, she did not repay you with any of her own effusions, then," continued the irritated girl, "you should have read her lines on the poor old robin that died in its willow cage in Aunt Clare's kitchen window from eating too many cherries—or—"

"Oh, Anna Taylor, how can you?" almost gasped the sensitive girl, thus unfeelingly held up to ridicule.

But her tormentor did not heed the half smothered remonstrance. "Or she might have repeat-

ed her elegy on the gray cat that mourned itself to death in a corner of the potato bin—"

Anna Clare had crept close to me, and her fingers, as they clasped mine, were quivering with agitation. I felt the indignant blood rush over my face, and spoke almost before I was aware of it; but it was in a low voice, and I drew the girl aside that none might hear.

"Or if a girl like Anna Clare *could* repeat her own matured thoughts to a stranger," I said, "she might give him the only lines that you or I ever knew that she had written—read to us in the confidence of a funeral night, when we sat together, feeling that the spirit of the dead was brooding over us—when—"

"Oh, you are getting tragic, as well as poetical—'birds of a feather,' you know—"

I withdrew my hand from her arm, and went back to the group again. The froward girl followed me with a constrained laugh.

"Well," she said, "it seems that all my nonsense is to be taken for downright, serious earnest, cat, robin, cherries and all. Come, Mr. Kenworthy, let me atone for it—pray sit down and finish the lines we interrupted."

"Excuse me," said Kenworthy, with a most provokingly respectful bow, "I am not sufficiently romantic to repeat poetry to insensible objects, but I will carve your name on the bark of any tree you may select with the utmost pleasure."

The moonlight lay full upon Anna Taylor's face, and I could see that her black eyes flashed with resentment. She seemed about to retort upon him, but checking the impulse, turned away, and stepping to the brink of the stream looked down into the water; but the quick motion of her foot as it beat against the sward, and the flutter of her shawl when she wound it over her person, betrayed a tumult of her feelings which she found it impossible to suppress.

Sweet Anna Clare—she could never see reproof given, or know that the feelings of another had been wounded without an effort to render consolation. She saw that her friend was agitated and vexed, so forgetting the sarcasm which had pained herself so deeply, she arose and went to the place where Anna Taylor was standing. They were beyond ear shot, but we knew that she had spoken a few words—kindly they must have been, for none other ever visited those young lips. Her hand, also, was laid upon the haughty girl's arm; but Anna Taylor cast it off, and turned suddenly. That instant Anna Clare disappeared—how, we know not, but she was gone! It might have been the impetus given by Anna Taylor's hand, for she was angry and violent. The turf had possibly

yielded to her weight, or her foot slipped on the smooth grass. We only heard the plunge, and the shriek that burst from the bosom of that haughty girl as she fell upon her knees, and grasping the tall fern with one hand, plunged the other down into the water, pleading with a wild agony for the lost one to rise up to grasp her arm, to struggle yet a little longer.

We sprang to our feet, and for one instant terror held us motionless. The next, Kenworthy had flung away his coat and plunged into the stream. In that place it was narrow, but very deep, and a giant hemlock, rooted on its bank, flung a dense shadow far over the opposite shore. I was by the side of Anna Taylor, holding her garments with a strong grasp, for her forehead was almost in the water, and her loosened hair was eddying in a dark mass with the current.

Oh! how still and tranquil those dark waters flowed onward! Slowly, and with a sweet voice they passed, ripple after ripple, and our friend beneath them was struggling in the death throes.

"Oh, my God! she is not here—she will never rise again," said Anna Taylor, crouching back upon the turf, and shuddering while that face, late so haughty and beautiful, was buried in her damp hands.

"Hark!" I said, "oh, Father of Heaven, did you hear that?"

Anna sprang to her feet, put the wet hair back from her face with both hands, and bending forward looked wildly down the stream.

It *was* a human voice—*her* voice—faint, low, and gurgling up, as it seemed, through a mass of waters that were choking her.

"Yonder! yonder! Great Heavens! can you not see it? There—there in the moonlight!" shrieked my distracted companion; "a circle—another—there—there!"

Again she sunk to the earth, wringing her hands and moaning like a wounded creature. Kenworthy shot by us like an arrow when he heard the cry. Warren was already at the spot, and we could hear them both plunge madly to the bottom, again and again, just where we had seen that pale head rising for one instant in the moonlight. Now and then we could catch a word gaspingly spoken and answered—we saw them rise once again, and still again. At length there came a shout, a wild ringing cry, that made the very leaves over our heads tremble. We could not move—she was found—but still we could *not* move; though every footfall, as they bore the body of that poor girl toward us, struck upon our hearts like the blow of an enemy.

They laid her upon the sward with her face upwards, and a faint moonbeam came through the boughs to show us how icy and pale it was. Her

hand, too, cold and dripping with water, fell upon the bowed neck of Anna Taylor as they laid her down, but the wretched girl shook it off with a shuddering cry.

"Oh, it was *not* me—I did not push her in—she fell—she fell! It was *not* me!" burst from her pallid lips.

I had taken the head of Anna Clare in my lap, and was striving to press the cold forehead with my trembling hand. Anna Taylor crept close to my side, and lifting her white face to mine, whispered,

"Dead—is she quite gone? Lay your hand on her heart—I dare not—I dare not! But you need not be afraid—press hard—press hard. Your own hand may be cold, you know," and opening the dripping folds that lay heavily on Anna Clare's marble bosom, she seized my hand with both hers, and pressed it down upon the heart of the lifeless girl. Alas! there was no motion, no warmth. I drew my hand away in silence, and with one deep gasp Anna Taylor fell to the earth again.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

BY MARY SPENCER PEASE.

I DREAM of home, my island home
Girt by the sea.
The sweet dream will unbidden come,
Tho' shunned by me.
I dream of a pair of dark eyes there
Within that isle:
And memory pictures brightly fair
Her sunny smile.
I feel her soft hand rest upon
My burning brain:
I starting, wake!—the cool hand's gone
That stilled my pain.
I am on earth a wanderer now,
A thing alone:
With none to soothe my aching brow,
Not one, not one.
A stranger in the stranger's land,
With nought to love.
In dreams I'm with the shadowy band
Above, above.
I see *her* form gleam high in air
In robe of light,
A starry halo round her there
Shines pure and bright.
My island home, washed by the sea,
May ne'er again
Seem dear as once it was to me,—
Oh! ne'er again.
For she has gone! Her sunny smile
Beams now no more
Within that wave-tossed lonely isle—
No more,—no more!

CLARA GORDON;

OR, THE UNAVAILING SACRIFICE.

BY MARY DAVENANT.

Few could tell by what particular charm it was that Clara Gordon won her way to such universal admiration. A connoisseur might have pointed out many defects in her beauty, a sage in her wisdom, and a savant in her education—but still there was a certain something about her that made her a far greater belle than many who excelled her in all these important points. Perhaps it might have been her grace, for she was sylph-like in every movement—perhaps it was her happy, merry, beaming face which put to flight the very thought of care; or she may possibly have owed some of her success to the dash of flirtability (is there such a word?) which made her enjoy so evidently the admiration she excited, that it seemed almost cruel to withhold an offering so easily made and so highly valued. She had danced and flirted through two or three winters as thoughtlessly and happily as most belles do, and strange to say, though admired by all had been wooed by none, until as her twentieth year had closed upon her, she began to think it high time the errant knight should appear who was to maintain the supremacy of her charms against all comers, and win her hand as the prize of his gallantry and superior discernment.

Somebody says (*der einzige* Jeal Paul I think) that in every female heart there is a little altar erected to an unknown deity, with the flame ready to be kindled in honor of the first that approaches, and that in this way we may account for so many ugly, forlorn-looking divinities receiving a worship of which they seem so unworthy. It would, perhaps, have been well for Clara Gordon if it had been so with her, for her first lover, and the one to whom, from some cause best known to themselves, her parents wished to see her united, was the very one, for whom, try hard as she might, she found it impossible to make the altar exhibit the slightest symptom of ignition. We say try—for there were many reasons why Clara wished to like Mr. Jeremiah Dartmore. In the first place he was very rich, and Clara loved wealth; in the second place he was of an old family, and she loved rank; and in the third he was the master of a handsome establishment, and she loved splendor. What she did *not* like about him was his age, above fifty, his ugliness, which was remarkable, and his manners and conversation, which were quite devoid of all attraction—particularly to a girl of twenty.

Still Clara was flattered by his attentions, and though she had not the slightest idea of accepting

his hand, played off her little artillery of airs and graces to such good effect that the old admirer became each day more and more fascinated, and when (as was often the case) his *petit soins* were repulsed for those of younger and more agreeable beaux would look very grim and disconsolate—a circumstance that could not fail to be remarked by others, and this was a source of gratification to herself. Some other rather *passée* belles who were willing enough to be placed at the head of Mr. Dartmore's handsome establishment, were on such occasions ever ready to soothe his wounded feelings, and when they had apparently succeeded, Clara would by a single word or look overturn their plans and attract him again to her side that he might be again tormented. Things went on in this manner for some time, Clara so contriving to evade his formal proposals that she retained the admirer without accepting the husband, a thought from which she recoiled more and more as her acquaintance with him advanced. One other cause might have had some effect in increasing this repugnance, and this was a preference she began to feel for another, to whom but one objection could be made, a fearful one to a worldly-minded woman—his poverty.

Frederic Cecil possessed all the advantages Mr. Dartmore wanted, and unfortunately was deficient in those his rival so amply enjoyed. His birth was inferior, his talents and acquirements having secured him a place in the fashionable circle in which he now moved, to which he was introduced through the influence of a college friend, whose attachment to him, and appreciation of his superior endowments was such that he had induced him to remove from the obscure, New England village in which he had hitherto resided, to this ampler field for the energies of his truly elevated mind. His legal studies, commenced at home, had been completed in the office of Mr. Rivington, a most eminent lawyer, and the father of his friend; while to his accomplished mother, who had learned to value Frederic as he deserved, he owed, soon after his admission to the bar, his introduction to the fashionable world.

Mrs. Rivington saw with anxiety the admiration her young friend bestowed upon Clara Gordon. She could not wonder at it—for lovely, graceful and accessible as Clara was, who could be more calculated to attract a shy and reserved youth just emerged from studious seclusion? Once relieved from his embarrassment Frederic's reserve vanished; and he was soon emboldened to exhibit his uncommonly handsome person in the waltz or cotillion with as much confidence as if he had never read a line of Homer or of Blackstone in his life. Clara

rejoiced in the metamorphoses which she felt to be her work—she also rejoiced, but more secretly, in the power she saw she possessed over the affections of the only man for whom she had ever felt a decided preference.

"I regret this fancy of Frederic's for Clara Gordon," said Mrs. Rivington one day to her son. "He will be too poor to marry for many years at least; and Mr. Gordon would never consent to his daughter's engaging herself to one in his circumstances—particularly when such a wealthy rival is in the field as Mr. Dartmore."

"But if his daughter has the sense and feeling to prefer Frederic to her rich admirer, what then? In this country, thank Heaven, we have no forced marriages, and she is young enough to wait a few years for the man she loves."

"She loves wealth and fashion I fear," said Mrs. Rivington, "better than she loves Frederic, and both must be sacrificed in a union with him. Circumstances are often as compulsory as forced, and in too many instances, even in our happy country, the true feelings of the heart are sacrificed in marriage to mere worldly advantage. The term '*mariage de convenance*' is European, but the act, alas! is becoming too frequent among ourselves."

"Frederic will then have to console himself," returned her son, "with the conviction that a woman who could make such a match would be unworthy of his affection—particularly with such a person as Jeremiah Dartmore—Heavens! what a contrast between them."

"Great indeed," replied Mrs. Rivington, "but not greater in person than position, a weighty consideration with a fashionable belle. Frederic is, however, so completely fascinated that he must even run the risk of being made miserable, as with his sensitive feelings I fear he will be, by her trifling with them."

"She has given him every encouragement thus far; and Frederic is in the seventh heaven of happiness with the thought of being beloved."

"I hope there is no clandestine engagement?" asked Mrs. Rivington.

"No, indeed—he has not even *formally* declared himself, for he knows the old folks look rather shy at him. They understand each other perfectly, however."

"I do not like these *understandings*," said Mrs. Rivington, "but he must run his chance—poor fellow, I wish he had a few more of this world's goods."

And so did Clara Gordon with her whole heart—which was not to be sure a very large one—but as her wishes would not bring him wealth, and she was gay and thoughtless, she gave herself up to

the enjoyment his affections for her excited, and left the future to take care of itself.

One afternoon after her return from a long walk with Frederic, she was informed that her father had been enquiring for her, and requested she would come to him as soon as she returned. With some trepidation she entered the apartment where he was, when, taking her by the hand, he said,

"My child I have been most anxiously expecting you, and wish to speak with you on a matter of the utmost consequence to us both—I have had a long and most interesting conversation with Mr. Dartmore, and it is my earnest wish that you would come to an immediate decision with regard to his addresses."

"I have decided long ago, papa—I can never marry him," said Clara.

"Your conduct then has been to say the least equivocal," returned her father, with some severity—"for it was but to-day that Mr. Dartmore informed me he thought that he had received from you at times most decided encouragement, and that he believed he possessed your sincere regard. He admitted, however, that he had been a good deal annoyed of late by your flirtation with young Cecil—but as there cannot possibly be anything serious in such a quarter as that, he wishes it to be terminated by the announcement of your engagement to himself."

Clara hung her head, abashed by this slighting allusion to her favorite, and her father proceeded—

"I at once relieved him by the assurance that you could have no serious thought of such a person, and by promising my influence that you should to-morrow receive him as your affianced husband. He has already been trifled with too long, and as it seemed impossible for you to decide for yourself, I have done so for you."

Clara was thunderstruck—she knew her father's temper, which though indulgent in some respects, was most determined in others, but soon found spirit to reiterate,

"Father, I cannot marry that man."

"Am I to understand that your reluctance to comply with my wishes, arises from your dislike to Mr. Dartmore, or from a foolish fancy you have taken for another?"

"I do not like Mr. Dartmore well enough to become his wife," said Clara.

"There is then no other attachment in the way—so far it is well. I would never coerce a child into marriage, it is too serious a responsibility, but it is necessary, Clara, that you should know some particulars of my situation before you finally reject this desirable offer."

Mr. Gordon here became pale and agitated, and

his voice faltered as he went on—"You are surrounded by the appearance of wealth, my child, and until lately I believed myself a man of fortune. The imprudence of some of my correspondents has shaken my credit to the very centre, and before to-morrow afternoon I must meet an obligation for many thousands of dollars, which I can nowhere raise. Should my note be protested I am ruined, and you, your mother and the children reduced to poverty. If on the contrary I can get through this temporary embarrassment, there is every prospect of my retrieving my credit and securing to my family the comforts they have hitherto enjoyed. Mr. Dartmore has most generously offered to place a sufficient sum at my disposal to relieve me at once—provided my dear Clara will consent to reward his attachment as it deserves. You are agitated, my child, and I will not press you farther now. Think on what I have said—of the misery from which you can save those dearest to your heart, and if you can bestow yourself on one I believe most worthy of you, my choicest blessing shall be upon you. If you cannot, then may Heaven be merciful to me and mine—for I see no help in man"—and Mr. Gordon abruptly quitted the room.

Shocked and overpowered as she was by the unwonted distress of her father, whose usually calm and reserved exterior rendered his present agitation more remarkable; Clara remained for a time incapable of thought. She threw herself upon a sofa, and was weeping violently, when a soft footstep approached, and her mother entering the room, drew her sorrowing daughter toward her, and soon won from her the cause of her affliction—with which she was, however, partly acquainted through a previous conversation with her husband.

"And can you hesitate, Clara," she replied in answer to her incoherent account of her interview with her father, "to save us all from this heavy misfortune?"

"But the sacrifice, mamma,—the fearful sacrifice."

"No great sacrifice, I think, to marry a worthy, estimable man, who sincerely loves you, and will bestow upon you every advantage which wealth and affection can procure. You say you prefer Frederic Cecil to Mr. Dartmore, and externally I grant he is much more attractive—but what prospect is there that he could marry you? Years must pass before he can think of maintaining a family; your beauty may by that time fade, and he will think no more of you. Clara, you have never known, and may Heaven avert the experience from you, the fearful ills of poverty. My own youth was one long struggle against depressing

circumstances, and I fain would spare my children what I once endured. For myself I care not, but for them my heart bleeds in agony"—and the mother joined her tears to those of her child.

When they were a little more composed Mrs. Gordon depicted in the most vivid colors the contrast between the delights of wealth and the horrors of poverty, until to Clara's excited imagination no Hydra could be more dreadful, and having made the desired impression, left it to produce its effect. Can we wonder that educated as Clara had been, without the high and holy principles which alone can lead the mind under difficult circumstances to prefer truth to falsehood, even when disguised as duty, that she should, after a few short struggles, decide to sacrifice herself on the altar of expediency to one whom she neither loved nor respected? She felt herself to be a victim—that a regular bargain and sale would deliver her up to her future master, and she could not fail to look upon him with contempt as being willing to receive her hand under such circumstances—though her conscience at the same time whispered that her own coquetry had persuaded him that she was not indifferent to his admiration. She felt sorry, very sorry for poor Frederic, who loved her so well—but it could not be helped, he was too poor to marry, and ought never to have thought of her, and after once deciding upon the course she would pursue, Clara began to think of Mr. Dartmore's elegant establishment, of the parties she would give, and how she would govern him, and so fell asleep. Next morning she informed her father that at the time appointed she would receive Mr. Dartmore's visit.

He came, and with due precision expressed his sense of the happiness she had conferred on him, though rather more with the air of one who is bestowing than receiving a favor, and placing himself most affectionately on the sofa beside the passive Clara, gave her a minute description of his houses and furniture, which he regretted most deeply etiquette did not allow her to inspect in person, but which he let her understand he thought entirely superior to any with which she could have been endowed by another. After this interview the sum promised was placed at Mr. Gordon's disposal, and the bargain was duly ratified by the promise that in less than two months the marriage should take place. How Frederic bore his disappointment Clara knew not, and absorbed in the preparation of a magnificent wardrobe she strove to banish his image from her mind.

A fortnight passed, during which Mr. Dartmore's devotions were unremitting, though increasingly tiresome to Clara; when, as he was one morning escorting her to pay a visit, they met Frederic Cecil

in the street. It was but a momentary recognition, but Clara was shocked at the change she observed in his appearance. He touched his hat while passing, and gave her one look which haunted her for days. Mr. Dartmore returned his salute with an air of unmingled triumph.

"A forward young man, Miss Clara," he said—"Very forward and presumptuous, considering his slight claims upon the society in which he moves. The patronage of the Rivington's can do much, but will hardly be able to force an obscure person like that, into a place where he ought not to be."

Clara made no reply—she could not—and Mr. Dartmore glided gracefully to another subject.

It had needed all the kind and generous sympathy of Mr. Rivington and his son to soothe Frederic under the bitter trial he had experienced. Clara had been enshrined as the goddess of his idolatry in a most loving, trusting heart, and though she had never promised to be his, had listened to his love, and made him feel that it was not unrequited. For a time, the severe disappointment seemed almost to unman him, and a dark cloud of misery enveloped and threatened to obscure his whole existence. Except on that casual meeting, Clara saw him no more for many long months, for he shunned society, and except where business called him, was no where to be seen.

Meanwhile, Clara's sacrifice was with due pomp and circumstance completed. She had taken the false vows of love, honor and obedience to one whom she disliked, despised, and was resolved to govern; and had entered with seeming satisfaction, but inward disgust, upon the performance of the duties they imposed. Still Clara was the envy of half the town. Her brilliant match was descanted upon in all circles, and, except by the discerning few, she was looked upon as one of the highly favored of the earth. Wherefore this sad delusion—this preference of the outward show to the inward reality of happiness? A youth and maiden, rich in true affection, but poor in all beside, are viewed with compassion in their humble home, beautiful though it may be with the holiest charities of life, while she who, like Clara Gordon, has been given up a victim at Mammon's shrine, (a more devouring demon in our day than Moloch was of old,) is by the world called happy. What a mockery of words!

And Clara felt that it was so. Once in the full enjoyment of the wealth she had always coveted in the secret of her heart, and without the prospect of which no earthly power could have persuaded her to take the step she did, even to save her father from ruin, she found how utterly inadequate it was to repay her for all she had yielded to gain it. The

splendid apartments in which she moved were the daily witnesses of her repinings over the lost happiness of her unfettered girlhood. Mr. Dartmore had suffered too much from Clara's love of flirting when the power was in her hands, to allow her any opportunity of renewing the torment now that it had passed into his. As he was entirely a man of leisure, he was always ready to accompany her wherever she went, and when at home, being in truth passionately fond of her, he was forever at her side. His fondness was, however, the selfish affection of a narrow heart, not the disinterested attachment of a noble one, and instead of troubling himself to minister to her happiness, he looked upon it as his wife's peculiar privilege that she contributed so largely to his—giving her to understand that he considered her most fortunate in possessing so devoted a husband. But the devotion of those we do not love is less desirable than their neglect, and Clara found that to be "an old man's darling" was but another name for a most irksome slavery.

How often when wearied to death with her husband's tiresome talk did she recall the interesting and improving conversations she so invariably enjoyed in the society of the gay and animated Frederic Cecil. When annoyed by his exactions how often did she recur to the pure affection which she knew she had once inspired, and when the thought of Frederic's evident suffering, and of the contempt which one so noble-minded must have felt for her unworthy treatment of him, she experienced all the bitterness of self-reproach. Still Clara had the world and its adulations to console her, for she thought not of turning to a higher Source, and in the splendor and frequency of the entertainments she gave and frequented, she sought for some distraction from the monotony of her domestic life. Her father, relieved from his immediate embarrassments, and grateful to her as the cause, encouraged her husband to indulge her in these extravagances, by representing to him how greatly they enhanced his personal consequence, and for a while his influence and Clara's persuasions induced Mr. Dartmore to pursue a mode of life little in accordance with his taste, and which he had only adopted while on his matrimonial quest. After a time, however, he was so fatigued with the unceasing round of dissipation that he became restive, and resolutely refused to go any more into company, or to let his wife go without him.

For more than two years after her marriage, Mrs. Dartmore had nowhere met with Frederic, who seemed to have entirely renounced the society he had once so greatly enjoyed, and it was not till after the birth of a daughter, who was welcomed by Clara with all the delight that a vacant heart

can feel for an object on which to bestow its affections, that she met him at the house of a friend. Frederic was in attendance on a beautiful girl whom Clara recognized as the daughter of Mr. Rivington, a fair *debutante* now equally admired; and by the tender glances, which Mrs. Dartmore knew too well how to interpret, by no means an object of indifference to her former lover. How Clara envied that fair girl the love she had once so carelessly thrown from her. She looked from the intelligent, handsome countenance of Frederic to the inane, wrinkled face of her husband, and felt that now he might indeed triumph over her. Recent illness, care and disappointment had blanched the roses on her cheeks, and she felt that her heart, save in the love she bore her child, was faded as her beauty, while he stood before her in the full bloom of manhood, with his once blighted hopes blossoming anew, and clustering round another. Clara watched them closely, and in the blushing cheek and downcast eye of Anna Rivington, read the secret of her heart. She was sickened as her early dream of love was brought thus vividly before her, and when seated by her husband in the costly equipage that drove them from the door, she turned from him to hide the scalding tears that chased each other down her cheeks.

Well might Frederic love Anna Rivington, who, as a rosy school girl, had sympathized so tenderly in his disappointment, and who daily maturing under his eye in all that is loveable in woman, had at length excited in him a deeper and more intense affection than he thought his wounded heart could ever again bestow. And did Anna's parents, proud and highly descended as they were, look down with contempt upon the poor student who could offer no brilliant establishment to their daughter? Far from doing so, they witnessed the dawning affection of both with pleasure, for they had looked upon life too earnestly to count wealth as its chief good, and knew that in worth, in talent, and in piety, such as Frederic possessed, its only enduring happiness is secured. Thus his second love brought the blessing denied to his first, and though years might pass before he could claim Anna's hand, her heart was his, with her parents and her brother's consent, and Frederic was once more beloved and happy.

We have said that Mr. Gordon's embarrassments in business had been for the time relieved by the opportune aid he received through Mr. Dartmore. But it was *but* for the time. Difficulties that he had not foreseen again oppressed him, and though he struggled manfully to meet them, and exerted himself to the utmost to stem the torrent that was so dead against him, he was at the end of a few years about to be overwhelmed by it. In this

emergency, and when every other resource had failed him, he applied again to Mr. Dartmore, for he knew his son-in-law too well to expect his aid in any thing but an extremity, and to his bitter mortification it was most decidedly refused.

Through her mother Clara was then appealed to, and learned with agony what indeed she might have expected from the nature of the case, that the sacrifice she had made to save herself and her family from poverty, had been as far as they were concerned an unavailing one. Wealth was indeed hers, but of what value was it if she could not share it with those she loved? Her husband could, she knew, well spare the sum required, but would not at her father's instance, and she hardly dare hope that her entreaties would meet with better success. She dreaded his anger, for when excited he was most stern and severe; but making a strong effort, determined to encounter it. Bathed in tears she threw herself into her husband's arms, and with every tender endearment she could use, besought him if he loved her to yield the required assistance. Clara was one of the very few women who are beautiful in grief, and for the moment her husband was touched by her evident distress, and endeavored to soothe her without committing himself by any promises.

"You certainly, Clara, require no further proof of my affection," he said, in answer to her touching appeal; "is not every luxury my fortune can procure most freely yours? is not my life devoted to you? Few women have such a husband."

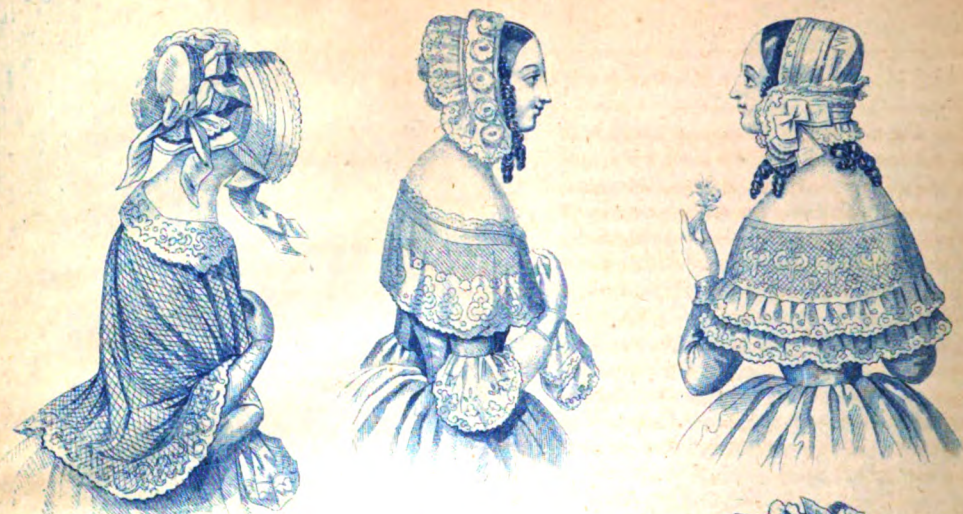
"But my father—my poor distressed father, and all my family. Can you love me and let them suffer?"

"They need not suffer," replied her husband; "I will use all my influence,—which you know is great. I will procure some employment for your father. They will, to be sure, have to change their mode of life and to give up all their useless luxuries—but what of that? Thousands have done it before, and been contented under the privation. I worked for the money I now possess, and have already thrown too much away in the vain effort to save your father from ruin. I have a wife and family too, and my first duty is to look to them."

"But cannot you," persisted Clara, "from all your wealth, bestow this poor sum upon his necessities—not for my sake?"

"Not for the sake of an angel from Heaven," said Mr. Dartmore, losing all patience. "Go, madame, to your chamber, and learn to submit to my better judgment. Thank God that your good fortune has saved you from poverty by making you my wife; and speak not again on this matter, under pain of my lasting displeasure."

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Latest Paris Fashions for August 1845 Engraved expressly for the Ladies National Magazine

Clara saw that farther effort was useless, and slowly and despairingly withdrew to tell her mother of her ill success. Next day, Mr. Gordon's failure was announced; and from that moment the proud and aspiring merchant never seemed like his former self. Mr. Dartmore would not bestow the smallest assistance on his family, but satisfied his conscience by procuring for his father-in-law a paltry situation which his necessities compelled him to accept. Broken in spirits and in fortune, deprived of the consequence deprived from wealth, and of the luxuries which long habit had rendered necessary to him, his wife and children, Mr. Gordon lingered but one year after his failure, during which time, all the aid Clara could bestow was from self denial in her own personal expenses and those of her children. A short time before his death, her father called Clara to his bedside and besought her to forgive the undue influence he had exercised over her at the period of her marriage.

"I now see my selfish worldliness in its true light," he said. "Woe is me that I did not sooner view the things of time in reference to this awful hour. My long life has been wasted in the vain effort to secure to my family the wealth that has eluded my grasp; and you the only child to whom it is secured, are doomed to gilded misery—that too through me."

"Say not so, my father," was Clara's reply. "The tempter was within. Wealth and station were my idols—had it not been so, I had never yielded to your wishes. My punishment is less than I deserve, for having stifled the true impulses of my own heart. May God forgive my sin, and remove its burden from your conscience."

Having closed her beloved father's eyes, Mr. Dartmore conveyed his afflicted wife to her home, where, clasping her infant daughters to her heart, she inwardly prayed that they might rather be taken hence in their innocence, than live to be like herself, an unavailing sacrifice.

SONNET—DEATH.

I LOOK upon the stars—upon the moon—
And on the green things of the living earth,
And say unto myself, too soon—too soon—
I will be made to leave thee, to go forth
Into the haven of my quiet rest—
The stern, cold grave!—there to remain,
As silent as each clod upon my breast—
Never to wake up from that sleep again!
Not in the joyous spring-time of the year—
Nor in the Summer—nor the Autumn—Fall
Nor Winter—nothing shall be there as here,
No friendship, music, love, nor joy!—for all
Is barren on that cold, oblivious shore,
From which we shall return—NO, NEVER MORE!

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

THE plate of fashions for this month represents the following costumes.

FIG. I. A WALKING DRESS for morning promenade, formed of pale pink Pekin silk, the skirt made full and handsome, and trimmed round the bottom with three rows of pink shaded ribbon, quilled *a la vieille*; tight high body and sleeves, the latter decorated round the top with the same trimming, which also surrounds a small round cape descending to about midway upon the corsage; ruffles of point lace.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS for occasions requiring more dress than those when the preceding costume could be used. This is composed of a checked silk, with two deep volants reaching up to the middle of the dress: the corsage half high and tight, with a lace trimming around the neck; sleeves tight, with lace cuffs; a beautiful figured scarf-mantelet of a very pale green, lined with a deeper green, and edged with rich embroidery: pink crepe bonnet, trimmed with ribbon of the same hue and lace; straw colored gloves complete the costume.

FIG. III.—AN AFTERNOON DRESS composed of pale straw-colored *moire*, the front magnificently embroidered in the same color; tight body and sleeves; *paletot* of shaded lilac Pekin silk, the whole surrounded with black lace, of a moderate width, and attached round the waist with a *ceinture* of lilac satin ribbon. Bonnet of white chip, the crown tastefully decorated with rows of rather narrow lace, interspersed with *nauds* of white *velours epingle* ribbon; *brides* of the same.

FIG. IV.—A MORNING DRESS of green silk: waist pointed and corsage rather low; sleeves descend to the elbow, where they are trimmed with a falling of rich lace, to match a deep lace cape depending from the shoulder.

FIG. V.—A CARRIAGE DRESS of salmon colored silk; long, tight sleeves: corsage high and tight: a scarf-mantelet of black lace: bonnet of blue *paille de riz*, trimmed with lace, ribbon and a plume.

FIG. VI.—A MORNING DRESS of pink; corsage rather low in the neck, from which depends a lace cape, fringed with two folds of lace.

HOME COSTUMES.—One of the most elegant and *recherche* toilettes of the season in Paris are dresses of lilac taffetas, shot with a silvery white, with *collerette*, epaulets, and cuffs of *point d'Alencon* lace placed over the tight sleeve, of a single piece, the seam being under the arms. No costume is considered complete at the present moment unless trimmed with an immense quantity of lace. Others are made in shot silk, and trimmed all round with a *ruche* edged with a narrow fringe of the same colors as the dress. The corsage plain, and attached all the way up with buttons of *turquoise*, or Florence mosaics. Again, there is another and more *neglige* style of morning dress, being nothing more than a *peignoir*, in cachemire of a *turkish* pattern, trimmed with two broad folds of colored satin. The sleeves broad and opening from the elbow to the wrist, with an insertion of *gympe* shaded in different colors, collar *a trois pointes*; an under dress of embroidered muslin is

worn with sleeves in three frillings, each separated with an inlet of muslin plaited in large gathers, half open collar trimmed with three rows of *Valenciennes* lace.

MANTELS.—Amidst the numberless fantasies that are constantly being produced in Paris, are the *mantelets castillans a Manchettes*, and those pretty little Andalusian shawls a *capuchon*, in embroidered net; also the *paletots Casilda*, in satin moire; or taffetas *cameleon*, trimmed with black lace, or *chicorees* of ribbon; then again, the *pardessus Odelle*, with sleeves, and setting gracefully round the waist, where it is attached with a *ceinture double*; the Venetian mantle with its corners rounded in the front, and its broad descending collar; and lastly, the mantelet Marie Antoinette. We have also seen the pattern of one composed of black lace, formed very long at the back, cut slanting upon the top of the shoulders, and falling in the front in two square ends, trimmed all round with a *volant* of lace, headed with a *ruche* of black satin ribbon, at the back a second *volant* of lace falls over the first, but reaches no further than the top of the shoulders.

FLOWERS.—In Paris the most fashionable ornament of flowers is the *coiffure odette*, composed of a tuft of three white daisies, placed just over the ear. After this charming *coiffure* comes the *ondine* wreath, composed of small *marigold* flowers, intermixed with branches of coral. This wreath, added to a lappet of lace, forms a charming trimming for the *capotes* of sewn straw. We have also seen some beautiful bunches of *bluets*, demi wreaths of *roses the*, and tufts of Easter daisies; then, again, the *rose de vier*, of a sulphur color; or *grenat*, or *mauve*; this latter flower is beautiful when placed alone, instead of a *rosette* of ribbons for the trimming of *paille de riz* *capotes* or those in white *crepe*.

BONNETS.—These have suffered little variation in shape from the patterns described on our cover for July. In Paris a very becoming style has come out partly composed of white chip; for instance, the brim and front part of the crown of white chip, with a full crown of lilac silk let in, and prettily ornamented with *nœuds* of lilac satin ribbon; curtain of lilac silk; round the brim, and across the front, are placed folds of lilac *areophane*, giving a light appearance to this novel description of capote. The capotes, a *echarpes*, are also very charming; for instance, a capote composed of blue *crepe*, having a bouquet of hyacinthes for ornamenting the exterior; the interior of the brim being trimmed with two narrow blonde scarfs, forming *nœuds*, or loops on each side, the ends drooping below each side of the front, and lying in a manner so as to shade the front of the throat. Single flowers are preferred for the decorating of this description of capote; a single rose, camellia, or a tuberose, they are in form rather shallow at the ears, and inclining slightly over the face. Capotes of Italian straw are in great request, they are mostly trimmed with a *ruche* of straw colored tulle in the interior, and long weeping *marabout* feathers, also of straw color. Two light sprigs of red eglantine, placed on each side of the interior, gives a degree of animation to the straw color, and is extremely becoming to a pretty brunette.

PUBLISHER'S TABLE.

We call particular attention to the peony and butterfly in this number. This embellishment was got up under the supervision of Mrs. Hill, a celebrated teacher of painting in water colors, of Philadelphia. The execution of the flower will bear the closest examination, and is equal to anything in the most expensive drawing-books; and yet this embellishment is furnished to our subscribers in addition to the two other costly illustrations which adorn the number. We do not exaggerate when we say that nothing equal to it, in beauty or costliness, has ever appeared in a magazine, either here or in Europe.

We have another novelty in the fashion plate for this month, which is *printed in color*, a difficult and rare undertaking. We shall continually diverge from the beaten track of embellishment, seeking out new and more beautiful styles of illustration; for there is little use in multiplying the engravings of a number unless to vary their character. We have several original designs in the hands of our artists which will appear during the fall and winter.

We come forth, this month, with our new cover, which would have appeared in July, if Monsieur Quarre had been able to finish it in time. The style and pattern are novel. Indeed the cover itself is an embellishment, and one of no slight beauty. And it is especially characteristic.

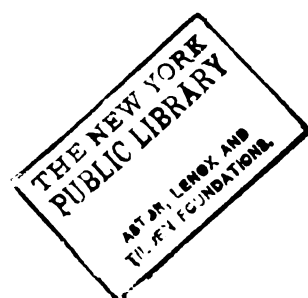
This is the month when thousands rush to Saratoga, Niagara or the Capes, and when fashion, deserting for a while the town, reigns at watering places paramount. We have remembered this in the present number. One of the illustrations is a view of Saratoga Lake, and two of the articles, at least, bear the season in mind. Those who are not at the springs or shore have sought, perhaps, a quiet corner in the country, where they may pursue health and pleasure together. And who, in these sultry days, does not long for the pure air and cool waters of the country?

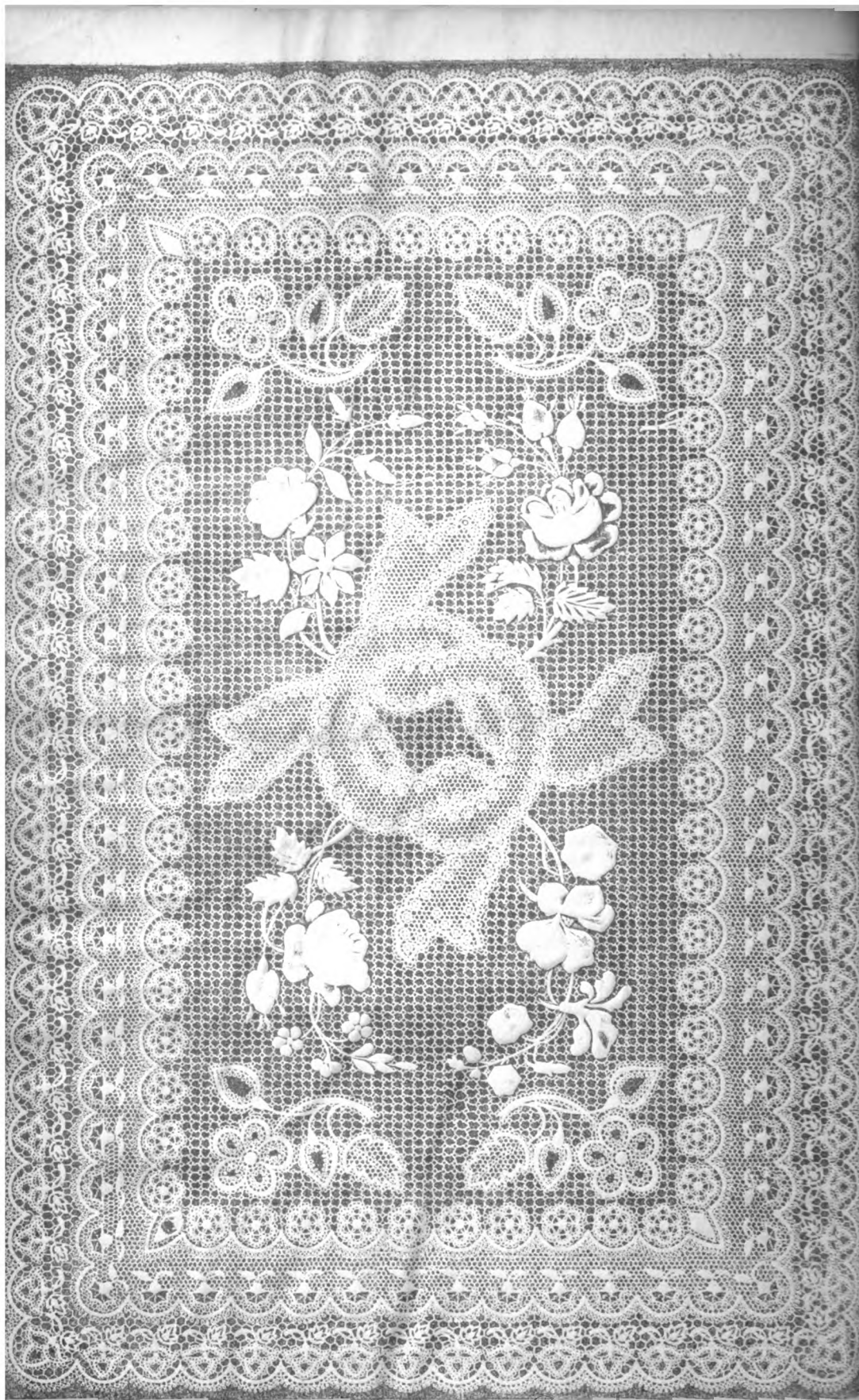
"Let others love the city,
The gaudy show at sunny noon,
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon."

TO EDITORS.

A word to our brethren of the press. Will they direct their papers to the Saturday Evening Post instead of to us? The postage on exchanges, though a small item on each paper, amounts to an enormous sum monthly. By directing to the Post we shall obtain the papers quite as speedily, and without cost.

We see at least a score of tales, taken originally from this magazine, going the rounds of the press without credit. This, we know, usually arises in mistake, but nevertheless we lose the honor to which we are justly entitled. After paying for original articles, it is discouraging to a publisher to see them appropriated without acknowledgment. This word, we know, will be sufficient.





LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

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No. 3.

PRIDE AND PENITENCE.

BY FRANCES S. OSSGOOD.

LOVE took up the glass of life, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment lightly shaken ran itself in golden sands;
Love took up the harp of life,—and smote on all its chords with might;
Smote the chord of self, that trembling passed in music out of sight.

TENNYSON.

CHAPTER I.

From that dark eye—the lightnings fly,
As from a cloud its glory,
And on her cheek, doth feeling speak
Its own impassioned story!

SHE was the wildest child I ever saw. Nobody could manage her, not even her mother, whom she almost idolized. Proud, high-spirited, with a temper which nothing but tenderness could control, and beautiful withal as a half-blown rose,—a dark, but clear and glowing beauty, which, ever and anon suddenly lighting up from within, startled the beholder with its brilliancy, like an illumined and richly colored transparency.

At boarding-school, she was at once the pride and torment of her teachers,—learning her lessons with inconceivable rapidity,—and forgetting them almost as quickly,—dashing off a composition glowing with wit and girlish enthusiasm, in a shorter time than the sedate Mrs. Wilton employed to read it, and occupying all her leisure moments, which were many, in keeping the rest of the school in an uproar of mirth or mischief.

One of her girlish freaks, when she was about thirteen years of age, had nearly led to at least a temporary dismissal from the school. A lovely, timid and affectionate little girl, younger than herself, was in disgrace, and the other pupils were forbidden to speak to her during the day. She was sitting alone and disconsolate in the school-room, with a pet kitten in her lap,—her only comfort,—when Juliet Clyde, our heroine, suddenly bounded through the low open window, and seated

herself by her side. With all her fearlessness she did not quite like openly to disobey the teacher's commands, for she knew a dismissal would be the consequence, and that would grieve her mother; so—instead of speaking to little Lucy, she contented herself with addressing her kitten, in terms of the most tender endearment, evidently intended to reach and to soothe the sorrowing heart of her companion. "You dear, sweet little pet!—you darling beauty! I love you very much—and I am sorry you are so lonely here; but you shant be lonely any more, for I've left them all on the play-ground to come and stay with you, and talk to you. I have such a pretty story to tell you, little Kitty, all about the fairies! Should you like to hear about the fairies, little Kitty?"

Juliet's voice was always sweet—even in anger—but now it assumed the most winning, *petting*, loving tone imaginable—and though "little Kitty" only purred in reply—little Lucy's eyes began to glisten with mingled tears and smiles. So the pretty and youthful comforter laying her arm fondly over the kitten, that it might touch Lucy's which was also caressing it, told the following story:—

THE LAST FAIRY.

Once there was a little girl, and her name was Mary, and she was a sweet, good little girl. She looked like Lucy Grey. Do you know Lucy Grey, Kitty? Well, Mary had just such darling, deep-blue eyes, and just such soft, wavy hair, and just such little cunning, pretty playful ways.

One evening at sunset Mary was leaning all alone, and half asleep on a fresh bank of moss in the woods. She gazed dreamily up through the dark trees, and felt very happy, for the blue sky looked down upon her with a soft, soft smile, and the breeze whispered amid the many-colored leaves in musical, mysterious tones, and the pleasant tranquil flowers sighed out their happy love at her feet, and all things ministered to her, for her spirit was pure and true. Little Mary had heard so many charming fairy tales that she wanted very much to believe in fairies—but as she had never seen one

and her mamma never had either—she was afraid it was silly—but still she could not help now and then watching the key-holes, half hoping, half dreading to see a tiny, gauze-winged spirit fluttering through, and she would even fancy sometimes that she felt one in her thimble dancing on the tip of her little round finger, and she would peep into a shell for hours, pining to catch a glimpse of the little singing-sylph which she was almost sure was imprisoned there, for had she not distinctly heard it murmuring a sad, low, plaintive song, about its far-off home in the sea?

Now it so happened that close by her side as she lay half asleep in the woods grew a great Aloe tree, which the oldest man in the village where she lived had once seen bloom—but that was almost an hundred years go. This old man had often told her that there were plenty of fairies in his time, and that once, just at sunrise, he had seen a whole troop of them tripping round that very tree when it was just shedding its wonderful blossoms. He had heard that daylight was fatal to the elfin race, and he had watched to see what effect the sunshine would have, for they had rashly prolonged their dance to a later hour than usual. Sure enough, at the very first gleam of light he heard a faint shout, or rather moan of dismay and sorrow from the troop, and they gradually faded from his view like stars at the dawn of day. They were never seen or heard of afterward.

Mary thought of all this as she lay at the foot of the tree, and she said to herself—"If I had been there I would have told the dear, little fairies that the great, staring sun was coming up the hill, and that they must all run away quick before he saw them, and then he would not have killed them with that dazzling, burning eye of his!" While she was thus *reverieing*—do you know what *reverieing* means, Kitty? It means *soliloquising*—that is, meditating—that is, thinking—well! while Mary was thinking thus, and still looking drowsily up at the tree, all at once one of the buds began slowly, very slowly to unfold, and to her wonder and delight she plainly saw a pair of luminous rose-colored wings fluttering softly up from the flower—and then—can it be!—yes!—it is—it must be a fairy!—a real fairy!—flying like a sunbeam personified to her feet, and there it stands gracefully poised upon one little dot of a foot which rested on a violet, gazing earnestly up in her face as if asking her how in the world she came there.

Mary was not the least frightened—good children seldom are. She held out her dimpled hand with a smile of invitation, and the cunning and beautiful creature sprang at once to her little finger, and said in a voice light and clear and delicate as the

faintest tinkle of a music-box, but sad and wild as an Æolian harp—"They are all gone but I—I am all alone now!—when that cruel and unexpected beam of daylight pierced them with its fatal heat I only escaped—for I had hidden in sport in a seed of the Aloe flower. But that destiny which doomed my sisters to death, doomed me to a fate as sad. It sealed the seed where I had rashly crept, and for nearly an hundred years, for not till then could the blossom bloom again, have I bided my time in darkness but in hope. Now once more I am free, but oh! how lonely! Will you take me, Mary, and let me live in your thimble or the top of your silver pencil-case. I will sing to you every night if you will. Hear now how sweetly I sing—

Like the stars from the sky,
Like the dew from the rose,
Like Love's latest sigh
Did their sweet life close,
Exhaled as they flew,
And lamenting I moan,
Oh! sisters of air,
I'm alone, all alone!

There that was a fairy impromptu, Mary. But will you let me come? I shant trouble you much—I shall only want a fresh rose-leaf every day for a bed—and a tender smile or a tear of love for my breakfast, dinner and supper—for love is a spirit's food—but you must let me come out at night, for then the flowers and stars will expect me. Will you, Mary?

"Yes! you precious, lovely, little darling, indeed I will!—I will take you home and introduce you to some other pet fairies I have that live in my beautiful rose-colored shells—I call them sylphs of the shells. They have never shown themselves to me, though they treat me to a bit of music sometimes—but I am sure they will let *you* creep in and play with them. Come, let me see if you can sit comfortable in here, and so she unscrewed her pencil-case, and the fairy had just settled nicely in when alas!—something unforeseen happened—a great disappointment. Poor Mary awoke!—and found it was all a dream. Should'nt you like to have such a dream, little Kitty?"

Our heroine was so intent upon amusing little Lucy, that she never once raised her eyes, and did not dream that she was watched—that a young cadet, on a visit to his aunt, Mrs. Wilton, happened to be crossing the lawn when he saw her light form in the act of springing through the window, and that irresistibly attracted by the grace and spirit of the action, he had followed her and stood concealed by the jessamine that shaded the lattice, a smiling witness to her little stratagem, and an enchanted listener to the fairy romance.

But yet another and less indulgent auditor had been in the adjoining room, the door of which was partially open, and after enjoying the story, had hastened to Mrs. Wilton with the tale of Juliet's disobedience. It was Margaret Mansfield, the informant against poor little Lucy; and one, who, for her envious and peevish disposition, and her mean habit of tattling, was disliked by all, and treated with lofty contempt by our impetuous and independent heroine.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN the pupils assembled to their afternoon exercises, Mrs. Wilton, looking calmly round upon them, said in a quiet tone—"Has any one disobeyed my commands as to conversing with Lucy Grey?" Juliet had not anticipated the question; but she scorned both falsehood and concealment, and she instantly rose from her seat.

"I have, Mrs. Wilton—I could not bear to see her suffering unjustly, and I did all I could to comfort her."

Margaret smiled maliciously, and Lucy burst into tears. Mrs. Wilton resumed,

"You know, I presume, the consequences of disobedience, Miss Clyde?"

"Oh, Mrs. Wilton!" said Lucy sobbing, "do not punish her! She did not *quite* disobey you—she talked to my little kitten, and never said a word to me."

Miss Mansfield sneered and muttered rudely—"a nice way to come off, indeed! Another of Lucy Grey's white lies, I suppose."

Juliet turned with flashing eyes toward her—"Lucy has told the simple truth, Miss Mansfield: it would be well if you would take a lesson from her."

"Be silent, young ladies!" said Mrs. Wilton, sternly. "This, if it be a falsehood, is not the first that Lucy has been guilty of to-day. Miss Clyde I am astonished that you should be willing to take refuge in her weakness—that you should have talked to her kitten and not to her is a most improbable story."

Juliet's spirit was thoroughly roused by this unmerited charge, and with haughty indignation, she replied—"Mrs. Wilton, I wish for no refuge from the *truth*, but then—" she was interrupted by a little, pale and trembling girl, who stole from her desk to Mrs. Wilton's side, and with a half-frightened glance at Miss Mansfield, said in a faltering voice,

"I will tell you the whole truth if you will make Margaret promise not to beat me."

"What is all this?" asked Mrs. Wilton in amazement, drawing the child toward her. "Tell

me the truth at once, my dear, nobody shall harm you for it."

"Well, it was Margaret who took the cherries this morning. I saw her; and then she went and put the stones in Lucy's desk, so as to make you think it was Lucy; and she said if I told she would beat me, and—and—" But at the word "beat" the poor little child began to cry, and she could not finish the sentence.

Miss Mansfield was pale with rage and shame; Lucy's tears fell faster than ever; and Juliet, springing toward her, with tears in her eyes, in defiance of all rule, threw her arms around her neck and kissed her a dozen times.

"I knew—I knew she was innocent!—I *said* she was—you would not believe me!" she exclaimed, turning reproachfully to Mrs. Wilton. "She has told the truth in both instances; but since you accuse me also of falsehood, I presume I may be allowed to retire, to prepare for my return home by the evening coach." So saying with a rather stately, but still respectful bow, she quietly left the room.

The young cadet was with his aunt when Juliet approached to take a final farewell. He heard it with surprise, and he could not refrain from asking, as the latter turned to the window to bide her emotion, what was the cause of this sudden departure. In a few hurried words Mrs. Wilton related the affair, and expressed her regret at being obliged to part with her favorite.

"Is that all, my dear aunt?" exclaimed George Wilton, startling Miss Clyde by his eager and delighted tone—"I am glad to have it in my power to clear up the mystery. I fortunately witnessed this young lady's generous efforts to soothe and amuse little *Kitty*." Juliet could hardly help echoing his laugh, as he uttered the last word with an arch glance at her tearful, blushing face; and then he told the whole story, with the exception of the rather indecorous bound through the window, which, though he remembered it years afterward, he at that moment most unaccountably chose to forget.

It is hardly necessary to say that Lucy and her wild, but warm-hearted friend were, at his intercession, fully restored to favor, and that Miss Mansfield was immediately dismissed.

CHAPTER III.

JULIET never forgot the looks, the tones, the graceful beauty of the youthful stranger, although a few hours after that one short interview he left for West Point, and she saw him no more while at school.

But when at seventeen she made her debut, a

belle and an heiress at the first ball of the season, Lieutenant George Wilton was her favored attendant through the evening. As for him he was perfectly charmed with her beauty, her wit, her wild and brilliant gaiety, and after a month of devoted gallantry on his part, and of graceful, but somewhat tyrannical coquetry on hers, their engagement was announced to the fashionable world of Philadelphia, where they resided.

And now came to him "the tug of war;" for how to manage the wayward, whimsical, saucy, loving, bewitching, and imperious beauty to whom he had rashly bound himself, was a question that would have puzzled a more profound philosopher than our friend, Lieut. George Wilton, U. S. A.

Scarcely a day passed that they did not quarrel, take an eternal farewell of each other, separate, meet again, and become, for the next twenty-four hours, more tenderly attached than ever.

One evening the lover accidentally overheard a bold and dashing young foreigner propose driving Miss Juliet to Laurel Hill the next afternoon. Her reply was so low that it escaped him, but he *thought* it sounded like an assent, and he was wretched and restless until the gentleman took his departure. He then approached her, and said in a serious, but affectionate tone,

"Juliet, is it possible that I heard aright? Can you really have engaged to drive with that young man?"

Coloring with surprise and anger at his suspecting her of such levity, Juliet threw back her graceful head, but deigned no farther reply.

"It is true, then," said he in a hasty tone of vexation.

"And what, sir, if it be true? I have yet to learn that *you* have any right to control my movements."

"I pretend to no right, Miss Clyde. I can only say that if you do take the drive proposed you will forfeit not only my love, but my respect."

"Do you threaten, sir?" exclaimed the wilful girl with a quivering lip, and tears of passion in her beautiful eyes, "then hear me! I do intend to take the drive; and your respect is of as little importance to me as your love. Leave me! I would be alone!"

"Good God! has it come to this!" cried the incensed and unhappy lover, as striking his clenched hand upon his forehead, he rushed from the house. He paused on the threshold a moment, and gentler feelings came over him—"I was very hasty! Perhaps she is sorry!—I will try her once more!" he said to himself, and with that impetuosity which marked his quick but generous temperament, he ran up the stairs and entered the room he had left.

Juliet had buried her face among the cushions and was sobbing as if her heart would break; softened still more by her grief, he sprang to her side, and drawing her tenderly toward him, waited for some expression of regret for her unkindness. A moment before the wayward girl would given worlds to recall him and implore his forgiveness; but now that he was again, as she thought, in her power, her pride and love of empire resumed at once their sway. Withdrawing herself with assumed coldness from his embrace, she gazed at him a moment in cool and lofty astonishment, and then, without farther notice of his presence, indolently lay back on the sofa, and began a careless song.

"Love comes and goes
Like a spell—"

"Juliet, listen to me—I implore thee."

"How no one knows,
Nor can tell!"

"Heartless! unfeeling! Will you hear me!"

"Love should be true
As the star—"

"You will not! You will regret this when it is——"

"Seen in the blue
Sky afar!"

"Farewell, then, and forever!"

"Now here—now there
Like the lay
Of harps in the air,
Well a day!"

He heard her exquisite voice warbling these last words as he again descended the stairs, and he said to himself—"No—she never loved me! I will see her no more!"

Juliet cried herself to sleep that night, and awoke the next morning with a dull weight on her heart, and an undefined impression that something terrible had occurred. However as the hours rolled on she recovered in some degree her spirits in the hope of a reconciling interview with her lover. She had made up her mind to be gentle and good and forgiving, and to tell him voluntarily that she had not once dreamed of accepting the foreigner's invitation, until he himself had wounded her by supposing that she had consented to it, and that even now nothing would tempt her to go. But the day passed and he came not: he never came again!—months and years rolled on, and Juliet only heard of her lover twice—once as performing feats of valor against the Mexicans, and again as suffering from wounds and hardships in a hospital at New Orleans. She was dying with the untold pang at her heart, when this last news reached her

ear—a burst of uncontrollable anguish followed its recital, and then, suddenly, a new hope, a new life appeared to animate her; the color returned to her cheek, and her strength was rapidly restored.

CHAPTER IV.

ONE day as she was sitting in the midst of preparations for a journey and writing a letter—the door of her chamber suddenly opened, and a beautiful girl, tripping in with the lightness and grace of a sylph, threw her arms about the neck of the astonished Juliet, and gave her a loving kiss.

“You do not know me, dear Juliet!” she exclaimed after a moment’s pause, in a sweet, plaintive, childish voice, which struck a chord of memory in the heart of her listener; “and I should hardly have known you had not your mother directed me to your room. But look at me well and guess!” And parting from her lovely face the soft, light tresses that clustered around it, she bent her blue eyes upon our heroine with a smile of enchanting tenderness.

“Can it be Lucy Grey?”

“Ah! do you recognize at last your little pet at school? Well, then let me sit at your feet, as in old times, and tell me of this weary illness, which has paled your cheek and dimmed your eye, yet left you even lovelier than before. Do you know that it is five long years since I bade you good-bye in Mrs. Wilton’s porch?”

“Nay, Lucy, I cannot overshadow this sweet meeting with my too well deserved misfortunes. Let us rather talk of yourself, and of the conquests you have made since you left school, with those violet eyes and that darling, little dimple. I have heard of you often, and always as the ‘star of the festive hall.’”

We will drop the veil, or rather close the chapter over Lucy’s blushes, as she shook her bright curls, and laughingly disclaimed the charge.

CHAPTER V.

IN a crowded hospital at New Orleans lay an officer almost at the point of death. A young woman sat at his bedside. She was dressed in the coarse and unbecoming garb of a sister of charity; but the hand, with which she soothed and cooled his fevered brow, was soft and delicate as the down of a snow-white swan—and even the heavy folds of her garments could not wholly conceal the grace and elegance of her almost girlish form. Day after day she tended the half-delirious sufferer with a modest fortitude and unassuming tenderness, which won the respect and admiration of all around her. Thanks to her unremitting care, he soon became convalescent, and then she

would have withdrawn to other invalids in the establishment; but the young officer had learned to know and love the hand that so gently ministered to his wants, and the physician advised her to humor him for the present.

“You have never told me your name,” said George Wilton, one morning to his youthful nurse. Our reader has anticipated that the invalid officer was he. A light flush burned and faded in the usually pale and transparent cheek of the girl, and bending her head to conceal it, she replied in a hardly audible voice—

“Sister Magdalen is the name my superior has given me.”

“Well, then, Sister Magdalen, do you know that your voice and your hand and your eyes, whenever I catch a glimpse of them, remind me of one whom I loved, and still love devotedly? Why do you tremble so? Are you ill? You are weary with watching!—No? Well, then, let me still talk of my Juliet, for I think of her all the time; but she was not like you in one respect, for she wronged me cruelly, and *you* have been an angel of mercy! Good God! what does this mean? You are weeping! sobbing!—by heaven!—throw off that hood—that coil! It is—it is—my own, my precious Juliet!—but oh! how changed!—and I—I have done this!” He fell back insensible. While applying the usual restoratives, Juliet bitterly reproached herself for her want of self-control, and resolved that she would leave him for other duties immediately. On his recovery she told him this gently but firmly. He tried a thousand passionate and earnest arguments to induce her to change her resolution; to give up her present employment, and to return home as his wife.

For an instant her woman’s heart heaved beneath the serge that covered it. The next she tranquilly replied,

“I did not adopt this sacred garb for the mere selfish purpose of restoring to myself a lover. When I entered upon the duties of my office, it was with a calm resolve to continue in them while my health would permit. I feel that it will not be long, and I do not regret my choice. I am but a wreck, dear George, of my former self, and should only be a burden to you; but I thank God that sickness and sorrow, and the stern task which I have imposed upon myself are doing his work, are chastening and subduing the proud and wilful spirit, to which we both owe our misfortunes. Henceforth, dear friend, let our love be that of brother and sister. *You* will, ere long, find a bride more worthy in every way of your affection and your pride than the poor and feeble Sister Magdalen.” She laid her hand lightly and tenderly

upon his brow—she breathed a blessing and a prayer—he looked up—she was gone!

CHAPTER VI.

THREE years had elapsed after the interview related in our last chapter. In the library of a house in Walnut street, Philadelphia, were seated a gentleman in a military undress and his wife—a young and lovely woman, whose simple and becoming morning-cap of embroidered muslin, confined, without concealing the fair, soft hair, which shaded her youthful cheek. It was the depth of winter; a cheerful fire was burning in the grate, and a pretty child of four months old lay on the rich rug at her feet, glancing alternately from the blaze to its mother's face, which was bent toward it with an expression of unutterable love. The father was gazing delighted at the graceful picture, when the door opened, and a servant announced "Sister Magdalen!" With exclamations of surprise and joy, both wife and husband hastened forward to welcome and seat her by the fire. Lucy, for it was our old friend, Lucy Grey, who had now become the beloved, and therefore happy wife of Juliet's former lover, Lucy Wilton gently removed the hood of the almost exhausted stranger, and seating herself, as in their school-days, at her feet, looked up with childish fondness in her face. It was fearfully altered, but oh! how lovely still! A faint smile of angelic purity and tenderness played in the large, clear, dark eyes, and the pale, but perfectly transparent cheek was luminous with that radiant beauty of the soul, which is seldom, if ever, seen through the vivid hues of health.

"I have come," she said, in a scarcely audible voice, "to see and rejoice in your happiness, before I die. Place your sweet babe in my arms, dear Lucy; for I am too weak to lift it." Lucy's tears fell fast amid the light, soft curls of the infant as she placed it on the knees of her dying friend, and George knelt down by her side with a feeling of affectionate reverence. Once more was that frail hand laid in blessing upon his head; but ere the benediction was concluded, the hand dropped lifeless at her side; the pale lips moved inaudibly, and the pious prayer, begun on earth, was finished at the mercy seat of Heaven.

BE DOING.

WE were not meant to struggle from our birth
To skulk and creep, and in mean pathways range;
Act! with stern truth, large faith, and loving will!
Up and be doing! God is with us still.

LOWELL.

TO KATE.

BY F. AUBREY.

IN the dreamy days of childhood,
When all was bright and gay,
And flowers were deck'd in rich attire
To greet the "Queen of May,"
I half reclined in weariness
Beneath a shady bower;
While gentle sleep stole over me,
I dreamed I was a flower.
With upward gaze and half closed eye
I watched the passing hour,—
The fleecy clouds float wildly by
And gather in a shower;
Then opened wide my wither'd leaves
And caught the gentle shower
Till they were full—a little lake
Enclosed within a flower.
An opening cloud revealed above
A nymph divinely fair—
The little lake reflected clear,
And left the impress there.
The vision closed and I awoke—
Faintly believed it real,
The bright dream of her happiness
Remained, *my beau idéal*.
Through years, long years of interval,
That form and face divine
Did reign enthroned in power supreme
In this lone heart of mine.
I wandered far in foreign lands,
And sailed o'er every sea—
No likeness of the nymph I found,
Dearest, till I met thee!
It is the air of gentleness,
The form of matchless grace,
The conscious dignity of mind
That lights thy angel face;
The snowy brow, the auburn hair,
The dark and lustrous eyes
That tell "my dream" has come to earth,
An angel in disguise.

TO ONE REMEMBERED.

WE met, 't was in the mazy dance,
I only caught thine eye;
A look, a smile, a hurried word,
And thou had'st floated by;
But sweeter than an angel's face,
Or Hourii's smile at even,
Or music on a moonlit tide,
Was that one glimpse of heaven!
We parted, and we never met
Since on that festive scene,
Yet still I see thy golden curls,
And eye of blue serene,
Thy snowy arm, and heaving bust,
And form of wavy grace—
How oft at twilight's dreamy hour
That meeting I retrace!

c.

THE SPANISH MAIN.

A STORY OF THE BUCANIER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR."

CHAPTER I.

It was a hot, breathless afternoon, in the year 16—, when a vessel of large class lay becalmed in one of the seas contiguous to the Spanish Main. Her castled bows and poop rose high into the air, while her sides bristled with culverin and demi-cannon, showing her to be a man of war. The yellow ensign which depended from her lofty flag staff, if there had been wind enough to stir it, would have disclosed the arms of Castile. But not a breath of air bellied the canvass that hung motionless from the yards, or rippled the glassy and glittering surface of the deep. There lay the frigate, her lofty poop towering aloft, and her masts shooting far above until seemingly lost in the concave; while beneath, in the clear blue wave, were mirrored hull, yards and tracery, their images shivering whenever a bucket from the ship disturbed the tranquil surface, or waving in irregular lines with the long heave of the swell: for even in the profoundest calm there is a slight motion of the deep, like the restless breathing of a monster.

In the cabin of the ship, which had been luxuriously fitted up for her reception, sat a young and lovely female, who had just reached the age when, in colder climes, the more fragile proportions of the girl begin to mingle with the rounded and voluptuous outlines of womanhood. But, born amid the orange groves of Andalusia, she inherited, with its dark eyes and rich olive complexion, the early maturity of the daughters of Spain, so that now, when not eighteen, her bust had the fulness, her figure the majesty, and her eyes that dewy look of love and tenderness which characterizes, above all others, the women of the warm and passionate south. Rare indeed was the beauty of Julia De Lopez. Her forehead was smooth as alabaster, white and beautiful, and yet intellectual; her eyebrows, black as henpa, swept off in the true classic curve, above those large, dark, melting orbs. Her nose was exquisitely cut, straight and Grecian in its outline; and her small, rosy mouth might have tempted an anchorite. But this was not all her loveliness. Her countenance glowed with a diviner beauty, the beauty of a pure, womanly, enthusiastic soul. In the general expression of her face, in the swan-like purity of her neck and shoulders there was something that awed the beholder and chased away all impure thoughts from his bosom. Perhaps it was that the snowy whiteness of the latter called up only holy reverence in the heart; perhaps it

was that in the former dwelt the heavenly and contemplative look of a Madonna. Certain it is that never had there gone forth from the proud halls of Castile, of all the chaste daughters of her noble houses one so chaste in every thought as Julia De Lopez, niece to the governor of C—, himself a grandee of Spain, and one of the most renowned of her renowned leaders.

She was sitting on a divan, attired in a loose undress—for the day was intensely hot—with a few books scattered around, and her guitar lying at her feet as if but just cast leisurely down. Her attitude favored this supposition. Her head was leaning on her hand, and she gazed out the window; but the mood was abstracted, as if her mind dwelt not on the objects that met her eyes.

Julia De Lopez was at that period of life when indefinite yearnings fill the soul, especially of those endowed with high imagination, and when it is bliss merely to sit and muse wandering from subject to subject wantonly, or indulging in dreamy reveries of what may be our fate in after life. Inheriting the poetry of her birth-place, the fair Andalusian was one of the most romantic of her sex. And to-day an unquiet mood, such as often visits persons of her temperament, as if the shadow of some great event was cast before, had been upon her. She had been reading, but could not confine her attention to the book: then she essayed music, but the notes failed to interest her; and, at length, giving way to her mood, she leaned her head on her hand, and while apparently gazing out on the sea, was in reality thinking of her native hills and wondering what kind of a land it was whither she was going to join her uncle.

At last she looked up, and touched a silver bell lightly. The summons was answered by the appearance of her waiting maid, a comely negress, whom her uncle had sent home to Spain to accompany his ward out to the colonies.

"Tell me, Zava, for you are used to the sea, which I shall never be, if that is not a sail, away on the very verge of the horizon?"

She pointed as she spoke nearly astern, and the negress, following the direction of her finger, remained gazing in silence.

"Do you not see it?" said her mistress, at length, somewhat impatiently.

The waiting maid still regarded the distant speck, her eyes gradually distending, and at length, when the patience of her mistress was nearly exhausted, she turned, as if by a sudden impulse, and clasping Julia in her arms, said,

"Jesu—Maria—save you. It is the bucanier!"

At that dread name every trace of blood left the cheek of Julia; but in a minute, recollecting that it

was impossible, at such a distance, to distinguish the character of the sail, her alarm subsided, and when she looked on the ludicrously frightened countenance of her maid she burst into a laugh.

"You laugh at me, Donna Julia, now," said the girl, betwixt surprise and indignation, for she was a petted slave and spoke as she listed, "but when you know the bucaniers as we do you will laugh no more."

"But how do you know yonder sail to be a bucanier?"

"Have I been over the sea three times not to know the character of a sail when I see it. Why—as for its being a bucanier, I dreamed last night we met one, and this is the very vessel."

"If a dream is all, Zava, you have to prove the character of this sail, I shall not give way to fear. Besides," she added, perceiving Zava shake her head, "if yonder vessel should turn out a bucanier he will not have the temerity to attack us. My only fear is that he will avoid us. I hope it may prove as you say, and that a breeze may spring up to place us alongside; for it would be a noble sight to see us sailing into harbor, carrying a pirate in tow."

"Oh! Donna Julia," said Zava, imploringly, "hope for no such thing. The bucanier is never alone. If that is one, he has five or six ships behind him. They sometimes go a thousand strong, and when they meet a vessel like this they fight as if they were devils. Rather pray the virgin and all the saints that we may avoid meeting the dark Englishman."

"And who is he? I have never heard of him before."

"Did I never tell you, did you never hear?" said the maid in unaffected surprise, speaking in her broken tongue, which we shall continue to translate into a purer diction, "of the worst of all the bucaniers on the main—the dark Englishman? He leads, they say, a whole army, and has his home on one of the islands, whither he carries his plunder and prisoners. For years he has ravaged the main, attacking plantations, putting towns to ransom, and even violating and sacking convents. He carries his red flag in defiance of the tri-castled banner of Castile. The men and children he has slaughtered, and the women he has kept for vile purposes are beyond count. He sails in a low, long three masted craft, carrying lateen sails, and so swift that the fastest frigate in his majesty's navy cannot compete with it. They say," continued the credulous girl, crossing herself, "that he is in league with the Evil One, and, I doubt it not, for success attends him every where. Oh! if that should be his vessel we are

lost; for though now he may be all alone, he has but to sound his trumpet and vessels from all quarters of the horizon, filled with followers, desperate as himself and thirsting for blood, will come to his aid."

Julia listened in deep interest to the words of the speaker. There is much in the tone in which a story is told, and the maid spoke earnestly, proving her full belief in all the marvels she related. Before she closed she had infected her listener with a portion of her own fear, and as her eye turned seaward to the minute object on the horizon, the look of Julia followed hers. It might have been an illusion, and it no doubt was, for the calm precluded all motion in the distant sail, but it seemed as if the size of the object had increased, auguring that it was approaching the frigate. This idea struck both Julia and the slave simultaneously, as was apparent from the look of enquiry each cast on the other.

"But how does this terrible bucanier look?" said Julia, with a woman's natural curiosity.

"He is swarthy, almost to blackness, but is said to be an Englishman. He is a tall, gigantic man, with an enormous bushy beard, and instead of a cross around his neck wears the image of a death's head. His arms are said to be so long that he can tie his shoe without stooping, and he carries a sword it would take two ordinary men to lift."

Julia, though giving way in a measure to her maid's credulity, saw that the picture was exaggerated; but there was enough truth in it, she feared, to render their situation highly alarming if the strange sail should prove to be the bucanier. She no longer wished to meet the rover for the chance of towing him into harbor. But there was as yet no cause for immediate alarm. The sail was too distant to be made out, and, with the returning breeze they would hold on their way and probably lose sight of her by morning. With such thoughts Julia retired from the window, bade Zava be silent, and again took up a book.

Half an hour passed thus, and in the romance before her she had forgotten the bucanier, when her thoughts were called from the volume by an exclamation of the slave, who, directing her attention seaward, pointed to the strange sail, which, no longer a mere speck, could be made out distinctly to be a low brigantine, with her sails furled, steadily advancing through the water by the aid of powerful sweeps. At the same instant a knock was heard at the door, and the captain of the frigate entered. His quick eye caught the alarm of Julia and discerned the cause.

"Do not be afraid," he said carelessly, "yonder sail is only some stray voyager." But Julia noticed

that, as he retired, he carried with him his most prized telescope, a powerful instrument which he had no doubt come to procure.

The misgivings of the slave and her mistress were soon fearfully realized, for in less than half an hour more, a second sail was discerned close astern of the brigantine, directly a third made its appearance, and before an hour had elapsed six picaroon looking craft were in sight advancing, by the aid of their sweeps, against the Spaniard.

Julia looked at her maid whose eyes were now distended with horror, and the poor thing, more keenly aware than her mistress of the character of the approaching bucaniers, sank almost lifeless to the floor of the cabin, where, with her hands clasped above her head, she moaned continually. Her mistress, thus deserted, knew not where to look for consolation. She would have given worlds if the captain had made his appearance, but she did not wish to summon him, since, from the running to and fro on deck, she deemed his presence there of importance. She continued gazing a long time at the increasing brigantine and her followers, and at length sank on her knees and sought aid from on high.

The character of the stranger had long been known on deck; for the glasses of the officers had detected the bucanier's ship while yet it seemed to the naked eye only a speck on the horizon. One by one, too, they saw, and recognized, by the description they had heard from those who escaped the rover, the vessels of his lieutenants. His wish to overtake the Spaniard was apparent; and his audacity, in thus venturing to attack a frigate of Castile, argued that his fleet must be even better manned than usual. This became apparent when the vessels rose sufficiently to show their low decks, which were seen to be bristling with men. The officers looked at each other in dismay; murmurs were heard among the crew, and only the gray haired cavalier in command maintained undisturbed his proud equanimity, though a keen observer might have detected, by the occasional twitching of his lips and his frequent glances to the quarter from which the wind was expected, that even he was not at ease. Indeed the deeds of the dark English rover had made even sober warriors more serious at the mention of his name, for with it was coupled, they knew, hardihood, daring, and success almost supernatural.

Steadily the ships of the bucaniers moved along the treacherous sea, and motionless lay the huge bulk of the frigate, notwithstanding the eager glances of her crew aloft, and the vows by many of costly gifts to St. James of Compostella, or our Lady of Loretto, for a gale of wind. Minute after

minute passed thus, during which the enemy drew slowly but surely nearer. One who had seen that vast but impotent ship, and then beheld the silent, but steady approach of the bucaniers, would have been reminded of the fell certainty with which Death advances on his victim.

Had it been possible to have brought the armament of the frigate to bear on the approaching brigantines there might have been some hope to the doomed Spaniards, but as if conscious of the advantage of the position, the bucaniers kept directly astern of the frigate, and by the time the brave old cavalier in command had caused two culverins to be mounted, as they best could be in the hurry, on the poop, the rovers had approached near enough to make their fire tell, and opened it accordingly with terrible effect. Each of the three leading ships appeared to have a cannon mounted amidships, and, as they advanced in nearly parallel lines, as close to each other as possible, they threw shot after shot into the stern of the galled ship, without themselves sustaining any injury; for, at the first fire, one of the pieces on the poop was dismounted, and the other proved to be unable to cope with the heavier metal of the pursuers. To see the paltry vessels of the bucaniers, hanging pertinaciously on the stern of the noble frigate, reminded you of an eagle unable to defend himself by reason of old age, assailed by petty birds, whom, in his palmier days, he could have demolished with one blow of his talons.

The slaughter soon began to be dreadful on board the frigate, for every shot told unerringly, many entering the stern and passing the whole length of the ship. At last there were symptoms of a breeze, and, immediately every stitch of canvass was spread, and the huge vessel began to move slowly through the water. A general exhilaration pervaded all on board. Now that he could work his ship, and thus keep the bucaniers from boarding, the stern old commander had no longer any misgivings. He bid the gentlemen around him bear in mind that they held the honor of Spain in their keeping, and that they now had an opportunity of revenging the many wrongs which gentlemen and cavaliers had suffered from these miscreants. With these words, the frigate having gained headway, he ordered her to wear so as to lie broadside to the foe, and, as she came around, her batteries opened, gun by gun on the bucaniers. When the smoke partially cleared away it was seen that the masts of one of the bucaniers had been shaved off clean to the deck, but that the rest had escaped apparently unharmed.

"By St. James," said the captain, "the knaves must be in league with the foul fiend. See how

bravely the five rascals, like hawks swooping up the wind, come around, and now—heaven preserve us!—the breeze fails and they hang on our stern again."

What he said was true. The five brigantines, coming up at a signal into the wind, resumed as near as possible their old station on the quarter of the frigate, a manœuvre in which they were aided by her falling prematurely back to her course and by the fortunate subsidence of the gale. They now again opened their fire, sending their iron missiles hurtling through the poop and sides, and along her decks, making her everywhere a scene of carnage.

Oh! how those noble gentlemen, cooped up thus without being able to strike a blow, longed for a fair field where they might meet their enemies man to man, and assert the rights of old Castile against these robbers of the world. Oh! how they panted for their good war-horses and an open plain that they might ride down the miscreants, as they had been accustomed to gallop over the infantry of Flanders. To be slaughtered in this way, with no hope of escape or no opportunity to do their devoir, was worse than being murdered at the stake, and they chafed at it accordingly, walking the decks to and fro, drawing their swords which they brandished madly on high, and looking aloft to see if a breath of air yet stirred the canvass on the upper yards.

For more than an hour this state of things continued; but at the end of that time the bucaniers, as if satisfied that they had sufficiently disabled the frigate and disheartened her crew, resumed their sweeps and pulled for her, though still keeping studiously on her quarter where they would be out of reach of her guns. Thus advancing they maintained their fire, each shot becoming deadlier as they approached the frigate. Directly the whole five assailing vessels ran aboard the frigate almost simultaneously. The first jar of the leading brigantine against the lofty sides of the ship was the signal for a general cheer which passed through the fleet, and immediately, as the other craft came up, a dark mass of assailants, armed to the teeth, leaped on board the Castilian, by the wood-work of the poop, by the chains, or by whatever other means presented itself.

The captain of the frigate, gathering around him the gentlemen of whom we have spoken of the governor's household, and assisted by the stoutest of the crew, prepared to make good the defence of his ship, and for that purpose took post directly before the quarter-deck, resolved to maintain the access thereto with life, if necessary. Now that they had an enemy to oppose face to face the

spirits of the devoted band rose, notwithstanding the thronging and countless numbers they saw crowding on board.

"Stand to your posts, gentlemen of Castile," said the gray-haired veteran, "you fight this day for womanhood, honor, your king and God."

"St. George for merry England," was the cry of him who seemed to be the leader of the assailants, a tall, muscular, swarthy individual, and with this shout, echoed back by his men, they rushed on the devoted Castilians.

Long, desperate and bloody was that fight. On the one hand were gentlemen battling for life and honor: on the other were men thirsting for plunder, and inflamed by hereditary and national animosity. Thrice, in the course of the conflict, did the two leaders find themselves crossing swords, and thrice were they separated by the eagerness of their followers. Surrounded by his band of gallant gentlemen, and backed by the fighting men of his crew, the case of the Castilian leader did not at first seem hopeless; but while, during the course of the conflict, those who fell in the path of the assailants were replaced by fresh hands from the hive alongside, the slain among the Spaniards had none to supply their places. Where both sides are equally brave numbers must at length prevail. Gradually the force of the Castilians was thinned out, and one by one the cavaliers around fell at the feet of the veteran, until he only was left, with a scanty remnant of his crew. He saw that his noble ship was lost, that his dearest friends had been slain, and, after one melancholy look aloft, he stepped over the body of the last gentleman who had fallen, and stood prouder than ever confronting his foe. There was nothing vain-glorious in the demeanor of that gray-haired old man, as he shouted, for the last time, his battle cry.

"St. James for the Almas," he cried stoutly, "come on, ye cut-throat knaves."

The fastenings of his steel head piece had given way and it now fell off, leaving his gray hairs bare to the sky. But he appeared to be indifferent to this. He looked proudly and contemptuously around on his foe, as, struck with involuntary respect, they hesitated; their leader dropped his blade and spoke.

"Give up your sword, old man, and you shall be free. I have seen with admiration what a brave man can do this day."

The words were in Spanish. The veteran started and looked curiously at the speaker, as if surprised at this magnanimity from such a source. He seemed on the point of yielding, when his eye fell on the corpses of the gallant gentlemen who had fallen around him. That look of sad, but

high resolution, which, for the space had given way to astonishment and admiration, passed from his face. He shook his head.

"No—I will die for old Castile," he said, "nor disgrace my sword by yielding it to bloodhounds like ye. Take that, ye knaves."

He made a pass at the leader, who contented himself with parrying the thrust; but one of the bucaniers, less generous, struck the old man a blow on the head which laid him dead among the companions who had fought for him so bravely, and for whom he now chose to die rather than to survive them.

The frigate was now in the sole possession of the victors, and never perhaps had they fallen on so rich a prize. The assailants soon dispersed themselves in the work of plunder; for the defence had been so desperate as to break down, for the time, all respect for the rules which usually regulated the bucaniers. The ship was regarded in the light of a town taken after a storm. Violence reigned in every part. Even the cabin was not protected from the passions of the victims, for a party of the common men, almost instantly, broke into this part of the ship, where they found Julia kneeling before a crucifix, with her maid powerless and almost senseless at her feet. This picture of purity might have awed more licentious men. But the worst elements of their nature were now fully aroused, and they were rather fiends than human beings.

Julia was not wholly unprepared for this. The character of the assailants had long become evident, and her woman's fears pointed out to her the result of the conflict sometime before it terminated. When the bucaniers first boarded the frigate she had expected to see them burst almost instantly into the cabin, but finding from the strife on deck and from the bold shouts of her friends how gallant a stand was being made on their part, hope revived. But this feeling was of short duration. She soon noticed that the cries of the defenders grew feebler, and that one familiar voice after another was hushed; while the shouts of the assailants continually gained strength. She felt now that her fate was decided. Retiring to her private room she attired herself in the garment of a novice, a dress she had been wont to wear at the convent where she was educated, and returning to the cabin knelt before the crucifix and awaited her doom. Hard as she strove to keep her thoughts on heaven she could not wholly prevent herself from listening to the progress of the conflict. She heard the long, wild shout of victory, then followed footsteps traversing the ship, and her heart beat faster, almost to bursting, in the agony of suspense.

At length the door was rudely flung open admitting the infuriated bucaniers.

Her first impulse was to start to her feet; her second to remain kneeling, since, if anything could stay the hand of violence it would be the sight of her in that attitude before the sacred cross. But the men who now burst into the cabin had long since lost all respect for that sacred emblem. Many of them were infuriated by drink. Hesitating but a moment, like wild beasts ere they leap on their prey, they rushed forward. The person of the slave was the first they seized, but, discovering her color, they flung her rudely and with coarse exclamations against the bulk-head, where she lay stunned and bleeding, and passed on to her mistress. The foremost of the miscreants had already laid his foul hands on the veil of Julia, when a stern, deep voice, at the entrance of the cabin, cried

"Forbear!"

The villain started, let go his hold on Julia, and turned around in unfeigned surprise and alarm. His companions did the same, each one shrinking as far as possible from their victim.

The person whose utterance of a single word had produced this marked change in the demeanor of the bucaniers was a slight built man, above the medium size, attired in one of the richest of the costly costumes of that day, loaded with lace, plumes and gold. He wore, however, a steel corslet; and carried a brace of pistols stuck in his belt. As he stood in the doorway his eye settled on first one and then another of the bucaniers, and at that gaze each man seemed as if he would shrink into nothingness. He confronted the intruders thus for the space of a minute, when, without speaking, he stepped into the cabin, and pointed the foremost offender to the door. A murmur appeared issuing from the man's lips, but at a flash of the officer's eye and a significant touch of his pistol, the miscreant skulked silently from the room. The officer then nodded to the next, and thus, one by one, the intruders, awed by this strange visitor, stole out, as if he possessed over them the power of some mighty magician.

Not until the last man had left the cabin, did the officer look toward Julia. She had seen the power exerted by him over the seamen, and she was lost in wonder at his authority, for neither in dress nor bearing was he like what she had been taught was a bucanier. Yet she had misgivings that he might be one of them, not their leader, but an officer in high authority; and, in that case, might she not be protected now only to meet a worse fate hereafter? But, whether the officer were a rover or not, she felt that there was more hope in an appeal to him than to the brutal ruffians

of the crew. These thoughts passed through her mind as the men were crowding cowed from the cabin; and now, as the officer turned his look on her, she rose and falling at his feet, bowed her head to the floor, and said,

"Save me, oh! save me—and God will reward you."

Her emotion would not suffer her to proceed, and she ended the appeal by clasping the feet of the officer.

He saw her movement with no apparent surprise, but gazed on her kneeling figure with undisguised admiration, his eye roving over its exquisite outlines and surpassing grace. But, at the tones of her voice, rich, deep and trembling with emotion, an expression of pity and kindness came over his face, and stooping he raised her.

"You are safe!" was his emphatic reply, "on the word of a gentleman you may rely, and I promise to protect you."

She raised her dark eyes to his, and the look of gratitude that beamed on him, never left his memory in life. Then she clasped her hands and turned her face to heaven in silent prayer. And the young officer thought he had never seen any human countenance so pure and saintly.

"I will leave you for a minute," said he, after a deferential pause, "soldiers!" and he spoke a few words, in a language Julia did not understand, to some one outside the door, and immediately a dozen men, armed with carabines, took post at the entrance: then bowing he retired.

On ascending to the deck it was evident that another ship had been added to the company, for a man-of-war, scarcely inferior in size to the captured frigate was lying but little over a pistol shot off. Her ports were up, and from her flag-staff fluttered the lilies of France, for the wind had long since sprung up, though, in the excitement of the late contest, this had passed almost unnoticed. The appearance of the young officer was hailed with universal deference, and he and the leader of the bucaniers had a long conversation. At the end of this the officer returned to the cabin.

"I have promised to protect you," he said, "fair lady, and if you will commit yourself to the lilies of France, I can redeem my word. My authority can be stretched no further, however, than to preserve you and your effects, with such of your servants as remain unharmed. This ship and her cargo must be left with the capturers."

"Oh! take me anywhere, on any terms," said Julia, instinctively clinging to her protector, "only do not leave me to the power of these terrible men."

A shade of peculiar meaning might have been

seen passing over the face of the young officer at these words, but it disappeared instantaneously. He continued,

"Then I will leave you to make your preparations. In half an hour you can be ready. Have your effects then pointed out and they shall be removed."

"Stay, stay," said Julia, as he was leaving the room, "to whom am I indebted for my life? I see you are an officer of France, but I would fain know my preserver's name."

There was a hesitation of a second, and then the officer answered with a smile.

"Adolphe Montreuil, captain of a frigate bearing his most Christian majesty's flag. Luckily I came up in time, and, have, by my intercession, saved you. Remember, I shall be ready in half an hour," with these words he left the cabin for the second time.

Had Julia been more used to mankind or less grateful to her preserver, she would have remembered that the instant obedience given to the officer by the miscreants who had broken into her cabin, and the fear they evinced at the first sound of his voice, were scarcely reconcilable with his being a stranger. She would, at least, have thought it strange that a smaller frigate than the one captured could overawe the bucaniers when flushed with victory, or that they would be disposed to yield up any part of their booty to an intruder. But these things never crossed her mind. She occupied herself busily in restoring Zava to consciousness and then in preparations for departure. At the end of the half hour the officer re-appeared, the helpless slave was borne to a boat by two stout seamen, Julia followed with her veil drawn leaning on Montreuil's arm, her effects were religiously transferred to the launch, and in a few minutes she was on board the frigate, where, being conducted to a cabin that evinced the hasty preparations which had been made to receive her, she was left alone. As her preserver retired, doffing his plumed cap with high-bred courtesy, her eyes followed his figure, and when the door closed she heaved a sigh. She already felt an interest in the stranger, the exact character of which she would have been astonished to know. But she thought it only gratitude.

In a few minutes after they had touched the deck of the frigate her sails were filled and she stood away to the west. Before sunset the fleet of brigantines and their prize were hull down in the distance.

The course of our story lies with the frigate, and we shall, therefore, leave the bucaniers to finish their plunder.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TO MARY.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

My love for thee is like the light
That falls upon a summer night,
So pure and deep and passing bright
It shines upon my heart, Mary.
It takes a part from everything
Of joy and beauty, like the spring
That feeds upon the flowers that cling
To it, as I to thee, Mary.

Thy image has become the star
Seen through the mists of life afar,
A music 'mid the sunless jar
Has ever been thy voice, Mary.
A blissful spot in memory's dream,
Like rays of sunshine on the stream,
To guide me with its richest gleam
To happiness and hope, Mary.

It makes a cadence in the song,
A smile amid the happy throng,
A gushing joy so full and strong
Beats ever with my pulse, Mary.
That secret tone goes murmuring by
As winds into a summer sky,
Or harp-notes when at eve, they die
Upon the listener's ear, Mary.

I look upon thy memory
As stars upon the silent sea.
And watch as calm and tremblingly
The tides of thy pure heart, Mary.
And as upon the sea-girt shore,
They wash and wash forevermore,
So sets within my soul's deep core
The stream of love for thee, Mary.

You gave to life a deeper flush,
And waken'd to a wilder gush
Hopes that had died upon the blush
Without thy smiles of spring, Mary,
And though it may be idle all,
As spreading flowers upon the pall,
Still shall thy name be magical
When linked with *love* and *thee*, Mary.

LINES.

BY ANNA WHARTON.

On! not in grave-yards rank and close
Within the noisome town,
Oh! not in gloomy cloisters dank
Would I at death lie down.
Give me a bed in open field
Beneath the breezy sky,
Where flowrets bloom and forests wave,
And waters murmur nigh,
Where greenly springs the early grass,
And birds are on the bough,
And early winds are out at play,
There let me slumber low!

TOO LATE.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"My dear," said Mrs. Weldon to her daughter Sophia, "had you not better be getting ready for your music lesson. It is now half past nine and you have several squares to walk."

"Oh! there is plenty of time," answered Sophia, "I can get ready in five minutes, and walk to Signor Toricelli's in five minutes more."

"So you said on Monday when you were too late. Indeed I fear, Sophia, you are contracting a habit of procrastination which will be a fruitful cause of sorrow to you through life. 'Never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day' is an excellent proverb, but I would amend it by adding, 'and never delay a minute in doing what has to be done.' Do put down that novel, my love, and go and attire yourself."

Sophia reluctantly obeyed and left the room. But when she reached her chamber, instead of donning her bonnet and shawl she threw herself pettishly in a chair.

"I do wish ma," she said, "would not lecture one so. She is always talking about my being too late. One would think father was a bank clerk, she has such a regard to punctuality. Now for spite I'll not go to Signor Toricelli's till too late."

But when a few minutes had cooled her passion, Sophia felt ashamed of her conduct, for she was an impulsive rather than a bad girl, and began to attire herself, resolved to be at Signor Toricelli's in time. Her delay, however, had been fatal. Though she almost ran through the streets she arrived too late, and the Signor, who made a point of never waiting a minute, had gone out.

"Sophy," said her father to her a few days afterward, "there is nothing for me to do in town until Monday: so I have a notion of running into the country for the rest of the week. And luckily the steamboat is to make an excursion to-day and will stop *en route* at Elmsdale. This is a chance, that wont occur again this season, to see your friends the Wyvilles. The boat starts at four. I shall have to return to the counting-room for an hour after dinner, but you can get ready and meet me at the boat. John will attend you down."

"Very well!" said Sophia, delighted at the proposal, "I will be there in time."

She hastened up stairs to prepare herself, and, after packing her dresses, opened her little casket to select the jewels she should wear. She took up two bracelets of different patterns, tried each of them on, and held them in different lights before she could make up her mind which to take. Then

she was a long while in selecting three out of her dozen rings, the gifts of her fond parents and god-mothers. In this occupation the time slipped away so rapidly that the clock was on the chime of four before she became aware of her idleness. It was then too late; and she sat down and wept bitterly.

For a fortnight the lesson did Sophia good, and she was a pattern of punctuality. But gradually her old habits revived, she became as careless as ever, and on every occasion was too late. Her mother reasoned with her in vain, and at length her father spoke seriously to her on the subject.

"Sophy," he said, one evening, several days after he had requested her to purchase a certain scarce fabric of summer wear for him which was in the market, but which she had delayed going for until it was all sold, "your want of punctuality is intolerable. Your mother and I, and indeed the whole family, are daily sufferers by it. If you do not correct the habit it will be the cause of incalculable evil to you through life. Many a battle, on which hung the fate of an empire, has been lost by some one being too late on the ground. Many a woman has lost the affections of a husband, never to recover them, by being too late. I warn you, my dear child, against the habit, for I see it growing stronger daily, and unless you rally at once against it, you will find yourself incapable of conquering it."

Sophy burst into tears, for her father had never spoken thus to her before, and rising left the room, with a determination to profit by his advice. And, again, for several days, she struggled to be punctual in her engagements, but now she found the effort so much harder than before that she became discouraged, and, after several vain attempts to conquer, she relapsed into her old indifference and became the slave of her habit.

At eighteen Sophia was one of the most beautiful girls of her native city, and her hand was sought for by a crowd of admirers. Of these she selected one every way worthy of her. He was a young lawyer rapidly rising to eminence, for his legal attainments and eloquence were both of a superior order. He had long been the prize for which numerous of her friends contended, and when Sophia found him at her feet a natural thrill of pride could not be avoided.

But it was from no selfish vanity that she accepted him. His estimable qualities had deepened the impression which his fine person at first made on her, and she soon learned to love Walter Conrad with all the intensity of woman's first affection. She anticipated his slightest wish and regulated her conduct accordingly, and her opinions were always moulded as she thought his would be framed, for Sophia was one of those trusting

beings who give up all to the one they love, satisfied that he should be their exemplar in every thing.

Conrad returned her love with equal fervency, but with more discrimination. As he became better acquainted with her he saw many faults at which he grieved, but of a sanguine nature he hoped that time and a desire to please him would induce her to conquer them. Nor was he wholly disappointed. Many of the slighter blemishes on her character disappeared under the kind culture of her lover; but there was one fault which Conrad found, for a long time, all his efforts abortive to remove. It was the fatal habit of procrastination.

It is true that Sophia made many resolute attempts to conquer this habit, but her chains had been forged so strong that she found the task of breaking them more difficult than ever. Her old weakness constantly returned to her, and though she continued her struggles, they finally grew weaker. Unable or unwilling to persevere in the arduous undertaking, and conscious of her lover's disapprobation of the habit, she resorted to every means to conceal it from his eye, so that, at length, Conrad began to hope that she was cured of a failing, as the slave of which, he felt, she could not continue to possess his respect, and with him respect was necessary to love.

One evening Conrad called on her an hour after his usual time. It was a bitter winter night, and the snow was knee deep in the streets, lying in drifts against the doors where the wind had piled it.

"I am so glad you have come," said Sophia, running to him to assist in taking off his cloak, "for I was afraid something had happened to you. Where have you been?"

"I have been, dearest," he said, taking her hand and leading her to the sofa which had been wheeled up opposite to the fire, "to see a poor girl, once my laundress, who, I fear, is dying, and dying, too, in the most abject poverty. She broke a blood-vessel yesterday, and is very dangerous, but, with care, she may yet live, the physician says. There was no fire in the bare room when I went there, and the snow beating through the broken panes had collected in a pile at the foot of the bed. Oh! it was a miserable sight!"—and he placed his hand before his eyes. At length he looked up and resumed, "promise me you will go there to-morrow—early to-morrow—for I said I would send one to see after her wants, and you know it would be more delicate for you to aid her than for me. Here is my purse—nay! I *must* be the giver in this case—only promise me to go early, for the poor thing might perish for want of necessary medicines and care. I sent for wood to warm the chamber and

got a poor neighbor to sit up with her to-night; but to-morrow she must have better help. Alas! what misery exists in our city, and almost at our doors! Yet how little we do to alleviate it."

Sophia listened with tears to this recital, and made the required promise. The lovers continued for a while to talk of the sufferer, and then gradually passed to pleasanter themes. In the indulgence of these we leave them.

The next morning the storm raged fiercer than ever. The wind howled along the street, the casement shook, and the snow spun and hissed in the tempest. Sophia had not forgotten her promise, but looking at her watch after breakfast and finding the hour early, she concluded to wait awhile for the subsidence of the storm. Sitting down in her boudoir she took up a new novel and was soon immersed in its pages. Hour after hour passed away, and though she often thought of her promise and looked to the window to see if the gale abated, yet the tempest raged so violently, the book was so fascinating, and she thought the probability of any harm ensuing from her delay so small, that, with her usual easy procrastination, she concluded to wait a little while longer, and so continued reading.

At last two o'clock came, and the storm abated. The novel, too, was finished. Sophia ordered the carriage, and with some misgivings set forth. She had no difficulty in finding the miserable hovel to which her lover had directed her.

As she ascended the steps she thought she heard voices, and a sudden fear came over her, for there was sorrow and indignation in the speakers, and among them she fancied she recognized her lover. Filled with remorse, she tottered up to the door and, pushing it open, saw a scene that she never forgot.

On the humble pallet lay a pale and beautiful face, whose icy look of repose too plainly evinced that the countenance was that of a corpse. By the bedside stood an aged physician, sorrow and indignation alternating in his face as he gazed on the dead. Near him was a woman, meanly attired, with her apron up to her eye, and weeping freely. The other member of the group was Sophia's lover, standing with folded arms and a stern brow, silently regarding the corpse.

"And you say," said the physician, turning slightly to Conrad, just at the instant when Sophia reached the door, "that she promised to come here early and procure the medicines and appliances I ordered last night. This poor woman tells me she has not been here—God help us, had she come, the sufferer's life might have been saved."

"Yes, your honor," sobbed the female, "I watched for her, hour after hour, but I dare not

leave the bedside, and oh! if I could, and had had the money, or even knew what you ordered, I'd have gone on my knees and begged it, the poor girl suffered so. But no one came until my little boy returned from school, when I sent him out to find this gentleman, who, by good luck, was at home. But when you arrived she was dead."

At this instant Conrad looked up and caught sight of Sophia who stood, transfixed with horror at the consequences of her misconduct. His exclamation attracted every eye in the same direction. As if moved by some uncontrollable impulse he started forward, and seizing Sophia's arm dragged her sternly to the bedside.

"Woman, look at your work," he said. "You have murdered her by being *too late*."

Sophia shuddering at the pale and seemingly reproachful face of the corpse, turned away, but not daring to look into her angry lover's face, sought consolation in those of his companions. But each regarded her with the same averted look. The scene was too much for her. She fainted.

When she recovered she was lying in her own chamber with her parents sadly watching over her. Their looks seemed to imply that they had heard all, as indeed they had.

For several days Sophia hoped that her lover would relent from his determination, expressed in a note to her parents, never to visit her again. But she hoped in vain. He adhered to the language of that terrible letter. He could not, he said, unite his fate to one who had trifled with a human life by her criminal procrastination. Her fault he now knew to be incurable, though he had long hoped otherwise.

And fearful as this lesson was Conrad was right. Habits, when once they have become a second nature, can rarely, if ever, be eradicated; and Sophia continued to her dying day to procrastinate until it was *TOO LATE*.

SONNET TO IANTHE SINGING.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

HERE, in the radiant, soul-dissolving rain
Of thy sweet smile-beams, let me ever lie,
And feed with rapture on the heavenly strain
Of thy sweet angel-equalled melody!
Floating upon thy soul- uplifting breath—
An ebbing ocean of sweet flowing sound,
Which drowns the senses of my pain to death,
My thoughts now sail to earth's remotest bound!
Sweet song! that so can harmonize my pain,
That, in recovering, there is so much bliss,
My soul now longs to feel its wounds again,
That it may rise into delight like this—
Whose being in my soul makes pain to be
In the soft, downy arms of ecstasy!

OUR FEMALE POETS, NO. I.

MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"THERE is a delicacy of conception," says a popular writer speaking of Mrs. Smith, "a simple grace of language, and an exaltation of sentiment about her writings, not only admirable in themselves, but beautifully appropriate to her character and mission as a poet." A better summary of her merits it would be impossible to give. But especially does it apply to her "Sinless Child," certainly the best, as it is the longest of her poems.

Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, better known as Mrs. Seba Smith, is now, perhaps, in her thirty-second year, and was born in a village not far from Portland, Maine. At an early age she evinced a fondness for abstruse speculations, but joined with this a passionate love for English literature, with which she is said to be more familiar than any American poet of her sex, if we except the author of "Zophiel." At sixteen she married Seba Smith, Esq., at that time editor of a journal in Portland. Subsequently he became unfortunate and removed to New York, where he has since resided, supporting his family by his pen. In this endeavor he has been assisted by his wife. Her introduction to the public as a writer is indeed attributable to her husband's misfortunes, for though before this she had written fugitive pieces, a shrinking and sensitive modesty forbade her appearing as an author. But when, in her altered circumstances, she found that her talents might be made available, like a true woman she did not hesitate to sacrifice feeling to duty. The calls on her as a mother and a wife were not to be resisted. She soon became a frequent contributor to the magazines. The change in her character produced by circumstances is eloquently depicted by one who knew her for years. "She was a child but the other day; with no sense of her own strength; and after she became a woman, her countenance you could not see for her veil, and her wings were hidden by her shawl. But the rains beat upon her husband, upon her little ones; and the winds blew, and the floods came, and lo! the veil and the shawl disappeared like the mists of summer; and the highest nature of woman broke forth like sunshine, and her wings were moulted, and her feet planted upon a rock, sure and steadfast. She no longer trembles when you look into her heart, or try to read her eyes; neither shawl nor veil is wanted now. The woman is no longer ashamed or anxious to hide herself when called to by her Heavenly Father."

Such being the circumstances under which Mrs. Smith became an author, her pieces may be expected

to display the usual carelessness and haste of a magazine writer. But, with a few exceptions, this is not so. Most of her poems are carefully finished, and even when they are not, a certain grace and simplicity makes amends for their rude attire. When one is writing for daily bread, and often forced to take the pen when the spirit is jaded, indifferent poetry may be at times looked for; but in Mrs. Smith there is a love for the beautiful, a delicacy of fancy and a choice of words which give even her worst pieces a charm. She should be judged, however, by her more elaborate poems rather than by her lighter fugitive productions, though some of these, as we shall have occasion to show shortly, are like drops of rain in sunshine, or songs heard over a valley by starlight.

The most finished of her poems appeared in "The Southern Literary Messenger," rather more than a year ago. It is called "The Sinless Child," and is the history of a meek girl, living alone with her widowed mother, in a secluded rural district. It is designed to show the influence of nature on a young and gentle being, whose pure heart invests all visible objects with a sweetness drawn from herself, and who, at length, in her communings is supposed to see through the material world into the spiritual, and thus to learn the high and moral meaning it contains. In tracing this out the poet displays a delicate simplicity and sweetness of imagery, which add much to the charm of her beautiful and somewhat Platonic theory. Yet the poem embodies one lesson which ought to endear it to every heart; for he has lived to little purpose who has not learned that the beauty of the material world is intended to shadow forth the beauty of the spiritual world, the one being but a veil through which the other is dimly seen. God has wisely ordained that our aspirations after a better home and our feelings of reverence and love for him should glow at sight of a lovely landscape or a starry night. In the following lines from this poem Mrs. Smith has embodied this great truth in language peculiarly graceful and feminine.

"She loved all simple flowers that sprung
In grove or sun-lit dell,
And of each streak and varied hue,
A meaning deep would tell;
For her a language was impressed
On every leaf that grew,
And lines revealing brighter worlds
That seraph fingers drew.

Each tiny leaf became a scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the heart
Should keep the dew of youth;
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every by-way left,
How were the earth of glory shorn,
Were it of flowers bereft!

They tremble on the Alpine height;
 The fissured rock they press;
 The desert wild, with heat and sand,
 Shares too, their blessedness,
 And whereso'er the weary heart
 Turns in its dim despair,
*The meek-eyed blossom upward looks
 Inviting it to pray.*"

The holy child, living in this daily communion with nature, begins, at length, to see that she is watched over by unseen spirits, who haunt every wood and dell, and who are ever ready to soothe the sorrows of the oppressed, to bind up the broken-hearted, and to interfere for good at each crisis of our fate. This belief in the guardian care and interposition of spirits is one which has been entertained by good men in all ages, and we can scarcely bring our minds to discredit it, visionary as it may seem to some. The great fault of this age is its tendency to an extravagant rationalism. We must take many things for proved, or become skeptics as to all things. There are beautiful fancies continually arising to the mind which we feel must be true, though we have no arguments to prove them. We have often thought that the highest truths are discoveries of the imagination and reason combined. The concurrent testimony of all the more ancient nations of the world in favor of this watch kept by spirits over man is much in its favor. Through all time the human mind has been penetrated with this idea. It had advocates when theories which are now popular were unknown, and it will live when they are no more. It was believed when the Chaldeans watched the stars, when the Pharaohs built the pyramids, when Numa went forth to talk with Egeria, and it is still believed over a large portion of Europe, and forms indeed one of the most humanizing portions of a Christian creed. For how glorious a thought that we are subjects of direct interest to angels and holy men, once sufferers like ourselves, but now saints in heaven! How comforting the idea that the good who loved us and have gone before, hover over us, to console us in misfortune and check us when about to err! And if we will look into the history of our own hearts we will find many things to favor this theory. Who has not often, when about to take some important step in life, suddenly felt a disinclination to proceed, as if some unseen spirit held him back, and obeying the impulse, afterward discovered that to have gone on would have been to his utter ruin? Who has not, at times, hurried away by passion or youthful indiscretion, been on the point of committing some great wrong, when all at once he has heard a voice in his heart, as if the spirit of his lost mother whispered at his ear, and so has been saved a crime which would have filled his future life with remorse? We would

fain believe that God makes use of those we loved here to keep watch, day and night, over our souls. And this beautiful and poetical idea we would credit, if only for a while, to make us appreciate the exquisite charm of the following little story, taken from the fifth canto of this poem.

"I look within a gorgeous room,
 A lofty dame behold,
 A lady with forbidding air,
 And forehead, high and cold;
 I hear an infant's plaintive voice,
 For grief hath brought its fears,
 None soothe it with a kind caress,
 None wipe away its tears.

His sister hears with pitying heart
 Her brother's wailing cry,
 And on the stately step-dame turns
 Her earnest, tearful eye.
 'Oh lady, chilling is the air,
 And fearful is the night,
 Dear brother fears to be alone,
 I'll bring him to the light.

On our dead mother hear him call;
 I hear him weeping say,
 Sweet mother, kiss poor Eddy's cheek,
 And wipe his tears away.'
 Red grows the lady's brow with rage,
 And yet she feels a strife
 Of anger and of terror too,
 At thought of that dead wife.

Wild roars the wind, the lights burn blue,
 The watch-dog howls with fear,
 Loud neighs the steed from out the stall:
What form is gliding near?
 No latch is raised, no step is heard,
 But a phantom fills the space,—
 A sheeted spectre from the dead,
 With cold and leaden face.

What boots it that no other eye
 Beheld the shade appear!
 The guilty lady's guilty soul
 Beheld it plain and clear,
 It slowly glides within the room,
 And sadly looks around—
 And stooping, kissed her daughter's cheek
 With lips that gave no sound.

Then softly on the step-dame's arm
 She laid a death cold hand,
 Yet it hath scorched within the flesh
 Like to a burning brand,
 And gliding on with noiseless foot,
 O'er winding stair and hall,
 She nears the chamber where is heard
 Her infant's trembling call.

She smoothed the pillow where he lay,
 She warmly tucked the bed,
 She wiped his tears, and stroked his curls
 That clustered round his head.
 The child, caressed, unknowing fear,
 Hath nestled him to rest;
 The mother folds her wings beside—
 The mother from the Blest!"

This is exquisite! And no one but a mother could have written it.

In this manner the poet traces the influences which are at work on the heart of the meek forest heroine, purifying and exalting her, until her countenance—that index of the soul—glows with an almost divine beauty. Her example extends itself

around her until all wonder at, while they admire the sinless child. At length she is a girl no longer; and then comes the period for the accomplishment of her mission as a woman. She meets with and is beloved by one, who, though erring, retains many noble impulses. We have not space to follow the author in this part of her poem, but she traces, in eloquent verse, the power which a pure-hearted woman wields over her lover, to exalt and purify him. We have ever believed that the affection felt by our sex for a *true* woman was, in the Providence of God, a means, and not the least powerful means, in elevating and ennobling us; and we shall hold the name of Mrs. Smith in reverence for having taught this truth in lines so sweet and alluring.

But we must take leave of "The Sinless Child," and pass on to our poet's other poems. Among these "The Acorn" is one of merit, though we think it inferior to "The Drowned Mariner," a noble poem, nervous and graphic as a ballad. We can give only the last stanzas.

"A peopled home is the ocean-bed;
The mother and child are there:
The fervent youth and the hoary head,
The maid, with her floating locks outspread,
The babe, with its silken hair:
As the water moveth, they lightly sway,
And the tranquil lights on their features play;
And there is each cherished and beautiful form,
Away from decay, and away from the storm."

Many of her sonnets are fine, that on the Hudson especially so. The four suggested by Cole's paintings of the voyage of life are finished and elegant, and we regret that we have not space for them. But there is one on Poesy which we could no more pass than we could Carlo Dolci's picture. In it the spirit of the poet speaks.

"With no fond, sickly thirst for fame, I kneel,
Oh, goddess of the high-born art to thee;
Not unto thee with semblance of a zeal
I come, oh, pure and heaven-eyed Poesy!
Thou art to me a spirit and a love,
Felt ever from the time, when first the earth,
In its green beauty, and the sky above
Informed my soul with joy too deep for mirth.
I was a child of thine before my tongue
Could lip its infant utterance unto thee,
And now, albeit from my harp are flung
Discordant numbers, and the song may be
That which I would not, yet I know that thou
The offering will not spurn, while thus to thee I bow."

One more poem and we have done. The following exquisite gem is, to our taste, one of the best things Mrs. Smith has ever written. We know not whether it is the result of elaborate toil or was flung off in a sudden inspiration; but to us it reads like one of those things which long slumber in the poet's soul, often struggling for utterance, but never finding it, until at length, suddenly and in a blaze of eloquence it bursts forth.

"Oh! deep within my inmost heart
Thy treasured image lies,
Enshrined with all that's holy there
That death or change defies—
And yet my woman's tongue could ne'er
Frame words to tell thee thou art dear.

No, woman's love is ever found
A silent, hidden thing;
Where hopes and fears alternate rise,
Like shadows o'er a spring,
That in some lone and silent wood
Is gushing in the solitude.

No, like the voiceless perfume breathed,
Where flowrets deck the ground,
That hidden in their verdant screen,
Else, scarcely might be found—
I would that o'er thy sense may steal,
The half, a woman's heart can feel."

Few writers, even of her own sex, equal Mrs. Smith in the moral elevation of her themes. There is a dignity made fascinating by sweetness, a delicacy of perception closely allied to her lofty moral meaning, and a simple elegance of language in her poems which render them dear to our hearts. Like "Heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb," or like a spirit clothed in snowy garments and dispensing healing around her, she seems to our vision.

C. J. F.

FAREWELL.

BY JEROME A. MAYBIE.

List, list the sounds that float around breath'd from
Æolian string;
What sweetness in each pealing swell and faint low
echoing,
Oh! seem they not like wandering notes from some
bright music-shore?
Or thrillings, strangely beautiful, the starry-choir out
pour—
Too strong the sweeping of the wind, too harsh its
wizard-skill;
The chords are rent, and all their tones melt in a
dying thrill;
And oh, what sadness is enshrined, what mournfulness
doth dwell
In that last gift of melody, long to be treasured well!
Eve's star is springing in the west, and 'tis the dreamy
hour
When hearts replete with love's excess, most deeply
feel its power;
And on the twilight's holy hush low voices softly
steal,
Breathing the burning ecstasy that ravish'd spirits
feel—
But ah! the fated moment comes that bids these fond
ones sever—
And from the heaven of their gaze, to pass, perchance,
forever;
The bosom's chords how rudely torn, and who may
dream or tell,
Their spell of wo, when, on the lips, dies quivering
FAREWELL!

PERFECTION.

BY MRS. C. K. FOWELL.

"This is my twenty-seventh birth-day!" said Arthur Harleigh as he sat at the window of his uncle's mansion a short distance from the city of Boston.

"Twenty-seven!" said his aunt, taking off her spectacles in surprise and looking full at her nephew, "twenty-seven, Arthur, and not married yet! Why, in three years, we shall have to call you an old bachelor."

"Yes! but before then I shall be married."

His aunt shook her head, and smiled incredulously.

"You don't believe it. Well, we'll see. I'm pretty well tired of a single life, and intend to get married as soon as I can find one to suit me."

"But when will that be, Arthur?" said his aunt archly.

"Oh! speedily. The right one will come along in due time."

"What kind of a wife do you require? Perhaps I can aid you in a selection. You know I am acquainted with most of the marriageable girls of the city and vicinity; and may be able to tell you some things about them of which you are ignorant. There's Abby Nelson, what think you of her?"

"She's pretty, but—"

"But me no buts. What objection have you to her? Is she not accomplished, sensible, of a good family, and quite a belle?—what more could you ask?"

"She has carrotty hair, at least the tinge of red is *rather* too strong. I should always be afraid people were laughing at her, and at me for marrying her."

"Oh! I pity you. But what do you say to Mary Stanforth? She, at least, has unexceptionable tresses."

"Yes!—but her nose!—did you ever see such a pug?"

Arthur's aunt laughed heartily, at which he was sensibly annoyed. At length she resumed.

"But there's Miss Green, she is a second Pauline Bonaparte in beauty."

"Granted, but she talks like a fool."

"How, then, do you like the witty Patty Green?"

"She makes me think of a hen-pecked husband. I'd think as soon of drowning myself as of marrying her. She'd turn matrimony sour with her tempests in a fortnight."

"Well, then take Ellen Boulby who is amiable to a proverb."

"Curds and whey—curds and whey. She has

no more character than a squash. I should fall asleep in my seat at the fire-place, if I undertook to spend an evening alone with her at home. I'd be bored to death."

"Why, what will suit you? Ah! I think of it. Do you know Isabel Wharton?—she's just smart enough not to be dull, and has none of your brilliant wit. She has read much, and is a most entertaining companion. She has none of the faults you have named, and as they seem to me to have exhausted the catalogue of errors to which our sex is liable, she must be unexceptionable."

"Begging your pardon, she'd be a worse bargain than any of them, for she hasn't a spark of imagination, and, if I detest anything, I detest one of your matter-of-fact women. I was once inclined to admire her; but one evening, when we were looking at a lovely landscape and I began to declaim against some old fellow who was cutting down a grove of fine trees that made quite a point in the picture, she showed me that they made his house damp and said she would cut down the trees too, or for that matter cut down all the forests in creation, if thereby a single human life might be preserved or even lengthened. Bah! she has no more romance in her than my old hat."

"Why, really," said his aunt, indulging again in hearty laughter, "you are the most particular gentleman in the matter of wives I ever knew. Nothing but an angel will suit you."

"By no means, my good aunt," said Arthur warmly, for anything like ridicule vexed him, and he regarded his aunt's laughter in that light. "I wish nothing which cannot be obtained: and though my beau ideal is, I confess, rather a lofty one, yet women have existed who fully came up to it."

"Then, my dear boy," said his aunt, composing herself gravely, "give me a notion of the qualities you expect in a wife. This will be going to work judgmentally, as you have it. If I know what your beau ideal is, I don't despair of getting you a wife."

"Oh! I won't trouble you with details. But she must be a perfect woman."

"No trouble, and I insist on knowing. Pray, what do you consider a *perfect* woman?"

Arthur displayed some uneasiness at being thus cross-questioned, but there was no escape, so he began.

"My notion of a perfect woman is that she should be warm-hearted, yet not too much so, for then her feelings would outrun her judgment. She must be impulsive, but not altogether so, else her actions would sometimes be childish and ridiculous. I should wish her to be witty, at least sufficiently so

to make her conversation sprightly, but it must be a wit without sarcasm, for I'll have no wife to chop me up, like mince meat, if she gets a pique at me. Common sense is an indispensable requisite; and so, too, is an imaginative mind, for imagination makes life poetical, and is to it what light is to the earth, the cause of all its beauty. She must be well educated, yet not a blue. I should prefer that she knew French and Italian, if not German, for on this latter I should not insist. She must, however, be pretty well read in English literature, for I expect often to have scholars at my table, and I don't want a wife I should be ashamed of before them—"

"Oh! I understand—you, being a sort of Robert Ascham, with a hundred thousand dollars, expect nothing less than a prodigy, a second Lady Jane Grey for a wife."

"Not at all. You do me injustice. But can you expect me to mate with an illiterate dolt?—a mere darning of stockings and fabricator of linsey woolsey."

"Certainly not. You, who have taken a degree at Cambridge, attended lectures in Paris, travelled over all Europe, and, for aught I know, intend setting up for a *savant* to enlighten us poor savages in these western wilds—oh! never," said his aunt in a tone of banter.

"Oh! if you quiz me, I shall stop."

"No—I beg pardon—pray go on."

"We'll pass the point of education and accomplishment, then, only I'll add that my wife must be a good musician, and I should prefer if she played on the harp as well as on the piano and guitar. She must be tasty in her dress, for a dowdy is my particular aversion. Her manners must be easy and capable of adapting themselves to all places—they ought to be sportive in a ball-room and quiet and unassuming at home. She must be a practical housekeeper, for otherwise she can never prevent herself being swindled by her servants; and apropos of this point, she must not be extravagant, for a wife who is always running her husband into debt is of all curses the worst. About her beauty I will say little, for in this matter I confess I am not very particular; and provided my wife has a not indifferent person and is even good looking in the face, I shall be satisfied, if she only possesses the qualities I have enumerated."

"Very modest I must declare. You have not finished, have you? In the name of common sense who put such a catalogue of female virtues into your head? One would think you were an auctioneer and that some goddess had come down to be itemized, preparatory to being sold to the highest bidder."

"You are pleased to be amused," said Arthur in a tone of vexation. "I don't see that I have drawn an improbable character."

Again his aunt laughed heartily, and then answered.

"I don't know what you call an improbable character, but I am certain a woman, with all the qualifications, natural and acquired, you have mentioned, never did and never can exist. To possess half the learning you enumerate she must sacrifice her music or her house-keeping; and to be witty without being sarcastic is to attain an excellence no one has ever yet arrived at. You would have her fashionably educated and yet possessed of all the home virtues: tasteful in her dress and yet not extravagant: pretty in both face and person without being the least vain; learned and yet no blue: imaginative and yet practical: sprightly and yet good tempered; in short all the most opposite and contradictory qualities must harmonize in her, and what emperors have failed to win must be reserved for this 'admirable Crichton,' my nephew, and his hundred thousand dollars. Oh! you'll be caught yet. I hope, for the sake of my sex, you'll get a vixen, and one extravagant as a queen. But I don't believe you'll ever get married. This one will have one fault, and that one another. One will be too learned and another too ignorant, one too silly and another too smart, and so, after going through the wood, you'll have to take up with a crooked stick or remain without—and the last is the most probable. If I was a young girl I wouldn't look at you—you conceited, exacting, finical old bachelor!"

Arthur had not words to answer. He could not get angry, for, severe as was his aunt's language, it was spoken in a good-humored tone. But he felt vexed that she should laugh at him, as he saw she was secretly doing.

"Well," he answered, "we shall see. I don't despair. I'll find my beau ideal before this day three years. So, good bye, aunt; for I see Jim has brought my horse to the door."

We will not trace Arthur's career during the next three years; but the event justified his aunt's prediction. Morbidly sensitive to the least blemish in a lady he spent his time in the vain search after perfection, daily growing more exacting, and, therefore, daily finding his beau ideal more and more unattainable. At thirty he was still unmarried: at thirty-five he was further off than ever from success: at forty he was a querulous old bachelor, beginning at length to suspect that his search would be in vain; and at fifty he fairly gave up the pursuit and surrendered himself to the alternate tyranny of his housekeeper and the gout.

ANNA TAYLOR.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER III.

SHE lay within that shadowy light,
 So like a creature chilled by death,
 Her hair with water dripping bright,
 And every sweet, impulsive breath
 Fetter'd within those purple veins,
 Like perfume frozen in a flower,
 Which never life or tint regains,
 Though kindled with the sun's high power.

I HAVE spent many a wretched night, many a time of mental agony such as would have brought grey hairs to the brow of another. Pictures of human suffering, with which I have had no share in the estimation of that world which deems all sympathy estranged which does not settle around the individual, and those linked to him by blood, have haunted my brain and driven sleep from my pillow many a long hour. They may call it an infirmity if they choose, may reason, persuade and expostulate. Rather let me feel the keenest misery which compassion can inflict, than become hardened to the sight of human suffering. Rather let me die at once than witness injustice—the strong oppressing the weak—the vicious trampling upon the good, without an impulse and an effort to redress the aggrieved. But amid all of suffering that I have been called upon to endure, there is one night which will forever stand out in dark relief from the rest. That on which I sat in the green woods, with troubled faces all around, and the pale head of Anna Clare lying cold against my bosom.

I chafed her hands, wrung the dripping ringlets that lay scattered over my garments, and wet them again with tears, such tears as I shall never shed again. Anna Taylor was still crouching to the earth shuddering and wretched. Warren exerted himself to console her. He almost forgot the lifeless girl in my arms for the suffering and criminal being who had caused so much misery. Even in that terrible hour his selfish love was uppermost. Kenworthy was upon his knees; he had torn away the loose sleeve from Anna Clare's arm and applied the friction of his own hand, with a degree of energy that would have called forth expostulation at another time.

"Warren, where is your coat?" he called out quickly, "Miss Taylor get up, for Heaven's sake! Without more help she is lost!"

Anna Taylor sprang to her feet and looked wildly upon us.

"What shall I do? what *can* I do?" she said, wringing her hands.

Kenworthy pointed to the small feet which lay upon the sward dripping and motionless. Anna knelt down, tore off the slippers, and began to chafe the feet and ankles with both hands eagerly and in breathless silence. All at once she started up, and those tiny feet fell from her lap to the greensward again. She crept close to me and whispered—

"Lay your hand on her heart once more, Anna—this once. I am sure they were growing warm under my palm; but if there is life you will find it at the heart first."

I never saw a face so wild and fearfully eager as that lifted to me in the moonlight: I never heard a voice so full of troubled hope. Once more I lifted those wet garments and laid my hand upon the still heart, sorrowfully and with reluctance, for I had no hope. There was warmth under my palm, a slight and almost imperceptible flutter, as if a newly fledged bird was moving his wing beneath my touch. I could not speak, but grasping Anna Taylor's hand, I laid it where mine had been. She held her breath: her eyes, those wild glittering eyes, were riveted on mine; she tried to murmur something and burst into tears. She snatched the coat from Warren, wrapped it around the still motionless body, and taking up the little feet, which lay gleaming like two water lilies on the grass, enveloped them in her shawl. When this was done Anna Taylor flung herself by the prostrate form, and winding her arms around it, covered the wan face, the eyes, lips and forehead with kisses—when the poor girl at length moved fondly in her arms, and those pale lips stirred beneath the caressing warmth applied to them, it seemed as if Anna Taylor would have gone mad with joy. She laughed and wept wildly, refusing to give up the yet scarcely animated form till it was almost forced from her embrace.

Anna Clare had not spoken a word or unclosed her eyes, when Kenworthy bore her forth from the woods to the broader light which shed a silvery glow over the meadows lying between us and the village. She was muffled in our loose garments, and the young man gathered her to his heart tenderly, as a mother shields her babe from the tempest. Warren offered to relieve him of his precious burden again and again, but he refused to give her up, and never once faltered beneath her weight till he entered the back door of aunt Clare's dwelling.

Aunt Clare was sitting quietly engaged with her knitting work by the little round candle stand, when the noise we made in the kitchen disturbed her. She took up the light and came out holding it above her head, muttering some disconnected words to herself. When she saw her niece lying

apparently lifeless in the arms of a stranger the color forsook her face, and turning her eyes from one to another of our group, she stood rooted to the floor.

"Do not be terrified, madam," said Kenworthy, in mild and persuasive tones—"Miss Clare has fallen into the water, that is all; show me the way to a bed-room, she will soon be able to explain the accident herself."

The old maid moved toward her niece, looked with a sort of shrinking horror into the still, pallid face resting against the young man's shoulder, and led the way into a bed-room without speaking a word.

She tore off the white counterpane and sheets of snowy linen, heaped the bed with soft blankets, spread them high up over the pillows, covered the whole with a heavy coverlet of blue and white yarn, and then turning to Kenworthy she took Anna from his arms, and waved her hand that the young men should leave the room. The moment they were gone she gave a brief direction that we should undress the sufferer, and went out. We heard her rake open the kitchen fire, lift a shovel full of hot embers, and then we heard her pass into the "out room," remove a sugar-bowl from the corner cupboard, and sprinkle its contents over the living coals. Directly the old maid appeared again, bearing a warming-pan of polished brass firmly, by its long and elaborately turned handle: a cloud of perfumed smoke whirled up from its perforated lid, which had just time to fill the room with a delicious scent before it was buried in the pile of blankets which had been spread for the invalid. To have seen aunt Clare moving about the bed so calmly and methodically, placing her withered hand now in one corner, now in another, to be certain that the warmth was equal and sufficient, one might have supposed that she was almost feelingless, but those who knew the kind, old woman would have seen deep traces of emotion in the settled palor of her features, in the pressure of her thin lips, and the few tears that stole silently from beneath her spectacles.

Aunt Clare took her suffering niece gently in her arms, and laid her in the warm couch. She bent down her head a moment, as if busy with the pillows, but we could see that it was only done to conceal an impulse which she could not resist to kiss the pale forehead reposing there. There was soon a blazing fire in the kitchen, the great iron tea-kettle sent forth a cloud of steam, and various jars containing herb-teas and preparations for bathing, stood about on the hearth. Kenworthy made himself very useful; he searched the garden for wormwood, saturated it with boiling water, and

obeyed the old lady's directions so thoroughly that there was little need for farther aid when Warren returned with the physician.

Notwithstanding all our exertions, it was some hours before Anna Clare became able to speak. When she did, at length, unclosed her eyes, it was tremulously, and as one suffering great pain. She lifted her arm, attempted to reach her aunt's neck, and let it fall again, murmuring a word or two which we could not understand. It mattered not! the sound was enough to convince the old lady that there existed hopes of her child's recovery. She stole out of the room, and now the tears were streaming unchecked down her face, and the pure muslin folded over her bosom rose and fell with the sobs which she could no longer prevent.

Anna Clare dropped into a broken slumber at last; my companion sat by her pillow, motionless, and completely exhausted with violent weeping. There was still a large fire in the adjoining kitchen, and the heat became so oppressive that I went into the garden for relief. I was darting along the only walk it contained, refreshed by the bland air and the moonlight, when a sound reached me from behind a thicket of cinnamon roses and sweet briar that grew in a far off corner of the enclosure. It was the sound of a human voice, pouring forth such words of soul-thrilling eloquence as never fell on my ear before. They were words of mingled prayer and thanksgiving, sweet, energetic and powerful. Every sentence thrilled me to the heart, every tone of the voice overwhelmed me with astonishment. I would not believe that it was the voice of the calm old woman with whom I had just parted—still it arose upon the air, clear and almost holy in its solemn intensity. She had forgotten that others might be near, forgotten that her aged limbs were prostrate on the damp earth, and that the dews of heaven were lying amid her grey tresses. She was alone with her God and the dim past.

I stood upon that gravel-walk, spell-bound and motionless, with the secrets of a human soul poured into my ear, and the sufferings of a life-time revealed in the fervid eloquence of that old woman's prayer.

"Blessings and thanksgiving be rendered unto thee, oh God, that thou hast spared the child to mine old age! Let not the sin of my soul count to the innocent one. Thou knowest, oh Heavenly Father, how resolute and how terrible was my struggle to overcome the passion which has rendered me a solitary and unloved creature on the face of the earth. Did I not wrestle with mine own soul to forgive the sister that wronged me—to rend away the deep love which clings even to the dead,

when that love became a sin! I did forgive!—humbly, meekly—thou, oh Lord, wert the witness of my sincerity in this. But thou, its creator, knowest how weak is the human heart—how incapable of wrestling with itself when that which we are commanded to conquer is rooted so deep in the life. I have concealed it from the world—almost from my own soul—but unto thee, oh Heavenly Father, all hearts are laid open. It is here—burning still with a dim smouldering fire that will not be quenched, and thou, Almighty Father, canst look down and behold it all—all this deep clinging love of the dead—”

The voice seemed choked for a moment, and heavy sobs alone sounded from the thicket. At length it fell on the air again, low and tremulous, but still earnest as before.

“Spare, oh spare the child yet a little longer! Let her rest against this withered and broken heart till it is called home forever. Have compassion upon me, oh merciful Father, have compassion upon me! Every pulse of this poor heart has been counted before this—thou hast witnessed my outgoings and my incoming. My feet have become unfamiliar with the path to his grave, and my eyes to the blossoms which thy goodness has shed over his green resting place—yet to her tomb have I made constant pilgrimage—to her child and his—oh, Father, was it sin when the cheek warm with his blood rested in my bosom? when the helpless infant nestled to my heart till she became a portion of it—the better, dearer portion? Was the innocent one flung into the jaws of death that my soul might be startled from its idolatry? Oh, Lord, visit not my sins too heavily—spare her to me yet a little longer! Never again shall these aged lips touch the forehead which his life has warmed. Never again shall that young form be gathered to my bosom for its nightly sleep. Never shall that soft smile, *his* smile, spread a veil between my soul and heaven. I ask but to know that she lives, that the last earthly tie woven about this poor life is still unbroken. Let me hear her footstep on my humble threshold—her low voice in the evening prayer, and her breath, sometimes, when she has gone to *her* solitary sleep.”

Again the voice was broken with sobs, and now I forced a control over myself, and went away, ashamed and sorrow-stricken with the knowledge I had obtained. I had unwillingly shared the most holy confidence that can exist under heaven—that which lies between the soul and its Creator. A consciousness of this oppressed and agitated me. I wandered away, to an opposite corner of the garden, and sat down upon a fragment of the stone wall, bewildered with thought. The blotted pages

of a woman's heart had been opened before me—of a being whose life had been singularly quiet and uneventful—yet how terrible were the sufferings written there! Was this the inheritance of womanhood? To conceal and to suffer, was *it* the destiny of my sex? Was I born the inheritor of passions which must be so fearfully controlled—doomed to smother the feelings which were natural to my heart—to control myself *thus*—thus to tremble before the Father of Heaven, lest an idol should be torn from my soul, and the penalty of excessive affection exacted even unto death?

My heart gave back no answer; for the first time it shrunk from the future. It had suddenly possessed itself of knowledge which few ever obtain, the knowledge of that hidden world which exists in every human heart—a world which, believe it as we may, has no landmarks in the actions or words of the possessor—none at least so legible that any eye save that of the Almighty can read them.

It was an hour before I entered the house again, and when I did return, the experience of years seemed given to my possession. I felt older—far wiser, perhaps, but terrified and not half so happy. It seemed as if a spirit wing had brushed the bloom from my youth: that a shadow had fallen upon my being which nothing could lift again.

I found Anna Taylor still sitting by the invalid's pillow, gazing upon her fixedly as she slept. Aunt Clare was also leaning against the bed-post, calm as ever, but with an expression of stern resolve settled on her face, which was a shade whiter than before; but it displayed no traces of agitation, save a faint flush about the eyes, which was almost concealed by the bows of her silver spectacles.

The physician was in the “out room,” preparing to depart; Kenworthy and Warren stole through the kitchen to whisper good-night, and we were alone with the sufferer.

A cold and slight fever hung about our friend for more than a week; during that time Anna Taylor and myself were faithful watchers. We seldom left the house for a moment, though our services were scarcely required, for Aunt Clare was one of the kindest and most gentle nurses that ever hovered about a sick bed. During all this time Warren and his friend remained at the public house farther down the village. They visited us every day, and when Anna Clare became well enough to sit in the “out room,” and trifle feebly with her knitting work, Kenworthy became almost a constant inmate of the house. He talked with us of the wonders to be found in his native land—the ruined castles, the battle grounds enriched with human blood—of the foreign countries that he had visited, and the ad-

ventures which had marked his travels; he sketched the old farm-house, from every point of view, for good Aunt Clare; wrote a Hebrew sentence in the blank leaf of her bible, and contrived to entice a sweeter music from the minister's flute than was ever breathed in it before. There was no accomplishment or science of which he did not seem to be a master—no art of pleasing which was not brought into action during that bright, happy week when Anna Clare was recovering from her accident.

In a few days the color came faintly back to the invalid's cheek: a delicate, fluctuating tinge that had never been witnessed on that sweet face before, came and went every moment, like the reflection which a rose gives to the alabaster vase which supports it. Was it returning health, or the first dawn of love breaking up from the young heart?

One night we were collected in the little parlor which Aunt Clare always designated "the out room," when the subject of our village school was brought up. There was some difficulty in securing a competent teacher; most of the young persons in the neighborhood attended school in the winter, and as many of them had been in higher seminaries away from home, the selection of a preceptor for our little academy was an object of considerable importance. To Aunt Clare, whose income was exceedingly limited, this subject was a matter of deep interest, for the school-master had always boarded at her house, and now that the institution was closed, it affected even her means of subsistence in no inconsiderable degree.

Kenworthy looked up from a sketch of the old bridge which he was finishing, and as he listened to our conversation, a flash of pleasure shot over his face, as if some humorous idea had just presented itself. He began trifling with his pencil upon a new scrap of paper, and carelessly put some questions regarding the duties and attainments requisite for a teacher such as the committee desired.

Aunt Clare gave a formidable array of sciences which would be indispensable, and summed up by seriously informing him that no man could be admitted, who had not provided himself with learning enough to withstand the cross questions of an examining committee, composed of our minister, lawyer Brown, and the village physician, all of them college learned men, who had studied Latin, and were supposed to know Greek enough to puzzle any common scholar. As for geography and cyphering, no man who had not the multiplication table at his finger's end, and the whole globe mapped out on his brow, need hope for a certificate from that committee.

A peculiar smile was playing about Kenworthy's lips while the old lady was speaking. He laughed once or twice, as if delighted with the performance of his pencil, and when I looked over his shoulder, he was finishing the right hand of a caricature representation of himself, standing before three learned looking persons, with a hat in his hand, a coat with the sleeves much too short, and a copy book under his arm, the very image of a great school boy saying his first lesson.

He snatched the caricature away and shook his head, warning me to silence. The very next evening, when Warren and Anna Taylor came up to aunt Clare's in order to inform us that they would depart for the city the morning after, I was not surprised to hear Kenworthy declare his determination to remain in the village. When Warren expostulated against any change of place, his friend gravely drew forth a certificate from the examining committee, and proclaimed himself the preceptor of the academy during the next half year.

I looked at Anna Clare; the blood rushed over her cheek and brow; her lips began to tremble, and when that bright color settled in her cheek—a rich, warm damask—the tremor of those red lips was lost in one of the most beautiful smiles that I ever beheld—so joyous, so exquisitely child-like. It flashed over her like sunlight on pleasant waters.

Kenworthy looked at her also, a single moment was sufficient to kindle his fine eyes with an expression of triumphant pleasure. Their glances had not met for an instant, for after the first joyful start her eyes drooped beneath their dark lashes, and she shrank back as if ashamed of her own innocent sensations, but it was evident that Kenworthy knew himself beloved. Anna Taylor was standing by me with her bonnet on ready to depart. When she reached forth her hand and murmured good night, the lamp shone full upon her features. There was something in the expression that I did not like—a flash of the eye and upward curve of the full coral lip that betrayed excitement of no amiable kind. She shrank from, and seemed troubled by the steadfast look which I had fixed upon her, and, going toward Anna Clare, kissed her with more than usual warmth, repeated her farewell over and over again, and seemed nervously anxious either to conceal or conquer the excitement which I had witnessed.

The next day Anna Taylor departed for the city, and Kenworthy had his luggage removed from the public house to a neat chamber in Aunt Clare's dwelling. The good old maid was delighted with the arrangement, not more from the advantage which it promised to herself, than from a benevolent feeling toward a young man whom

she believed to be in a strange land with limited means. She, good soul, never dreamed that any thing but necessity could induce a high spirited and accomplished foreigner to undertake the duties of a school-master in a country village, and looked upon his acceptance by the committee as an instance of good fortune which ought to call forth the gratitude of his friends. Poor, old woman, she little knew how much of sorrow the future held in store.

That was a lonely autumn and winter to me, for I was almost alone in the academy: the three empty desks which my friends had occupied gave my portion of the room a desolate air. Kenworthy had seconded my request with a grave smile, and no one was permitted to occupy them. Anna Clare came to school occasionally, but her health continued delicate all the winter, and when she did come, I was rendered almost jealous by the devotion, the beautiful, deep love which every modest act and tone exhibited toward our young master. I was grieved by her want of confidence, for though a child must have seen how pure and ardent were her newly aroused feelings, she gave them no voice, even to me, her oldest, truest friend.

There was something about Kenworthy that puzzled and amazed me. Young as we both were, unaccustomed to society, and scarcely conscious that a being so heartless as a "man of the world" could exist—it was not strange that we were all incapable of comprehending him. His attentions to Anna Clare were never intruded on the notice, and at times he seemed even studiously neglectful and cold, keeping her in doubt, I do believe, of his feelings toward her out of mere wantonness, for he loved her, I am sure he did, at that time, and with his whole heart.

One cold, sharp evening, when the weather seemed too severe for a female to be out, Anna Clare came down to our house, muffled in her school cloak, and with the hood drawn over her head. Her cheek shone out bright and crimson beneath the dark lining, and there was an expression in her eyes that I had never witnessed before, a quick sparkling fire, as if all the pride of her pure nature had been set in action at once, and would never be quenched again. She had entered the house without knocking, and coming directly to the table, where I was busy with my lessons, she placed her arms round my neck and whispered—

"I have come to stay with you all night—let us go to bed now, shall we?"

It had been many a long day since Anna Clare had sought me thus; absorbed by other feelings, she had forgotten how much I loved her. I felt

the tears gather in my eyes, and in order to conceal them, arose abruptly, and taking a light, led the way to my chamber. I had scarcely closed the door, when Anna flung herself upon her knees by the bed-side, still muffled in her cloak, and gave way to a passionate burst of tears. I was startled and astonished.

"What is the matter, Anna? what can have troubled you?" I said, in great agitation, drawing back the hood from her face and winding my arm around her.

She was trembling like an aspen leaf, and still continued to sob more violently than before, while the face which I had but partially revealed was hastily buried in her locked hands.

A strange, cold feeling came over me—a presentiment of evil, indefinite, but overwhelming.

"Anna," I said, scarcely conscious of the words my lips were uttering, "this seems very strange. Who has wronged you—what can have happened? Has Mr. Kenworthy—?"

She started to her feet as I uttered the name, and the face which she turned full on mine was pale with indignant and passionate grief.

"Do not mention his name again, unless you would drive me mad!" she exclaimed.

"Anna," I replied, lost in amazement, "I thought you loved that man. You would not take me into your confidence, but every act of yours, every word and tone went to convince me of it."

She stood a moment as if bewildered with the thoughts that crowded on her, then burst into tears, and resting her cheek on my shoulder, murmured—

"Do not reproach me; I was proud—I did not try to hide any thing from you, but it was so humiliating I could not own in words how much, how fatally I loved him. Every day I thought he would have spoken out—and then I could tell you all without blushing. He has spoken now!" she added, in a firm voice, and with a slight scornful laugh.

"What—Anna Clare—you do not mean—"

"You will not mention his name again!" she said, quickly interrupting me, as if to check the indignant words that hovered on my lips.

"No, no," I said, "you cannot love him now—all respect must have perished in your heart—no girl could love where she has ceased to respect. Let the ingrate go!"

We went to rest, but my sleep was imperfect, though I lay motionless and with closed eyes, that the poor girl by my side might, if possible, find some repose. But it was of no avail—toward midnight she drew her arm from my neck, crept to the outer verge of the bed, and gave way to her grief

in tears and sobs that were painful to hear, the more painful when she strove to stifle them.

"Anna," I said, at length, "he is unworthy of such tears."

"I know it—I know it," she said, with a start, and striving to check her sobs—"but I feel so alone—so broken-hearted!"

TO BE CONCLUDED.

SONG OF MOSES

ON THE SHORES OF THE RED SEA.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

WE will sing unto the Lord, he hath triumphed gloriously,
The war horse and the rider he hath cast into the sea;

The Lord our father's God hath been, he is our strength and song,
His arm uplifts the floods and breaks the jaw teeth of the strong!

The Lord is our salvation, the god of Gods, for lo!
Like stubble in his breath of wrath he hath consumed the foe;
The deeps have covered Pharoah, and his chosen captains all,
His chariots and horses—there are none to weep his fall!

All through the arid desert they pressed upon our track,
All through the march the gleam of spears shone on us looking back;
And in the solemn night-time their distant hum arose,
As when among the sand hills the stormy south wind blows.

Ay! we heard afar their noises, their shouts and clari-
ons shrill,
And their banners in the setting sun blazed on each western hill;
And hotly thundering in pursuit their squadrons shook the plain,
As when Leviathan in wrath lashes the wintry main

But the angel of the Lord was there, the pillar of the cloud
That shone in fire upon our way, but was to them a shroud,
A shroud that wrapped them all about, and hid us from their sight,
And led them up and down the hills throughout the fearful night.

The sun set on the barren shore and on the waters black,
Whit'ning in fitful scud upon the fresh'ning night wind's track;

And the hearts of all were desolate, for from the hostile camp

Came sound of arms preparing, and sentry's measured tramp.

We tossed in broken slumbers, for we saw the morrow's fight,

The charge, the stand, defeat, despair, and oh! the bitter sight,

Our wife's white bosoms gashed and red, our babes upon the flood—

And we dreamed we heard the vultures flap their wings above the blood.

We woke: the Lord is merciful, our God is God of all,

He hath smote the wicked sore, he hath broke the oppressor's thrall;

With shouting and rejoicing, with dancing and with praise,

With cymbal, harp and lyre we will triumph all our days.

The breath of God is mighty, he bade the east wind blow

For a way unto his people, for a judgment to his foe!

Ere the morning dawn we looked, and the sea was dry before,

With a wall of waters right and left, the path from shore to shore.

Then down into the deep we went, into the wild abyss,

Deaf'ning, we heard far overhead, the whirling waters hiss;

The twilight stars grew dimmer, and above with outline bold,

We saw the billows heave and fall against the pale sky cold—

Heave up and fall with glistening sides and toppling crests of white,

Threat'ning to plunge in thunder down upon the dizzy sight—

Though pale our faces, 'twas beneath the water's ghastly hue,

For we knew in doubt and darkness the Lord would bear us through!

Yet some were there faint-hearted, who mourned for Egypt's ease,

Who trembled at the gaping jaws and monsters of the seas:

Our wives clung to us wildly, our children wept aloud,

And sobs and shrieks half stifled came choking from the crowd.

But we cheered them with brave words, and with bold hearts as we went

We lifted up a hymn to God, the Lord Omnipotent!

At last upon the further shore, at dawn we saw the shine

Of banner-point and spear-head along our foremost line—

Then a shiver and a tumult through every stern heart
ran,
And hands were clasped, and garments waved—a
phrenzy seized each man,
And rose a mighty shout that went rolling down the
ranks,
As when Nile's swollen cataracts chafe roaring in
their banks.

And from the shore 't was answered; but even as it
rose,
Already on the sands we saw the chariots of our
foes;
And when in safety on the cliffs our people stood at
last,
Already down into the sea their thronging hosts had
passed.

Exult upon the timbrel, let Miriam's virgins dance,
Lo! horse and rider struggling in the white and chafed
expanse;
And banners, casques and chariots, the weak man and
the strong,
Toss'd to and fro as feathers when the Monsoon
shrieks along!

As a thunderbolt descending, as an obelisk might
fall,
As solid Sinai sinking, went down that watery
wall!
High to the azure heavens flew up the creamy
foam;
The crash awoke the Bedawee off in his desert
home;

The lion started, gazed around, and howl'd in
wild affright;
The river horse rushed from his reeds and churn'd
the waters white;
And far where Pharoah's capital shone in the morn-
ing sky,
Shook Memnon's image weird as when an earth-
quake surges by.

Oh! weep ye maids of Meroe, ye Theban virgins
wail,
Along the Red Sea borders your lovers lie all pale;
And the foam is on the lips ye so oft have fondly
prest,
And the slimy sea-weed lies on the hearts where ye
would rest.

Oh! mourn Egyptian wives, and in sackcloth bow to
earth,
No holy corpse in spices shall consecrate your
hearth;
Where the hungry jackall prowls and the vulture
screams they lie,
And their bones, before the summer, shall whiten in
the sky.

Go to, ye priests of Isis! your gods are put to
shame;
What was your stall fed idol when the Lord Jehovah
came?

When he came in sudden anger, and forth his arms
were thrown,
And the hosts of Pharoah sank in the waters like a
stone?

Exult upon the timbrel! let Miriam's virgins dance!
In ripples soft the ocean flows beneath the morning's
glance;
And o'er the Eastern desert against the Orient's gold,
The stately palms of Elim by cool wells we behold.

Exult upon the timbrel! the tyrant's spear is stayed,
A highway through the wilderness the Lord our God
hath made;
Ay! he who on the thunder's mane his red right
hand doth lay,
And reineth in the whirlwind, will lead us on alway!

The Hivite and the Jebusite shall fall beneath our
sword,
And Amorite and Perrizite shall wither as a gourd;
For the God of Jacob guides us where Abraham was
led,
To the land of milk and honey, and the wine press
running red!

Forever and forever, shall the Lord Jehovah reign,
He hath saved us from the spoiler, he hath made
their strength in vain!

Oh! sing unto the Lord, he hath triumphed glori-
ously,
The war-horse and his rider he hath cast into the
sea!

LINES

*Written on seeing a Moth with the Image of a Crucifix
on its Wings.*

BY THOS. E. VAN BIBBER.

HASTE, Christians, hasten here to view
A picture sweet, a saintly sight—
A moth, with Cross of sable hue,
Embroider'd on a ground of white.

On either wing, lo! half a Cross!
Come, see how calm and still she lies—
A holy thing—bright with the gloss
And pencilling of the upper skies.

How calm! If roused from visions blest,
Her crucifix will break in twain;
But soon each soft wing sinks to rest,
The sacred sign soon forms again.

Thus oft Christ's hallow'd image breaks
In two, when mirror'd on the soul;
Awhile each sever'd fragment shakes,
Then joins, to form a perfect whole.

Oh, no! the thought of that Dread Hour
No pious heart can e'er forget;
'Tis pictured on the Passion-flower—
The spear, the nails, the bloody sweat,

The wounded palms, the bleeding side,
All—all in vision re-appear;
E'en on the stars 't may be descried,
High hung in either hemisphere.

597614

THE MINSTREL.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

CHAPTER I.

IN a forest glade of England, where tall oaks spread their thick foliage overhead, and where, through the avenues of the trees, glimpses of deer in the distance continually were caught, sat a young forester, attired in Lincoln green, by the side of as lovely a girl as ever that merry land, famed for the beauty of her daughters, has seen. Her eyes were bent on the ground; but her hand lying passively in his, the rich glow of her cheek, and the heaving of her bosom made this no unfavorable sign. It was evident that she loved and was beloved.

"And you will never cease to love me," she said at last, looking timidly up; "you are going away to the wars—you may forget—"

"Never," said he, energetically, interrupting her. "How can I," he added, lifting her delicate hand to his lips and kissing it, "forget one so lovely?"

She looked down, and her color heightened. Then she seemed about to speak, but checked herself. The lover gazed on her inquiringly, and lifting her eyes, she caught the expression of his face.

"You are angry with me!" she said.

"No—speak freely—what do you fear?"

Assured by these words, with a sudden effort she unburdened her bosom.

"I fear—that is—something tells me," she continued, abruptly, "that you will forget me for another when you are away—that you will wed some one higher and more beautiful than I—for you will win renown and honors, and no longer a squire, will learn to despise the poor knight's daughter."

The lover's cheek burned at these words, and his first impulse was to drop her hand.

"Now, by St. George, this is too bad, Ada," he said, rising; but seeing that she burst into tears, his anger vanished; he sank on his knee, seized her hand, covered it with kisses, and then drew the weeping girl soothingly to his bosom.

"Forgive me," he said, "I am too passionate for one so delicate as you. Forgive me, dear Ada, and oh! believe that nothing—neither honor, wealth, nor rank, the smiles of the beautiful or high-born can induce me to forget you."

Soothed by his ardent protestations, and by his tender concern, Ada gradually dried her tears, and looked up from his shoulder, on which her head had been passionately reclined.

"No, it was I that should be forgiven. I did wrong to suspect you for a moment. But a strange, unaccountable fear came over me—it must have been a whisper from the evil one, who is ever ready

to tempt us—and I gave utterance to it rather as from one speaking in me, than as from my own heart."

"Dismiss such temptations from you hereafter, dearest, at once; for as soon could this river dry up, or the poor squire become earl in yonder castle, as I could forget you."

He pointed as he spoke to the river winding through the forest, and followed its course with the eye, to a castle far off among the distant hills, perched, like an eyrie, on the summit of an inaccessible rock—the stronghold of the earls of Monmouth, then the mightiest barons in the west of England: and the ardor with which he spoke carried conviction to Ada's heart.

"I will not suspect you. No!—though I hear that you are faithless, I will not believe it. But I pray God the hour may never come when I hear this."

"Nor will it," said the lover, sanguinely. "There now, dry up your last tear, and let us talk of the future. Oh! how happy will be the day when I return from the wars, with wealth enough to buy us a cottage, hard by some sylvan glade like this, where we may spend our lives together."

The maiden hid her face in her lover's broad bosom: and thus we will leave them.

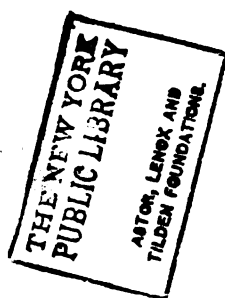
CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed—two long and weary years to Ada—since the lovers parted at the moonlit casement of that fair girl. In that time sad and eventful changes had come over our heroine. Her father had died, and the little inheritance he possessed, which was scarcely sufficient to afford the worn-out warrior the necessities of life, had been wrongfully wrested from the orphan, and, homeless and almost friendless, she had been forced to accept a station in a humble yeoman's cottage. She would have sunk amid her trials, but that the consciousness of Herbert's love, and the knowledge that he would come some day to claim her as his bride, at first sustained her, and afterwards habit, in a measure, accommodated her to her altered fortunes.

But month glided after month, and she received no tidings of Herbert, save an uncertain message sent her from the port whence he was about to embark for France, to share in the victories of the great Henry. The communications between the two countries were, at that day, uncertain, and those living in secluded rural districts, like the one where Ada now resided, heard from their friends only after a long interval, and generally relied on a returning soldier or chance traveller for news. The knowledge of this long consoled Ada for the ab-



The Mendicant



sence of any message from Herbert, but when months had glided into years, and others, living in the neighborhood, had heard from brothers or lovers in the army, she began gradually to despond. She had seen how her friends at the approach of misfortune, had deserted her—she knew that men were often faithless—and might not new scenes, good fortune, and continued absence have alienated Herbert's affections for her? Several times she had sent messages to him, but received no reply. The few who knew her former history assured her that she was deserted, and so, at last, almost broken hearted, she confessed to herself that Herbert might be unfaithful. Her suspicions, against which hope struggled long, were finally confirmed.

One evening, a wounded soldier, bound still further into the interior, and weary with the day's long travel, stopped at the farm-house and begged a night's lodging. From the window of her little room Ada overheard him relating, to a group on the green, a narrative of a wonderful accession of fortune which had happened to a poor young knight in the army.

"I knew him well," said the soldier, "and a brave youth he was—I served under him, and he must be a man of courage whom I follow. He came from the shire next beyond this, and I have heard was once a forester; but he got to be my lord Alden's squire, and for saving his master's life at Agincourt, was knighted on the spot. But, though brave as old lion-hearted Richard, he was poor, and had few friends, so he rose slowly. It was rumored in camp that he loved some beautiful lady as poor as himself, and that he was to marry her if ever he could win wealth enough to support her. But, I trow, this was a mistake, for, though not very rich, he gradually won enough wealth for a lover eager to wed. Yet, be that as it may, I'll venture he'll think of no dowerless dame now, for lo! when the grim old earl of Monmouth died, it was discovered that Sir Herbert Nelson was his next male heir, though the relationship was so distant that the young knight never pretended to claim it, and so now he is in possession of more manors than there are houses in this pretty village of yours. Comrades, here's to you in this brown ale—a right hearty friend to the soldier is our sturdy host, the owner of this farm—I drink his health."

Ada heard this narrative with a quick beating heart. Every thing seemed to swim around her. Her heart leapt at the glad news of her lover's elevation, but she sighed instantly afterwards when she thought of his desertion. Surely, she reasoned, now that he was a great lord he could have sent a messenger specially to her. She longed to ask if he had yet returned to England; and, fortunately,

one among the group of listeners anticipated her wish.

"And has he come back to claim his estates?" asked a spectator. "I mind me of Monmouth castle, perched like a raven's nest high on a cliff—there will be merry feasting there when the young heir comes, and I should like to drink some of the brown ale, and be at the roasting of the ox."

"Ah! you are too late for that," said the soldier, laughing, "for the earl returned a month ago, and is by this time done with feasting, and is looking out for a wife to grace his board."

Ada heard no more. Again all things swam around her, and she lost her consciousness. When she recovered slowly and painfully from her fainting spell, the boon companions had left the lawn, and the moon was high in heaven.

"Lost—lost," were her first audible words; "oh! faithless Herbert, little did I think this of you. And to remember your protestations when we parted! But I will not believe you could so desert me. Ah! me—yet it must be true," and she wrung her hands and sobbed wildly.

But Ada had strength of character, and the result was, after a long fit of weeping, that she resolved to satisfy herself in person of her lover's faithlessness before she would give up all hope. Her mind, naturally full of resources, soon hit upon a plan by which she might learn Herbert's sentiments without betraying herself. She remembered to have brought with her from her former home a suit which a page of her father had worn, when the old knight was rich and powerful. She determined to array herself in this, so as to disguise her sex and taking her harp and her faithful hound with her, secretly to leave the farm-house, make her way across the country to Monmouth castle, find entrance to its owner, and play some tune that would suggest the past to him. She had no doubt but she should thus discover his sentiments. If he had proved faithless, she resolved to leave him forever.

CHAPTER III.

Once having formed her plan, Ada proceeded to put it into execution, and by midnight had concluded every preparation. She left a written message in her little room for the parish priest—for the good yeoman could not read—telling her friends she would be gone some days, perhaps forever, but that she was in no peril, and would ever remember their kindness, if God willed it that they and she should never meet again. Then, stealthily summoning her father's hound, she betook herself to her way.

It was a fortnight before Ada, travelling on foot over rough and unfrequented roads, to avoid being

discovered, reached the end of her journey. She had subsisted partly through charity, and partly by the aid of a little sum she had saved; and though she had suffered many privations, she had been sustained by her high spirit through all. But when she reached the foot of the castle hill, this support gave way. All the difficulties of her situation broke upon her. How should she, in her almost mendicant character, make her way to the earl, through rude horse-boys and coarse men-at-arms? She sat down on a rock, and, for the first time, hesitated whether she should proceed or go back. Here, wearied out, she fell asleep, nor woke for more than an hour. But when she did, she felt refreshed—her energy returned to her, and she no longer hesitated to go on.

Warders, pages, and scullions thronged the castle yard, jesting in loud tones, when the disguised minstrel, after having obtained admittance, entered it. She paused at first timidly on seeing the uproar, but remembering her assumed character, advanced with a bolder step.

"Ha! what have we here?" said one of the group. "A minstrel boy, and, i' faith, a handsome youth he is. If he can only play as well as he looks, we shall have rare music."

"Come, give us a roundelay," said another. "Why, one would think you a girl, you look down so bashfully."

Ada trembled lest they should discover her, and again rallying herself, she began a plaintive air. She had scarcely finished it, when the last speaker resumed—

"You are melancholy, sir minstrel, As for me, I say away with your sighing songs. Give me a gay roundelay—what say you, comrades, shall we have something merry?"

"Ay! ay!" cried a dozen voices.

Ada, at this boisterous treatment, thought she would sink to the earth. She felt keenly how incapacitated she was for the rude encounters necessary to carry out the plan she had undertaken. She determined to make an effort at once to escape.

"Nay, I cannot sing gaily to-day," she said; "unless, indeed, for the brave earl, of whom I have heard so much. Show me to him, and I will, when dismissed the audience, sing you the gayest roundelay they ever taught in Provence."

A derisive laugh broke from the one who had been the chief speaker hitherto.

"By St. Thomas, you ruffle it well, young minstrel, to ask to see my lord. But know he has no leisure for such as you. And, i' faith, if you are too proud to sing for us, and as we wish, you must leave the castle, and find another lodging-place."

The voice of the crowd seconded this opinion, though two or three murmured, but, at that instant, a page came running across the court-yard, exclaiming—

"My lord rides out directly—clear the way, ye varlets. What! idling around a wandering knave of a minstrel! Away with him—pack him forth as soon as possible. If it were a pretty girl, now, we could hide her in the buttery," and with the ribald jest he passed on.

Stunned and sick at heart, Ada turned away; but, as if she did not move fast enough, the rough speaker aforementioned laid his hand on her to push her along. Her faithful hound at this uttered a low growl, which the man repaid with a kick, when the dog sprang at his throat. A violent uproar ensued, which terrified Ada almost to death. She recollected little of what followed, except that she saw a tall and richly attired form, which she recognized as that of Herbert, appear angrily at a window, and immediately afterwards she found herself thrust from the gateway, while her faithful hound was cast after her.

CHAPTER IV.

Ada took her tottering way down the castle steep, her faithful hound walking watchfully by her, as if conscious that he was now her only protector, and seemingly careless of his own wounds, which dropped blood at every step. The poor girl's heart was full. She had seen her lover, and so far her object had been gained. She had recognized him even in his princely attire, although time had materially changed him. But she was rewarded by hearing from his own lips the angry order for her removal, even though, forgetting for the time her assumed character, she had clasped her hands and besought him to protect her, gazing up with a look that he surely should have recognized. She had heard him reiterate the order more angrily at this—and then the succeeding events were a dream, until she found herself on the causeway, an arrow flight from the castle.

Tired, agitated and heart-broken, she tottered along until a turn in the wood hid her from the sight of the castle, when, no longer fearing discovery, she burst into tears and sobbed convulsively. Her dimmed eyes could scarcely discern the road, and once or twice she would have walked off the precipice, if her hound, tugging at her garment, had not recalled her wandering and disturbed mind.

At last she reached the foot of the castle ascent, and came upon the spot where she had rested herself a few hours before. The place was sheltered from the road, and knowing not whither next to

go, she sat down on the rock, and leaning her head on her hand, gave way to bitter despondency. Convinced of her lover's faithlessness, and unnerved by the late rude scene, she had no desire to live, and once or twice she looked wistfully into the stream at her feet, as if tempted to end in it her life. But from these bitter thoughts she was recalled by the wounded hound, who, sitting at her feet, raised his head feebly and licked her hand. This simple act brought a flood of tears anew into her eyes.

"Poor Trail," she said, "you are now my only friend. Oh! faithless, faithless Herbert—God forgive you for the wrong you have done me, and for the insult of this day." Again she wept convulsively. "Whither shall I go?" she said. "It is a fortnight's journey home, and my strength is utterly spent. I feel as if I could lie down and die here; but, base as you have been, Herbert, my last breath should breathe a prayer for your forgiveness."

At that instant the hound started and growled, and immediately she heard the rapid clatter of horses feet coming down the causeway. She looked up. A single horseman was dashing down the rocky road, leaving a train of fire beneath his charger's hoofs. Ada shrunk closer into her half sheltered nook, and turned her face to the rock to avoid observation. Nearer and louder came the thunder of the rider, and the hound, though Ada strove to restrain him, sprang to his feet, and turning, bayed at the stranger. Suddenly the steed was reined in, the hound as suddenly ceased, and immediately Ada felt an arm encircling her, while a rich, deep voice, that thrilled every pulse in her frame, spoke.

"For God's sake, Ada, is this you? Heaven forgive me," he exclaimed, as with a shriek of strangely mingled doubt and joy, she turned her head and recognized her lover, "for the insults you have received. You are not dead, as I heard; you live, dearest—speak and say you forgive my seeming neglect, which I can explain."

But Ada had fainted, and not until he had drenched her face in water, and covered her lips with burning kisses, did she revive. She revived to find herself in Herbert's arms, to hear him declare his unabated love, to know that he had never forgotten her, and that, after fruitless attempts to find her, he had been assured she was dead.

It should have been told that Ada, after her father's death, was taken into the family of an honest farmer, in a different shire from the one where she had lived. He was a stranger to the people of her native place, having become acquainted with her father in the wars, where he received many benefits from the old knight. Hearing accidentally of Ada's loss, when casually travelling in her vicinity,

his generous heart prompted him to give her a home; but the directions he left where to find him were soon forgotten by the neighbors, so that, in less than six months, no one in her native place could tell whither Ada had gone. When the earl returned to England, he hurried to Ada's former home, where the ignorant neighbors, conscious of their negligence, sought to conceal it by asserting that Ada was dead. Time might have betrayed the truth in a more ordinary way, had not the scheme of Ada brought her to the castle.

The earl had heard the uproar, and advanced to the window to see the cause. At first he noticed only a travelling minstrel, but Ada's supplicating look struck him, and though he did not recognize her, a strange fancy of having met the face before beset him. He fancied, too, as he saw the hound stalk down the hill, that there was something familiar in his gait. Thus musing, he passed down into the court-house to mount his horse, and here the first object that met his eye was the rude collar of the dog, which had been cut off by a chance stroke of a sword in the scuffle. A suspicion of the truth flashed on him now, which was confirmed when he learned how eagerly the minstrel had sought his presence. Flinging himself on his steed, and ordering no one to follow him, he galloped furiously down the rocky road, and met Ada as we have seen.

When next the fair girl entered the gateway of the castle, it was not as a wandering minstrel, but as the honored bride of one of the noblest and most powerful members of the English baronage.

THE WISH.

BY JOHN S. JENKINS.

CONTENTMENT calm, and pure, and sweet,
Thy footsteps always kindly greet—
Bloom on thy cheek, and light thine eye,
With holy, happy ecstasy.

If in thy breast there linger now
One thought of love or bridal vow,
Oh! may it be a welcome guest,
To bless thy truth, and to be blest.
Affection fond and friendship warm,
Be thine in sunshine and in storm,
To strew before thee brightest flowers,
And lead thee e'er through fairest bowers.

Oh! on thy heart—a tablet fair—
Read thou what God hath written there;
'T will soothe thee in the saddest hour,
To feel His care and know His power.

Faith for thine helper—He thy shield,
The richest treasures earth can yield,
Will be the emblems, pure and bright,
Of pleasures in a "world of light."

THE INDIAN TRAIL.

BY PERCIE H. SELTON.

"THE Indians have attacked Mr. Stuart's house, burnt it, and carried his family into captivity!" were the first words of a breathless woodsman, as he rushed into the block-house of a village in Western New York, during one of the early border wars. "Up, up—a dozen men should have been on the trail two hours ago."

"God help us!" said one of the group, a bold, frank forester, and with a face whiter than ashes, he leaned against the wall, gasping for breath. Every eye was turned on him with sympathy, for he and Mr. Stuart's only daughter, a lovely girl of seventeen, were to be married in a few days.

The bereaved father was universally respected. He was a man of great benevolence of heart, and of some property, and resided on a mill seat he owned, about two miles from the village. His family consisted of his eldest daughter and three widowed children. He had been from home, so the runner said, when his house was attacked, nor had the neighbors any intimation of the catastrophe, until the light of the burning tenements awakened the suspicions of a settler, who resided a mile nearer the village than Mr. Stuart, and who, proceeding toward the flames, found the houses and mills in ruins, and recognized the feet of females and children on the trail of the Indians. He hurried instantly to the fort, and it was this individual who now stood breathlessly narrating the events which we, in fewer words, have detailed.

The alarm spread through the village like fire spreads in a swamp after a drought, and before the speaker had finished his story, the little block-house was filled with eager and sympathizing faces. Several of the inhabitants had brought their rifles, and others now hurried home to arm themselves. The young men of the settlement gathered, to a man, around Henry Leper, the betrothed husband of Mary Stuart, and though few words were spoken, the earnest grasp of the hand and the accompanying look, assured him that his friends keenly felt for him, and were ready to follow him to the world's end. The party was about to set forth when a man was seen hurriedly running up the road from the direction of the desolated home.

"It is Mr. Stuart," said one of the oldest of the group. "Stand back, and let him come in."

The men parted right and left from the doorway, and immediately the father entered; the neighbors bowed respectfully to him as he passed. He scarcely returned their salutations, but advancing directly to his intended son-in-law, the two mutually fell into each other's arms. The

spectators, not wishing to intrude on the privacy of their grief, turned their faces away with that instinctive delicacy which is nowhere found more often than among those who are thought to be merely rude borderers; but they heard sobs, and they knew that the heart of the usually collected Mr. Stuart must be fearfully agitated.

"My friends," he said, at length, "this is kind. I see you know my loss, and are ready to march with me. God bless you!" He could say no more, for he was choking with emotion.

"Stay back, father," said young Leper, using for the first time a name which, in that moment of desolation, carried sweet comfort to the parent's heart, "you cannot bear the fatigues as well as we—death only will prevent us bringing back Mary—"

"I know it—I know, my son—but I cannot stay here in suspense. No—I will go with you. I have to-day the strength of a dozen men."

The fathers who were there nodded in assent, and nothing further was said, but immediately the party, as if by one impulse, set forth.

There was no difficulty in finding the trail of the Indians, along which the pursuers advanced with a speed incredible to those unused to forest life, and the result of long and severe discipline. But rapid as their march, hour after hour elapsed without any signs of the vicinity of the savages, though evidence that they had passed the route a while before was continually met. The sun rose high in the heavens until he stood above the tree tops, then he began slowly to decline, and at length his slant beams could scarcely penetrate the forest; yet there were no appearances of the Indians, and the hearts of the pursuers began to despond. Already the opinion had grown general that a further advance was useless, for the boundaries of the settler's districts had long been passed; they were in the very heart of the savages' country; and by this time the Indians had probably reached their village. Yet, when the older men, who alone would venture to suggest a return, looked at the father or at his intended son-in-law, they could not utter the words which would carry despair to two almost breaking hearts, and so the march was continued. But night drew on, and one of the elders spoke.

"There seems to be no hope," he said, stopping, and resting his rifle on the ground, "and we are far from our families. What would become of the village if attacked in our absence?"

This was a question that went to every heart, and by one consent the party stopped, and many, especially of the older ones, took a step or two involuntarily homewards. The father and young Leper looked at each other in mute despair.

"You are right, Jenkins," the young man said,

at length. "It is selfish in us to lead you so far away from home on—" and here for an instant he choked—"on, perhaps, a fruitless errand. Go back—we thank you for having come so far. But as for me, my way lies ahead, even if it lead into the very heart of an Indian village."

"And I will follow you!" "And I!" "And I!" exclaimed a dozen voices, for daring, in moments like these, carries the day against cooler counsels, and the young to a man sprang to Leper's side.

Even the older men were affected by the contagion. They were torn by conflicting emotions, now thinking of their wives and little ones behind, and now reminded of the suffering captives before. They still fluctuated, when one of the young men exclaimed in a low voice—

"See—there they are!" and, as he spoke, he pointed to a thin column of light ascending in twilight above the tree tops from the bottom of the valley lying immediately before them.

"On, then—on," said Jenkins, now the first to move ahead; "but silently—for the slightest noise will ruin our hopes."

Oh! how the father's heart thrilled at these words. The evident belief of his neighbors in the uselessness of further pursuit had wrung his heart, and, with Leper, he had resolved to go on unaided, though meantime he watched with intense anxiety the proceedings of the council, for he knew that two men, or even a dozen, would probably be insufficient to rescue the captives. But when his eyes caught the distant light, hope rushed wildly back over his heart. With the next minute he was foremost in the line of pursuers, apparently the coolest and most cautious of all.

With noiseless tread the borderers proceeded until they were within a few yards of the encamped Indians, glimpses of whom they began to catch through the avenue of trees, as the fire flashed up when a fresh brand was thrown on it. Stealthily creeping forward a few paces further they discerned the captive girl, with her two little brothers and three sisters, bound, a short distance apart from the group: and, at the sight, the fear of the father lest some or all of his little ones, unable to keep up in the hasty flight, had been tomahawked, gave way to a thrill of indescribable joy. He and Jenkins were now by common consent looked on as leaders of the party. He paused to count the group.

"Twenty-five in all," he said, in a low whisper. "We can take off a third at least with one fire, and then rush in on them," and he looked to Jenkins, who nodded approvingly.

In hurried whispers the plan of attack was regulated, each having an Indian assigned to his rifle. During this brief pause every heart trembled lest

the accidental crackling of a twig, or a tone spoken unadvisedly above a whisper, should attract the attention of the savages. Suddenly, before all was arranged, one of them sprang to his feet and looked suspiciously in the direction of our little party. At the same instant another sprang toward the prisoners, and with his eyes fixed on the thicket where the pursuers lay, held his tomahawk above the startled girl, as if to strike the instant any demonstration of hostility should appear.

The children clung to their sister's side with stifled cries. The moment was critical. The proximity of the pursuers was suspected, and that their discovery would immediately result. To wait until each man had his victim assigned him might prove ruinous, to fire prematurely might be equally so. But Leper forgot every consideration in the peril of Mary, and, almost at the instant when the occurrences we have related were taking place, took aim at the savage standing over his betrothed, and fired. The Indian fell dead. Immediately a yell rang through the forest, the savages leaped to their arms, a few dashing toward the thicket, others rushed on the prisoners, and others, and these were the more sagacious, retreating behind trees. But with that whoop a dozen rifles rang on the air, and half a score of the assailed fell to the earth, while the borderers, breaking from their thicket, with uplifted knives and tomahawks, came to the rescue. A wild hand to hand conflict ensued, in which nothing could be seen except the figures of the combatants rolling together among the whirling leaves, nothing heard but angry shouts, and the groans of the wounded and dying. In a few minutes the borderers were victorious.

Leper had been the first to enter the field. The instant he fired, flinging down his rifle, he leaped from his hiding place, and rushed to Mary's side, thinking only of her safety. It was well he was so prompt. Two stalwart savages dashed at her with swinging tomahawks, but the knife of Leper found the heart of one, and the other fell, stunned by a blow from the butt end of the father's rifle, who followed his intended son a step or two behind. A second's delay would have been too late.

Fortunately, none of the assailants were killed, though several were seriously wounded. The suddenness of the attack may account for the comparative immunity which they enjoyed.

How shall we describe the gratitude and joy with which the father kissed his rescued children? How shall we tell the rapture with which Leper clasped his affianced bride to his bosom? We feel our incapacity for the task, and drop the veil over emotions too holy for exposure. But many a stout borderer wept at the sight.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

THE fashion plate for this month is rich in costumes for the opening fall.

FIG. I.—A BRIDAL DRESS of rich lace over white satin. The corsage is richly ornamented and cut nearly round at the waist, and half high on the shoulders. Sleeves reaching to the elbows, trimmed with three falls of lace. A magnificent white veil completes this costume.

FIG. II.—A PROMENADE DRESS of a light fawn color. Corsage high and light; sleeves long and plain except at the shoulders where they are ornamented with cross-work. The skirt in front is ornamented in the like style.

FIG. III.—A WALKING DRESS.—A robe of redingote of Pekin silk striped blue and white; high and tight pointed corsage, down the centre of which, as well as the *jupe*, is placed a fancy silk corded trimming or embroidery, having a very light effect; the sleeves are full in at the seam, causing the sleeve to set over the arm in creases, the top part having a plain round *jockey* ornamented with two rows of narrow silk fancy trimming to match that which decorates the skirt, the wrist finished with a row of rather narrow lace. Capote of light blue *areophane*, the brim surrounded with a twisted rouleau of the same light material, the interior and exterior of the capote are decorated with small shaded yellow roses.

FIG. IV.—A CARRIAGE DRESS of a beautiful shot pink and lilac silk; the skirt is made to open on each side, showing an under skirt of white, *gros de Naples*, and is laced across with a narrow pink silk cord, caught at each end with a satin button; the corsage is made perfectly high and open on each side in the same manner as the skirt; long tight sleeves, open from the wrist to a little below the elbow, and decorated with three puffs of white silk; a small *ruche* of tulle surrounding the top of the corsage; scarf of striped *barege*. Bonnet of white Italian straw, the crown ornamented with a splendid white Russian plume, the interior of the brim enlivened with small puffs of pink ribbon; *brides* of the same.

FIG. V.—AN EVENING DRESS of silk; low and rounded corsage, trimmed in a new and fanciful style. The hair is in curls; sleeves short.

FIG. VI.—A CARRIAGE DRESS of pale green silk; corsage high and pointed, having a lace fall around the top, and showing the chemisette; sleeves long, with a broad band above the elbow. Capote of white Italian straw, ornamented with roses. This will be a favorite costume for September.

The season in both London and Paris has been unusually rich in elegant and costly costumes.

BONNETS.—Lace bonnets, lined with a colored gauze, such as pink, and ornamented with pink *marabouts*, shaded white, have been very fashionable, and will continue to be so until fall sets seriously in, when fancy straws will supplant them, decorated with wreaths. Bonnets of very fine sewn straw are usually trimmed with a new description of bow called *indifraïoliables*. Then there is the Italian straw ornamented with white ostrich feathers,

or shaded *marabouts*. A pretty style of trimming is where bouquets of flowers droop in a sort of bunch, and are attached with white or straw-colored ribbons.

PROMENADE DRESSES.—The following may be considered as the mode adapted for this style of dress at the present moment:—For instance, a dress of gipsy plaid, the skirt trimmed with broad tucks, surmounted with narrow folds of the same, forming a heading round the bottom of the *jupe*; the body high and plain, the point of the waist being slightly rounded; plain sleeves, with folds at the top forming the epaulet. Others are trimmed with an immense broad flounce, reaching a third way up on the dress, and cut in square points, lightly full; the body plain, and very long waisted, the point of which is rounded and open in the front *en cœur*; plain sleeves. Flounces are still the rage, very broad, and put on rather scanty; they are generally cut in the form of vandyke, pinked or stamped. Morning dresses have two broad tucks or folds, having a more simple appearance. We have received a description of a promenade dress peculiarly applicable for this month. The dress is white; body and sleeves fitting close to the figure. Mantelet scarf, of shaded green satin, edged all round with black lace, a moderate width of open work *gympé* divides the back of the mantelet, showing the waist, and giving a perfect *tournour* to the back part of the figure; collar of the same open fancy work, surrounded with a row of open black lace; the ends of this mantelet are confined to the waist in the front with a green ceinture, tying in a bow, and two rather long ends. Bonnet of pink, the front slightly turned at the edge, the interior of which is decorated with a plaited fulling, the exterior prettily trimmed with ribbon and flowers. Another costume is even more pretty. It is composed of striped *mousseline de laine*—such as is now all the fashion—and the entire front of this dress is made open, so as to show the under dress of white *batiste*, and is laced across with a small rouleau of the same material; a rounded corsage, high up to the throat, straight sleeves reaching to a little above the wrist, and ornamented with a small pointed cuff; the wrist surrounded with a fulling of muslin, set in to a narrow band of embroidery. Capote of blue over a white foundation, the edge of the front ornamented with two small pipings; the crown decorated with a handsome ostrich feather, shaded blue and white, and attached to the crown with a bow and long ends of shaded ribbons.

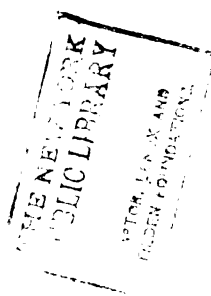
FLOWERS.—The flowers most in favor at the present moment are those pretty sprigs of the *mimosa*, so very distinguished in their appearance; then, again, wreaths of oak leaves, of the briar, and geranium; sprigs of the ebon tree and the citron are also much sought after, as well as branches of the vine, the grapes of both colours, black and white.

COLORS.—Fashionable colors remain the same as last month, pink and lavender; blue and fawns, green and peach shots being the most worn. In all that relates to evening dress, white is decidedly preferred, particularly by our young *elegantes*.

MANTILLAS.—This beautiful appendage to a lady's promenade dress is again becoming fashionable.



Fashions for September 1845



REVIEW OF BOOKS.

The Poetry of Life. By Mrs. Ellis—1 vol. 8 mo.—J. & H. G. Langley, New York.

Mrs. Ellis is already well known to the American reading public by her tales, but especially by her three works entitled "The Women of England," "The Daughters of England" and "The Wives of England," which embody, more than any books of the same size extant, lessons of wisdom for her sex. We can pronounce no higher eulogy on them than to say that, if we had a daughter, they should be the first volumes we would procure on forming her library.

The present volume appears in America as the last of the series, but was in reality the first of Mrs. Ellis' works, and is distinguished by a freshness which has made it our favorite. Here will be found the texts from which her subsequent works have been amplified. The volume discusses the poetry of life, in its several departments of the poetry of flowers, painting, sound, language, love, grief, &c. The chapters on the poetry of love, grief and the Bible are especially fine; but the most valuable is on the poetry of woman. It should be printed in letters of gold and hung up in the chamber of every female; for it is full of the most important truths, set forth in peculiarly chaste and attractive language; and no one, who would follow its precepts, could fail of becoming that most lovely of all characters, a perfect woman. We cannot do better than to make a few extracts, regretting that our space does not allow us to copy it entire. And we will begin with the following admirable analysis of the duties and relative positions of the sexes.

"Man is appointed to hold the reins of government, to make laws, to support systems, to penetrate with patient labor and undeviating perseverance into the mysteries of science, and to work out the great fundamental principles of truth. For such purposes he would be ill qualified, were he liable to be diverted from his object by the quickness of his perception of external things, by the ungovernable impulse of his own feelings, or by the claims of others upon his regard or sensibility; but woman's sphere being one of feeling rather than of intellect, all her peculiar characteristics are such as essentially qualify her for that station in society which she is designed to fill, and which she never voluntarily quits without a sacrifice of good taste—I might almost say, of good principle. Weak indeed is the reasoning of those who would render her dissatisfied with this allotment, by persuading her that the station, which it ought to be her pride to ornament, is one too insignificant or degraded for the full exercise of her mental powers. Can that be an unimportant vocation to which peculiarly belong the means of happiness and misery? Can that be a degraded sphere which not only admits of, but requires the full development of moral feeling? Is it a task too trifling for an intellectual woman, to watch, and guard, and stimulate the growth of reason in the infant mind? Is it a sacrifice too small to practice the art of adaptation to all the different characters met with in ordinary life, so as to influence, and give a right direction to their tastes and pursuits? Is it a duty too easy, faithfully and constantly to hold up an example of self-government, disinterestedness, and zeal for that which constitutes our highest good—to be nothing, or anything that is not evil, as the necessities of others may require—to wait with patience—

to endure with fortitude—to attract by gentleness—to soothe by sympathy judiciously applied—to be quick in understanding, prompt in action, and, what is perhaps more difficult than all, pliable yet firm in will—lastly, through a life of perplexity, trial, and temptation, to maintain the calm dignity of a pure and elevated character, earthly in nothing but its suffering and weakness; refined almost to sublimity in the seraphic ardor of its love, its faith, and its devotion."

How eloquent—how true! Let those who would take woman away from her true sphere and force her into one uncongenial to her nature, under the pretence of asserting her rights, stand rebuked!

With a passage which barely does justice to the patience of woman under pain, we close.

"Scarcely a day passes in which she has not some ache or pain that would drive a man melancholy, and yet how quietly she rests her throbbing temples; how cheerfully she converses with every one around her, thus beguiling her thoughts from her own sufferings; how patiently she resigns herself to the old accustomed chair, as if chained to the very hearth-stone; while the birds are warbling forth their welcome to returning spring, and she knows that the opening flowers are scenting the fresh gales that play round the garden where she may not tread, and that the sunny skies are lighting up the landscape with a beauty which she may not look upon—it is possible, which she never may behold again. Yet what is all this to woman? Her happiness is not in physical enjoyment, but in love and faith. Give her but the voice of kindness—the pure sweet natural music of the feminine soul, to soothe her daily anguish—to cheer her mighty vigil, and she will ask no more: tell her of the green hills, the verdant woods, and the silver streams, of the songs of the birds, and the frolic of the lambs, of nature's radiant beauty glowing beneath a cloudless sky, and of the universal gladness diffused through the animal creation—tell her all this, in which she has, personally, no participation, and she will be satisfied, nay, blest."

The Prose Romances of Edgar A. Poe—No. 1.—W. H. Graham, Philadelphia.—We need say but little of a writer so long and favorably known to the public. Mr. Poe is a man of genius. His analytical powers are remarkable. His imagination is of the highest order. His choice of words is fine. His style is original. He is a scholar, a man of taste, and a rigid critic as well on his own productions as on those of others. With these qualifications his prose romances may be expected to be of superior merit: and such we find them to be. The leading story in this number, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," is one of the most intensely interesting tales that has appeared for years, and fully equal to the prize story which Mr. Poe has lately written. His romances have found such favor abroad that an edition of them is about to appear in Paris.

Leibig's Agricultural and Animal Chemistry—J. H. Campbell.—Mr. Campbell has here given us, in separate volumes, a re-publication of Leibig's two valuable and standard works. We notice this edition in consequence of the superior style in which it is issued, the paper and type both being unexceptionable. Yet the price is but twenty-five cents per

volume! Such an opportunity to possess these celebrated works should not be neglected. We may here mention that Mr. Campbell has lately published, in excellent style, "Neander's history of the Christian Religion during the first three centuries," as also "Llorente's History of the Inquisition," and other standard books, interesting to the religious community peculiarly. His publications in numbers are always superior, in paper and typography, to those of any other house.

The New Mirror—edited by N. P. Willis and G. P. Morris.—Mr. Willis we regard as the best magazine writer of the day. Gen. Morris has published more popular songs than any cotemporary, and is remarkable for his tact and taste as an editor. The *New Mirror* is consequently the sprightliest and most refined of the weeklies, and is nearly the only one in which you may expect to find good poetry. It is to the others what the courtly gentleman is to the honest burgher. It is elegantly printed, and each number is embellished with a steel engraving.

The Rover, a weekly magazine, edited by Seba Smith and Lawrence Labree.—This, and the *Mirror* are conducted on much the same plan. Most of the tales in the *Rover*, however, are selections from English authors. But we look for more originality now that Seba Smith and Mr. Labree have stepped into the editorial chair.

Pictorial History of the United States, Nos. 4 and 5. *American Naval Biography*, Nos. 3 and 4—edited by J. Frost, A. M. E. H. Butler, Publisher.—These works increase in the merit both of their embellishments and text. We have spoken of them, heretofore, at length.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE death of WASHINGTON ALLSTON, the poet and painter, was as unexpected as melancholy. He left a company of friends in his parlor saying he would go up for a few minutes into his studio. At the end of half an hour his wife, finding he did not return, went in search of him. He was sitting in a chair, apparently gazing up at his large picture, his countenance calm and composed; but on approaching him she saw that the spirit had fled. Was not this a death for a poet? He was in his sixty-fourth year, and his disease was ossification of the heart. Through life he was a devoted Christian.

Mr. Allston was at the head of the artists this country has produced, and among them, let it be remembered, were such men as Copley, West and Stuart. His imagination was powerful as well as brilliant; his conceptions bold and striking; and his coloring obtained for him in Italy the name of the

American Titian. His standard of perfection was lofty, and to attain it he struggled regardless of popularity, and with an energy and perseverance that calls to mind the "Excelsior" of Longfellow. His intended *chef d'œuvre*, on which he has been occupied for twenty years, and which no one out of his family has seen, is unfinished, though he worked on it for the last year with the hope of completing it by next spring.

Mr. Allston has written much fine poetry, some of it slightly tinged with the mysticism of Coleridge, with whom, when in England, he enjoyed a close intimacy. His "Sylphs of the Seasons" is deservedly celebrated. Of his shorter poems we prefer "Rosalie," one of the most exquisite gems in the language. Its music is like his own metaphor, and seems that of "a falling star."

"Oh, pour upon my soul again
That sad unearthly strain,
That seems from other words to plain;
Thus falling, falling from afar,
As if some melancholy star
Had mingled with her light her sighs,
And dropped them from the skies.

"No—never came from aught below
This melody of woe,
That makes my heart to overflow,
As from a thousand gushing springs
Unknown before; that with it brings
This nameless light—if light it be—
That veils the world I see:

"For all I see around me wears
The hue of other spheres;
And something blent of sighs and tears
Comes from the very air I breathe.
Oh! nothing, sure, the stars beneath,
Can mould a sadness like to this—
So like angelic bliss."

So, at that dreamy hour of day,
When the last lingering ray
Stops at the highest cloud to play—
So thought the gentle Rosalie,
As on her maiden revery
First fell the strain of him who stole
In music to her soul.

PUBLISHER'S GOSSIP.

"SEND, if you wish your business neglected: go, if you wish it done," is the sense of one of Franklin's proverbs. We felt the truth of this last month. Leaving the sultry town to indulge our leisure in the country, we found on our return that the magazine had gone on after a way of its own, and that, among other things, the flower, by Mrs. Hill, much to her astonishment, had been called a Peony instead of a Japonica, which all the fairies—and in that class are not ladies included!—know it to be.

We are pleased to see, that our fashion plate in blue has proved universally popular, and speaking of fashion plates let us remind you, good public, that *we only, of the magazines, have published the fashions for each month this year*. We do not pompously assert that *we only* give the correct fashions, but it is acknowledged that we give the earliest, best, and most novel. Trust a young and vigorous house for beating all others.





LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV.

PHILADELPHIA: OCTOBER, 1843.

No. 4.

MARGARET COMPTON.

BY MRS. LAMBERT.

IN my earlier days it was my lot to pass a great portion of my time in a pleasant and quiet village, to which I shall give the name of Briarton. The recollection of this place is still dear to me. Its varied and beautiful scenery dwells on my mind with the most vivid exactness, and in hours of loneliness—when pensive reflection carries me back to the past—many a distinctive point of peculiar interest or beauty rises on my mental vision in all its former brightness.

The main street of the village ran along the brow of a hill; and in the most thickly settled part was a church of the denomination of Congregationalists; a plain, unpretending edifice, surrounded by fine old trees. A neat, white house, inhabited by the officiating minister, rose on a green knoll opposite to the holy edifice. Further on appeared the academy; also a white building, distinguishable by its long row of narrow windows, the steep flight of wooden steps which led to the main entrance, and its roof, surmounted by a small cupola containing the warning bell, at summons of which, the loitering aspirant for academic honors turned with quickened step toward the temple of learning.

A ledge of grey rocks appeared at the distance of a few rods from the academy; broken into chasms and channelled by storms, they offered in several places an irregular descent into the valley beneath. Along the foot of the rocks rolled a brawling stream, which, after several abrupt windings among huge masses of stone that, precipitated from the brow of the ledge, had in some places nearly choked up the bed of the stream, gradually overcame every obstacle, and expanding into a glassy river was crowned at an advantageous point by a mill. A noble beach tree grew at the summit of the ledge, over which it flung its glittering branches in rich profusion. Stretched on the grass, beneath the cool shade, it was here the beautiful student, more contemplative than his fellows, was wont to spend

those hours allotted to recreation, in the indulgence of wild fancies or poetic fervor more congenial to his taste.

At an angle where two roads meet, stands the blacksmith shop; an object by no means devoid of interest in a country village. It is pleasing to watch the active industry of the persevering workman—the cheerfulness with which he pursues his daily toil—to hear the frequent laugh, the snatch of song—to mark the roar of the well plied bellows, and the ruddy forked flame starting from the ignited mass below.

Then the group assembled at the close of day around the door of the smithy; noisy and disputations—politicians all; each man shouting from the top of his lungs, and in his anxiety to make himself heard, quite regardless of the claims of his neighbor to a similar indulgence; while the humbler apprentice, with begrimed features, his shaggy uncombed locks partly covered by a paper cap, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, leaving a pair of stout brawny arms exposed to view, bends over the up-lifted hoof of some poor, hardly-worked and half broken down plough-horse, replacing the dropped shoe on the nearly worn-out foot.

Following a retired road or rather pathway which leads from the village main street, we are conducted, after many windings among small, low hills, and irregular and shrub-covered ground, into a sweet, shady glen. This is a lovely spot, and looks the very abode of peace. A lowly cottage situated at the foot of a green knoll, and nearly hidden among old trees which extend their branches protectingly over its moss-covered roof, affords a comfortable home for two maiden sisters. Their name is Compton. They have lived in this secluded spot many a year, for the humble dwelling was the old family homestead. In it they were born, and in it they will, in all probability, resign their breath. It is long, very long since they were left in lonely orphanage. Their moderate patrimonial inheritance has sufficed for their unambitious desires; and of late years their days have glided on quietly in this ever-changing world.

Not but what they have had their sorrows—for who is without his share? yet the patience with which they bore their trials—the meekness with which they sustained the afflictions which befel them was a subject of wonder to many, and rendered them objects of veneration to all.

The elder of the two was handsome, it is said, in her youth; neither was the younger without her share of beauty; yet at the time I saw them I could not have supposed either had ever possessed the smallest claim to personal attractions: withered and decrepid, the elder sister was bent almost double from the combined effects of age and rheumatism; while the younger, tall, meagre and skinny, in despite of good nature, and the reverence which I felt for her truly estimable character, strongly suggested the idea of an ambulating mummy.

Their dwelling was a pattern of neatness; their little parlor a picture of comfort, particularly on a cold winter evening; then how cheerful was the blaze of their well replenished wood-fire, how pleasantly sang the tea-kettle placed close to the glowing embers—how comfortably did the large, grey, brindled puss fold herself up in one corner of the hearth, disturbed from time to time, as was indicated by the quick movement of her ears when she would lazily open her eyes, and perceiving no immediate call upon her attention, gently drop her head upon her furry breast, and again resign herself to a luxurious doze.

Then too a neighbor would occasionally drop in; the village doctor, perhaps, brimful of news; or it might be the minister himself, for the Misses Compton were zealous supporters of the church, and distinguished for the regularity of their attendance on Sundays, as well as for the numerous, though necessarily small contributions on occasion of fairs, but more particularly on the recurrence of that highly interesting annual fete, commonly designated "The Spinning Bee:" when certainly no yarn excelled in softness, no turkey in plumpness, no butter in flavor or consistency, that which found its way to the parsonage from the hands of the kind spinsters.

The primitive simplicity of their mode of conveyance when they attended the village church, was calculated to carry back the imagination to those early times when luxury was little known and economy preferred to ostentatious display. Mounted on the back of an ancient sorrel nag grown grey in the service, yet still distinguished by the name of "the colt," they took their hebdomadal way to the house of prayer; the younger sister guiding the animal, while the elder seated on a pillion behind her, ensured the safety of her own position by embracing with one arm the waist of

her companion. I had observed on these occasions, a young man of pleasing appearance, and as I judged about twenty years of age, who generally took his station at or near the church door, as if expecting the arrival of some person or persons in whom he was interested. On the appearance of the Misses Compton he would step forward with alacrity, help them from their horse, which he would carefully lead beneath the shelter of a neighboring shed, and that done, return to the church and seat himself in the same pew with the aged sisters.

Then when the evening service was over, it was his care to see them safely re-seated on the back of the colt: after which, by taking a short cut *across lots*, he would arrive at their home in time to repeat the service which he had rendered them at the church door.

Sometimes he would be seen busily engaged in the small vegetable garden; or patiently waiting at the smithy of Jonas Weed, while the sorrel colt was getting shod. Again, he might be noticed conveying home to the cottage a sack full of meal, the grinding of which he had been superintending at the neighboring mill.

Yet there were intervals during which he would be invisible for months together; when some kind neighbor, by an extraordinary effort of gallantry, would assist the Misses Compton in alighting at the church door, some idle villager be induced by much persuasion, and the promise of a good meal at the end of the job, to dig about three feet of garden ground, and unblushingly demand the reward of a full day's labor; while ancient Betty, the superannuated servant of all work, was content to lead the "colt" to the smithy.

It was evident that the periodical returns of the youth brought additional cheerfulness to the inmates of the cottage. I chanced to be there one evening when he arrived rather unexpectedly; and I witnessed the joy with which he was received, by the elder of the two ladies especially, whom he called "aunt."

A mystery seemed to exist somewhere. It was not long, however, before it was fully explained. The aged clergyman of the parish one day gave me the following account of the Misses Compton.

They were the only offspring of plain and respectable parents. Their father had conducted his affairs with so much industry and advantage, that, at his decease, which happened while they were still very young, he was enabled to leave a small, unincumbered property, quite sufficient for the support of his widow and her daughters.

When Margaret, the elder girl, had arrived at womanhood, she was addressed by the son of a

neighboring farmer, with whose family they had always lived on terms of friendship and intimacy. The projected connection was highly agreeable to all parties, and the match was looked forward to with universal complacency.

Unfortunately not long before the day appointed for the wedding, old Wilson, the father of Margaret's lover, fell ill and died. An unavoidable delay followed, arising from the settlement of the estate and other family concerns, and it was on all sides judged best that the marriage should be put off for some weeks, at least.

Old Mr. Wilson had left by will, all his property to his son Everard, (who was his only child) with the exception of the dwelling house and a few acres of ground which immediately surrounded it, and which, together with a very trifling stipend, to be paid half yearly, was secured to the widow for her support during the term of her life.

When at length all things were satisfactorily arranged, Everard suddenly announced his intention of selling his portion of the property, and with the proceeds to establish himself as a merchant in a thriving town not many miles distant from Briarton. His mother remonstrated—his friends dissuaded in vain. He gave as his reasons that "he was tired of farming, and wished to do something better. His father and grandfather and great grandfather," he said, "had lived on in the same old place, grubbing in the soil, and gaining, at the end of the year a little, it was true, but by no means enough to repay them for the hard labor they were obliged to exercise continually; nor by any means equal to what he proposed to realize in his new undertaking. Then what pleasure," he added, "it would afford him to bring Margaret to a home in town; where the dull, fatiguing routine of country-life was unknown; and where, if he was successful in business as he was *sure* to be, she would have nothing to do but pass her time in ease and comfort."

Neither Margaret nor his mother were convinced by his arguments: the former declared herself perfectly content with her present mode of living; she "did not find it dull, neither had it ever been fatiguing." The latter bid him beware of acting rashly: "it was true that their family had not grown rich by their farming, but then they had secured a competence, and always enjoyed what might be ranked among the first of earthly blessings—health. How many hundreds and hundreds," she said, "would rejoice in possessing a home like that which he was about to exchange for a very uncertain experiment."

All that could be said, however, only tended apparently to strengthen him in his determination.

He informed his mother that he knew a young man lately established in business who was doing exceedingly well, and who had solicited him to join him, from a conviction that if he did so they should do more business than all the other store-keepers put together. From such conclusive reasoning he allowed no appeal: accordingly he sold his property with the exception of the reservation in his mother's favor, and set off for the small sea-port town of D—, there to figure if possible in the character of a large country dealer, or as he chose to term himself "a merchant."

That he was profoundly ignorant of the business in which he had embarked was undeniable; but he soon found friends ready to instruct him in the mystery of purchasing and disposing of his goods also; and who condescended occasionally to accept of a trifling accommodation from him, "not that they were at all distressed," merely a temporary embarrassment, arising from the difficulty of the times as they *had been*; although *now* they were becoming uncommonly good; everybody was making money fast, and it was predicted that Everard would make it faster than anybody, because he began with a clear capital, and was unincumbered by debt! All this sounded very well; and for a time his prospects did look tolerably fair. Every Saturday evening brought Everard to the door of the farm-house, and the presence of his mother; and the whole of Sunday was spent with her and his Margaret. The accounts he gave of his business were flattering; he boasted of the number and worth of his friends; and his mother's eyes swam in tears of delight as she contemplated her son now greatly improved in exterior, and getting on so well in the world: she blamed herself severely in her conversation with Margaret for ever having doubted the good judgment and ability of Everard.

It was now midsummer; and it had been settled that the marriage of Everard and Margaret should take place early in the autumn. This event was looked forward to with great interest by Mrs. Compton, whose health began rapidly to decline; and though silent on the subject to her daughters, she was convinced that she should not long survive. This belief rendered her still more desirous that a protector should be ensured for one of her daughters at least. There was a prospect also, that Sarah, the younger sister, would ere long follow the praiseworthy example about to be set her by Margaret. A young student of divinity had seen and admired the pretty cottage lass, and his frequent visits resulted in an offer of his hand. It was accepted; and they were accordingly engaged to each other; although sometime must necessarily elapse ere their union could take place, as the youth had not quite

finished his studies: neither was he yet provided with the means of supporting a wife. His health, moreover, was delicate; and certain symptoms at times revealed themselves which filled the bosom of Sarah with apprehension.

Meantime the preparation for Margaret's wedding went on, and were, indeed, *urged* by Everard; yet, strange to say, his visits became gradually less frequent; and although his professions of affection were still the same, there was a visible change in his demeanor. Margaret was alarmed, yet with native delicacy forbore to question him, and even remained silent on the subject to her mother.

One day, as she sat by the window of the little parlor, diligently plying her needle, while her serious countenance and absorbed air plainly indicated that her thoughts were far away, a neighboring acquaintance came in, a cheerful, giddy girl, somewhat inclined to gossiping, and on that account no great favorite with either Mrs. Compton or her daughters. Finding Margaret alone, she rather abruptly asked her when she had last seen Everard Wilson. Margaret named the time—it was now about a fortnight since. Her visitor paused as if in thought, then resumed,

"I'm sorry to tell you any bad news, Margaret, but people do say that Everard is courting a young girl who lives at D——. Her father, they say, is rich, and can give her a good setting out when she gets married; that is if she marries to please him—and it is said he professes to be greatly pleased with young Wilson."

Margaret's good sense and self-possession prevented her from betraying the pain which she really felt on hearing this tale of what she hoped and trusted was mere idle gossip, yet she could not help turning somewhat pale; and though she tried to smile it was evidently an effort. After a short pause, she said,

"You mean kindly, Maria, no doubt, in repeating this story to me; but, of course, you cannot expect me to believe it. I know Everard too well to credit easily anything that can be said to his prejudice—particularly on a subject like this."

"Well I'm sure," returned the girl, "I hope there is no truth in the report; and I hope you are not angry with me for repeating it."

Margaret answered mildly that she was not displeased, but as she kept her eyes steadfastly fixed upon her work and seemed disinclined to chat, her visitor soon after took leave.

As soon as she was gone, Margaret suffered her work to drop into her lap, and clasping her hands, leaned back in her chair. A number of small circumstances rushed upon her memory, which, while trusting and unsuspecting, were little marked

at the time of their occurrence. She recollected seeing a very handsome shawl partially folded in paper, lying on a table at Mrs. Wilson's, one day when she chanced to call there. She had taken the shawl in her hand and examined it. The widow observed that she did not know from whence her son had brought it—but believed he had won it in a raffle—and added smilingly that she supposed it was intended for a wedding present to Margaret. So thought Margaret herself, and she replaced it on the table with secret pleasure; a pleasure arising far less from the idea of a gift, than from the fact of its being a mark of affection from the donor; time passed on, however, without Margaret seeing or hearing anything more of the article in question, and she ceased to think of it. She had also, one Sunday that he was passing with her as usual, observed a remarkably neat little prayer book in his possession. She saw the name of the owner printed in small gilt letters, and read aloud involuntarily, "Anna Booth;" Mrs. Wilson raised her eyes inquiringly to the face of her son.

"It is—it is," said he, "a book belonging to the sister of my partner—I took it this morning as I was leaving him, and forgot to return it." Margaret thought that Everard colored as he explained this little circumstance, and that he was slightly embarrassed; but neither did this incident dwell on her memory. But later—only the last time he was at her house she now well remembered that she saw him wearing, on one of his fingers, a ring which she had never seen before; she laughingly asked to whom it belonged, and he had put her off with some trifling reply. These circumstances, unimportant as they appeared at the moment, now rushed upon her mind, and combined with the story told by Maria, almost assumed the strength of conviction. While thus absorbed in painful thought, the entrance of Mrs. Compton aroused her, and unwilling to reveal, even by her looks, the secret of her inquietude, she hastily retired to her own apartment. And here she continued to reflect some time longer on what she had heard; rumor she knew was not always to be depended upon; and she hoped, and believed after all, that Maria's intelligence was mere idle gossip. Yes, it must be so: at any rate, Everard would be at the cottage again in a few days, she would then tell him frankly what she had heard, and she had no doubt but he would easily clear himself from every shadow of doubt or suspicion. Thus reasoning, Margaret consoled herself.

The day on which Everard usually presented himself at the cottage, came—but brought him not. Another, and another passed, to the expecting heart of Margaret, heavily by; and no Everard appeared.

Distrust—apprehension now took possession of her bosom. She dared not allow, even to herself, how much she feared. Another week passed in painful suspense, at the end of which she received a letter from her lover. Her heart fluttered as she broke the seal.

He wrote in terms of affection; but the subject of his communication surprised her. He requested her consent to postpone, for a few weeks, the time appointed for their marriage. He had found it necessary to make some new arrangements in his business, he said, which would occupy every moment of his undivided attention until he should get things settled to his wishes; that as this newly contemplated arrangement was of a nature greatly to advance his interests, he doubted not of the ready acquiescence of his beloved Margaret in the wish he had expressed above.

Strange misgivings came over the spirit of Margaret as she perused this missive: her late half-formed suspicions were re-awakened. She spoke not, but put the letter into the hand of her mother. The old lady sighed when she had finished its perusal, and observed that she "never liked marriage days to be put off when once they were appointed—good seldom came of it—but we should see."

Sarah, however, was both hurt and indignant. Her pride and her feelings were aroused in behalf of her sister, and she severely reprehended the vacillating conduct of Everard.

Margaret immediately wrote to her lover, complying with his request, and desiring to see him. It was reasonable to suppose that Everard would appear in a very short time, not only to explain his present situation more fully, but also for the purpose of making new arrangements for his marriage—but the days rolled on, and he came not—neither did he reply to her letter. Suspense, however, was destined soon to be changed into certainty.

The seclusion in which the widow and her daughters lived, even at that period, prevented them from hearing much of what was passing in the busy world of D—, the town in which Everard resided, or even in that of their native village of Briarton. Certain kind friends, however, are seldom wanting, who are ever ready to impart such intelligence as may contribute to awaken in us a due sense of the uncertain tenure of mere mundane happiness. Maria Chapman, who has been before mentioned, had not called at the cottage since the day on which she made the communication to Margaret, tending to shake her faith in the loyalty of her affianced lover. She now came running in one morning just as the

family had finished breakfast, and finding them all assembled, beckoned Margaret aside, and placing in her hand the village newspaper, without further preface pointed out to her notice a paragraph, the sight of which, indeed, overwhelmed her. It was an announcement of the marriage of Everard Wilson and Anna Booth, the sister of his partner.

Margaret strained an eye of agony on the paper, and fell back in her chair. Her mother and sister ran to her in alarm, solicitous to know the cause of her distress: she was unable to explain, pointing only to the paper which lay on the floor at her feet. Sarah Compton raised it, and directed by Maria, soon saw the cause of her sister's distress. It was quickly imparted to the mother. The widow mourned over her daughter's blighted hopes, yet urged her to endurance by many a firm and pious precept. Sarah wept sorely, and clung to the neck of her sister as if she herself was the victim of disappointment and desertion. Margaret sat quiet, leaning her head on her hand, her cheek blanched to a paleness like that of death, her gaze fixed and immovable, and seeming totally unconscious of what was passing around her—a living statue of despair. Maria, meanwhile inveigled against the perfidy of Everard, assuring her friends that "he would never prosper—no, never. She knew the young girl he had married to be an idle, extravagant flirt, who would consume all he would ever earn in the way of business upon dress and adornment; that she was called pretty, and believed herself to be so, which only made matters worse, as it rendered her still more vain and capricious." Maria had nearly talked herself out of breath, when Margaret suddenly seemed to return to consciousness; she rose to leave the room. Her friends would have followed her, but she motioned them back, for speak she could not, the solitude of her own little room was what she coveted. Arrived there, she threw herself on her knees and burying her face in her hands, in silence and alone, she strove to quell the storm of grief which rent her bosom.

In the course of the day Sarah called on Mrs. Wilson. She wished much to learn her opinion of the conduct of her son. Margaret was unacquainted with the intention of Sarah: for the pride and delicacy of this village maiden was such as would in her own person have forbidden every enquiry, or the least question upon a subject equally painful and humiliating. But Sarah could not rest. She had noticed a change in Mrs. Wilson's manner for some time past, and could not but think that she was privy to the defection of her son. In this Sarah was mistaken; the poor old lady had been herself suspicious of the good faith of Everard, and

while under this impression it gave her pain to see her friends at the cottage. She had determined on Everard's next visit to let him know the various reports which were circulating concerning him; and, probing him closely, insist on knowing the truth. Her intentions were frustrated by the non-appearance of her son; and the first intimation which she received of his proceedings was from a letter just arrived, and which Sarah, on entering, found her reading in manifest agitation. Sarah on seeing the occupation of her friend would have retired; but Mrs. Wilson beckoned her to enter. Laying the letter on her lap, she desired Sarah to be seated, and taking her spectacles from her eyes, busied herself in rubbing the glasses, while she strove to make the usual enquiries respecting her friends with her accustomed calmness; but it would not do; and after some ineffectual endeavors at appearing unconcerned, she gave up the attempt and adverting to the letter before her, at once informed Sarah of the extraordinary conduct of Everard, expressing at the same time her sorrow and dismay. He had written to her to say that owing to the peculiar state of his affairs, which had become somewhat deranged in consequence of the bad faith of some persons in whom he had trusted, he found that his marriage with Margaret at the present juncture would be impossible, nor could he say when he should be able to redeem his promise. In the meantime he could not endure to see her, nor had he courage to place before her the circumstances by which he was actuated. He entreated his mother to do so; and concluded by expressing his hope and belief that Margaret would soon forget him, and find happiness with some one more worthy than himself. The anger and contempt which Sarah felt on reading this epistle could scarcely be expressed. She saw also that his mother was as yet ignorant of his marriage, and she immediately mentioned it. Poor Mrs. Wilson was almost overwhelmed by surprise and sorrow; and Sarah had to exert all her powers of consolation to soothe her distress; for the widow was really a woman of probity, and this conduct of her son wounded her deeply: the more so as she reasonably concluded that the course of action which had led to such unpropitious results, and in so brief a space of time, must have been unusually extravagant, careless and reprehensible: and should she judge of his future course from the samples already furnished, small indeed must be her hopes of happiness for the remaining portion of her days. As soon as Mrs. Wilson seemed more composed Sarah returned home. She found Margaret still in her room, and there communicated to her, deeming it best so to do, all that she had learned of his

mother respecting Everard. The sisters remained some time in conference together, when Sarah descended to her mother, whose feeble spirits had been greatly shocked at this unlooked for event. Margaret appeared at supper, pale but calm; little was either ate or spoken, and the circumstances of the morning were not adverted to.

The following day saw Margaret carefully folding away a robe of transparent lawn of snowy whiteness, simply adorned with satin ribbon of the same pure hue—while the heaving bosom, and the big tears that coursed heavily down her pale cheek, gave evidence of the grief that reigned within. But Margaret had resolved upon her course, and the whole tenor of her after life proved its purity and correctness.

A locket and a ring, the gifts of Everard in happier days, were enclosed in a packet and sent to his mother; a small profile likeness also, on which Margaret had often gazed in the absence of the original, was removed from the position which it occupied over the mantel-piece; and thenceforward his name was mentioned no more by the sisters or their mother.

The illness of Mrs. Compton increased; she had indeed rapidly declined from the day which had announced the perfidy of Everard. One Sunday, however, she appeared much better: so much so that the sisters thought they might safely leave her to the care of their faithful domestic, Betty, while they went to the neighboring church. They did so. Margaret looked remarkably lovely that morning, yet her charms were only those of modesty united with meekness and resignation. Clad in a robe of dove-colored silk, a scarf of white gauze disposed around her shoulders with simple grace, and her face shaded by a straw bonnet, trimmed with ribbon of the same color as her dress, she looked the impersonation of neatness and propriety. A silent respect greeted her everywhere as she advanced, for the sorrow so gently borne had rendered her an object almost of veneration to the hearts of all who knew her.

The sisters had not long been seated in church when a slight bustle, occasioned by the arrival of some new comers, drew their attention. Margaret raised her eyes and beheld seated in a pew at no great distance from her, young Wilson and his bride. Greatly shocked, for she was altogether unprepared for their appearance, her senses, for a few moments, seemed about to forsake her: her eyes grew dim, and her cheek became still more pallid in its hue. Sarah watched her changing countenance with intense alarm—dreading the worst. Pride, however, came to the assistance of Margaret, and the natural strength of her mind

prevailed. She bent forward and leaned her head on the small table which occupied the centre of the pew, and after a few moments her agitation subsided. Carefully avoiding to look toward the side of the church where sat her faithless lover, she managed to preserve an appearance of equanimity highly to her credit. She was greatly relieved when the conclusion of the service allowed her to hasten home, and endeavor to compose her agitated spirits in the seclusion of her own apartment.

Young Wilson gained no credit for this exhibition of himself and his bride. His conduct was so generally known and contemned that he met with little cordiality, even from those whom he had formerly numbered among his best friends: and after visiting his mother, to whom he now introduced his wife for the first time, he quietly returned to D—.

Meanwhile the family at the cottage resumed their usual avocations. If secret sorrow still wrung the bosom of Margaret, the tale could be guessed by her colorless cheek alone, for her lips never uttered a complaint. The little parlor still boasted its customary comforts, and out of doors everything which depended upon her superintending care for its well being, grew and flourished. The bees were well attended—the rich metheglin duly prepared—the garden, where useful esculents were intermingled with vegetable forms of brighter beauty, was kept clean and well weeded. Here on a clear autumnal morning glowed tints that almost dazzled the sight; the anasturtium of vermillion hue opened its graceful petals to the sun—the French marigold displayed her velvet bosom of purple and gold—while around the humble porch, convolvulus intermixed with woodbine and honey-suckle, formed a bower of mingled fragrance and beauty.

But Margaret had small leisure to spend on useless regrets. Her mother, now rapidly declining, demanded all her care and soothing attention. After languishing a few weeks longer, Mrs. Compton died—and the sisters were now alone. Sarah's marriage was to have taken place some time during the winter. Young Johnson had completed his studies; he had also been appointed to a very advantageous situation as clergyman in a town some miles distant from Briarton: and Margaret looked forward once more to a portion of happiness in witnessing that of a beloved sister. Again she was doomed to disappointment. "The simple shepherd of a simple flock" had just commenced his parochial cares—and in the full hope and expectation of a life of quiet happiness, was getting all things prepared for the reception of his intended bride, when his health, always delicate, became worse in consequence of colds caught during the exercise of

professional duty; a fever set in—he declined rapidly—a few weeks saw him consigned to the tomb. A blow so severe was with difficulty borne by Sarah—and she, perhaps, would have sunk beneath its overwhelming weight, but for the timely support, the tender care, the soothing attentions of her sister. And now Margaret found that in performing the Christian duty of endeavoring to soften the distress of another she was in effect rendering herself better able to support her own.

In the meantime their neighbor, Mrs. Wilson, had not been exempt from her share of trouble. Everard's affairs were rapidly going to ruin. His credulity had, in the first place, led him an easy prey into the snares spread for him by the designing young man who had proposed the partnership which Wilson so readily acceded to. Booth, at the moment Wilson came into possession of his late father's estate, was himself on the eve of bankruptcy. Everard's money, provided he could be induced to sell his farm and join him in business, would save him from ruin. He made the proposal, and was no less surprised than gratified at the eagerness with which it was embraced. The better to secure the means and assistance of Everard, it was thought advisable by the elder Booth to effect a match between Everard and his only daughter Ann. While to enhance the value of the young lady, her father was to yield a rather unwilling consent to the connection, while he caused it to be whispered about that he could, if he pleased, give her a very handsome portion. The change in his mode of life, the various calls upon his attention, the novelties by which he was surrounded, had the desired effect upon the mind of young Wilson. Ann was also a very pretty girl, gay and volatile; and her showy manners and constant attentions to him soon diverted his thoughts from the milder graces and simpler charms of Margaret Compton. We have seen the result in part: it only remains to say that the aid afforded the firm by the sacrifice of Everard's property was only temporary; extravagance and wild speculation proved the downfall of the concern, and young Wilson found himself undone.

Thus situated, he applied to his mother for a portion of the pittance that had been left for her support, and proposed that she should sell the homestead, together with the few acres attached to it, and lend him the money, with which he would again embark in a small and safe business, and support her out of the proceeds. To this proposal Mrs. Wilson refused her assent, but rather proposed that he should send his wife and family to her: offering them cheerfully a share of her home and

such comforts as it afforded; while he, thus relieved for the present, from the burthen of their support, would be at liberty to make arrangements for a new employment. This, however, would not do at all. Mrs. Everard Wilson detested Briarton above all places on earth, and would never consent to live either in it or near it, under any circumstances. What was to be done! Everard was friendless, penniless. He talked of leaving the country—of trusting his wife and children to the tender mercies of strangers, for her father had died some time before. His mother heard all this with pain, and it was not long without its effect. Alive only to the feelings of a mother, unable to witness the sorrow and poverty of an object so dear to her, she, in an evil hour, disposed of her little property in favor of Everard, and left herself without a home; all that remained to her being the small annuity before mentioned, and which was of itself insufficient for her support. She then removed to a very cheap and humble dwelling, where she strove by every means in her power to maintain herself by her own exertions.

Everard for some time kept up the show of attention toward the mother whom he had impoverished; but the aid which he promised to bestow was little indeed: he fell into fresh difficulties—lost the poor remains of his mother's bounty—and again a bankrupt, removed with his family to the far west.

The peculiar circumstances once existing between the families, and eventuating so unhappily, had produced almost insensibly an estrangement on the part of the Misses Compton from the widow. Now, however, on learning the melancholy state of her affairs, Sarah one morning put on her bonnet and hastened to pay a visit to her old neighbor. Mrs. Wilson received her with much affection, but her sadness was evident; and although she strove to appear cheerful, and to talk of indifferent matters, her frequent sighs and dejected looks betokened a mind ill at ease.

Sarah, with much delicacy, assured her of her own and her sister's best wishes for her happiness, and requested that she would often come to visit them. The poor old lady seemed much affected at these expressions of kindness, and they parted with sentiments of friendship renewed on both sides.

Mrs. Wilson, indeed, now found her chief consolation in the society and friendship of the Misses Compton, who strove by every means in their power to soothe her grief and cheer her solitude. Margaret and Sarah in pursuing the simple routine of their duties had found consolation for the troubles of their early life, and an approving conscience had spread over their bosoms complacence and peace.

The widow rarely heard of her son—and from

him never. He never addressed a line to her, and the intelligence which she occasionally gleaned concerning him was owing entirely to accidental circumstances.

Several years had now elapsed since Everard's departure. His mother, considerably advanced in life, grew every day more feeble. She had long been unable to do much for herself, and in fact now derived her support chiefly from the benefactions of kind neighbors; among these Margaret and Sarah Compton were distinguished for their kindness.

One evening, as the widow sat alone in her poverty-stricken dwelling, she was startled by the sudden appearance of a stranger, who rather abruptly entered the house. His habiliments were worn and shabby, he seemed jaded by fatigue, and he led by the hand a poor, thin looking boy, of about eight years of age. The stranger drew near where she was sitting and paused before her. As it was dusk, and her eye-sight was imperfect, the widow could not recognize, though she gazed earnestly upon him. He bent forward as if to take her hand. The poor old lady started, for she saw something in the figure and air of the stranger that awoke sudden and painful recollections. He spoke.

"Mother! do you not know me?"

She shrieked feebly and fell back, though not fainting, in her chair.

"Everard," she uttered, almost overcome at his sight and speaking with difficulty. "Everard—my son!"

"Yes, mother, it is Everard. Everard returned to you, poor, sick and miserable—mother you have cause to hate me!"

"Hate you!—oh, my child—impossible! but you have been gone a long, long time—and you never wrote to me—I own I did think that hard to be sure—and your wife?"

"She is dead," answered Everard gloomily, "this boy," and as he spoke he pulled the child to him, "is my son, and the only one of my family that I have left."

The tale of Everard was soon told. It appeared that he had succeeded no better in the west than he had done in the town of D—. His crops did not turn out well the first year, and he met with many disappointments. His wife, unacquainted with the details of living as practised in what is called the new country, and unwilling to submit to the numerous privations incidental to new settlers, grew daily more discontented. Her constant complainings vexed and grieved her husband; and in seeking to gratify her frequently unreasonable wishes, he increased his embarrassments. Finding his home uncomfortable, he sought a refuge from

clamor and fretfulness abroad. Sad alternative. He soon contracted habits of intemperance, and passed whole days at the village tavern. Then indeed his affairs went rapidly to destruction. His wife fell a victim to the fever of the country: his children unable to struggle with the hardships by which they were now surrounded, all save one, soon followed their unhappy mother.

Thus left alone, impoverished, and utterly disheartened, Everard bethought him of returning to his native village—even to his mother. Though he had plundered, neglected her—though poverty and evil habits had so changed him that he looked no longer the same—wretched as he had become and forsaken by the world, he had calculated rightly. The arms, the heart of a *mother* would open to receive him.

"I have used you cruelly—basely, mother," he said, as he concluded his brief account of himself. "I could hardly expect after all that has passed that you would acknowledge me—yet if you will forgive me—if you will let me die under the shelter of your roof—if you will only promise to protect my boy——"

"I will, I will, my child," exclaimed the poor, heart-broken woman, "but do not talk of dying, Everard—it is for me to do that. I am old and pressed down by sorrow; but you have still the hope of many years before you; you may recover and live to be a comfort to me and to your child—oh, do not talk of dying!"

"But I must, mother—I feel that I have not long to live—and the worst of all is the reflection that I have brought all this misery upon myself and you by my own folly."

The widow had lighted her humble taper, and she saw by its pale light the ravages which sorrow, trouble, and alas! misconduct, had wrought in his once handsome face and form, and she wept.

In witnessing the sorrows of the young, our sympathies are lightened by the reflection that, "time heals in such the wounds of sorrow." The world—time—is before them. Health, the natural buoyancy of spirits unbroken by age and infirmity—the varying circumstances of life—all are in their favor; and we hope and believe that they will "smile again." But age, to comfort it, has none of these. Age, generally left with few supports, clings tenaciously to the blessings which Providence, in its mercy, may yet have spared to its earthly affections: the fountain of grief so often opened has become nearly dry—and the tear that makes its way down the furrowed cheek is painful evidence of the deep anguish which has had power to force it thence.

Notwithstanding the tender attentions of his
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mother, and the comparative comfort to which he was now restored, it was evident that Everard Wilson drooped daily, and he was soon unable to walk abroad. Yet ill as he was he suffered still more from mental than bodily disease, he appeared to be haunted by painful images of the past.

"Mother," he would say, "I have never enjoyed one happy hour since I broke my faith with Margaret Compton. That instance of flagrant wrong has proved the groundwork of the troubles of my whole life."

Thus would Everard mourn as he lay upon his sick, and, as it proved, his dying bed—and thus lament his past errors. He died, leaving his son a parting legacy to his mother.

Opressed by grief and infirmity, it was not to be supposed that the widow would long survive to discharge the trust confided to her. The death of her son deeply affected her health, she declined fast.

One or other of the sisters Compton, were always with her, nursing, comforting and striving to soften the pangs of approaching dissolution.

On the day on which she died, Margaret stood beside her couch. She had been bathing the temples of the patient, who felt a temporary relief from the application.

"I can never thank you as I ought, Margaret," said the aged sufferer, "but you will receive your reward from a higher power. I die willingly—gladly—there is but one thought that grieves me—that poor boy—oh, what—what," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "will become of that friendless orphan?"

The little fellow stood looking at his dying grand-mother with a countenance of sorrow and affright. Margaret was deeply affected—she sobbed audibly. She drew the boy to her side, and taking a hand of her aged friend, then damp with the dews of death, she said,

"I will be a mother to your grandson, he shall live with me—I promise you that while I survive he shall never want friend or home."

At this assurance so trustful, so full of consolation, the dying woman raised her eyes to her friend. She could not speak, but a faint smile passed over her face and lighted her sunken features. It was but for a moment. In the next a deeper paleness settled on her countenance—she pressed feebly the hand of Margaret—it was life's last effort.

And Margaret Compton fulfilled her word. The orphan found a home in her cottage; she fed, she clothed, she educated him. He was the youth whom I had observed so constant in his attention to the aged sisters. He had repaid their care by sincere affection and the most watchful anxiety to serve and oblige. The seriousness of his disposition

inclined him to the church, and Margaret gladly seconded his wishes; his studies, therefore, were conducted in accordance with these views.

Years have quietly passed away; and content if not happiness has settled upon the inmates of the cottage.

Here the village pastor concluded his simple recital, which greatly increased my respect and admiration for the chief subjects of it—I mean the Misses Compton. So earnestly indeed did they dwell on my mind that I was restless and uneasy till I saw them again, for they seemed invested, as it were, with redoubled interest arising from the circumstances I had heard related.

It was at the close of a fine evening late in the month of June that I once more sought the glen. All was quiet. The evening breeze scarcely agitated the shrubs and flowers which grew around the house; and the purple hue occasioned by early twilight was fast fading from the bosom of the glassy stream that wound through the glen. I found the sisters quietly seated in their little parlor. Their faces lighted up with pleasure at my entrance, and as usual they evinced their satisfaction by a variety of hospitable attentions.

When the tea-table was removed we chatted on various subjects; and Margaret informed me that Everard had lately been ordained, and expected to officiate as clergyman in a village not far distant from Briarton. "We have had a letter from him lately," she added, "and he writes us word that we may expect a visit from him in a few days." I congratulated this excellent woman on an event so gratifying to her generous heart. Her voice trembled as she pressed my hand in replying, and a tear, but it was one of happiness, sprung to her eye.

I arose to take my leave; but was not suffered to depart before I had tasted their rich metheglin, a simple nectar, on the composition of which they greatly prided themselves. They accompanied me into the garden in front of the house. It was a spot small indeed, but literally "redolent of sweets." Here they paused intent on culling for me some of their favorite flowers. I could not without emotion observe the earnestness with which Margaret directed her sister to a selection of the choicest buds; while my eye followed Sarah's bent form, as she dexterously with a pair of garden scissors severed from the parent stem the blooming sweets, and formed them into a charmingly arranged bouquet. I left them with regret, and a feeling of respect, of affection, mingled with tender melancholy pervaded my mind.

And what, I asked myself, when in the retirement of my solitary apartment I laid my head upon my pillow, and in the silence of the night revolved the

tale of sorrow which I had so lately heard, what has enabled those females, by nature feeble, delicate and susceptible, thus bravely to support the storm of affliction with which heaven, in its wisdom, has thought proper to visit them?

What but humble trust and holy confidence in Him, in whose hands are the issues of life and death. That humble trust which dried the tears of Sarah when they dropped over the ashes of her plighted lover. That holy confidence which elevated the soul of Margaret, as, looking on the desolate orphan of Everard Wilson, she whispered to herself the Divine precept, "Do ye unto others even as ye would they should do unto you."

THE EMPTY NEST.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

FLOWN! flown, my little ones? Your cunning house
So deftly hid beneath the mantling vines,
All empty?

But a few short days it seems,
Since first we spy'd you, a strange, breathing mass,
Unfledg'd and shapeless, with bright, staring eyes,
And ever open beak. We often came
To inspect your tiny tenement, because
Your parents were our lodgers, in a nook
Of the piazza, where the vine-leaves curled,
And thatched it like a cottage. They were out
Most of their time, upon the busy wing,
Purveying food, while you at leisure lived,
Eating and chirping, with an equal zeal
Alternately—for whatso'er they brought,
Was eagerly received. I feared you'd be
Such gormandizers that you'd never learn
Your gamut, for you certainly were blest
With a most wondrous appetite. And still,
To help the matter on, my little girl
Amus'd herself with dropping now and then
A small, green grape, into your gaping mouths,
Feeling so very sure 't would do you good.
But as for one, I had a thousand fears,
Of cholera, and all the latent ills
That birds are heir to, and with fainter step
Each morning to your curtain'd chamber stole,
Filled with sad visions of your early death.
But lo! you grew like mushrooms, and your sires
Who scream'd at first with terror when we stood
Too near their hopeful race, at length became
Quite passive to our visits, and partook
Our scattered crumbs, complacently.

Yet now—

You're gone, my birds, and I shall miss you much.
Both morn and eve.

Methinks you were too young
To try your fortune in this world of snares,
And much I fear, that some marauding cat,
With all her feline tastes in exercise,
May seize and bear you, with your tender wings.

All helpless hanging from her whiskered mouth
A gift to her voracious little ones.

Yet hence with such forebodings, and I'll think
When from yon shrubbery I hear a song
Trembling with sweet, unpractised melody,
'Tis yours, my nurslings.

How will ye obtain
Your sustenance, thus sent as strangers forth,
'Mid all the ignorance of infancy
To cater for yourselves?

Yet the wide earth
Is your refectory, and the light leaf
That shivers on the gale, and the seam'd trunk
And the brown furrow, where the ploughman treads,
Show to your microscopic eye a feast
Ready and full.

Our Father feedeth you!
Ye gather not in store-house, nor in barn,
But seek your meal from Him.

Would that we shared
Your simple faith, we who so duly ask
Our daily bread, and yet distrust His hand
Who feeds all creatures, and upbraideth not.
We—who bow down in bondage, to the doubt
If He can spread a table for us, in the vale
Of Death's drear shade, tho' still His Book hath said
That the meek soul which serves Him shall not lack
Its wages, nor the scrip and pilgrim-staff
With which it travelleth to its home on high.

A FAREWELL.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

FAREWELL!—a lesson has been taught
I never can forget,
Yet bitterly as it is bought
I have no vain regret—
For now I know thee as thou art;
And scorn thy mercenary heart,
Nor curse the hour we met—
We all must sow in blood and tears
The chastened hearts of after years.

Farewell!—for sold for paltry gold
Thou'lt be a slave for life,
Chained like a felon in a hold,
Unloving, yet a wife—
Go! hide the adder in thy breast,
And wear a face with smiles impress—
But vain the unequal strife!
Too late thou'lt learn thou canst not brave
The horrors of thy living grave.

Farewell!—without regret I part—
All are not base as thee—
For him she loves a woman's heart
No sacrifice will flee,
Thank God! that here 'mid care and pain
This spark of heaven doth yet remain
In all its purity,
For woman's truth and woman's love
Are surely gleams from redlins above!

THE SPANISH MAIN.

A STORY OF THE BUCANIERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUIZING IN THE LAST WAR."

CHAPTER II.

MORE than a week elapsed before the frigate, baffled continually by calms, approached the vicinity of her destined port. It was a dangerous week for Julia De Lopez. Though she had mingled among the noblest of the court of Spain she had never met one of the other sex so fascinating as Montreuil. There was, perhaps, something in the romantic manner of their first acquaintance, something in the fact that she deemed him her preserver, something in being thrown daily into his society during the unusually protracted voyage; but, apart from all these, the young captain was of a character strikingly to impress an imaginative girl like Julia. Brave, handsome and frank, he was the very bean ideal of a soldier; but he combined with this all the suavity of a courtier and all the eloquence of a poet. He spoke her own tongue fluently, had read all the best writers of the language, played on her national instrument, and sang in a rich, mellow voice and with singular taste and feeling. He rarely alluded to his own exploits, though more than one scar showed that he had seen good service; but he often beguiled the evening hour with narratives of sieges and wars, in which his graphic descriptions proved that he had figured, though his modesty made no mention of this. In the daily companionship of such a one, Julia De Lopez found a pleasure of which she was not fully aware until the headlands near the place of their destination hove in sight. Then, as she sat in her cabin, after the evening meal, the consciousness that they must part on the morrow, awoke in her heart a feeling of melancholy, of a character totally different from any she had experienced before. It was no longer a vague emotion, but one whose cause she could not, even if she would, conceal from herself. She saw it arose from the idea of a separation. At first she had deemed her feelings toward Montreuil were only those of gratitude, and then, for a few days, she had avoided searching her heart to enquire into the nature of the delight his society afforded her; but now the veil dropped from her eyes, she acknowledged to herself that she loved him, and trembled lest her passion should not be returned.

"Oh! I have been weak," she said, "very, very weak. Blessed virgin help me in this extremity," and, with that agony of heart which ever attends on unrequited love, she clasped her hands and burst into tears.

But gradually she grew more composed. Hope whispered to her that she despaired too soon, that Montreuil loved her and that she might yet be happy. For what meant those soft and subdued tones with which he addressed her, so different from those he used to others, so different indeed from any she had ever heard? She called to mind the high-toned delicacy of his words and demeanor, the singular anxiety he evinced for her comfort and pleasure, and many another token which augured his love. As she reasoned thus with herself the tears ceased to flow, and a blush stole into her cheek and remained there, suffusing her rich olive complexion with a warm, sunny hue. Gradually a smile rose to her lips, as if pleasant thoughts were at work in her bosom.

While these emotions fluctuated in Julia's heart, Montreuil in his cabin apart was a prey to equally conflicting ones. He sat, resting his elbows on the table, his face buried in his hands, his whole attitude expressive of absorbing thought. Long he sat thus, silent and motionless, like a statue of stone. At length he looked up.

"It must be done," he said, "I see no other way to win her. I will descend from my present rank, desert my companions, re-enter society once more, and then honorably sue for this fair girl. She is too sweet, too pure, too holy for the baser thoughts which at first possessed me," he paused as if some dark temptation suggested itself: but instantly he resumed. "No, I will treat her in all honor," and again he paused as if musing. "How strange an influence," he continued, "she exercises over me! Just such a face as hers recurs to me sometimes in my dreams—perhaps it was that of my mother. The rest of my life is an unvaried tale—that of storms and calms at sea. But that stately lady who used to come to my cradle and kiss me, I can never forget. I love her—yes! this must be love which I entertain for you, Julia De Lopez! And I will win you," he said, his face brightening with a triumphant smile, "I never yet failed in any undertaking, and I will give up this profession, which, at times, with all its glory, I abhor, and seek for renown under the banners of old Spain. I know not my country, and may just as well take Castile for my adopted one as not. I am an adventurer of fortune and must win my livelihood by my sword: and will not love and Julia, even if I fill a subordinate capacity, be better than this splendid isolation from the sympathies of my kind? I will do it. And I will so play my part," he continued, and again that proud smile of conscious power illuminated his countenance, "that no one of her grandees shall think they have talked face to face with the once dreaded rover."

Our readers have before this suspected the secret revealed in these words; Montreuil was, indeed, no other than the great rover. Ignorant of his family or native land, he remembered only a sweet face, which he supposed to be his mother's, and a stately home, perhaps that of his ancestors. His next recollections were connected with the sea, where he had been from early childhood in the care of a roving bucanier. Subsequently, on the death of this individual, he had served in various navies, and sometimes on land, as a soldier of fortune. His life had been checkered and eventful. He had fought against the Turks, had been in the great English rebellion, had served in the wars of the League, and had eventually, after the death of the king in England, made sail with a royal frigate to the Spanish main, and gathering around him a band of bucaniers, carried on a war against the Spanish commerce and colonies. In this pursuit which would now be regarded as piratical, he was countenanced by the feeling of the age, which, especially among maritime men, held that there was no peace within the line. And so successful had been his career that his name had already become a terror to the whole main, while the most exaggerated stories were told of his powers, daring, and personal appearance.

Montreuil must not be judged by the creed of this day. With all that renders men noble he was gifted by nature, while his errors were those of the times. But since he met Julia De Lopez a change had been gradually stealing over his heart. His strong good sense and his naturally noble impulses pointed out to him the doubtful character of his pursuits, and though his love of adventure and his long entertained opinions struggled against these suggestions, the resistance became daily weaker. For there was something in the purity of Julia that scattered sophistry and placed the truth naked before him. Montreuil, notwithstanding his eventful career, was still young, and had always followed his profession from the love of adventure rather than of gold; while the cruel acts attributed to him were often exaggerated and always perpetrated by his lieutenants without his knowledge. It was impossible, indeed, for him wholly to restrain the lawless men over whom he presided. But as far as he could he checked their brutality, and ever, in his own deportment, carried himself more like those knights of the middle ages, who, at the head of free companies, conquered kingdoms and founded empires, than like the usual rovers of the seas.

Such was the individual whose fate had now become involved with that of Julia De Lopez. From the first moment he saw her, when, suppliant at his feet, she reminded him of that mother of whom he had so vivid a remembrance, he had

conceived for her an admiration, mingled with such lofty respect, that he never approached her presence without feeling the influence of purity. The consciousness that she would turn in terror and hatred from him, if she knew his true character, induced him to assume that of a French officer. And now, when a week's companionship with her, had changed his admiration into a deep, abiding love, the same consciousness tempted him to abandon his profession, and enter the Spanish or French service, when he might hope to win her honorably. How this was to be done he had, as yet, formed no determination; but he trusted for success, and not without reason, in his extraordinary powers.

The evening had by this time come, and the full moon, rising above the horizon, poured its flood of silver along the waves, that danced and flickered in the light, a witching and lovely scene. As usual at that day a gallery was fixed on the quarter of the ship, into which a door from Julia's cabin led. Charmed by the beauty of the night she stepped out. There was something in the calm prospect in unison with her present feelings, so, resting her head on her hand, she leaned against the railing, and, for some time, gazed without speaking on the luminary. Who has not done the same, and under the influence too of emotions akin to hers? And who does not recollect the placid repose that steals on the soul, and the breathless happiness with which, as if chained by some mystic spell, we gaze on the pale planet? Absorbed by feelings that were as new to her as they were delicious, Julia forgot the place and time, and insensibly began to warble a song which she had learned in childhood, and which, tradition said, had been sung full many a time under the casements of the dark beauties of Granada, when Moorish poetry and Moorish power were still in their prime, ere Andalusia had been wrested from their grasp, while the Abencerrage still lived in their lordly halls. The air was simple but exquisitely plaintive; and as the words, made more eloquent by the appropriate tones of Julia, floated softly over the moonlit wave, one, who had heard the lay and been where he could not see the singer, might well have thought it came from a spirit in the air.

As the last word died over the water, in a prolonged intonation, a deep sigh overhead awoke Julia to a recollection of where she was, and looking upward with a blush she saw that Montreuil, leaning over the side of the ship above, had been a listener to her song. He was the first to speak, and thus relieved her momentary embarrassment.

"Your song is beautiful, even more beautiful than the night. I was about to solicit your company on deck," he said, dropping his voice to the

lowest tone possible for her to hear, "for I have not forgotten that this will be our last evening on board, and I am selfish enough to wish not to lose a minute of it. But if you will permit me I will come down into the gallery."

A still deeper blush suffused the cheek of the fair Andalusian, and it was from her look rather than from any word she spoke, that he gathered he might descend. His form instantly disappeared, and, in another minute, with a low bow he entered the gallery and silently took his station at her side.

For a few moments neither spoke. There was a mutual consciousness which made silence more delightful than words. Julia's bosom still thrilled from that eloquent tone and look, and her sudden blush and something in her silence bade Montreuil hope. Both gazed on the scene then without looking at each other, but the heart of each was busy. At length Montreuil turned to Julia. She leaned on the railing, her face bent toward the water, and her long lashes drooped on her cheek, which was crimsoned to the forehead. One of her hands hung listlessly over the balustrade. Montreuil noticed that her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. All these were favorable signs. He fancied, too, that he saw, in a heightened color and a still quicker breathing, that she was conscious he was looking at her. He drew gently to her side and took her hand.

"Julia," he said, for the first time in his life addressing her thus; and the tone in which he spoke was soft as that of a woman, "why should we part to-morrow? Life is a wild struggle at the best, and so rarely do we find one congenial, that, when we do, we should not lightly break the tie. I love you, Julia. I feel that to be with you forever would be bliss, while to be torn from you would be misery indescribable. In the last few days I have learned to entertain sentiments for you such as I never experienced before for any one, and I feel that life will be a burden to me without your sympathy—without your kind looks, your soothing voice, your gentle words. You have taught me, since I knew you, to regard your sex with sentiments far purer than I had learned, in the wild school of a camp, to look on it. Your presence has been to me like that of an angel from heaven," he spoke with much emotion, and then paused as if too agitated to proceed. But in a moment he resumed. "I cannot part from you without telling you of my love. Is there hope for me? Speak, dear Julia—alas! you say nothing," and he paused again, his looks and tone expressive of the deepest despair.

Julia had listened to this impassioned address with an agitated bosom. She had suffered her

hand to remain unresisting in that of Montreuil, and at the declaration of his love the glad tears leaped into her eyes and fell trickling fast and large into the sea. But this her lover saw not, for her head was averted; and from this he feared that his suit was in vain. When Julia heard his melancholy tones, however, she turned, with a sudden impulse, her face full upon him, with a smile, amid her tears, that at once restored hope to his heart. It was a smile in which modesty, affection, faith in him and an appeal to his protection were all blended, and Montreuil, as he saw it, drew her with holy reverence to his breast and vowed inwardly that, whatever had been his actions heretofore, never hereafter would he do aught to pain her heart. In that moment his resolution to abandon his present career became fixed and unalterable. The heart which had resisted every other appeal yielded to the holy influence of a pure affection.

We drop a veil over the mutual relations of their hearts. Some one has said that the beautiful nonsense talked at such a time is not to be whispered to a woman, even by herself, without a conscious blush: then why should we repeat it? Let it suffice to say that when, late at night, Julia and Montreuil parted, it was as betrothed lovers. But one promise the rover had exacted from his mistress—it was that she should, for awhile, keep her engagement secret from her uncle. He gave many reasons for this, which, to the confiding girl, appeared sufficient: his real reason was that he wished to conceal his betrothal until he should have freed himself from the bucaniers.

Still, however, keeping up his assumed character of an officer of France, he determined to remain a few days in the harbor in the exchange of such civilities with the authorities, as the peaceful relations of the two countries would seem to demand. On reaching his cabin, therefore, after parting with Julia, he sent for his lieutenant.

"We shall enter the harbor to-morrow, Lucas," he said, "and anchor under the guns of the fort."

The man started and said, but yet timidly.

"But the danger."

"I will see to that," sternly said the rover, "there will be no danger if my orders are attended to. We shall assume the character of a Frenchman, and I send for you in order that you may see everything is done to ensure success to our plot. No boats are to be allowed to come alongside: whatever we want from the shore we will send for—suffer no man to land unless he is a Frenchman, for you can find enough such on board to man all the boats. Double the guard at the gangway, and be careful to keep curious visitors off. Let it be known among the crew that every man who addresses

such persons will be severely punished; and especially acquaint those who go ashore that, if they leave their boats or speak to any of the townfolk except on business, they shall meet the like fate. Let all the officers wear French uniforms—we have a plentiful supply of them ready for emergencies, you know. I may probably bring the governor on board."

"It shall be done," said the lieutenant, bowing servilely, and leaving the cabin. His leader looked after him, and said,

"I like not that man, and wish I could get rid of him. Ever since I refused him the command of the frigate we took from the Spaniards last spring, he has been, at times, sullen. But, perhaps, this is all fancy, and I am taking a national peculiarity of these Englishmen, for personal discontent," and, with the words, the sanguine leader dismissed all further thought of the matter.

He knew not the mine over which he stood. There was a savage gleam in the lieutenant's eye as he left the cabin, and, proceeding to execute his orders, he muttered to himself.

"Look out, sir captain, that I do not spoil all your plans. You refused me the only favor I ever asked of you, and gave it to an enemy, and I am sworn to revenge. I know this very governor has offered a large reward for you, and a free pardon to the informer: if he comes on board to-morrow I will betray you. No, that will not do," he continued, "for the crew, curse the fools, adore you, and would tear me in pieces. The matter is more difficult than I imagined. But they say I am a sleuth hound and never give over the chase which I have once undertaken, and I will yet find some way to manage this affair. I must work slyly, however, so that, if I fail, I shall not be suspected, else I will never have another chance to wreak my vengeance."

That night Julia slept soundly and sweetly, waking only now and then from delicious dreams to remember that she was loved, and that it was not all a vision: and Montreuil slumbered soundly, too, little thinking of the impending danger which threatened to baulk all his resolutions to abandon his present profession. The only one of the characters of our story who remained awake was Lucas, the English lieutenant, who spent the night in forming plans to execute his revenge.

When the morning sun rose over the blue hills of the mainland, the frigate already lay at anchor in the port, and seemingly in a situation exposed to the concentric fire of the batteries opening around the harbor, though a seaman's eye would have soon seen that a vessel wishing to get to sea at a moment's warning would have taken up the

exact position of the rover. There she lay, idly swinging with the tide, her sails festooned from her yards and the broad ensign of France floating gaily in the wind. But few men were seen about her decks. Calm, silent and beautiful she reposed on the water, as if in perfect security in a friendly port.

Julia had been awake at early dawn by the salute of the frigate as she glided to her anchorage, and by the answering salvos by the batteries. She was soon arrayed, and now appeared on deck, just as from the principal quay a barge was seen putting off bearing the insignia of a governor's rank. As the boat approached she recognized the tall and stately figure of her uncle, standing up in the stern sheets looking for her, for a messenger had already apprized him of her being on board, and he had left the government house immediately, eager to embrace his niece and learn by what strange chance she came in a French frigate, instead of in the noble caravella in which she was to have sailed. In a few minutes the barge touched the side of the frigate, the governor ascended amid the courtesies due to his rank, and immediately was clasped in the arms of his niece. When they had entered her cabin and a few hurried enquiries had been made of old friends at home, he asked the question which was next uppermost in his mind.

"How is it, Julia," he said, "that I see you in a frigate belonging to his majesty of France, when you were to have sailed in the noble caravella, San Trindada?"

In as few words as possible Julia narrated to him the attack of the bucaniers, the capture of the ship, her own imminent peril, and the opportune appearance of the French officer.

"By St. James of Compostella," broke forth the fiery old Castilian, for age had not dimmed the spirit of the brave noble, "but these knaves are grown venturesome; and for this act I will have revenge, if his most Catholic majesty has to send a fleet hither to ferret out the rogues. To assail a royal man-of-war, ay! and to capture her too—by the Virgin, it is too bad! You say you know nothing of her captain and of the brave officers who were coming out with him, except that they fell—my poor friends, would I had been there to wield my sword with ye! But thanks be to God! you are saved, Julia, for nothing could have comforted me for your loss. Wife and son both gone, I would indeed be alone in the world, but for you. You remind me strangely of your aunt. Girl! thou art wondrously like her."

There was a tone of touching sadness in the old man's voice as he spoke these words, at the same time putting his hand on her forehead he pushed

back her hair and gazed into her eyes. Julia flung her arms around his neck and said,

"And I will be all to you, dear uncle, if you will permit me. Oh! that I could only be more like my dear aunt whom I remember with so much love."

"Alas!" said the governor, "you never knew her until sorrow had changed her wofully. But this is vain," he said, after a pause, the duties of his station recurring to him, "they who have to do with affairs of state must learn to sacrifice private griefs to public duty. I have not yet thanked the gallant gentleman who was the means of your rescue. I would now seek him and do so in person."

The words of the uncle when he came to express to Montreuil his gratitude, were those of a heart warm with kindly influences and softened by old recollections; and the young leader, who had been wont to look too much at the worse side of men, wondered to see such emotion in one whose stern brow and cold demeanor augured the inflexibility for which the governor was noted. Each was known to the other by fame, and save, in this, Montreuil was little disappointed in the idea he had formed of the Castilian; but never, for an instant, did the royal officer suppose that in the courtly and elegant young Frenchman he saw the dreaded rover, for whose head he had already offered a high sum, which he intended to double, as the first act of his power on reaching the shore.

After a visit of an hour the governor departed with his niece, leaving an invitation for Montreuil to a banquet that evening at the palace. The young man saw his mistress depart with melancholy feelings, and the ship seemed deserted when she had gone.

That morning the governor called his council together, and laying before them the account of the caravella's capture, proposed to fit out an expedition on the most comprehensive scale to scour the coast and break up the bucaniers. As a further weapon against them he signified his intention to issue a proclamation offering double the former reward for the head of their leader. The council, indignant at the outrage perpetrated on the royal flag, and trembling for the safety of their own families now that the audacity of the rovers had grown to such a pitch, seconded him cheerfully; and so, at high noon, it was known by proclamation in the great square, that double pay would be given to whoever would enlist in the forthcoming expedition against the pirates, for such the proclamation called them, and that the reward for their leader's head would be a free pardon and the sum of twenty thousand ducats, an enormous price.

Having despatched these matters of business the

governor sought his niece and listened at more length to her account of his old friends at home in Spain, asking her a thousand questions, as we are wont to do of one who comes from those we love and whom we have not seen for years. He drew from her also a detailed account of the capture of the frigate, so far at least, as her own information extended; but he could not avoid expressing his surprise that Montreuil, whose vessel did not surpass the caravella in size, should have succeeded in overawing the bucaniers so as to obtain her liberty.

"The cut-throats have not always been so respectful to his most Christian majesty's flag," said he, speaking with his nation's bitter animosity toward the bucaniers, "and I trow that, if the brave Colono could not beat off the miscreants, this young cavalier, daring though he may be, could scarcely expect to succeed better."

"I believe," said Julia, artlessly giving that color to the tale which Montreuil would have wished her to do, had he been there, "that, in some way, this noble gentleman had gained a hold on them, and that they granted my release as a favor to him."

"Strange!" said the governor, "that a loyal soldier should have any terms with such pirates. But I suppose his majesty of France is disposed to wink at them so long as they treat his royal flag with due respect," and, with these words, he dismissed the momentary suspicion from his mind.

The conversation of the uncle and his niece was prolonged until it became necessary to prepare for the banquet, which the governor was about to give to compliment his guest.

And a banquet, worthy of the princely giver, it was! Lights blazed along the lofty hall, which, decorated with the colors of France and Spain intermingled, gave admission to the noble gentlemen and high dignitaries of state who had been summoned to do honor to the guest. The table groaned with costly plate, on which the most delicate viands were set forth. Venice glasses of rare price were ranged along the board. The rarest and richest wines blushed in golden cups for every guest. Servants in gorgeous liveries thronged the hall; in a word, everything that taste and luxury could prompt, or wealth and power could obtain, had been put in requisition for the occasion.

At the right hand of the governor sat Montreuil, surrounded by the officers of the state; but among them all none bore themselves with such grace and dignity. The conversation was of sieges, battles, and state affairs, and here Montreuil's experience and graphic eloquence made him prominent. More than one hoary-headed veteran gazed in admiration on the gallant soldier, and listening to his animated

descriptions of some famous battle, wished that he too had been there. At length the conversation turned on the all engrossing subject of the day, the audacity and success of the great rover; and Montreuil was courteously asked respecting him, for Julia's narrative of her rescue had already got abroad. The young man was about to answer, as he best might, in this perplexing situation, when a servant approached the governor and whispered in his ear. The words of the lacquey appeared to rouse his indignation somewhat, and he spoke hastily in reply.

"Tell him to call to-morrow. I must not be disturbed now."

The tone was intended for a whisper, but it was heard by all those immediately around the governor, and Montreuil spoke,

"Pray, do not put off the suitor on my account. It may be a matter of vast importance to the applicant, and to-morrow may be too late."

Even while he was speaking a second lacquey approached bearing a note addressed to the governor, on a silver salver. His face flushed with surprise and exultation, and his fingers trembled as he held the missive after reading it. He turned instantly to Montreuil and said,

"I will then excuse myself for a few minutes. This is from the same suitor and he comes on a business of importance to the state. I will return shortly."

But a full half hour elapsed before the governor came back, and whispered enquiries as to the nature of this sudden business had begun to circulate around the table. He entered, at length, with a disturbed brow. His demeanor procured a general silence, the hilarity of the company ceasing suddenly as if a spell was laid on them. He walked to his chair and without sitting down, spoke, after looking around the table.

"Gentlemen," he said, "my excuse for this long absence is to be found in the urgent nature of the business which called me from you. My excuse for now seeming a surly host and breaking up this joyous meeting is in the same urgent circumstance. I scarcely know how to act in the emergency in which I find myself, but the path of duty is before me, and in that I must tread let the consequences be what they may."

He paused and looked again around the board, with a contracted brow and compressed lips. It would be impossible to describe the astonishment depicted on the faces of his guests at his strange demeanor, and words which were still more strange. Every eye remained fixed on him. He continued.

"The business of which I speak relates to this

pirate who has so long infested our seas. He sits among you. He is at my side. This is he."

As he spoke he turned to Montreuil, for the first time since he had re-entered the room, and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

Montreuil sprang to his feet. The whole affair was so sudden that he was taken by surprise, and his hand sought his sword which leapt half way out of the scabbard. But instantly he controlled himself and stood with a half contemptuous smile, looking in the face of the governor, who returned his gaze without flinching.

"Yes! I repeat it," said that functionary, after a silence of nearly a minute, "we have the tiger at length in our toils. Sir Bucanier, your own lieutenant has betrayed you!"

TO BE CONCLUDED.

THE RUINS OF PALENQUE.

BY MRS. E. LIGHTHIE.

THEY have passed away in their power and might;
Not like a warrior fallen in fight:
Not as the conflict of elements met,
Whose fear and whose horror we may not forget;
Or yet as the sun when he veileth his ray;
Not thus have the fallen ones vanished away.
But like to the orb in his glory and pride,
When he sinks in the crimson his beaming has dyed,
We look on it thus ere the night shall begin,
And dream what the day of its beauty hath been,
Thus we gaze on the ruins that silently lay,
And mourn for the glory that vanished away.
Oh, slowly and sadly the finger of Time
Doth crumble the forms in that beautiful clime;
No echo remains from their voices to swell,
No record we find of their grandeur to tell,
But we feel we are beings of perishing clay,
When we mourn for the greatness now vanished away.

SONNET.

BY THOS. E. VAN BIBBER.

As earth sustains a twofold motion—one
Urging her ever round her own fixed pole,
The other causing her for aye to roll
Around the central, all-sustaining sun,
Whence day and night in due succession run
Their rounds, with change of seasons; thus the soul
Of man, by laws beyond her own control,
Is by a twofold impulse driven on.
A self-concentr'd, God-attracted sphere
She is, with one side dark and one side bright,
Sin's shadow here, celestial radiance there,
Here summer morn, there starless wintry night:
But oh! what joy, when near and still more near
Attracted, she shall be absorbed in God's own light.

VOL. IV.—12

THE PLEDGE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"JOIN us in this pledge, colonel, surely you will not refuse *me*," said a beautiful bride, emerging from a bevy of bridesmaids, and extending a glass of brimming champagne as she spoke.

The gentleman whom she addressed had studiously refrained, during the evening, from drinking any of the costly wines prepared for the guests. But finding himself thus the object of general attention—for when the bride spoke every eye was turned on him—he colored, stammered a few indistinct words, took the glass and bowing gracefully drank long life and happiness to the bride.

"I told you I should succeed," said the young and happy creature, her eyes sparkling with triumph, as she retired into her circle of bridesmaids, "I knew Colonel Warren would not refuse *me*. What a pity he has got such puritanical notions in his head. He used to be the foremost with a happy allusion or eloquent sentiment when the wine circulated."

No one was there to contradict this joyous but thoughtless creature, or to tell her that Colonel Warren's indulgence in wine had nearly proved his ruin. He had been absent from his native city for some years, during which period he had formed his resolution not to drink, in consequence of a conviction of his own weakness. On his return, his old associates in vain persuaded him to alter his determination. He refused firmly but courteously. On various festive occasions they had endeavored to induce him to join them in pledging each other, but his answer had always been the same. This was the first time, since his return, that he had been at an entertainment where wine was introduced in the presence of ladies. It was resolved to try whether the influence of the sex would not break a resolution which more than one felt to be a reproach on himself. How the scheme succeeded we have seen.

No pen can adequately describe the emotions of Colonel Warren during the instant he hesitated before taking the proffered glass from the bride. He was chivalrous to a fault in his demeanor to the sex, and had never been known to refuse a favor asked by a woman. The bride was the daughter of his early friend, a cherished treasure, whom he had many a time dandled on his knee, and whom he had never done anything to slight or pain. He stood, as we have seen, irresolute for a moment, hesitating between fears for the result and a dislike to disoblige his favorite on this her wedding night. But, at length, he had fatally yielded.

Little did the young bride think of the dreadful issue of her tempting words and smile. Little did she dream that the hankering love for wine, which had once reduced her victim to the verge of confirmed inebriacy, would awake again at the taste of that glass, and rage with more violence than ever. Young, happy and thoughtless, she looked only at the present triumph, without considering the result. How then was she surprised to hear, a few months after her marriage, that Colonel Warren was becoming an inebriate—that he rarely retired to bed unless in a state of intoxication—and that, in consequence, his fine person was becoming disfigured and his large fortune wasting away. She shuddered, but still did not think of her own agency in the matter, and, when next she met him, with the privilege allotted to youth and beauty, ventured to plead with him on the subject.

"Madam," said he, in reply, and the melancholy and somewhat stern tone in which he spoke never left her memory, "it is *too late*. I was once as I am now—I rallied and took a resolution never to drink again—I broke that resolution, you know how and when, and now I am a hopeless inebriate."

He turned and left her presence. Her eyes were opened. Oh! bitterly did she reproach herself for having spoken those fatal words. For nights she could not sleep. She sought again and again to see her victim, but he avoided her presence. They never met again but once. Reader! would you know how.

Some years after, on a cold, bleak morning in January, a travelling sleigh, drawn by two splendid horses, was dashing along the turnpike between Norristown and Philadelphia. There had been a snow storm during the night, and the flakes lay piled against the fences and banks, where they had been driven by the icy wind which swept down from the hills beyond the Schuylkill. The sky was still overcast: the wind yet raged violently; and it was intensely cold. Few scenes could be more desolate. Houses, barns, trees and hay ricks were covered with snow, and the cattle, cowering in the sheds, seemed everywhere to beseech the sky in vain. As the sleigh, with its merry bells, whirled down the long hill that leads to the Manayunk turnpike, the horses suddenly shied, nearly precipitating the vehicle into an opposite snow-bank. A lady slightly screamed and looked out in alarm from the furs which enveloped her; but seeing no cause for danger she was about to order the driver to proceed, when her little boy, pointing to the object which had startled the horses, said,

"Mother, what can that be in the road? Surely it is a man's hat."

The lady turned. In the centre of the highway was a pile of drifted snow a little longer than a human body. One end of the pile had been blown away, disclosing, as the boy said, a man's hat.

"Gracious heaven," she exclaimed, "can it be that some poor wretch has frozen to death here. James," and she turned to a footman, "go and see."

With intense interest the lady watched while the servant brushed away the snow. In a few seconds it was apparent that a corpse was indeed there, and it was not long before the cause of the man's death was evident in an empty jug lying beside him. The spectators breathlessly awaited while the icy flakes were being removed from the face, for the lady was within a short distance of her home and thought that, perhaps, she might recognize the unfortunate being. She stepped out of the sleigh and approached the corpse.

"Colonel Warren!" she said, becoming ghastly pale and staggering, "Colonel Warren dying thus, a common drunkard, oh! just heaven this is too much."

And thus the victim and his destroyer met for the last time. It was the once thoughtless bride who now stood above that corpse.

AWAKE FROM THY SLUMBERS.

A SONG.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

AWAKE from thy slumbers!
The bright star is fading,
That brought me the news
Of the coming of day;
Though his chariot the hills
From the vallies are shading,
He rides up the slope
Of the east far away!

Awake from thy slumbers!
The wild birds are tuning
Their voices to greet thee,
So loud in the brake;
While the roe-bucks are watching
The swans, that are pruning
Their soft silver wings
On the glass of the lake.

Oh! wake from thy slumbers!
The morning is shining.
And Phœbus is bathing
His locks in the sea;
Then arise from that rose-bud
Where thou art reclining,
And come, gentle lady,
Come swiftly to me!

OUR ANN.

A DOMESTIC PORTRAIT.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

"BUT, Mrs. Martin, what has this to do with the party to be given at Colonel Dayton's? I do not see any such exhibitions of assuming pretence in them, that you have been so severe upon."

"You don't, well really; why ever since Colonel Dayton has been to Congress his daughters have done nothing but talk of pa's speeches and doings whilst there, and now they take such airs upon themselves in company, talking of doctors and lawyers and such like, as if nobody else was good enough for them. No, Mrs. Bell, our Ann sha'n't go—I'm decided."

"Why, Mrs. Martin, for my part I think Colonel Dayton a very worthy man, a little too easy in the management of his children, perhaps—but then you know we all have our faults, and as for his daughters, they are young and giddy—a few years of experience will correct many of these things you now consider faults. We should not be too severe on the young, Mrs. Martin."

"I don't think I'm severe, Mrs. Bell; the colonel may be a very nice man—but people should not forget what they sprung from—who, I would like to know, raised him to what he is? My husband. And now how has he treated him? But you see all these things, Mrs. Bell, and there is no use of my telling you—but still I can't help talking when I see such things—his daughters get better as they grow older—they are old enough now to know good breeding, in all conscience—there's our Ann, she is younger than either of them, and she can go into any company."

"But you should recollect the difference in the dispositions of the girls, Mrs. Martin, Ann is of a more sedate turn of mind, loves reading more than they—that makes a wide difference; *they* have been accustomed to spend much of their time in company, and in gayeties of all descriptions, and have caught many of their actions and notions from this school."

"And I wonder, Mrs. Bell, if our Ann hasn't been in society too, as good as theirs—though the circle was not quite as large, perhaps. Didn't her father take her to New York last summer, and whilst there she visited in the very first families. Our relations are all of the higher classes—and amongst them our Ann is considered quite polite, just as good as some of those who have had a town education. But we were talking of this party that is to be at Dayton's—who do you think will be there?"

"Why all the neighbors, I suppose; they have quite an extensive circle of relations, they all will be there, of course, and then their old friends and school-fellows have been invited; among that number they rank your daughter, and have given her an invitation, which she is anxious to accept."

"No such thing, Mrs. Bell, you are much mistaken. All their friends and neighbors have not been invited, only some of them, and as to our Ann she was not asked until the very last moment, and then would not have been had it not been for shame, as we live so near. No, I tell you it is all for show; their brother too is to be home from the Army—they had better put him to the plough. Depend upon what I say, Mrs. Bell, this is all for pride and display."

"Well, Mrs. Martin, since you are so determined I must give it up, but I still think you mistake the Dayton's."

Mr. Martin, in early life, had been a school-master, and had selected his wife from among the many samples of buxom lasses that profited by his mental labors. But what definite quality in the mind or person of Betsy (for so she was called) had captivated the heart of the sedate Luke Martin is still wrapt in mystery. It might have been her voice, for of that he had the most abundant specimens, in the use she made of it in managing a host of small pupils, which Luke, in the height of his condescension, had committed to her charge. Enough for us, he was captivated, and in due course of time the manageress of a small class in a country school became the empress of the heart and household of Luke Martin. Time rolled on, and Luke, by the changes of fortune became a justice of the peace on the same day that made him a father. Here was an epoch in the history of Mrs. Squire Martin, as she was now called. She immediately commenced wearing caps, for she said "they looked more like the thing," though before this event she could discover nothing in this article of dress worthy of her admiration. Her manners too assumed a newness, she became more formal and ceremonious, partaking of the magisterial dignity of the office, to which, if we were to judge from outward demonstrations, she was the heir apparent. Her husband was on the opposite extreme of the circle of loquacity—as if nature delighted in linking together the very opposites of her creation. Shy and retiring, he scarcely ever mingled in the noise and bustle of the world, unless called upon to do so in the path of his profession, and then in that quiet, noiseless manner that told it was not his element. Plain and simple in his habits, as well as pure and straightforward in the discharge of his duties, no wonder that he soon

gained the confidence and respect of his fellows. This soon opened the way to the influx of many profitable advancements in life, and a few years saw Luke Martin a rising, as well as a rich man. But years in increasing the wealth of the good squire, also multiplied the means of its disbursement. His family had increased in number, and his wife in expectations. Their daughter had now entered the magic circle of early womanhood, and that was another source of pride to the fond and ambitious mother. Our Ann, as she was usually called by Mrs. Squire Martin, was the very counterpart of her mother, except that she had a more liberal education, mixed more in general society, and consequently had seen and knew more of the world than had fallen to the lot of her parent. She would, if nature had been permitted to take course, been one of the many who

"Flourish and who fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made."

One of those plants that spring up along the pathway of human life in the morning, flourish for a few hours and then disappear no one knows whither. But such was *not*, in the opinion of her mother, destined to be the fate of her daughter. Though one of a large family of children she had become from a similarity of thought and manner a confirmed favorite with the mother. This was soon perceptible in the many little indulgencies granted to the petted child, in the attention bestowed on every article of dress destined for her, and a thousand such signs and tokens of partiality. But what was most to be deprecated as a result of this over fondness on the part of the mother, was the system of flattery to which the ear of the daughter was accustomed. No friend could express the usual good wishes for her, no one mention what they thought to be a commendable trait in her character or disposition, but the greedy ear of the proud mother would drink in the sweet draught and retail it to her, dressed out in all the fanciful colorings of an interested and excited imagination. Her form was praised as a model of grace and symmetry, her face as the perfection of female beauty. Such a systematic course of flattery could not fail to produce the most fatal consequences on the habits and manners of the daughter. She soon began to exhibit the results of this false course pursued by her mother. Her vanity became aroused, and soon developed itself in all those rigid and frivolous attentions to the toilet, that so surely herald the approach of this arch enemy to female character. Accustomed as she was at home to this species of homage from her mother, she soon began to assume the same position among those with whom she associated. This was not calculated

to make friends, and the consequence was that jealousies and differences soon made their appearance. Her mother, who was the prime minister of that circle in which her daughter moved, lost no opportunity of asserting her claims of superiority.

One family in the vicinity would not admit the infallibility of Mrs. Squire Martin. This was Colonel Dayton's, and the consequence was a domestic feud as deep and lasting as that of the rival houses of "Capulet and Montague." Col. Dayton had been to Congress where Luke Martin had not been, which was a source of pride to the Daytons and consequently of mortification to Mrs. and Miss Martin; but then he had been defeated in his hopes of re-election, and that was some solace to their wounded pride. Still, with all the rivalries and dislikes that subsisted between the two great families, no one could have suspected the existence of the fact from the actions of the younger branches of the houses when chance happened to bring about a meeting. On the surface all appeared calm and motionless, an even tide of good will and friendship: and so it was forced to be from the fact, that if an open and known breach had taken place, many of the mutual friends and acquaintances of the parties—those on whom the hopes and expectations of the ambitious mothers were placed—would perhaps have seen behind the curtain. This would not do, and this was the motive that induced the feigned friendship that existed between the families, as well as the cards of complimentary invitation which passed on the occasion of a party or evening select circle (as they delighted to call it) being given by either family. But when in the company of those whom they thought their private friends, then the real feelings of the parties broke out, and exhibited themselves in all those plots and counterplots entered into to frustrate the plans of the other house, to draw away those whom they thought likely to be caught in the domestic net, and if possible to bring them under the influence of the opposite current.

It was on the eve of one of those marshalling of the contending forces, in the shape of a party at Colonel Dayton's that the conversation between Mrs. Bell and Mrs. Squire Martin took place, related at the commencement of the sketch. A similar one had been given at Squire Martin's a few months before, at which the Misses Dayton had been the ruling stars of the evening, much to the chagrin of our Ann and her mother. It was there that the conversation about pa's speeches, and the attention of professional men to pa's daughters had offended Mrs. Squire Martin's ideas of female propriety, and there, whilst the sun of her daughter's

prosperity seemed on the wane, she had, for the first time, discovered the wrongfulness of such companies, and decided to have no more of them in her own house, nor suffer her daughter to attend those given by others. This was the true state of the case; and though she gave as the reasons to Mrs. Bell the tardiness of the invitation, still the penetration of that good lady enabled her to see through the flimsy veil and detect the true motive, a desire to prevent the interests of the families from clashing in too public a manner. Severe as had been the training of the daughters, still this was beyond her depth, and she was anxious to be one of the circle to meet at Colonel Dayton's. But it had been decreed otherwise, and that decree was unalterable.

The party at Colonel Dayton's took place, and it was a gay and brilliant one, the largest and most fashionable of the many that had been given. Wit and beauty, bright smiles and happy faces were there, all intent upon the pleasures and festivities of the hour. The laugh of the joyous and the song of the glad-hearted could be heard, mingled with the tones of music echoing from the richly lighted apartments in which the company was assembled. But apart from this scene stood one who seemed as if it gave him no pleasure, or, if it did, you could not read the tokens on his pale and pensive face. Ever and anon, as some fair form swept past him, his eye would light up and a smile of recognition play upon his lips; but with the exception of this he took no part in the bustling world around him. At length a galaxy of wild and glad-some girls came singing by in the very overflow of youthful pleasure, their hair braided with flowers, and the spirit of mirth and frolic beaming from their eyes. A slight noise drew their attention, and the youngest of the party advancing, said laughingly,

"What! Mr. Easton and so pensive! I'll wager my fan he is thinking of a pair of soft blue eyes and rosy lips and coral teeth, and a fair white hand, with a ring upon it, put there by a certain very pensive young gentleman with whom——"

"I cry your mercy, Miss Benson, but will you not allow me other thoughts on this meeting, after so long an absence from my native place?"

"As bad as ever, Frank, at your compliments—you have not forgotten them, at least in your absence," said the wild girl, who now, for the first time, became sensible that Frank Easton and she were alone, all the company having joined the circle in the other room. Frank saw the embarrassment of his companion, and offering her his arm, said,

"The air is very oppressive here, Mary. Will

you walk in the garden? I hear the music there." Mary took his offered arm, and they sauntered into the moonlight. "But tell me, Mary, how are all our old playmates?" continued he, "how many of them are married? and how many of them going to be?"

"Why, Frank, the usual changes have taken place—some are married—that I'm certain of—some going to be, I presume, from the sighs and other heralds that are to be seen in various quarters. But you have seen them all, I suppose?"

"No, Mary—you know I returned but yesterday, and have had no opportunity. Except the Miss Dayton's I have met no one until this evening. The Dayton's seem to be the reigning belles now, Mary—what has become of Miss Martin? I do not see her here—they still are friends, I hope."

"Friends, oh yes," replied Mary, and a mischievous twinkle of her blue eye told that she knew more than she deemed it prudent to communicate to her young companion at this time, "in the popular signification they are. But now of yourself, Frank, are you still going to play the truant from us? or have you returned to make this again your home?"

"Yes, Mary, now I am done roving—the increasing age of my parents makes it necessary that I should assume the active duties of real life and quit this dreaming."

"I am glad to hear you say so," said Mary, and a brighter smile than usual wreathed around her face for a brief moment, but it was gone before Frank noticed it, and turning she resumed hastily, "come, let us join the company, we will be missed."

They did join the gay throng—and amid that throng none were more welcome than Frank Easton. Born among them, of rich and respectable parents, himself of an open and generous nature, no wonder that he was the pride of the neighborhood—to the old, who saw in his wealth and connexions a desirable match for their daughters, and to the young and daring as one who would be their leader in all their wild and hair-brained exploits. He was sent to college where he graduated, and since then he had been living a roving life. But now he had returned to make this his home—had returned unmarried, the idol of the throng.

In a room in Squire Martin's house, on the day succeeding the party at Colonel Dayton's, were assembled Mrs. and Miss Martin and Mrs. Bell. There had been a silence of some moments, as if each was desirous that the other should commence the discourse, but at length it was broken by Mrs. Martin, who said,

"Well, it was just as I thought, nobody was at

Dayton's, except a chosen few. I am glad I did not let our Ann go—she is not a going to be made a handle of as long as I can help it."

"But, mother, Mary Benson was there—and there could have been no slight intended me as she was invited after I was. And young Mr. Easton, why he only returned the night before, and they invited him and he went, and I think he should know when he has been to college."

"Oh, they'd invite young Easton just to have it to say he was there: and Mary Benson, she'd go just to spite you, as I told her you would not go. But, Mrs. Bell, did you ever hear tell of the like? Young Easton just arrived the night before and they must have him there—but he is rich, and it is easily seen through."

"Why, Mrs. Martin," said Mrs. Bell, as she raised her eyes from the work in which she was engaged, "young Mr. Easton is an old friend of the family: he has known them from his infancy: and they could scarce do less than invite him if he had but returned the same evening. They say he is much improved since he has been away, and was the soul of the company, except once or twice when he appeared a little absent minded."

"No wonder, Mrs. Bell, no wonder, I suppose he was disgusted at what he saw and heard, he must have been, such cutting up never was heard of; and then for conversation, their own family, I suppose, as usual, nothing else is good enough for them. But I hear that young Easton is going to stay at home: he is a nice sensible fellow, Mrs. Bell, and would make any girl a good husband."

"Yes, I believe he intends remaining here, and I join you in your praise of him with all my heart: but I expect his travels will have made him particular in his choice of a wife."

"I don't think so," replied Mr. Martin, "as Mary Benson told our Ann this morning that he was all attention to Amy Dayton last night—that don't look like being particular, I think."

"Oh, that was to screen herself," said Ann, displaying more than usual warmth in the answer, "that is all, as I heard since that not quite all of his attention was bestowed upon Miss Dayton, but that Miss Benson was also in his good graces."

"I see through it," observed Mrs. Martin, "he is only flirting with them, that is all, and they have made a serious matter of those little attentions which all the gentlemen must pay to the ladies. They should have known better. But as he is going to live among us I suppose they will all set their caps for him."

In this last remark of Mrs. Martin both the ladies coincided, and then followed a general burst of indignation at such a course of acting on the

part of the young ladies. Mrs. Martin especially deprecated, in strong and emphatic terms, the conduct of some people who she knew had given parties for the mere purpose of drawing company to the house, and displaying their daughters to the best advantage. After a variety of conversation, all tending to the same result, Mrs. Bell took her leave, and then was developed the true secret that was leading Mrs. Martin, step by step, along the track of life—a splendid match for her daughter. In Frank Easton she saw such an offer—but how was the thing to be effected? How was he to be drawn with the influences of Mrs. Martin's set, so that he might be worked upon? That was the question. A party would do, but then she had expressed herself opposed to them, but only to Mrs. Bell, and she would not say anything about it; and if she did, why her daughter's birth-day would occur in a short time, and that would afford an admirable opportunity for such an object. With Mrs. Martin to determine was to act, and consequently she set about the maturing of the plan immediately—to her daughter she revealed the outlines of the scheme. Ann at first hesitated, but soon yielded to the master spirit, and flattered at the prospect of rivaling the Daytons, as she had now caught much of the spirit of her mother, she entered heartily into the matter. Cards were issued, printed on gold edged paper, a thing before totally unknown in that vicinity; invitations were given to all the families in the neighborhood, with the exception of the Daytons, with whom there was now declared open war. Thus stood affairs two weeks before the event was to take place, when Amy Dayton and her two sisters might have been seen engaged in earnest conversation.

"Well, what do you think of my proposal," asked Amy, "I do not think he has got an invitation yet, and if we get up this Pick-Nick and give him the first invite, why that will prevent him from going, as we will manage to detain him until too late."

"Excellent," said Ellen, "it will be such a spite to the Martin's—never to ask us. But do you think he will come?"

"We must get Mary Benson to persuade him," was the reply, "she can induce him to do anything, you know."

This was agreed upon as the best means of defeating the views of the other house, and consequently of ministering to the wounded pride of their own feelings. Not that either of the Miss Daytons felt a deeper interest than usual in young Easton, but then the Martins were their rivals, and that was sufficient. To eclipse them in the world of fashion was the one paramount object in the

minds of the parties, and this was thought to be a good opportunity for that purpose, as they knew that he would be the star of the evening. Thus then was the matter managed by the opposing faction, and the preparations went on swimmingly. At the Martin's nothing was talked of but Mr. Easton. "How will Mr. Easton like this? And I wonder if Mr. Easton fancies such a style or color of dress?" Mrs. Martin had made confidants of at least a dozen, and told them of the triumph she was about to achieve over the Dayton's. In future they would never be able to hold so high a head in the county as they had. Our Ann, too, was all bustle and preparation, new dresses had to be obtained, new jewellery procured, she had to write to her cousin in the city for the newest Paris fashion of dressing the hair; in short, all was to be in the first style. Meanwhile at the Daytons a similar scene was enacting. An invitation had been forwarded to Mr. Easton, and all was anticipation.

The evening preceding that on which the battle was to be fought, was one of intense interest to the contending parties. As yet neither had received an answer to the invitation to Mr. Easton, owing, as it was supposed, to his being from home for some days; but now he had returned. In the interval each party had spoken freely of the motives that they thought had instigated the rival one, and many and bitter were the insinuations that were thrown out. Each was confident of success. At length the answer came. A note containing a card, on which was written in pencil.

"Mr. and Mrs. Frank Easton will be at home to-morrow evening from eight until ten o'clock."

He had married Mary Benson.

The party at Mrs. Martin's was postponed owing to the very sudden illness of the hostess. As for the Pic-Nick it came off, but the spirit of the dream had fled; all was languid and dull. The trees were not as green as usual, the music not as sweet, everything was wrong.

Since this time the breach has been incurable, no signs have been given of a desire on either part to give up the feud. The Daytons still talk of pa's speeches in Congress; and Mrs. Squire Martin and our Ann console themselves with thinking that Amy Dayton did not entrap Frank Easton.

ON AN INFANT.

ERE Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.

ELEGIAC LINES.

Oh! it was sacrilege to blight
A vision all had woo'd;
The beauty and the majesty
Of early womanhood;
Ay, in the pride, the loveliness,
And glory of its spring—
Hope's bloom upon its pathway,
While free its angel wing!

When grief, o'erworn with vigils lone,
Is hush'd in slumber's thrall,
And wrapt in kind oblivion's dream
Forgets the bier—the pall—
Oh! then how oft does fancy bid
That vision sweet appear;
The image of the buried one
How fondly summons near!

And, as again her fairy tread,
Falls gently on the ear,
Blent with her voice's music
The ever "low and clear;"
And beams again her lustrous eye,
And rears her brow of snow,
How throbs deliciously the heart,
What tears of rapture flow!

And how the bosom's inmost chords
With anguish keen are torn,
When waking, consciousness returns
Again to sigh and mourn;
How desolating then the thought
That we may never see
Nor hear thee more, save in the hour
When Fancy revels free!

But beautiful! why wake the sigh—
For oh! with thee 'tis well
In yonder palace halls of light
Where they—the dazzling dwell!
Where quivering thro' ten thousand lyres,
Forever rolls the song
Of cherubim and seraphim,
Triumphantly along;
There, rob'd in plumage, strangely fair,
In halos all divine,
Thy spirit bends in ravishment
Before the ONLY SHRINE! J. A. M.

TO A SEA BIRD.

Now on the breaker's edge I see thee fly,
Thy white wings glancing in the snowy foam,
And now a faint speck, traced against the sky,
Swift winging onward to thy distant home.
Gloomy and wild the clouds stoop o'er the waste,
The vexed surf moans with boding accents low,
Haste! on thy tempest path, fond mother, haste
To where thy nurslings wait thy coming slow.
There in the long reeds by the sheltered shore,
Gather them safely from the tempest's power,
And fear not, though the surges round thee roar,
For God will keep thee in that darksome hour.

MOUNT AUBURN CEMETERY.

THE first cemetery in this country after the plan of *Pere la Chaise*, was consecrated on the twenty-fourth of September, 1831, about five miles from Boston, on the main road leading from Cambridge to Watertown. The tract of ground assigned to the purpose contained about sixty acres of undulating land, covered with forest trees of a great number of varieties, and having a natural ridge, level on the top, running through it. The principal eminence, Mount Auburn, rising a hundred and twenty-five feet above the level of Charles river, has given name to the spot. From this elevation a delightful landscape is visible. Far away the city is seen, like an island, studded with habitations, afloat on the deep. The beautiful village of Cambridge lies almost at your feet to the eastward. The Charles river, winding among the green fields, until lost to the sight; the blue hills of Milton fading in the distance; and villas and country seats innumerable, surrounded with fine old trees, complete the picture.

The approach to the cemetery is through a magnificent gateway in the Egyptian style. This was formerly of wood, at which Fanny Kemble justly expressed her surprise; but it has just been replaced with a structure of Quincy granite corresponding in size and design to the old one. On the outside face of the lintel is this appropriate inscription.

"Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

The grounds of the cemetery have been laid out with intersecting avenues, thus rendering every part of the wood accessible. These avenues curve and wind in every direction, forming a labyrinth, in threading which the stranger comes continually upon striking points in the landscape and elegant monuments appropriately placed. The greatest variety of aspect prevails in the cemetery. In some parts the forest retains its original wildness: in others it has been improved by art. Here the traveller finds himself in a sunny path surrounded by flowers: there he is buried in sepulchral gloom, with tall pines rising cone-like far overhead. But the most beautiful spot is that represented in our engraving. Descending the ridge, of which we have spoken, you see before you a secluded lake, surrounded by magnificent old elms, while through the vistas, opening on either hand, up the hill side, appear numerous monuments, many of them of great splendor.

Among the monuments, that erected to the memory of Spurzheim is worthy of remark, on account of its simple elegance, and the good taste

which inscribed nothing on it but the name of the immortal dead. The erection over the tomb of Mr. Lowell will attract every eye. But there is nothing, in the cemetery, more beautiful than the statue of the child, which you see immediately on entering. There are other chaste and elegant monuments, scattered over the grounds; among them, the exquisite design of a broken shaft with a garland of roses thrown over it is pre-eminent.

Since Mount Auburn was opened, other cemeteries on the same plan have been constructed in the vicinity of most of our principal cities. Next in rank to the subject of our notice is Laurel Hill, situated on the Ridge Road turnpike, about five miles north west of Philadelphia. The tract of ground at present inclosed here is smaller than that at Mount Auburn, nor has it been so long devoted to purposes of burial. In time, however, it will probably equal its rival. Nothing can be superior to the view from the cliffs in the rear of this cemetery, looking either up or down the Schuylkill; and when tombs shall have been constructed in the sides of the bank, as at Mount Auburn, the beauty of the place will be much heightened. The shrubbery in this cemetery is more plentiful than at the one near Boston, but the latter possesses superior advantages in the deep sepulchral gloom of its majestic elms, in its greater extent, and in the undulating character of the ground.

ELEANORE.

WAKE! the shadowy vine-leaves quiver,

Clustering brown thy lattice o'er,
And the silver moonbeams shiver
Through the willows on the river—

There we'll wander never more,
Eleanore!

Wake! thy voice is like the flowing
Of still waves upon the shore,
Let me hear it growing, growing—
Thou art like the lilies blowing—

Must I see thee never more,
Eleanore?

On the hill the moon is dying—
Push aside thy lattice door!
Mournfully the pines are sighing,
And a voice seems ever crying

"Never more," oh! never more,
Eleanore!

False one, thus our hearts to sever—
My upbraidings soon are o'er;
But a spirit in thee ever
Peace shall pray in vain for—never
Shall it bless thee, never more!

Eleanore! c.

CEMETERY OF MOUNT AUBURN.



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**ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.**

THE EMIGRANT'S WIFE.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

"COME and sit down by me, dear Lucy, and sing your sweet evening hymn. I would have these old familiar rooms once more filled with the rich flood of your melody before we go hence, leaving the place that now knows us to know us no more forever," and Mr. Ash felt his eyes fill as he spoke, and bent his head upon the arm of the sofa, while his daughter came and sat down beside him, laid her hand caressingly amongst his dark curls, and commenced in a most enchanting melody the evening song. Her soft strains stole through the now unfurnished chamber, and awoke echoes that responded and prolonged each liquid swell. "'Tis the last time," sighed Mr. Ash; "the spirits of home are repeating your minstrelsy for the last time." Lucy hid her face and wept. The strong man's heart melted; and the tears fell and glittered like diamonds amongst his daughter's bright brown curls.

A light, quick step was heard in the passage, and ere he could dry his eyes a lady entered and gazed with surprise upon the pensive pair. She was a beautiful woman, tall and elegantly proportioned, with regular and faultless features; transparent complexion; eyes dark, penetrating and full of soul; while her high, white forehead glittered from beneath the rich profusion of her raven hair. Her person was the perfection of symmetry, her movements the very spirit of gracefulness. Her look of surprise changed first to pity, then a slight expression of scorn curled her lip, as she fixed the deep gaze of her eye upon her husband's face. "It is not surprising," she said, "that a romantic child like Lucy should weep for the trees and flowers which she will see no more, or that she should feel her heart cling to the boards and hearth-stone of this old edifice; but that William Ash, a man, a husband, a father, should thus give way to morbid sensitiveness—it is too much! Indeed, sir, I am ashamed of you. We have endured here all the bitterness of being made to feel a nominal inferiority; we have felt the cold look, the open slight, the marked neglect, the pecuniary embarrassments; what more is necessary to rouse your spirit, to drive you forth in quest of independence and honor? There are lands where the earth is greener, the air milder, the sky brighter, and the flowers sweeter than here in old Massachusetts; and you may build a far better and more elegant mansion than this old homestead, and what is most, be honored as you are worthy."

"But never happy as I have been here," he said

sadly, "however, it is too late now to repent, I cannot be wholly unhappy while my dear ones are with me."

"You shall not be unhappy," she said proudly; "a man who has a loved and loving family, and is lord of one *thousand* acres of rich land, with good health, and an upright heart cannot be unhappy. Come now to tea; and then we will dream not of the loved and lost, but of the glories and blessedness of our future home. Come, dry your eyes, Lucy, and preserve their lustre to be poured out in admiration of the wonders of the West. My spirit is on the wing for the green-wreathed West, with its boundless prairies and mighty streams, where man may be rich, and great, and free."

It was a sultry noon-tide in the dreamy June that Mr. Ash was wearily guiding his team of four fine horses, which, covered with sweat and dust, were dragging a heavy wagon along a steep and rugged road up the last acclivity of a mountain pass. His wife and daughter were walking behind the wagon. Lucy drooping and dispirited, clung to the arm of her mother, whose flushed face, laborious respiration and faltering step, proclaimed her but little able to assist another in the toilsome ascent, but at length the summit was gained, passed, and on the western side, by a clear, cold spring, the cavalcade halted. Mrs. Ash and Lucy threw off their bonnets and wiped the dew of weariness from their foreheads; while Mr. Ash unharnessed his good horses and bade them rest and feed on the tall, wild grass.

"Now, Isabel," he said, "you can see the place of our destination; that gentle swell beyond the valley that lies at this mountain's foot."

"It is a beautiful situation," cried Mrs. Ash, "we will make the wilderness blossom like the rose. I know that we shall be wholly happy when we are once settled there." But though her words were of joy and confidence, the tones of her voice were sad, and her eyes glistened as through tears. Lucy was leaning against a blossomed poplar, (the tulip tree of the romance writers) and her eye took in the wide landscape, and rambled over mountain, plain and hill. All was one wide wilderness of varied verdure, sleeping silently in the sun light. There was no human habitation to be seen; not a sound arose, not a branch stirred to break the monotony of the wide loneliness. The color faded from her cheeks, her hands were clasped, her slight form bent as in apprehensive listening, and trembling with the agony of her suppressed emotion. All that she had abandoned, home, friends, companions, passed vividly before the mirror of her mind, and then, for the first time, the conviction pressed upon her heart that she should see them

no more forever, that distance lay wide and dim between them and her, shutting them from her eye, her ear, her hand forever more.

"Oh, that it could darken the eyes of memory, that it could veil the absent from the soul also!" she cried in tones wild and piercing that fell startlingly on her father's ear. He turned toward her. Her face was livid, her lips pale and compressed, and the expression of her eyes strange and full of agony.

"Lucy! Lucy!" he cried, springing forward and clasping her to his bosom, "Lucy, my only one, what ails you? Oh, what shall I do for you? You are indeed very ill."

"No, pa, not ill. I was thinking of home!"

"Is that all?" cried Mrs. Ash, who had also hurried to her—"Is that all? You are a pretty girl to alarm us in this manner for nothing. Why I thought you saw a rattle snake at least."

"Forgive me mother, and father too," sobbed Lucy, "I forgot everything but my own regrets," and the gentle child nestled her face in his bosom, and gave full vent to her grief; while he kissed her forehead and dropped now and then a heart-wrung tear. Mrs. Ash felt her heart swell and her eyelids tremble, but she choked back her emotions and said,

"Really, William Ash, you will spoil that girl. You only encourage the morbid sensitiveness which is your bane and will be hers. As a man and a father you should teach her to bear, to do, and to meet unpleasant circumstances with firmness and a resolution to conquer."

"I wish truly that I had a heart like yours, dear mother," faulted the child, and with a strong effort she hushed her sobs and wiped the tears from her cheeks.

Mr. Ash spread a good dinner on a clear cloth beside the spring, and smiled and chatted of hope, and the fair prospects that now opened before them of wealth and worldly honor.

"Is there no settlement in this vast valley?" enquired Lucy tremblingly.

"Oh, yes," said her father, "there is quite a village about seven miles up the valley from where I intend to build our house. There is a very pretty little river, too, singing in that valley, you may trace its course, although it is concealed by the tall, thick trees. If we meet with no accident we shall encamp to-night on our own land."

And they did arrive without accident, erected a temporary shantee, and battled with the forest as best they might.

It is now December, cold and dreary. The branches are so laden with snow that they droop over the wood paths; the river is frozen to the

banks, while the current rushes along open and discolored; the black clouds cluster above the hills, and move heavily along the frozen ether, alternately veiling the face of the clear, old moon, which, as each passes, throws her pearly tokens amid the thick shades, startling the timid deer as couched in the thicket he listened to the howl of the distant wolves, or trembled as the bird of darkness imitated the scream of the dread panther. A solitary youth in the garb of a hunter is abroad upon the mountain. He has been out all day and is lost. With great joy he descries a small opening afar, and the smoke rising from some human habitation. He looks at the moon, he extends his hand and marks the direction of the shadow as bearing upon the course, and then takes up a line of march for the settler's hut. He arrives almost fainting with fatigue and hunger. The dwelling is a rude one, built of round logs; its windows are closed with wooden casements, but though it is late, the friendly response, "come in," promptly answers his hasty rap on the rude door. He enters, the bright light of the fire blazing in the rude stone chimney makes every object clearly visible. The hunter gazes around him in a state of bewilderment. The floor of the room is of earth, and its furniture is of the homeliest kind; benches without backs, and bedsteads formed of saplings interwoven with bark; but these awake no feeling of surprise, for he is used to such, but the superb mirrors and pictures on the rough walls, the beautiful china and plate on the white pine table, and the three thousand volumes occupying with their shelves one entire side of the room, these are to his eyes wonderful things. He turned his rapid glance from them to their owners, a stately and beautiful woman who sits with a large bible before her from which she had evidently been reading aloud, and a pale, benign looking gentleman, whose forehead rests upon one hand, while the other lies caressingly amongst the bright curls on the shoulder of a slender girl, who, seated on a low stool before him, lies sobbing on his lap. We know the picture, he has found our emigrants.

"I ask shelter for the night," said the youth, "I have been out since day-break without food or rest. I live at the settlement above, went out to hunt deer and lost myself. If you can give me food, and room to lie by your fire I shall be truly grateful."

"You shall be perfectly welcome to such as we have," said Mrs. Ash. Lucy raised her tearful eyes toward the stranger, and met a look of such ardent and surprised admiration that she turned away quickly to hide her conscious cheek. The young man was soon disencumbered of his wet

hunting shirt and accoutrements, and seated before the cheerful fire which dispersed real comfort to his wet and half frozen limbs. Mrs. Ash soon laid upon a snowy table cloth a plate of warm corn meal cakes, with butter, dried venison and milk, and announced the supper ready. "I fear you can hardly make a meal of our poor provisions," said Mr. Ash, and Lucy blushed deeply as she glanced over the table.

"It is all very good," said the stranger, and he confirmed his assertion by eating like an epicure. He was a remarkably handsome young man, of strong athletic frame, graceful in its movements; features of classic regularity, and eyes of that peculiar expression which varies the hue with the emotions, from the deep sparkling black to the soft, dreamy hazel. His high and expressive forehead seemed white as a snow drift in contrast with the dark brows, and the jetty mass of his curled and shining hair. Yet he was a back-woodsman, and his attainment in letters merely enabled him to read his bible and keep his father's book accounts. Yet his conversational powers were of no mean order, and his mind was stored with rich and beautiful ideas; and during the supper Mr. Ash observed his attention much occupied by the long rows of books which he seemed eager to examine.

"I think you must be perfectly happy," he said at length, "you have so many books. Oh, if I had only one-tenth as many the world might keep its gold."

"You are fond of reading, then," remarked Mr. Ash.

"Yes, sir," he replied, "I read everything I can get hold of, but I never saw fifty books before in my life."

"You shall be welcome to read all you see here," said his host, "I will lend them to you with pleasure." The youth, Harry Barton by name, was eloquent of thanks; and after a good night's rest, (not by the fire, but on an excellent bed in the chamber) as the morning was stormy, he read the gilt titles of the worshipped volumes until he was wholly bewildered.

"Mr. Ash," he said timidly at last, "will you extend your kindness by directing my reading to that which is most useful. I am ignorant of every thing excepting that which passes before me daily."

"Yes, my young friend," replied the kind-hearted man, "I shall feel great pleasure in making my knowledge of books serviceable to you." Harry's eyes glistened with pleased gratitude, and taking the volume recommended, one of Ancient History, he took his leave.

"That young man is born to honor," remarked Mrs. Ash. "He is one of nature's noblemen."

"He is born to be loved," thought Lucy, and she blushed at her own thoughts. Mr. Ash looked from his wife to his daughter and was silent.

From being a frequent visitor, Mr. Barton became almost a constant dweller with Mr. Ash. Reading increased his thirst of knowledge, and he commenced in earnest a course of classical studies under the superintendence of his friend, joyfully reciprocating the favor by assisting and instructing Mr. Ash in his agricultural pursuits. Mrs. Ash and Lucy were persuaded by him to visit his family, and so became acquainted with the people at the settlement, and thus became convinced that persons may be wise and good, noble and generous without Greek and Latin, French or music, or even the set phrases of polite etiquette.

"I see now," said Lucy to her mother as they walked home from a visit at the house of an excellent Christian man, whose family seemed united in a flowing bond of love, peace and happiness, which shed delightful odors on all who approached them, "I see now that fashionable education is like fashionable costume, the one cramps, distorts and enfeebles the person it pretends to adorn; and the other exerts a similar influence upon the mind. What charming creatures Mr. Monson's daughters are, with their free, natural forms and movements; and words which are the overflowing of pure, generous, undisguised hearts. I am so happy with them, because they are so sincere and joyous. I no longer feel a desire to return to the precise, hollow-hearted society of my native place, although I wish we had our old house, and shade trees, and sweet flowers here."

"Your words make me very happy, dear Lucy," said the mother, "and you will soon have a house, and garden, and grounds which you would be sorry to leave for the dear old ones. But I have one regret which I fear will be long unsatisfied; it is for the holy and ennobling service of the sanctuary. I miss the support and consolation of the offices of religion, and I fear it will be long before this wilderness puts forth such a blessed blossom as a consecrated church. However, I will do my best, and hope in the Lord."

On their arrival at home, Mr. Ash presented Lucy with a letter from her cousin Gertrude, and if you please we will follow her to her bed-room and look over her shoulder while she reads.

"MY SWEET LITTLE COZ. The description you give in your last letter of your house, your employments, and your pleasures, quite horrifies me. Picking up and burning brush! Dreadful! Walking six or seven miles to visit people who wear home-made clothes and cowhide boots. Abominable! Spending the evening in hearing a country bumpkin read, or recite school-boy's

lessons! Agonizing! Lucy! Lucy! How is it that *you* conform to such Hottentot usages? You will lose all refinement and become as great a booby as the best of them. You must come back and live amongst us. Ma has deputed me to let you into a very important secret. You know that grandpa disinherited your father on account of his marrying a low woman. Don't be alarmed, but read on. Your father is not ma's brother, as you have been taught to believe. He was a poor adventurer, who managed to win the affections of ma's only sister, who became his wife despite all her friends could urge against it. Grandpa, however, gave her the fine property which your father exchanged for that new land on which you now live. Well, your mother died when you were only a few days old, and you were put out to nurse, for though ma would gladly have taken you, her health did not permit it. Well, your father in less than a year married his present wife, who was an *operative* in a *factory*, and had neither father nor mother, nor any near relative. Upon this pa and ma renounced all intercourse with him, but as they did not wish me to love you (whom your father took home immediately on his second marriage,) they did not tell me these things, and so they succeeded in making you believe that Isabel was your own mother. She affected to feel her dignity much hurt because ma would not treat her as a sister; and grandpa left your father nothing in his will; and so she never let him have a moment's peace until she got him off to that terrible wilderness. Ma says if you will come to us and take our name, she will give you a first rate education, and a handsome marriage dowry; and she will settle an annuity upon you for life. They could never indulge their affections for you while you called that odious woman mother, and she was in our vicinity, but now she is away, if you will renounce all connexion with her and come home, you shall never repent it. Here we have balls and parties in gay succession—and I have laces, flowers, feathers and beaux to my satisfaction. Come and share the pleasures of society with me, and let those who prefer the woods to the city, the congregation of birds to refined society, and the howl of wolves to the melody of the viol, stay and enjoy their choice. Write that you accept ma's kind invitation, and she will provide a way immediately to bring you to the arms of your affectionate

GERTRUDE W."

N. B. Keep all secret from your parents.

Lucy paused and reflected, then read the strange letter attentively over, rose calmly, entered the room in which her parents were sitting, and put it into her mother's hand. That lady ran her eye over its contents, and then *read* it aloud to her husband. He listened in fearful agitation, and when she ceased exclaimed, "cursed spirit of malevolence, shall we never escape its fiendish machinations? Oh, that dreadful woman. Well does she perform her threat of persecuting me to the world's end. Lucy, it is because I preferred your angel mother to her that she so hates me. She broke her sister's heart, she poisoned her father's mind, she wounded

my spirit past all cure, and now she would kill me outright."

"Be composed, dear father," said Lucy soothingly; "this time, at least, her shaft is harmless." "Has it not wounded you, my child? Has it not robbed you of a mother?"

"No, oh no!" she cried, "it has not made mother other than she was before. She is the only mother I know." Then turning to Mrs. Ash, who was weeping, she said, "dear, kind mother, how does this discovery increase my gratitude. If you had given me birth, nature would have made it your duty to sustain and educate me; but now, what law compelled you to nurse my helpless infancy, to restrain my wayward childhood, to guide my erring youth, to endure fatigue, watching and sorrow for my sake, and to love me notwithstanding my unkindness and frequent undutifulness? I feel that I owe you a double debt of gratitude, for you have done for me voluntarily what nature and duty would have compelled an own mother to do. I have never felt the want of a mother's love: you shall never feel the lack of a daughter's fond affection and duty."

"God Almighty bless you, my dear, good Lucy," cried Mr. Ash. "The bolt has indeed fallen harmless, I am still a happy man. She did not think that you would leave us—it was at our domestic happiness the shaft was aimed. Draw a contrast, my love, between her who was a factory girl and the woman whose delicate hands never yet did a good or a useful action."

"I see it all," cried Lucy. "I now understand much that used to be a mystery to me. I confess that I did feel quite indignant at you, dear mother, because you so insisted on father's trading away our old place and coming here. And since we were here, whenever I have seen him sad, I have felt my heart rising against you."

"Lucy," said Mr. Ash, "I am frequently sad, for my heart is weaker than your mother's. Yet be assured her feelings are as acute as mine, only her strength of mind enables her to bear herself nobly above the common ills and cares of life. And we have need of her sustaining spirit, Lucy, and I now beseech you lean on her, and place implicit confidence in her judgment and affectionate counsel. My heart is lighter now than it has been for years."

"And so is mine," thought Mrs. Ash, but she spoke not. She had felt herself a *step-mother*. She had given her maiden heart with all its treasures to Mr. Ash, and he had married her while his own was bleeding for the lost one of his first affection. The forlorn situation of his Emma's child urged him to a speedier union than his feelings approved,

and Isabel found the rose of her young affections doomed to suffer more of the dew than the sunshine of life. She nursed and attended the delicate child of her for whom her husband sorrowed continually, with a love pure as any love can be that springs not from maternity; and she saw her husband cherish that child with a tenderness which her heart yearned in vain to share. She saw him drop upon its face tears of regret for the mother it had lost, yet she kissed those tears away, and the strong heart loved on. As Lucy grew, her tender love wound itself more intimately around his affections. They were all the world to each other, and they were all the world to her; and she was to them the irreproachable wife, the faithful mother, the indefatigable servant; the jealous guardian of their happiness, their honor, health and fortune; everything indeed but that which she deserved and longed to be, the tenderly, the best beloved. She stood in her own strength supporting them with the clinging tendrils of her love; while they twined fondly round each other and rested gratefully upon her sustaining power. Now she felt as if each had thrown an arm around her, they understood each other, and she was happy.

Ten years! Oh, the changes that take place while the shadow of time goes down ten degrees upon the dial of eternal duration! Silently it moves along the mighty arch, we heed not the progression till we turn and look backward upon the space over which it has traversed. Oh, the changes it has wrought! The tender germ of infancy has grown into the sweet bud of childhood; careless, happy childhood has expanded to the half-blown flower of youth, breathing with drooped head and beautiful blushes its first fragrant sighs to the whispering wind. Youth has become the rich, ripe, full-blown flower, shedding abroad its treasures of incense, and revealing its full proportions to the summer sun. Maturity has changed to the sickly hue of the fading bloom; and the pale petals of life's decline have ripened to the beauty of the glorious autumn. There are grave-stones all along the way, and many living hearts nestle in cold agony amongst the weeds that are growing over the mouldering breast; the verdure is dewed with tears, and there are broken hopes and crushed ambition, and gifts contemned, and blessings unregarded; tracks of the burning feet of guilt, and the piteous wrecks of genius's glittering diadems trampled in the common dust! Ten years! Oh, the changes that ten years bring to earth!

The traveller who pauses to-day by the mountain spring where Mr. Ash stood ten years ago and pointed his family to their forest home, would find it difficult to believe that so short a period could

have wrought such a wonderful change; the dense and mighty forest has utterly disappeared, and a busy village has grown up in the pleasant valley, with its mills and mechanics and merchants; while the swelling hills beyond are beautiful with farm-houses, fair gardens, rich orchards, and fields of golden grain, interspersed with groves and streams; the whole enlivened by singing birds, bounding animals, and groups of sportive children.

That elegant edifice situated on the bosom of the hill, surrounded by the highly ornamented grounds that lave their fringed borders in the bright circling stream, beyond which spread out meadows and fields of wheat, is the dwelling of our emigrant, Mr. Ash. He is a contented, and, therefore, a happy man, the blessings with which he is surrounded have caused him to forget the sorrowful past so far, that its shadows only serve to brighten by contrast with the joyous present. Lucy is still with him, his affectionate and much loved child, but she is a wife and a mother. A proud and happy wife is Lucy Barton, and a happier husband than Harry lives not on earth. But their hearts are not bound to earth, their high and holy affections rest on the perfections of the Deity. Harry Barton, the young, unlettered woodsman, has become the learned and pious pastor of the congregation whose united voices arise from the neat, gothic church which nestles in the shadow of the maple grove at the head of the village. He is almost worshipped by his people, toward whom he performs his whole duty, and by the children, who, through his instructions, are intelligent, quiet and dutiful, growing up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. In these pious labors of love he has a meek and prayerful assistant in his Lucy's cousin, Gertrude. Ten years have changed her heart as well as her fortune. She married a dashing stranger, who, after a short career of fashionable folly, disappeared, leaving a broken-hearted wife; a ruined father-in-law; and a stricken mother, whose spirit sunk utterly beneath the whirling surges of its baffled ambition. She died, but Gertrude found mercy with the Lord. Stricken, penitent, and humble, she wrote a very different letter to Lucy from the one which we have transcribed above, entreating, if it might be so, a home in her father's family, even if it were as a menial servant. Lucy hastened to write a soothing letter to the sorrowful one, proffering her a sister's place in her home and heart. And a good and gentle sister did she prove herself, and no mother could have loved and guided a penitent child more tenderly than Mrs. Ash did her, who had been taught to despise and malign the "low-bred woman." Mrs. Ash had a lofty spirit, a high and noble heart, she relied on her

own integrity of purpose, and moved steadily forward in the path of duty, with heavenward eye, and heart and hands given to the dear companions whom she cheered along the way, and she found a rich reward in the unbounded confidence and deference of all her loved ones. Yet when her husband, in his happiness, refers to her as the builder of his good fortune, she is wont to reply—"look unto God. I am an erring mortal. I did indeed act conscientiously, but the main spring of my action was a pride that could not endure contumely."

ZULEIKA.

FROM THE SPANISH.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

A LADY in a light caïque,
 Abdallah's youngest daughter,
 With Love's blush-rose upon her cheek,
 Looked o'er the moonlit water.
 Her snow-soft hand in Selim's lay,
 Her heart was wildly beating,
 But still her dark eyes turned away,
 To watch the shore retreating.
 "Nay, look not there, my trembling dove!"
 Young Selim cried in sorrow,
 "My bride to-night, by Allah, love,
 I'll bear thee back to-morrow!"
 "Too late!" the lady sighed, "oh! *now*
 If thou dost prize Zuleika,
 Turn back!—point home thy shallop's prow,
 Ere those forsaken seek her!
 When first my lips, their light assent
 To this light folly faltered,
 Love, only love, his rainbow lent,
 And still it smiles unaltered.
 But oh! thro' tears of grief and shame
 It glows; turn back, my bravest!
 And blessings from Mudarra claim
 For her, whose truth thou savest!"
 Young Selim bent his lightning eyes
 Back o'er the wild, blue water,
 With quivering lip, he thus replies,
 To old Mudarra's daughter.
 "'Tis done, Zuleika! lo! we turn,
 But never dream of Heaven
 So fair to Moslem's eye did burn,
 As that which thou hast given!"
 At fierce Mudarra's feet they knelt,
 And owned the vows they'd plighted;
 His softened heart the story felt,
 His hand, their hands united.
 And long did Selim bless the hour
 That saw his Moorish beauty,
 So meekly lay love's passion-flower
 Upon the shrine of duty!

FLOWERS.

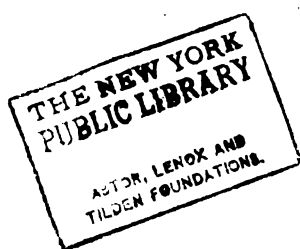
BY MRS. C. H. FORD.

INFINITELY more beautiful do the autumn flowers seem to me than those of spring. It may be that it is because of their rarity, or because they are associated, in my mind, with the cloudless skies and purple hills of this delicious season; but so it is, and the love I bear to them "passes language." I know I am singular in this. Let it be so. The very fact endears them the more to me.

Yet the flowers of spring are lovely. They are lovely in early May, when they just begin to peep forth, surprising us, as we walk along the wood side, with their perfume, often the first warning we have of their coming; they are lovely in June, when they burst forth in all their glory, when garden, meadow, hill-side and forest are putting on their garments of beauty and incense: they are lovely, later in the season, when we come upon them in the cool recesses of the wood, where they linger long after they have withered on the parched and sultry uplands. Ever beautiful are flowers. I never tire of them. The garden whose perfume in June oppresses you almost to fainting, and the single rose blooming behind the window in December, have a charm for me beyond any other mere physical beauty of earth. Perhaps it is because in childhood heaven was always associated in my dreams with angels and flowers.

Every lady should cultivate flowers. A natural fondness for them is an evidence of a refined mind, and I know no better method to foster or create a delicate taste. I think it is Bulwer who says that he never saw flowers in a window in a country town, without finding, on enquiry, that the residents were more refined than their neighbors. I never shall forget the impression produced on me, after a hot and dusty ride for hours over a bleak mountain road, by the sight of a neat cottage with flowers in the window, suddenly betrayed to us by a turn in the road, as we entered the first village in the plain. I felt that I was once more among friends. It was like a welcome from one long absent: like the sight of the roof-tree of childhood: like the song our mother used to sing, heard, in after life, in a strange land.

The colored engraving, appearing in this number, of a bouquet of lilac, hand-bell and lily of the valley—the two latter the *clochette* and *muguet* of the French—is very beautiful. I think the plan of publishing illustrations of this character is laudable, for apart from the elegance of the embellishment, it may tend to foster a love of flowers among my countrywomen.





FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

THE fall costumes are now generally known, and we are free to confess that they display much beauty. The style is, perhaps, too gay; but novelty is every thing, and so long as the keeping of the dress is preserved, it matters but little what colors constitute it.

Our fashion plate, this month, is one of Madame Quarre's best; and is engraved in a new style, and printed in violet. It is even more elegant than the one printed in blue, published in our August number. We challenge, for it, a comparison with any fashion plate which may appear for this month.

FIG. I.—PROMENADE DRESS.—Rather low on the shoulders: waist pointed, with a sash; long, tight sleeves; the skirt is long and full, and has too deep flounces, embroidered around the edge and at the top: the bonnet is decorated with marabouts and flowers; and has a long ribbon to match that at the waist.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS of pale pink striped barege: the front of the dress open, showing an under dress of striped muslin, made high up to the throat. The corsage is ornamented with a small double cape, pointed and crossed at the waist, vandyked and edged in the same manner as the cross pieces down the front of the dress: the sleeves tight, and edged round the wrists with narrow lace: bonnet decorated outside with a branch of light looking heath, of a pale green color: the interior decorated with *noeuds* and ends of shaded green, and white striped shaded ribbon.

FIG. III.—EVENING DRESS of white tarlatane muslin, embroidered up the front and around the edge, worn over a jupe embroidered in the same style. The sleeves of this dress are short, and the bodice rounded, and low on the shoulders.

FIG. IV. CARRIAGE DRESS.—This costume has a very full skirt, a waist *a point*, long tight sleeves edged at the wrists with lace, and is made high up to the throat. Over the bodice is worn a lace cape descending to the waist, where a long ribbon is worn. The bonnet is prettily ornamented with a sprig of wheat and ribbon.

ROBES, &c.—The fall weather has brought with it the necessity for silk dresses. Some of these are composed of the *opale*, others the *Cameleon* silk; the form of these pretty dresses are well worthy of notice, the corsage and jupe being open, and laced with large silk laces, in the Tyrolien style; the openings of the body and skirt being edged with a *bouillonne* trimming, *a la vielle*; sleeves *a la Medicis*. Another, a simpler fashion, are those trimmed with a broad flounce, headed with a row of *ruches*, *a la vielle*; tight sleeves, trimmed in the same style; plain body; pelerine *a pointe*, the sleeves forming a jockey, encircled with a double row of *ruches*, *a la vielle*. Skirts are mostly formed into tucks round the bottom, for those simple *toilettes de Campagne*, now so much in requisition; they are generally edged with a narrow fringe, the same as the broad flounces; for silk dresses, narrow lace is preferred. One very beautiful dress is

A MORNING DRESS of spotted pale sea green barege, the spots of a red violet color. The jupe is made very full, and ornamented round the bottom with three deep volants, vandyked at the edge; these flounces touch each other. Half high corsage, plain on the shoulders, and filled in at the waist, edged round the neck with a narrow lace. Straight, long easy sleeves, with a round epaulet, surrounded with a double frilling of the same material. Ceinture of green and lilac, shaded taffetas ribbon; and straw colored capote; the edge of the brim and the top of the crown surrounded with a corkscrew trimming of the same. A pretty branch of shaded crimson roses, with green leaves, is placed on the right side of the crown; half wreaths of the same ornamenting the exterior. We have also a pattern of

A DINNER DRESS, a very elegant costume, made of striped Pekin silk, with a lilac stripe, opening in the front, and showing an under skirt of white muslin, ornamented with two deep worked volants on each side; at the opening of the upper dress is placed a trimming *a la vielle*; this trimming also surrounds the top of the tight long sleeve. Close fitting corsage, made very low, and attached down the centre of the front with buttons of the same. A deep fall of rich lace encircles the top of the corsage, the lower part of the tight sleeve let in with three small puffs of white muslin. Bonnet *a la Bretagne*, composed of a fulling of double tulle, divided with a row of shaded lilac ribbon, and very light looking flowers.

A MORNING HOME DRESS is also worthy of presentation to our readers. It is of pale, verdant green, striped Pekin silk, the entire front of the dress trimmed *a la vielle*. High full corsage, attached round the waist with a green cordeliere. Tight long sleeves, ornamented at the top with round jockeys formed with a plaiting *a la vielle*. Cap of Brussels tulle, trimmed on each side with loops of narrow pink ribbon, which also passes plain over the top of the head, and dividing the front of the cap from the back.

A CARRIAGE PELISSE of beautiful pattern we subjoin. It is of rich shaded *gros des Indes*, the color a beautiful French grey, striped with pink; the front of this elegant pelisse is faced with broad *biais*, over which is placed a narrow trimming *a la vielle*, placed in large vandykes, gradually enlarging toward the edge of the dress; tight high body *a biais*, and sleeves *pareil*, the former decorated with a trimming *a la vielle*, forming a kind of lappel in the front, and square large collar round the back; rounded waist; the top of the sleeves trimmed with a plain round jockey, over which is placed a vandyke *a la vielle*. Drawn capote of pale pink shaded silk, the crown fancifully trimmed with lace and light bunches of pinks, the brim of the capote, edged with a twisted rouleau of white tulle.

For November we may expect the patterns for *manteaux* cloaks, &c., with the early winter costumes. It is probable that the styles will not materially vary from those of last year; but fashion is capricious, and it is wise to wait. We shall receive and publish, in advance, the very earliest styles that appear in London and Paris.

PUBLISHER'S GOSSIP.

WE are now in the fourth number of our fourth volume, and have every reason to congratulate ourselves on our success, for we have doubled our edition. Relying on the same means which we have used heretofore, we feel confident it will be still more greatly increased by the end of the year. We have many novelties, in the way of embellishments, preparing for us, *one of which will appear in November*. The illustration by Mr. Quarre, in the present number, is the first of the kind we have given: it will be followed by others infinitely more superb. Mr. Dick's elegant engraving gives an accurate representation of the *Pere la Chaise* of America. The fashion plate for delicacy and truth cannot be rivalled, and is in an altogether novel style. Under the superintendence of Madame Quarre, and by means of her correspondent in Paris, we are able to get out the correct fashions, *a month in advance of our contemporaries*, as may be seen by comparing our plates with those of the other magazines for the succeeding month.

The conclusion of "Anna Taylor," which was to have appeared in this month, is unavoidably postponed, in consequence of the sudden absence of Mrs. Stephens, which prevented her completing the tale. Our subscribers, who anxiously await the termination of this thrilling story, will bear with us another month. The contributions of Mrs. Osgood, Sigourney, Pierson and others must, in part, make amends for it. In the next number "The Spanish Main" also will be finished.

NEW BOOKS.

CAREY & HART are about to issue the *Gift for 1844*. This will be the most beautiful annual ever published in this country. Each copy is to be on large paper, and superbly bound. With Mr. Carey's taste and experience in the selection of pictures to be engraved: with such burins as those of Cheney, Pease and Humphries engaged in executing the illustrations; and with all the best writers of the country employed to furnish contributions, they have succeeded in bringing out a book, whose only fault lies in the impossibility of excelling it hereafter. Of the engravings, "Beatrice," after a picture by Huntington, is, perhaps, the most beautiful, though "The Fair Student" is exquisite, and almost a rival to it. Mount's picture of the "Disagreeable Surprise," is humorous, and Inman's "Early Days of Washington," most admirably conceived.

Lea & Blanchard have just issued a superb edition of the *poems of Samuel Rogers*, illustrated. The type is large, the margin wide, and the paper unusually fine. Altogether it is one of the best books of the season. This house has also published Cooper's new novel, *Wyandotté, or the Huttel Knoll*, a thrilling story of border life, equal to the best efforts of his earlier days.

G. S. Appleton is the Philadelphia publisher of

The Wife of Leon and other poems, a volume made up of the writings of two young ladies, whose names are not given. The poems are highly meritorious: indeed the talent displayed in the volume surprised us, for we opened it under the impression it was like books usually are when published "at the solicitation of numerous friends." We hope these fair aspirants will write again, though they must beware of writing too much. If our time and space will allow it, we shall devote a few pages, some time soon, to a further notice of this very elegant and meritorious volume.

E. H. Butler has published the sixth number of *Frost's Pictorial History of the United States*, and the fifth number of *Frost's American Naval Biography*: each of these works maintains the high character of its embellishments and text.

Harper & Brothers are almost wholly occupied in the publication of their serials. They have, however, just issued a translation of *Nina*, by Miss Bremer. This is a continuation of *The President's Daughters*, by the same gifted author. The universal popularity of Miss Bremer's novels reminds us of the days of *Waverly* and the *Red Rover*. She is the most exact delineator of character now living: her pictures are finished with all the elaborate nicety of a French painting. No novelist has at all approached her in the interest with which she invests home-scenes, and incidents of every day life, which, in her hands, assume an interest rivalling the more romantic and dignified events of Scott's romances. Of her many works *The Neighbors* is her master-piece. Its characters are more elaborately drawn, the incidents are better sustained, and the plan of the story is more comprehensive than in any of her other works. Next to it, however, we rank *Nina*, the novel just translated. Among the serials published by the Harpers, the works of Hannah More are particularly worthy of notice. This excellent woman's writings ought to be in the hands of her sex universally, and the present edition is at once elegant and cheap. The great history of the *French Revolution*, by *Alison*, issued by the same house, approaches its termination. It is ably written, though somewhat inflated in style and imbued with many prejudices, especially against this country and republican institutions.

J. M. Campbell & Co., Philadelphia, still continue to issue some of the best works of the season. Among their late ones we notice Whately's celebrated book, entitled *The Kingdom of Christ*, which is worthy of perusal by the laity, but is especially valuable to theologians. *The History of the Church of England to the Revolution of 1688*, by the Bishop of Soder and Man, will soon be published by the same house. The most valuable of Mr. Campbell's publications, however, is his *Foreign Semi-Monthly Magazine*, published on the first and sixteenth of each month, every number containing seventy-two pages and an original mezzotint by Sartain. The contents are made up of selections from the English magazines and reviews, and are, therefore, of the first order as respects both style and talent. This work is afforded for five dollars a year—a very low price indeed, and one that must give it an extensive circulation.

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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

SHOPPING.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

"TO FRANCIS HEADLEY, Esq.

"WHY failed you to be at my house warming, dear Frank, you and your gentle wife? The marble palace, as, in your honest simplicity, you are unsuspecting enough to believe my structure of brick, paint and stucco; the marble palace is finished from corner-stone to roof-tree, and I have received the congratulations of scores who really hope I have bettered my condition, and of a still larger number who rejoice in the prospect of a new place for dining out, on my being at last domiciliated in a 'home.' But what a desecration of the word! I never was less at home in my life—I, a solitary man, occupying these long suites of large apartments—how is it that Byron expresses the sensation?

'A sort of chill comes o'er me, when alone,
Seeing what's made for many with but one.'

In my boarding-house I really could have a little domestic enjoyment. My two rooms and all they contained were within the range of my eye, and I became familiar with them accordingly. When I seated myself in my arm-chair, pulled forward the handirons to their proper line, drew up an ottoman for my feet and a table for my elbow, I felt as if I were gathering my family about me, and for every object I had a separate regard. Here, it will take me a *lustrum* to become acquainted with the multitudinous things the cabinet-makers and upholsterers have hung up and spread down and ranged around, all, as I am to understand, for my gratification. And yet it must be done. It would be shabby to creep into a corner, and the house must be kept from moulding; therefore I must inhabit it all over—I, myself. Then, there is no little sanctum in which I might find a moment's relief, as in all truly home-like establishments, no retreat, such as gentlemen of your class are enriched with, in which you may enjoy the busy idleness of snipping threads and patches, gathered from the carpet,

the interesting distress of not knowing where to lean, that you will not make creases in some dainty fabric of female garniture, or the agreeable agony of skinning your ancles on the rockers of a cradle.

"Let me stop for a moment to fancy you laughing in your sleeve at the idea that I am too sheepish to come to the point at once, and pluming yourself on your sagacious discovery of what all this tends to without further explanation of mine. Well, have done—for I assure you I can say it out as coolly as a professed flirt says, 'I'm very sorry,' &c. &c., to the hundredth ineligible proposal. I now, Frank, find the want of a wife; there! I have decided, at length, to soar above the chrysalis of the old bachelor.

"Old, forsooth! how happens it that I am stigmatized as an *old* bachelor, while you, with a matronly wife and half-a-dozen sturdy children, are still designated as a youngish married man, though you are full a year my senior! do I look old? that I deny, yet it is in vain I assert that my unfaded locks are of spontaneous growth, and that my teeth are not patent metallic. Is it my manners? toward men I flatter myself that they are of a very common order, and toward women—yet when I think of it, there must be the front of my offending. The first woman into whose way I was thrown after I had begun to consider myself a man, inspired me with an awe which has ever since attached itself to the whole sex, imparting to my address toward them a stiffness and timidity so uncommon now-a-days, that the fair creatures regard them as remnants of some era too long gone for their cognizance.

"You remember her to whom I allude!—yet how could any one forget the rarely beautiful, the nobly gifted, the high-hearted, the altogether peerless Eugenia Sinclair! I have thought much of her since my new want has awakened, and I feel that my vivid recollections of her have given me aspirations too high even to be realized. The world holds no second Eugenia Sinclair, and if it did, what am I, that I should think of winning her? You have sometimes called her my first

love, but there you are wrong. I escaped the folly of loving her, in your meaning of the word, for such it would have been. I was but a boy when we first met, a half-educated, though precocious youth of seventeen, and she at least five or six years older, a thoughtful, matured woman. Had she suspected any such danger from the intercourse which to me was so entrancing and so elevating, it would never have been accorded.

"You, who, from a slighter acquaintance, remember her chiefly for her beauty of person and her grace in society, can little conceive the treasures of her mind and heart; the variety of knowledge, the quickness and force of illustration, the flow of ideas, the power of expression, the purity of sentiment, and the depth of feeling which made her conversation unmeasured poetry. If I early learned to esteem virtue and to abhor vice; to prefer intellectual to sensual pleasures; to avoid the evils of the skepticism which so frequently besets the young and self-confident student, and to seek a perception of the grandeur and glory and sufficiency of our inspired system of religion, I owe it all to her influence. I cannot exactly describe my feelings toward her. They were a union of the confidence one would feel in a gifted mother, the affection for a lovely sister, the admiration for a beautiful statue or an exquisite ideal creation, and the reverence toward an angel. If there was any thing which seemed to originate from a warmer regard, it was the jealousy with which I watched the advances of Falkland, and the grief with which I received the announcement of their betrothal. I knew from the first that he was unworthy of her; that there was much evil in his character and habits, disguised with the most specious art of the practised worldling, but assuming the superiority of the man over the boy, he placed me at such a distance that I could never catch a sentence to use as a warning against him. I would have given thousands to be able to witness one unguarded moment which might have justified the suspicions I dared not express. Yet now I do not wonder at her fascination, pre-eminently endowed as he was with every personal attraction, and the most brilliant qualities of the mind, and so skilled in the assumption of moral excellence. And her nature was too generous for distrust. How fearfully must the truth have broken upon her when successively she discovered him to be a hardened profligate, a professed gambler, an unscrupulous swindler! what a course of misery must have been hers, whilst she followed him through his wretched life to his ignominious end!

"That I have been unsuccessful in my inquiries respecting her, you may be satisfied from my silence

on the subject. It would be vain to hope that she is in prosperous circumstances, for in that case she would not be so entirely lost sight of. If alive, she must be destitute and friendless, for hers was not a spirit to struggle effectively with the world. She has no near relatives, and I can understand the sensitive delicacy which has prevented her from returning to the scene of her happier days. Many a time when she has been brought to my memory, my heart has ached at the thought that while affluence unlooked for was pouring upon me; she, deserving of the highest fortune, might be pining in want. Often, when meeting in the street with some female in the garb of decent poverty, I have looked into her face with the half-formed expectation of it being she. And yet I might pass her unrecognized, for time and trouble work melancholy changes, and I cannot fancy her as looking otherwise than when I saw her last. She was then lovelier than ever, for her face was softened by a touch of sadness that seemed to have become habitual—it must have been from learning the danger of the misstep she had taken. A beautiful infant, a twelvemonth old, lay in her lap, and as I turned to caress it to conceal my emotion at parting with her, she assumed a tone of gaiety, saying, 'I shall rear her to be a wife for you, Henry, as you admire her so much.' I have a picture representing the two at that moment, which I painted from memory in my artist days—you remember that I had a mania for painting, succeeding that for poetry. It hangs before me now, framed in pure gold, for I would not have had her image encircled by anything less precious. Poor, poor Eugenia!"

Only so far, dear reader, does the letter concern us, except that it was signed "HENRY STAFFORD." The writer was a tall man, with a good figure, though that advantage was, in a measure, neutralized by negligent dressing and a careless gait. His face was decidedly handsome; the features, though strongly marked, well-formed and symmetrical; and the expression, though sometimes too much that of gravity and reserve, always attractive from its character of intellect and benevolence.

After closing his letter, Mr. Stafford took two or three turns about his elegant library, mechanically opened and shut several of the rich rose-wood book-cases, and tried several of the luxurious reading chairs. He then unlocked a drawer of his *secrétaire*, and unfolded a bundle of old notes of invitation secreted therein. Some were brown from a long repose between the shoulder and quiver of a little marble Cupid on the mantel-piece of his lodging-room, and not one was dated within a period of three or four years. The fair writers were mostly, by this time, too deeply engaged in

matronly and domestic duties to care about fêting a quiet bachelor. Smiling to himself as he did so, he threw the billets back into their repository, took his hat and strolled into the street. A short walk brought him to the fashionable business round of the ladies. He looked wistfully at the fair faces and graceful forms passing and re-passing. "I might have known her—and her—and her," thought he with a feeling of self-reproach, and a bright idea struck him. "I believe I'll go shopping, too," continued he to himself, "one may judge of character by means of a very small matter, and I can't imagine a readier way to decide upon a lady's disposition and habits than by her method of selecting finery and spending money. I wonder nobody ever thought of it before." And he straightway walked into a fancy store, which was one among the most frequented in the city. The mistress of the establishment knew him by sight, and came forward herself to wait on him, for it is not every day that a gentleman worth half a million is found in such a place.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, madam;" and our hero stopped short, for his shopping having been altogether among drapers and tailors, he did not know what to ask for in a ladies' store.

"Is there anything I can show you this morning, sir?"

"I wish to see a—yes—some gloves."

"I am very sorry, sir, but we never keep gentlemen's gloves. However, I think the largest sized ladies' gloves might fit you—your hand is uncommonly small."

"By no means, madam, it would be impossible for a lady's glove to go on my hand," he replied, receiving almost as an insult what was meant for a compliment. But just then a bevy of genteel looking girls came in, and he determined to try again. "You have pocket-handkerchiefs, madam?"

"Yes, sir, what kind? silk or cambric?"

"Any kind, ma'am—those will answer, provided you can have them hemmed for me immediately. I'll take the half dozen."

"We do sometimes make up work when it is ordered. How soon would you wish to have them?"

"I suppose you can have them done in an hour?"

"Oh, no, sir!—not all the half dozen, but I could let you have one or two in that time."

"That will do, ma'am; I'll wait for them."

"Then take a seat, sir, and I'll send them to the work-room."

Placing himself on a stool which stood partially behind a large swinging glass at the end of the

room, Mr. Stafford could observe all that was going on in his vicinity without being himself seen, and he addressed himself at once to his object of noting the bargaining of the fair customers. The first who approached was a slight-looking little thing, quite pretty, too, though it was difficult to discern that, through the mass of ribbons, laces, flowers and satin heaped upon her. He had once heard her pointed out as an heiress. "I wish," said she, "to see some Valenciennes lace, so broad," measuring on her little hand; "some of the very best quality—you know I never buy inferior articles. Ah, that piece looks as if it might suit. How much is it?"

"Five dollars a yard, Miss."

"Five?—it can't be what I want; if you had said seven I would have been much more sure of its quality. I am always suspicious of cheap goods. That piece is seven, is it? It is not so pretty a pattern, but it is more odd. I'll take five yards of it."

"There are but seven in the piece, Miss—all we received of the pattern."

"Then I may as well take the whole of it. I can't bear other people to wear things like mine. I'll take it with me in my reticule; I'm just going to Madame L——'s to look at her new bonnets. I am tired to death of looking at the new fall things, but they will always be sending to ask me to look at their openings."

"Vanity!—pursue-pride!—bah!" was the mental comment of Mr. Stafford.

The next was a tall, lounging, sauntering girl, who threw herself half across the counter, while she looked at some shawls. "You need not get down any more," she said in a drawing tone; "these will do as well as any others. Just pick me out one of them—I suppose there's no great difference among them, and it is such a trouble to select an article out of a large number. How much change must I have?"

"I detest laziness or the affectation of it," thought Mr. Stafford; "this must be real, for she looks too lazy to affect anything."

"What do you ask for these ribbons?" demanded a loud voice.

"Fifty cents, Miss."

"Ridiculous! you would not pretend to say they are worth that. I saw some just below here for forty."

"They could not have been of so good a quality."

"Yes they were—I examined them. But you always ask so much for your ribbons. I got some here a year ago, for which I gave forty, and soon after saw some for thirty-one."

"The article must have fallen, Miss."

"Oh, you always have very ready excuses for

your extortions. Every time I come here, I make up my mind never to come again. But supposing you put that piece of ribbon at forty, and I'll take some."

"I can't positively—it would be less than cost."

"Pahaw!—then say forty-four."

"Indeed, Miss, I am sorry I cannot accommodate you."

"Well, forty-five."

"Cannot, upon my word."

"I'll give you forty-eight, and not a cent more."

"Very well, Miss, you may have it at that."

Mr. Stafford was shocked. "What rudeness!—what meanness and want of self-respect! and yet I know her to belong to a circle of much pretension. But people that are vulgar by nature would be so on a throne." And he turned to her successor.

"Have you any lilac cravats?" she asked.

"No, Miss, but we have some pretty ones of apple green."

"I have been looking for lilac; I don't want any other color; particularly not green—it is so unbecoming to a pale complexion."

"But you had better allow me to show them to you. Here, Miss, they are certainly handsomer than lilac."

"Do you think so?—they *are* pretty, but they would not look well on me."

"Then, perhaps, I can suit you with straw-color. Here are some."

"I never wear straw-color, though I admire those more than the green. But I must go farther and look for lilac."

"You had better, Miss, make a selection from these. I have no doubt you will like them."

"Perhaps I might as well, but I don't know which color to choose. Which would you?"

"You seem to think, Miss, the green would not become you. The straw then would be preferable. For my part, if I were selecting for myself, I would take the green."

"Would you?—well you may put one up for me—a straw-color—no, a green."

"Lamentable indecision!" ejaculated Mr. Stafford to himself; "I could not respect a woman who shows such imbecility; if she allows herself to be persuaded against her own judgment with regard to a piece of silk, she will be liable to be led equally astray in the graver matters of life."

"During all this time there were two young ladies at the opposite side, who, from their demands, seemed to be in want of every article pertaining to the female wardrobe. Shelves, drawers, boxes and bundles were emptied of their contents by a sickly, weary looking shop-woman, all of which they remorselessly spread out and tumbled

about until the counter presented a chaos of the component elements of the store. Having done this to their hearts' content, they departed, leaving the unfortunate attendant to repair the effects of their idleness, and without even looking a regret for the labor they had occasioned.

"Either want of thought or want of feeling," decided our bachelor, "women who, through either, are indifferent to the comfort of a fellow woman, are hardly fit to be entrusted with the happiness of men."

These were all ladies of wealth, or at least of fashion, but closer to our hero than any of them, stood a female whose appearance was indicative of neither. She wore a muslin dress of faded colors and of a texture quite too slight for the season, which was the middle of autumn; while an equally faded veil served both to conceal her face and to hide her coarse and time-discolored straw bonnet. Mr. Stafford had not perceived her, for she had been leaning on the counter beside his screen, in silence, but a movement she at length made to catch the notice of an attendant, attracted his attention, and a view of the neck, which rose above the unseasonable gown, secured it. It was white as alabaster, slender, but beautifully rounded, and shaded by a ringlet—

"Of brown in the shadow and gold in the sun;"

a long, soft, graceful ringlet, which could have been natural only to a skin as delicate as that on which it lay.

The shop-woman approached. "What can I show you?—oh, is it you, Miss Nicols?"

"I have been waiting very anxiously to speak to Mrs. Frisby," was the reply in a low, but distinct and exquisitely musical voice.

"She is busily engaged, as you may see. I can take your work if that is your business."

"I wish to give it to her in person," she answered, and just then the mistress of the shop came toward them. "Good morning, Miss Nicols," said she coolly; "I was beginning to fear I should not see you again."

The fair neck grew crimson, and the sweet voice returned tremulously, "I did the utmost in my power to fulfil my engagement, but my mother is—so—so very ill; and now I have not been able to bring them all. There are two collars and a chemisette yet to be made."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Frisby, in a manner yet more ungracious; "as you find it so hard to do your work in time you had better return it, and I will give it to some one else."

"Oh, no—I beg, madam, do not!—against to-morrow morning they shall be finished."

"I don't see how that can be if they are not yet commenced," returned Mrs. Frisby.

"I have sometimes worked all night," was the meek and faltering answer.

Mrs. Frisby, after inspecting the work which she could not censure, and would not commend, laid it aside.

"Would you be so good as to pay me for what I have done?" timidly entreated the work-woman; "my mother"—

"I never pay in advance; finish the whole job first," interrupted Mrs. Frisby, and as she passed Mr. Stafford she remarked, as if extenuating herself, "these sewing-girls all have sick mothers, if we take their word for it. Indulge one, and they will all look for it."

At the same moment the eyes of our hero fell upon the face of the repulsed dependant, a face so young, so lovely, and, in its expression of melancholy, so touching, that admiration, pity and a chivalrous impulse to defend her took his heart by storm. His first thought was to inquire her residence, his second, that such a proceeding might be a disadvantage to her with her employer, and to avoid that imprudence, he decided upon what, had it been known, would have appeared a greater—to follow her. Forgetting all about his handkerchiefs, he precipitately left the store, and was on the street just in time to see the object of his interest turn the nearest corner. Before he could reach that his course was intercepted. A Mr. Archer, a pompous, supercilious old lawyer, requested the favor of a few minutes conversation. Mr. Stafford colored as if caught at something to be ashamed of, bowed and stopped.

"I shall not detain you long, Mr. Stafford," said the intruder; "you have a young man in your employ named Ellery?—a sort of clerk."

"Such is hardly his capacity, sir; I have engaged him to manage the commercial concern, of which I became possessor by the death of my late uncle; a fine young man, Mr. Archer."

"He has become a source of great annoyance, I may say distress to me, of late."

"Indeed!—Herbert Ellery?—in what way, allow me to ask?"

"As I desire your assistance, I shall state the case plainly. He has presumed to address my daughter."

"Ah?—what, Helen, pretty little Helen, for whom I used to solve puzzles, and whom I sometimes led to school when you and I boarded in the same house? I had forgotten that she must be now old enough to have suitors."

"But not old enough, Mr. Stafford, to know the impropriety of having such as the person in question.

You may not have seen Helen for some time, sir; she is now handsome, intelligent and accomplished."

"No doubt of it, Mr. Archer; and so also is young Ellery."

"He may be sufficiently so for his station, but I flatter myself that my daughter is entitled to look to something higher than to an individual in a subordinate capacity."

Mr. Stafford bowed low.

"And as you, my dear sir," proceeded Mr. Archer, "are said to have unbounded influence with the young man, I beg you will point out to him the folly of his pursuit. If it would not be taking your kindness too far, I would request you also to speak a word on the subject to Helen. She always calls you one of her best friends, though you so seldom meet, and you would be doing her a service to reason her out of her romantic fancy. Helen is, in no particular, fit to be the wife of a poor man—she was educated for other things."

"If that is the case, Mr. Archer, I shall willingly comply with your wishes, and it shall be quite as much for the sake of Herbert as of your daughter. He is an honorable, excellent young man, and it would grieve me to see him made unhappy by an unsuitable union."

"On any condition you please, Mr. Stafford;" and quite well satisfied the old gentleman took leave.

"Not fit to be the wife of a poor man—then is she condemned in my estimation. How many womanly qualities are lacking in such a character! gentle but energetic, generous but prudent; diligent, self-sacrificing and cheerful—such should be a poor man's wife—forming, when endowed with a few other attributes, the noblest of her sex. And one lacking all these is good enough for a rich man, forsooth! a woman as well as a man, unfitted for adversity, is not worthy of prosperity. Herbert Ellery shall have no such wife, if I can help it. I hoped to have heard better things of pretty, little Helen Archer." Thus mused our hero, and then he returned to thinking about the delicate and graceful looking sewing-girl, who could not expect ever to be anything above a poor man's wife.

The next morning Mr. Stafford recollected his handkerchiefs, and he also recollected that Mrs. Frisby was to receive some new collars, which, presuming them to be gentleman's collars, he felt that he particularly needed. Therefore, soon after breakfast, he proceeded to the store. The hour was so early that there were but two or three customers in, and seeing that the mistress was busy showing off the beauties of some rich scarfs to a young lady, he stood aside until she should be disengaged. In a few minutes the expected sewing

girl entered, but so pallid, so wo-worn was her face that he was doubtful as to her identity.

"Ah—I hope you have come with the things at last," said Mrs. Frisby; "I could have sold the chemisette already this morning if it had been here."

The girl appeared not to have heard her. She was casting her eyes almost wildly on the shelves; then nervously grasping a piece of white cambric which lay on the counter, she ran her fingers through the folds, and asked, "can you let me have this?"

"Of course you are aware that I do not owe you as much as it will amount to?" said the store-keeper, making no movement toward measuring it.

"I must have it—on any terms I must have it!" said the girl in a tone and with a manner which drew every eye in the store upon her; "I will bind myself to work day and night for it as long as you please, but I must have it!—my mother is dead, and hard as I have toiled to support her life, I would yet work harder to afford her a decent burial."

"Alice!—Alice Nicols—is it, indeed you!" exclaimed the young lady who was looking at the scarfs; "let her have it, Mrs. Frisby, and anything else she needs to the amount of that;" taking a bank-note from her pocket-book, "is there anything else you need, Alice?—then, Mrs. Frisby, give her the remainder—I have changed my mind about the scarf."

"It would be too bad to let you go away without the scarf," said Mrs. Frisby persuasively; "let me put it up for you—I would as soon have your name in my books for it as the cash."

"No, Mrs. Frisby, I cannot afford it now, and the offer of credit is no temptation to me. I never make accounts anywhere." The young lady whose fine, dark eyes had flashed with indignation at the shop-keeper, and filled with tears in offering her kindness to the poor dependant, was no other than Helen Archer. As she passed Mr. Stafford he heard her say, "I shall call to see you this evening, Alice—sooner, I cannot."

Our hero felt that it was not necessary again to leave his handkerchiefs, and finding that they were done he paid for them, and walked thoughtlessly home. "Not fit for a poor man's wife, indeed!" he soliloquized; "I am glad to be undeceived about my old friend Helen. To have unreservedly resigned an object, which, from her previous observations, she must very much have desired, and for the sake of assisting one in need, proves a trait which would be a support and an honor to a woman in any situation. But I might have known that old Pompolino to be too dull to understand even his own child. And how very pretty she

has grown!—I assist to cross them in love!—not I, indeed!"

Early in the evening Mr. Stafford called at the parlor of Mr. Archer, which was in a boarding-house. The old gentleman was there with his daughter, but presuming the visiter to have called for the purpose he had solicited, he made an excuse to withdraw. Helen was very silent, looked very pensive, and seemed to consider his company any thing but desirable. So he thought it best to broach his errand without delay. "I had the pleasure, Helen," said he, "of seeing you interest yourself very benevolently this morning for a poor female in a fancy store. You seemed to have been acquainted with her previously."

"Only for a short time," replied the young lady; "I was directed to her by Mrs. Frisby, for whom she was doing some work that I was desirous to see. Poor girl!—I fear she has had a hard task-mistress. Since then I have sometimes employed her to do a little sewing for myself."

"What is her situation?"

"One of extreme poverty. I found her with nothing to depend upon but the labor of her needle, and the earnings of that to be shared by a suffering mother, who also required a large portion of her time. She interested me extremely. In addition to the attractions of her beauty, which you must have observed to be remarkable, she has the manners of a lady, and young as she is, an education superior to my own. And now what anguish she must endure—devoted as she was to her mother!—this is a sad, miserable world we live in!" And Helen shook her graceful head, and sighed with a look so significantly melancholy, that her visiter knew she must be reflecting upon some grief of her own as well as that of another. What grief it was he readily divined.

"You promised to visit her this evening, did you not?" he asked.

"I did," replied Helen, coloring; "but the escort I expected to have—that is, I expected to have the company of a friend, and am disappointed."

Mr. Stafford understood more than she supposed. "It would be a pity," said he, "that the needy and afflicted should suffer from such a cause. Will you allow me to attend you? It is unnecessary to say that the appearance of the young woman interested me, as my inquiries must have proven that, and I shall be happy to aid you in serving her."

They were soon on their way, and Helen led her companion through a dark alley in an obscure part of the city. They ascended a flight of steep, narrow wooden steps, and through a division of the scanty curtain of the window, which was without shutters, they beheld the object of their mission.

She was sitting at a table, with a single lamp upon it, and even then sewing. Helen's hand trembled as she laid it impressively on the arm of her companion, for in the pile of cambric on which she was at work, she recognized a garment for the dead. Covered with a white cloth and extended upon chairs, at the farther side of the room, lay what they knew to be the corpse; and beside Alice sat an old woman who seemed intent upon sharing her mournful task, but who, from the tremulous motion of her withered hand, and her apparent difficulty of sight, could have been of little assistance. She opened the door at the gentle tap of Helen.

Alice looked up but did not rise from her seat. Her face was white as marble, and in her stupor of grief seemed scarcely less rigid. Helen advanced toward her, and taking her hand attempted to speak, but unused to scenes of sorrow, her voice failed her and she burst into tears. The consciousness of sympathy enabled Alice to give vent to her feelings, and covering her face with her hands, she wept till large, bright drops rolled down her fingers, and fell upon the work in her lap. Mr. Stafford had never been a comforter of women, and not knowing what to say, he remained silent. There lay a large volume, in an embroidered cover, on the table beside Alice, and mechanically he took it up. It was a Bible, and, on one of the fly-leaves, there was an inscription which arrested his attention. He examined it closely, gazed a moment at Alice, and then hastily crossed the room. The old woman followed him with a candle which she had lighted at the lamp. "Would you like to see her, sir?" she asked, "she is a beautiful corpse;" and she removed the cloth from her face.

It was indeed beautiful, not less so in the finely moulded lineaments than in the beatitude of expression, through which the power of a triumphant death had restored to them the aspect of youth. Mr. Stafford bent down and turned pale.

"You had better come away if it affects you so, sir," said the aged attendant; "many persons can't bear to look at a corpse; it's natural to them and they can't help it," and she replaced the covering. Mr. Stafford made no opposition; he had seen enough—that the body was that of Eugenia.

The two girls were now talking in low and broken tones, and he made no attempt to interrupt them. Helen arose to go, and they had walked some distance before he could command himself to speak.

"Poor Alice!" said his fair companion; "on one point she is almost distracted—that of having her mother buried at the public expense. I have promised her, however, to interest my father for

her, and I hope I shall be able to prevail on him to provide a place in some respectable burying-ground."

"That shall be my charge, Helen; I have a lot in the — Cemetery, and there she shall be taken. You will be surprised when I tell you, that, in the corpse, I recognize that of the most valued friend of my early days. There seems a palpable guidance of Providence in my going thither to-night, for I had not the faintest idea of such a result. Her name in the Bible which involuntarily I opened, and which I now remember to have been a gift of my own, gave me the first intimation of it."

"As early as possible to-morrow I shall make all proper arrangements for the interment," said Mr. Stafford, before they parted; "and I shall have to ask your assistance in finding a suitable home for that destitute and lovely girl. I need not urge you to see her in the morning, and to relieve her apprehensions for the future by an assurance of protection. Whatever provision you make for her, do it as if on your own responsibility and without mentioning my name or co-operation."

Mr. Stafford passed a sleepless night. A few days before his mind would have been absorbed by grief for the melancholy fate of his early friend; now a portion of it was given to care for her daughter.

Less than a week had elapsed, when, on his daily visit to Helen, she received him with a countenance betokening agreeable tidings. "I have succeeded in finding a home for her at last," said she; "one so pleasant that I would willingly give my own in exchange. Do you know any thing of old Mrs. Lennox of D—— street?"

"I do not."

"You must, at all events, know where she lives. Don't you remember a sweet looking little place, the house standing back from the street, and a yard in front filled with thickets of dahlias and hedges of oleanders, with stands of geraniums, cactuses and verbenas, and shaded with silver-leaved maples?"

"Perhaps—I am not sure."

"Don't you remember where you always see the earliest hyacinths and the latest chrysanthemums?—well it is there. Mrs. Lennox was one of my mother's most intimate friends, and my grandmother's also, I believe, and has always doctored my head-aches and advised me in my troubles. She offered to take poor Alice into her house as soon as I had related her story. She is a dear, pious, old lady, living quite retired from society, and will nurse and pet such a sweet creature to the utmost. She has had many trials of her own, and knows exactly what kind of consolation to administer. It was but yesterday evening I made

the arrangement, and I went immediately for the poor girl; I could not bear that she should spend another twilight alone—for that appears to me to be the most oppressive part of a day of affliction. And how thankful, how relieved she seemed to be! When I saw her adjusting one of her new dresses before a bright fire in her snug little chamber, while the old lady waited with her comfortable tea-table below, my mind felt at ease for the first time since you engaged me in the service."

"I will not thank you," said Mr. Stafford, "for you know our bargain is that you will assist me in my projects, if I insure the accomplishment of your own." Helen blushed a little and smiled, and he continued, "you will not forget that one of my conditions is your secrecy respecting the part I take in the concerns of your fair charge!"

"A very hard condition—to compel me to take the credit of another's good works; however, I assure you your name has not been mentioned. But I forgot to tell you that Alice, in her fear of being burdensome to me, begged me earnestly to look out for a situation of governess for her, or even of seamstress. Shall I do so?"

"No, no!" returned Mr. Stafford hastily, and he added with more caution, "that is, with such a grief in her mind it would be wrong to allow her to make any exertion for herself."

Helen looked cunning, but said nothing.

Mr. Stafford had resolved to enact the rich man's romance, and seek to be loved for himself alone. To proceed warily on a project so important, it was several weeks before he ventured to call on Alice; but during this time his consultations about her with Helen were so frequent that Mr. Archer, attributing his visits to the object for which he had bespoken them, began to fancy that the man of fortune was endeavoring to reconcile his daughter for the dismissal of the poor lover, by substituting himself.

But at length, on learning that the violence of her grief had subsided, he made a call in company with Helen. Even in the dress, and under the unfavorable circumstances of her unfriended poverty, Alice had had the air of one, in the common phrase, born a lady, and now the calm propriety of her manners showed how perfect must have been her model. Mr. Stafford saw much of her mother in her. Her figure, though less majestic than that of Eugenia, fully equalled it in grace, and her countenance, though less commanding, was even more loveable. She might have been what Eugenia was in early youth, though that was before his time. He went away intensely anxious for the success of his plans, which afterward Mrs. Lennox unconsciously furthered.

"And so this is Helen's lover," said the old lady to Alice; "I had heard of his being employed by one of our wealthiest citizens, a Mr. Stafford, but did not know that he bore the same name—a poor relation, no doubt. I like him much. He seems to be a remarkably dignified, sensible young man," thirty-four is rather a youthful period to a person of seventy—"and as far as I can see, Helen has showed very good judgment in her choice. He has an uncommonly interesting face; don't you think so, my dear?—money—money—has all the potency in these times; and poor Helen must be rendered unhappy by parental opposition as well as many others."

After this his visits became frequent, though, for the first month, they were under the excuse of bringing some message from Helen, a book recommended by her to Alice, or a newspaper for Mrs. Lennox. Then he ventured to come still oftener, and growing more familiar, to stay the whole evening, to poke the bright hickory fire, which always illumined the little parlor, and to contribute to the general entertainment by reading aloud. To Alice the society of an intellectual and an accomplished man was new, though she was well able to appreciate it; and when he assiduously sought to render it acceptable, by every delicate and respectful attention toward herself, no wonder she found it fascinating. He saw that she received him gladly when he came, and wished his departure delayed. He thought it no longer necessary to guard his actions so closely, and, one evening, on taking leave, secure of being unperceived by Mrs. Lennox, whose back was toward him, and whose eyes, he presumed, to be fixed on her knitting, he ventured playfully to raise her hand to his lips.

He did not wait to see the flush of shame and self-conviction which overspread the face of Alice. What was there, she asked herself, in her demeanor to warrant such a liberty from the lover of her generous friend? and her conscience stung her as if she had committed a crime. She felt that she had indulged a forbidden, and, what to her inexperience, seemed an unmaidenly admiration for him, and she feared that he must have been encouraged by her betraying it. And yet, she thought, if she had erred, it was done ignorantly, and was no excuse for him.

But the old lady's eyes had not been on her knitting. She had observed the unlucky piece of gallantry in the mantel-glass, and, looking hard at Alice, she concluded to warn her.

"Poor Helen!" said she, "I wonder what she would think if she knew how often we are favored with the company of her lover. The prohibition of her father is a sufficient reason for his not spending his evenings with her, but not for his

boat was struck, had become insensible, sunk and been carried by an eddy on a ledge of rocks under the headland, where he remained undiscovered until the galleys came up, when the Spaniards, knowing that the barges would not have lingered so long for any but a person of importance, began a vigorous search, which ended in the discovery of Montreuil's body, which an officer who had been at the festival recognized. Borne to the fort and placed under the care of a leech, he slowly revived from his state of insensibility; but his exhaustion was so extreme that it was determined to put off the interview between him and the governor until the ensuing morning.

Meantime the council was called to decide his fate. The deliberations lasted until a late hour. The importance of their prize was duly felt, and the voice for his death was general. His bold carriage when betrayed at the banquet proved how dangerous an enemy he was, even if the memory of his deeds, which had struck such terror into the inhabitants of the main, had been insufficient to establish his daring and resolute character. But a question of policy immediately arose, and on this the council was long divided. At length it was resolved that the prisoner's life should be offered to him if he would betray the retreat of his followers, so that an expedition, to be secretly fitted out, might come upon them unawares.

"I tell you, gentlemen," said the veteran, who had so bluntly praised Montreuil the day before, "you will fail, and fail with disgrace. This young fellow's honor is as true as my Toledo, and he will spurn your proposal—ay! and spurn it in words that will sting ye to your heart's core—spurn it as a base and dishonorable proposal unworthy of soldiers of Castile. I wash my hands of it."

But the voices of the civilians and of the more wary of the military officers prevailed; and a crowd of the chief citizens, aware of the intended proffer, had assembled to catch a sight of the dreaded rover and see the effect of the governor's offer.

"Sir prisoner," said the governor, unconsciously led, by Montreuil's proud demeanor, into addressing him with the courtesy of an equal, "the fortune of war has placed you in our hands. But know that his most Catholic majesty recognizes you only as a pirate, and that, therefore, you are without the pale of the laws regulating prisoners of war. Justice demands that the fate to which you condemn those who unhappily fall into your hands, should be meted out to you in return. You are a soldier, and a brave one, whatever else you may be, and will hear your doom without unmanly complainings. Ere the hand on yonder clock," and he pointed out to the great tower of the cathedral, "has traversed another circle, you die."

A shudder ran through the assembly at these words. Only the prisoner remained unmoved. He bowed his head in acknowledgment, but from weakness or other causes seemed indisposed to say anything.

"But," continued the governor, after narrowly watching the prisoner for an instant, "the council has resolved to spare your life on one condition. The bucaniers you commanded, without you, will soon quarrel among themselves, and break into separate bands, when they will easily fall a prey to our cruisers. Knowing this our policy might be to suffer you to die. But we have seen that you are an honorable soldier and would fain rescue such a man from an ignoble death. If, therefore," and the governor hesitated, for a moment, as if he felt the baseness of the proposal he was about to make, "you will give us information by which we can surprise your late followers in their retreat, we will spare your life."

During this address the prisoner had remained leaning his head on his hand. In truth he was oppressed with faintness, and had but half comprehended the words of the governor when pronouncing sentence. Even the thought of Julia had not been able, during the night, to rouse him from the apathy occasioned by extreme physical weakness. The stupor which had fallen on him, and from which he could only be momentarily aroused, made surrounding events seem to him like those in a dream. But the unmanly temptation now held out roused his soul from its lethargy, and imparted to his frame the strength of complete health. He lifted himself up to his full height, and while his dark eyes shot fire, he extended his manacled hand toward the judgment seat.

"Sir Governor," he said, "are you a noble of Castile and dare to propose so base and treacherous an act to a soldier? I could bear the fortune of war which has made me your prisoner—I could bear these chains—I could bear to die when life has become dearer to me than it ever was before—I can bear to leave my name to be traduced, to have deeds ascribed to me my soul spurns at—but that you should insult me thus, when I have no power to resent it, is unmanly, dishonorable and cowardly—the last drop in the cup of ignominy. I tell you, sir noble, that I would cut out my heart ere I would betray a follower—and chained captive though I am, I feel myself nobler in this hour, than you whose ancestors can be traced back for centuries, but who has disgraced them by this base proposal."

With this burst of indignant eloquence Montreuil sank back exhausted on the seat behind him; while the governor and his council, pale with rage, yet feeling acutely the justice of the

prisoner's rebuke, sat silent. The veteran whom we have before mentioned, however, with the generous impulse of a noble heart, made his way through the soldiery, who gave way in consideration of his high rank, to the prisoner's side, and laying his hand on Montreuil's shoulder, said,

"Well spoken, Sir Rover. I, for one, say it was a base proposal, and a disgrace to Castilian honor. But by St. Jago," he exclaimed, as the prisoner sank from his seat, "the poor fellow has fainted. Water, quick—shame! to bring a dying man here to make a sight of."

Montreuil, overcome by extreme physical weakness arising from the re-action following his late excitement, had indeed fainted, and the officers of the court, losing sight of every other feeling in sympathy for the prisoner, were busied in restoring him to life, when suddenly a shriek was heard from a lady, who, unperceived in the confusion, had stolen into their midst, and immediately the tall and stately person of the Donna Julia was recognized, as breaking through the crowd, she knelt at Montreuil's side, and began bathing his temples.

Kept from the banquet by the etiquette required of her sex, Julia had comforted herself with the thought that she should meet her lover after the festival was over, nor was she undeceived until the commotion in the palace, followed by the accidental sight of Montreuil crossing the harbor in a fisherman's boat assured her that something strange had happened. Alarmed and agitated she despatched her maid to gain intelligence, who brought back news of the lieutenant's treachery and revealed the true character of Montreuil. For awhile Julia was incredible: she could not believe that one so noble, brave and generous could be the dreaded bucanier; and even when the truth was made apparent she refused to regard her lover in the light in which all around looked on him; for, let it be remembered, she had been educated in Europe, had heard but little of the bucaniers, and was yet a stranger to the exaggerated stories and consequent fears of the colonists. Besides Montreuil was her plighted husband, and should she desert him now when all turned from him? She waited in breathless anxiety the course of events, from her window fearlessly watching the running fight between the forts and Montreuil's frigate. But when she saw the wreck deserted, and heard an hour afterward that her lover was a prisoner, her trembling anxiety gave way to the high resolve of a courageous woman, and she determined to save Montreuil's life, by appealing to her uncle, and, if, necessary, acknowledging her passion. She hastened, at once, to his presence, but he was occupied with his cabinet and so continued until a late hour of

the night. In the morning she hurried to his apartment, but he was already up and had gone out. Hour after hour she waited his return. At length intelligence was brought her of the events going on in the fort; and thither she, at once, set forth, determined to penetrate to her uncle's presence, nor leave it until she had gained the pardon of her lover. We have seen in what manner she appeared in the hall.

"What means this?" exclaimed the governor, descending from his chair and advancing trembling with anger and surprise, "Julia, is this you? Are you mad! Come away, girl, and cease debasing yourself thus."

The truth had broken on the old noble instinctively, and as he spoke he sternly took his niece by the arm to drag her away. She did not appear to heed his words until Montreuil opened his eyes, recognized her, and, murmuring her name faintly, pressed her hand which had been chafing his. Then she seemed all at once conscious of her uncle's presence, and turning to him she clung to his feet, and said amid broken sobs,

"Oh! save him—save him. He preserved me, your own Julia, from worse than death. Justice, uncle, justice."

The old noble was moved at this appeal, and seemed to hesitate. But a moment's reflection restored his sternness.

"Julia," he said, "you astonish me. Can you disgrace your house in this way?" he continued, stooping and whispering in her ear, "come away, and we will talk this matter over in private. It is not seemly for you to be here."

"Say but one word and I go. Pardon for him, dear uncle. If he dies I will die—oh! then have mercy, if you love me."

At this public declaration of her passion rage overcame every other feeling in the haughty noble's breast. That a child of his ancient and honorable house should acknowledge, and in the presence of the common soldiery, her love for an unknown bucanier, roused all the fury of the Castilian's blood. He spoke not: indeed his anger choked his utterance; but his countenance betokened the tempest within, and he signed to the officers to tear asunder the lovers and bear Julia from the hall. Shrieking, and then sunk in a fainting fit, she was carried out.

"Take him away," said the governor, pointing to Montreuil, who, with his eyes fixed on Julia's retiring form, seemed overcome by the stupor of extreme agony—"a short shrift and three files of arquebusiers."

The door closed on Julia, and Montreuil rose feebly to his feet as the officers assisted him. His

nature appeared to be radically changed by physical weakness and the contemplation of Julia's grief. He spoke not, but moved heavily along, his head drooped on his breast and his countenance expressive of apathetic dejection. Only when he reached the door and heard the solemn toll of the cathedral bell, did he appear to arouse. Then he erected his form, his eye lightened, and he moved once more with a soldiery step. Turning to the governor he bowed haughtily and was passing out, when suddenly a strange monk rushed up to the entrance.

"Stay," he exclaimed, "stay till I have spoken to the governor, or the blood of this man be on your heads. I command you," he said, as the procession still moved on, "to stay."

He spoke so authoritatively that the officers paused, and, at this instant, the eye of the governor falling on the stranger, his countenance turned deadly pale, and it was noticed that he grasped at a chair for support. The intruder saw these things and boldly advanced,

"Countermand the execution," he said in a tone of command, "what I promised I can fulfil," and now having reached the governor, he whispered in the old noble's ear, "he is your son—respite him or you will destroy your own blood."

No one but he whose ears they were intended for heard those words, but the spectators noticed, and long afterward commented on, the ghastly change that came over the governor's face. For an instant he seemed about to swoon, but, mastering his emotions, he ordered, in a faint voice, that the prisoner should be remanded, and then, accepting the monk's arm, staggered with him into a private room.

The conference lasted long, and during the hours that the amazed spectators remained in waiting without, many were the suggestions hazarded as to the cause of this wonderful emotion on the part of the governor. But none ventured a suspicion of the truth. At length, the governor re-entered the hall, but without the monk, who had disappeared probably by a private way of egress.

"Gentlemen," said the old noble, looking around the company with a countenance haggard and pale from recent excitement, "what the causes are that induce me to free this prisoner, as I shall now do, must remain forever a secret between me, my sovereign, and my God. To his majesty alone, from whom I hold this appointment, I shall justify myself. With this day's sun I resign my appointment and set sail for Spain, carrying with me, on honorable parole, the prisoner. Don Sebastian," and he turned to the old veteran of whom we have so often spoken, "to you, as next in rank to myself I commit this government until his majesty shall

appoint a successor, and, believe me, my influence, if any I have, shall be exerted to its utmost to have you confirmed in a post your valor so well deserves. And now gentlemen, farewell."

This sudden determination and the evident agony under which the old noble labored affected the company with sympathy and regret, so that, for a time, their astonishment at the late events was forgotten. Some of the veteran's companions in arms even shed tears as they embraced him; but all, seeing that he wished to avoid inquiry, shunned any allusion to the cause of his resolution, and parted from him in silence.

But it is time that we should unravel the mystery which, in the eyes of those ignorant of the circumstances, ever after hung over the sudden respite of the prisoner. For this purpose we shall follow the monk and his companion to the governor's private room. Staggering to a seat, as soon as he entered, the old noble leaned his elbows on a table before him and buried his face in his hands, while the monk stood by regarding him sadly. At length the governor looked up.

"Good God!" he said, "can this be true? Is he indeed my son? Say he is not—he shall still have his life, if you have been employed to invent this tale to free him; but do not tell me that the blood of my ancient house has been disgraced," and he took eagerly hold of the monk's gown, like a common suppliant in the street.

"As I believe in our blessed religion, as I hope for salvation through holy mother church, what I tell you is true."

The father turned again ghastly pale, and stared wildly at the monk as if he still hoped to read in the friar's face some contradiction of his words. His companion shook his head, but said,

"You take this discovery too hard. You repine when you ought to be thankful. How dreadful would it have been, sir governor," and he threw some severity into his voice, "if I had been delayed, and you had murdered your own son. Besides," he continued, seeing that he had made an impression on his listener, "the young man, in every thing but his profession, is worthy of your house. You have seen his noble port, his high courage, his unstained honor, his chivalrous respect for woman, for his protection of your niece is an act that half your suite would not have imitated. And if he is a rover, recollect that, in England, whence he came and where he has been chiefly brought up, such a pursuit is not considered ignoble or dishonorable. Have not the sons of their highest nobles—their Cavendishes, Drakes and Raleighs—preyed on our commerce, nor thought it piratical so to do? The time is coming, I foresee, when such acts will be

stigmatized by every civilized nation; but until then we must judge men by the morality of their age and of their country. And so judging, I, as a humble servant of God, acquit your son of anything base or dishonorable."

The old noble had listened intently to these words, hanging on every sentence with breathless eagerness. At their close he grasped the monk's hand gratefully, for what was said carried consolation to his heart.

"I can now hear the proofs," he said, with more composure, though his voice yet trembled. "You said, when you were here a month ago, that you thought you were on the track. Is it the same?"

"It is," said the monk. "The child you lost, now twenty-five years ago, and for whom your lady mourned even unto death, was stolen, as I suspected, by the servant we spoke of, who, angry at his dismissal, sought this occasion for revenge. The man had been a fisherman in early life, and now went to sea, taking the child with him. For many years he was in the Levant, and subsequently went to England. When the boy was about ten years old he attracted the attention of an English nobleman, who took him into his household, and with whom he served for many years on the continent. Afterward he entered the royal navy, in which he rose to high rank. He and his patron were both devoted loyalists and clung to the king, in the late civil war, to the last. On the ruin of the royal cause he came to this quarter of the globe and gathering around him other men of like ruined fortunes, took up the old maxim that there was no peace with Spain within the line, and began a war on his own account. To prove these facts, I have the dying confession of the servant who stole him away and whom I shrived, besides other unquestionable documents which I have with me. Moreover I attended in this man's chamber last night when he was insensible, and there satisfied myself that he had the scar which you spoke of as arising from a severe burn in childhood. Will you now scrutinize these proofs?"

We will not tire our readers with a perusal of the documents. It is enough to say that, after a minute examination, the old noble was satisfied, and his mind, being disabused of much of the shame he had attached to his son's profession, he longed to embrace him. But pride dictated to him the concealment of the connexion between them, as he knew others might think differently. In consequence of this determination, he resolved to give up his government and retire to Spain, and ultimately to some other land, where they might live unknown.

Our story is done. That evening a ship left the

harbor carrying the vice-royal flag at its mast-head. In it were Julia, Montreuil and his father. All had been explained between them, and the young soldier, completely unmanned, had wept on his parent's bosom. From the old noble he learned his strange history, and to his father he told the determination he had made, before entering the harbor, to abandon his profession. This declaration removed from the parent's bosom the last feeling of regret at discovering his son.

Before the now happy family reached Spain the marriage of Julia and the heir of De Lopez had received the sanction of the father; but, instead of residing in Castile, where his former connexion might be discovered, it was resolved that the young couple should dwell in England, whither the father agreed to follow them, after having seen the king. Montreuil deemed himself released in honor, by his supposed death, from his associates, and never took any steps to acquaint them with his real fate.

The descendants of Julia and her cousin still live in England, and are now high in rank and honored by the state. Nor are they the only ones whose ancestors, in the romantic times of which we write, waged war on Spain beyond the line.

THE ENGLISH COTTAGE.

WHERE bend the alders o'er the leafy stream,
And sunbeams play with many a chequered gleam,
The cottage rears its simple fragrant cell—
Fit home for butterfly and bee to dwell—
The flowers nestle, hedged with brier sweet,
Or climb the porch, or at the casement meet.

Labor is forth to till the hardy soil,
And win from Nature's God his smile o'er toil!
That humble home his blessing and his rest:
Those looks of love—those voices to his breast—
Oh, speak they not of Mercy to the worm,
While arms of Joy await each day's return?

Young Innocence is there, and Beauty's mould
Springs like the cottage-flower, tho' sweet, untold!
It dwells with emblems of the hand that wrought
The loveliness around it, passing thought!
Its charms seem consecrate to native spot;
It breathes the air of home, its happiest lot!

The Mother's eye surveys the busy scene
'Mid her heart's blessings, with a brow serene:
While Industry her various arts applies
From break of morn till day's last glory dies.
Around the frugal board the group has met—
The little life of home we ne'er forget!

Farewell! the light is parting from the hill,
But Memory lingers with thy day-scenes still:
Dwells in thy quiet nook 'mid worldly din,
And Fancy looks the cottage-door within:
Deeming that wealth in all her proud array
Bears but the gold, and casts the flower away!

W. J. C.

ANNA TAYLOR.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER IV.

"WHEN love's bright flame has blazed into
 A being and a power,
 And smiled in scorn upon the dew
 That fell in its first warm hour—
 'Tis the flame that curls round the martyr's head,
 Whose task is to destroy;
 'Tis the lamp on the altars of the dead
 Whose light but darkens joy." HALLECK.

It was no uncommon thing for Anna Clare to remain at our house several days together; but now a week went by, and she grew pale at the least mention of returning home—of meeting *him*. She tried to appear cheerful, to occupy herself in the elaborate border which we were quilting on a counterpane, put on the frames as the only excuse we could render to aunt Clare for the continued absence of her niece; but the tumult in her thoughts was too dreadful. At times, her spirits arose to a degree of animation perfectly startling, and again she would sit mute as a statue for half an hour together, gazing on the shell-work her needle had formed, but without taking a stitch or seeming in the least aware of a second presence.

Kenworthy called again and again. At first he made an excuse to enquire the reason of my absence from school, then he came with a message from aunt Clare, but Anna refused to come down, and he went away evidently much hurt by her refusal. During these visits he looked at me anxiously more than once as if to ascertain the amount of confidence which Miss Clare had given me, and it was easy to see that with the slightest encouragement he would have spoken on the subject, which was certainly preying on his mind till he looked absolutely ill; again he called, after two days of silence on both sides, during which poor Anna had suffered terribly—I could see it in the dark shadows that settled around her eyes, in the quiver that now and then passed through her lips, quick and troubled, as a red rose is sometimes torn by the wind; her step too became languid, and an air of depression settled on her which was painful to witness. It was so humble, so heart-broken in its expression that no one could have seen her without a desire to shield and protect a being so keenly sensitive. Pride, the second strong feeling of womanhood, had supported her till then—but it gave way at last and left her like a flower crushed in its own dew, depressed with the weight of tender recollections that crowded on her heart. Poor girl, she was ashamed of her sorrow, ashamed of the deep tenderness which had conquered all other feelings

in her bosom—and though her eyes were all the time misty with grief, no tears escaped the lashes that constantly drooped to conceal them; she worked on all day long meekly and silently, for after the first day we avoided all mention of the circumstance that had driven her to seek shelter with me her true friend.

At length the quilt was finished, and there was no longer an excuse for Anna Clare—she must return home or inform her aunt of the reason for a longer absence—the *true* reason, for aunt Clare was getting dissatisfied and complained that nothing went right at home when Anna was away—that Mr. Kenworthy went moping about like a homesick child—that the evenings grew so long and lonesome that she dreaded to see night come on. Anna must go home: there was no alternative. The very thought of informing the kind old woman of the indignity which had been offered to her child drove the poor girl almost into fits.

"I must write to him," she said while we were holding council together—"you can give him the letter—I will beseech him to leave the house—to board in some opposite extreme of the village. I cannot see him—cannot sleep beneath the same roof with him again—oh, would to God we had never met—we never must meet hereafter—oh, father of mercies help me—never, never, never. My friend, my friend, may you never suffer as I do—my heart is breaking!"

I flung my arms around her, for it seemed as if my heart was breaking also. I remembered her aunt's prayer in the garden, and felt how fearful a thing was the uprooting of a woman's affections.

A knock at the front door interrupted us. Anna started and I could feel the heart against mine leap like a frightened bird.

"It is him," she said, "let me go—let me go!"

She sprang from my arms and hurried up stairs; but I saw her pause on the first landing and caught a glimpse of her sweet, pale face bent for an instant, like that of a troubled spirit, over the bannister as Kenworthy entered.

The young man was greatly changed, his large, dark eyes were unsteady and anxious in their look, and he seemed much paler than usual. I led the way into a parlor, and he sat down pressing a hand to his forehead as if to collect his thoughts or soothe some pain which oppressed him.

I took a chair in silence, agitated almost as painfully as my visitor—he removed his hand, gazed languidly around the room, and rising walked up and down once or twice as if to collect himself.

"Your friend, Miss Clare, I trust she is well," he said at length, flinging himself on the sofa again, but before I could reply he started up,

came hurriedly toward me and reached forth a note.

"There was a little misunderstanding, a——"

I looked up and his eyes sank beneath the involuntary glance of mine, but after a moment he turned them full and steadily upon me.

"You will prove my friend in this—let me beseech you!—I see that she has spoken of our last interview—that you judge harshly of me—but do not condemn me entirely—persuade her to see me!"

I shook my head. It was an involuntary motion, but he received it as a denial of his request.

"At least give her this note, and say nothing to dissuade her from giving me one interview—I entreat you to grant me this kindness."

I took the note and went up stairs. Anna was in tears; she had caught a glimpse of his face, and the tones of his voice had once more reached her—a voice which few young hearts could have resisted. A flash of pleasure shot from beneath her tearful lashes as she saw the note, she almost snatched it from me and pressed it passionately to her lips with both hands before she broke the seal. She had forgotten the insult—the wrong he had meditated—everything in the flood of feelings aroused by the sight of his hand-writing, of the first note she had ever received from a being so beloved and so unworthy.

I was surprised, for I had not then learned how much more powerful is tenderness than pride in the heart of a true woman—nay, I was offended also that Anna Clare should forget her own dignity and what was due to the sex so completely. My own heart was a sealed book then, and I had not dreamed how entirely all selfish thoughts may be swallowed up by the affections.

Sweet Anna Clare—as the note was removed from those eager lips her glance fell on me, and she read the thoughts passing in my heart—a flood of crimson rushed over her face, and her hands were so unsteady that she dropped the note with the seal but half broken. I picked it up, placed it in her hands again, and turned to a window.

She followed me directly, breathless and agitated. Placing the note in my hands, she said,

"What shall I do? advise me, I am afraid of myself."

I read the note.

"See me for a moment," it said, "I can explain, I can atone—refuse me and I leave this place to-morrow, and forever."

Anna had flung herself in an easy chair, and sat with clasped hands reading the expression of my face—eagerly as if her life depended upon the opinion I should form. Her very soul broke

through those eyes. I could not have resisted the appeal it made though my own life were the consequence.

"Do as you think best," I said, "but I should go to him."

"Yes, I will go," she said, rising with considerable trepidation, and smoothing back her hair with her unsteady hands, "it is better that all this is ended at once, I cannot live in the same house with him an hour—not a minute—I will tell him so, and then, perhaps, he will take board at the tavern and leave me in peace, but he must not give up all hopes of a livelihood—all I ask is to be left in peace."

Peace, poor girl, there was no peace for her! She went down pale and apparently quiet, for she had brushed away all traces of tears, and subdued even the quiver of her lip before his eyes fell upon her. He arose and received her almost humbly, but there was no flush on his forehead, no glow of confusion in his eye, his face was serious and composed—it was all effort, for as he reached forth his hand I could see that it shook for the brief moment that Anna hesitated in giving him hers. She did give it, but timidly, and with a shrinking gesture that brought an expression of distress to his eyes. He spoke something in a low voice, and I left the room, though Anna made a faint motion that I should remain.

When I entered the parlor again Kenworthy was sitting by the window, and the clear winter starlight that gleamed through revealed Anna Clare close by his side, her hand nestled in his, her fine eyes lifted to meet his glance, and a smile upon her face which the starlight rendered almost holy. She arose and followed me out. The door was scarcely closed when her arms were around me, and I could feel the hands locked on my neck thrilling with joy.

"Oh, we were unjust—it was all a mistake, my own silly stupidity, he meant everything that was good and honorable. How wrong, how wicked it was of me to think he could be so base, how could you believe me when I said so?"

This joy, this newly aroused confidence was very beautiful, and if not wise it was womanly—there is something lovely even in the blindness of a pure heart. Why should I utter the doubts that crowded to my own mind, why dash the golden cup that bathed her lip with a single drop of suspicion. No matter what Kenworthy had intended or said he was now sincere and to be depended on, no person could doubt and look upon his face, his eye neither sunk nor wavered as it met mine, and there was something upon the forehead, a frank, open expression that could not be mistaken. The

better part of his nature was aroused, and when he went forth with that young creature leaning on his arm, I would have pledged my life on the integrity of his feelings.

A letter from Anna Taylor reached me the very morning that this reconciliation took place, and such a letter, full to overflowing with the conquests she had made, and the admiration lavished on her beauty; she was in New York, at a fashionable hotel with some new friends whom she had become acquainted with through Warren, who had met them in the west. There was no kind word of home, no affectionate remembrance for old friends or familiar places. She wished that we were with her, it is true, but the desire was carelessly worded, and save one paragraph her letter was as unsatisfactory as it was selfish. But it contained a few lines that surprised us all. When I read them to Anna Clare her cheek lost its color, and she seemed bewildered by intelligence which would have brought an exulting fire to any heart but hers. This was the paragraph.

"There is one thing that will surprise you, and I kept it for the last paragraph because I like to close with something important. Mr. Kenworthy, the young gentleman who came down to visit Mr. Warren, is no more under the necessity of keeping a school than the emperor of Russia. You will hardly comprehend me, Anna Clare in particular, when I tell you that he belongs to the old English aristocracy, and is worth more thousands a year than any fifty men in your state. It is said that he will have a title when his father, or uncle, or some one else dies, and there is not a lady in New York who would not willingly lose a hand if he would only propose for the remaining one. But it must be extraordinary beauty indeed that can hope to attract him; sometimes you know our faces make our fortunes even on this side the Atlantic where we have no aid from birth or money. It was a strange freak of his—that poetry and nonsense to Anna Clare—don't you think so? I hope she did not let it turn her head, of course he was quizzing her! Young men of fashion like such things, and a country girl, vain and romantic, like poor, dear Anna, is just the kind of person they select to practice on. I understood it all at the time, and you can remember how much I resented his conduct toward her."

I looked at Anna Clare who was leaning over me as I finished this insulting paragraph—she seemed so completely overwhelmed with the intelligence it conveyed that the language was lost upon her.

"Do you believe this?" she said after taking the letter from my hand, as if to peruse it again.

"What—that he was insincere—trifling with you?" I said.

"Oh, no, I did not think of that," she replied, with a smile, "that doubt would be an insult to him and to me. But can it be true that he is so far removed from my station in life?"

"There is no station on earth that can lift a man above a pure-hearted and refined woman. Her nobility lies in her own nature. Purity of principle and dignity of intellect are worth all the red blood that ever kindled the pride of a lofty class. Were Kenworthy of the family royal you are his equal, Anna Clare!"

She smiled and kissed me affectionately—"you never flattered me before," she said.

"Nor do I intend it now. We may praise but never flatter those who are truly loved and respected," I replied, somewhat ashamed of the grand eloquence of my speech—"but it vexes me to see Americans—people who have battled years to prove that all men are born free and equal, seeking the dust which a high-born Englishman may shake from his garments as he passes through our land."

"I have never thought much of these things," replied my friend, gently, "but it seems natural to look upon the man we love as a superior."

"Else woman's love would be neither so holy nor so trusting as it seems to be," I answered, subdued by the sweetness of her manner, "let us be content to reverence the noble of nature, and leave it to those, who cannot understand such aristocracy, to bend themselves before noble names alone."

"But his *nature* is noble," murmured Anna Clare, and a soft blush warmed her face, "you will not chide me for worshipping there."

Poor girl, her ideal was rendered glorious by the mist of her pure affections—it had not yet begun to crumble into clay around her feet.

I wrote to Anna Taylor a long letter filled with gossip and superficial nonsense. She was not one to draw forth pure gold from mind or heart, but she could appreciate the tinsel which partook of neither, and that I rendered to her without knowing it—deep or true feelings would have been out of place between us. Her virtues even were half foibles, her affections all passions, but we were all young and had studied little in the great book of human life, and I could not have told why it was that there was no easy flow of feeling, no heartiness in my letters to Anna Taylor. There was one paragraph in my epistle written with some little triumph, it was that which informed her that Kenworthy, the English aristocrat, was engaged to Anna Clare, and that their marriage would take place in the spring. I can remember smiling as my pen traced the lines, smiling with thoughts of

the annoyance they would give. Fool that I was!—how little did I guess the effect of these half dozen trifling lines.

In one week from the date of my letter Anna Taylor arrived suddenly at her father's dwelling.

The very next Monday aunt Clare and her niece left home for the first time since Anna was an infant. An aged relative, the only one left to them on earth was taken ill, and they made a journey of fifty miles in order to minister at his death bed. Kenworthy took his meals at the public tavern, and slept at the solitary farm-house during the absence of its inmates.

The people in our village thought it very remarkable that Anna Taylor should condescend to enter an academy as a pupil, after three months of fashionable life in the city. No creature could have been more completely changed, no human being had ever returned among a quiet, unpretending people so prepared to captivate the senses and secure the admiration of men. In personal beauty she was much improved. A more becoming fashion of dress, adapted with the taste of a practised belle to her own peculiar style of beauty, lent new attractions to her superb form and face. Anna had always been magnificently handsome. She was now fascinating and graceful, had acquired manners, learned to smile where she had formerly laughed; and her sweeping lashes were schooled to droop over the dark eyes once left to their own unschooled brilliancy. Art—it was but art—had shed a grace and softness over the girl which must have been very captivating to a person who saw her extraordinary attractions for the first time—but to me there was something unpleasant in it all. Even the impulsive haughtiness of her former conduct would have pleased me better than the glossy and graceful selfishness that had succeeded it: she was no longer insolent or imperious—no longer impulsive, either for good or evil, but a practised woman of the world, and that at nineteen and with only a few months experience in fashionable life. But her school had been a good one, the most fashionable hotel of a large city, wherein foreign idlers counterfeit noblemen, and men and women of all classes of intellect and grades of principles crowd together and render tribute to each others vanity—crushing their household gods together and making a rude thoroughfare of each domestic hearth. In this school Anna Taylor had taken her first great lesson in fashionable life. Yet in all the glow and exultation of her conquests she returned to us of her own free will, and took possession of her vacant desk at the academy one morning tranquilly, as if she had never dreamed of anything but school-books in her life.

Poor Anna Clare!—she wrote me once or twice so affectionately, so kindly, that my heart swelled when I thought of her: such letters were hers, brim full of thought, burning and tender, the language all poetry, the highest and purest, lacking nothing of melody but the rhyme, and full of genius which the writer had never dreamed of possessing. I loved to read her letters over and over to get them by heart, and write back as if I had been communing with my own spirit at a distance.

He received letters also. Almost every morning I saw him draw one forth from his bosom and ponder over it with brightening eyes, and a look of devout happiness. He might well be happy, for the fondest, truest heart that ever beat in woman's bosom was his: a mind seldom equalled in her sex rendered its first bright homage to his more powerful intellect. More than once I have seen him press those letters to his lips when he thought no one was looking at him. Heaven forgive that man, he seemed one of the most warm-hearted and refined of human beings.

If Anna Taylor laid herself out to obtain any undue attention from our teacher I never saw it. On the contrary she seemed retiring and rather pensive. Sometimes I saw her gazing earnestly at him when he wrote or was busy with any one of the classes: but if he by any accident lifted his face or glanced toward her the heavy lashes would droop over her eyes, and she seemed to shrink from his gaze as if detected in some wrong act.

Anna Clare remained from home longer than she had at first anticipated; and when the spring opened she was still absent. I scarcely knew how it was, but I became very anxious regarding her. The letters which reached me twice a week were full of regretful language, occasionally sad and desponding as they had never been during the early time of her visit. She seldom mentioned Kenworthy in any of them. It would have surprised me had she done so. Sentiment with her was too deep and holy for words even with her best friend, she loved too devotedly for the confidence of language, the treasure of affection was folded too deeply in her pure heart for display of any kind. Yet the atmosphere, the perfume of love breathed through every line she wrote, you would feel that the green flowers of her heart were broken up, and blossoms starting everywhere from the fresh earth. But what could have rendered her so desponding of late? Had Kenworthy begun to neglect her? were his letters growing cold? had the suspicion, which, spite of my reason, haunted my own heart, settled in her innocent bosom also? I asked these questions of myself again and again, but could render no answer; it was the casual use

exhilaration of spirits and evident enjoyment in the society of others."

Alice was scarcely able to restrain her tears, and hastily bidding Mrs. Lennox good night, she retired to her chamber. The frailty of her heart seemed to have been exposed to all. Mr. Stafford had designed either to reprove it practically or to amuse himself with it; the tone and countenance of Mrs. Lennox had implied censure; and Helen, kind, noble-hearted Helen, what must she, or what would she think! and Alice wept bitterly. To remain quietly in her present dependance on them would sink her still lower in her estimation, and she determined if Helen should not immediately obtain a situation for her, to advertize or to apply at an Intelligence Office herself. She would rather have been the oppressed sewing-girl of the fancy store than what she was; and then she thought of her mother till her heart seemed bursting.

When she had grown calmer she recollected that shortly before her death her mother had written and sealed a letter, remarking to her, "this letter, Alice, is for one who was a dear friend to me in my better days. He is now living in affluence a few minutes' walk from here. When I am no longer with you, which will soon be, dear child, take it according to the direction and deliver it into his own hand. It may be a means of securing protection to you."

In the absorbing grief which soon followed this circumstance, it had been forgotten. The letter, among other sad memorials, had been placed in a port-folio, which Alice now unlocked, and the first object that met her eye was the letter, with the superscription, "HENRY STAFFORD, Esq."—the kinsman, as she presumed, of the very man whose levity of disguised severity had occasioned her present distress. Her tears were checked by the surprise she felt at the coincidence, and by her perplexity as to the course she was to pursue. Should she present the letter, it might produce some result which would lead him to suppose that she was designedly throwing herself still farther in his way; should she retain it she would be acting in direct disobedience to her mother's wishes. These, to her, had always been paramount to every other consideration, and she soon determined that now, as she had ever done, she would follow their dictates.

The fine new mansion of Mr. Stafford was considered too much an ornament of the city not to be generally known, and Alice, in passing it to and from Mrs. Friisby's, had often cast her eyes upon its imposing front. Thither the next morning she directed her way. As she mounted the steps of the rich doric portico, her heart almost failed her, but she thought of her mother and proceeded.

Fearing that her irresolution might return, she scarcely lifted her eyes when she entered the lofty hall, and, at length, she stood bewildered in the drawing-room, so far surpassing anything she had conceived of household splendor. The servant placed a seat and waited to receive her name.

"A lady," she timidly said, and immediately her summons was answered by Mr. Stafford himself—Helen's Mr. Stafford. Presuming that his carefully guarded secret of his identity was discovered, he stopped for a moment surprised and disconcerted, and then exclaimed, "Miss Nicols!—an unexpected pleasure—I thought I should find Helen."

Alice had scarcely looked into his face, and abruptly drawing the letter from her reticule, she returned, "I have a letter to deliver to Mr. Stafford—Mr. Henry Stafford—as I conjecture the master of this house."

As she held it out he recognized the well-remembered characters, and hastily taking it from her hand, he retired with it to his library. With unsteady fingers he broke the seal. Supposing him to be ignorant of her history after their last meeting, Mrs. Falkland alluded expressively, but with delicacy to her trials during the life of her husband, and then gave a more minute account of her struggles with ill health and poverty during her unhonored widowhood, concealed from those who had once known her, by a name which her husband's misdeeds had compelled them to adopt, and which she had retained as less disgraceful than their own.

"And now," she concluded, "my wanderings are nearly over. I did not think that my life should thus long have held out, but Heaven has mercifully granted my prayers, and spared me to complete the duty of grounding my poor child in the principles which have been inculcated to us to make this world less a scene of sorrow and temptation. Yet before leaving her, I desired to secure for her some earthly friend, that she might not be thrown without guidance upon its tardy charities, and to you alone of all whom I remembered as once dear to me, I was willing to confide my precious legacy. I had casually heard much of you: that the tide of prosperity which had flowed upon you had borne away none of the sterling virtues by which your youth was ennobled. Never doubting what I so gladly learned I came hither, that at my death you might be near at hand. Often and often you professed the affection of a brother for me, and as often urged me to claim its offices. I now do so. For myself I ask nothing. Resigned wholly to the will of Him whom I have ever sought to serve, I look forward to the home He has prepared

for me; but in His name I conjure you to befriend my beloved Alice. It is not from the physical discomforts of poverty I ask you to save her. To them she has been accustomed, and to continue dependant on her own exertions may give a salutary strength to her character; but it is the moral evils to which an unprotected state might expose her, which causes my solicitude. Guard her from them, if through the agency of others; watch over her though it be at a distance, and warn and advise her if it shall be needed: You will do it, Henry—my heart tells me that you will; and secure in your integrity I have triumphed over my last and strongest human fear."

Mr. Stafford returned to the drawing-room with the letter, and pointed out to Alice the passage we have quoted. "It is I, Alice," said he, "to whom that appeal is addressed. Your mother was the truest friend of my youth. I was an orphan, without sister or brother, and the master of a fortune, such as often, to the young and inexperienced, proves rather an evil than a blessing. It was she who formed my character, incited me to virtuous aims, and thus secured for me my honor, the prosperity and happiness I have since enjoyed. The gratitude which I was never privileged to testify to her is due to her daughter. From this hour regard me as your protector. Whatever you please, dear Alice, that I will be to you." He took her hand with a look which again startled her, and surprised, confused, not knowing what to say or think, she hurriedly arose to leave the house. Mr. Stafford took his hat and attended her in silence.

Alice had intended to call on Helen, after this visit, and beg her to assist in obtaining such a situation as she had desired, but now she felt too unsettled to fulfil her design. She sat down in her chamber and reflected earnestly on her position. She could not see that it was much changed. If Mr. Stafford, she thought, had not scrupled to address her with looks of tenderness and actions of gallantry, while he held her mother's letter in his hand, he was a person to whom she wished to be under no obligations. Then instead of going she wrote to Helen.

The next morning, earlier than her usual time for calling, Helen made her appearance. "Well, Alice, I have found a place for you—a charming one," said she, with a gaiety painful to Alice, as it seemed to be caused by the approach of a separation; "come quick, and get on your things. I have a carriage waiting, and we will go and see how you will like it."

Alice complied, and entering a handsome private carriage, they were driven to the house of Mr.

Stafford, where Helen made a movement to alight, requesting Alice to accompany her in.

"Excuse me, Miss Archer—if you please I would rather not," said Alice timidly.

"Why so?" asked Helen, looking so curiously in her face, that, having no clear reason to give, and wishing to avoid any questioning, Alice thought it best to follow her. Helen led her into the library and snatched off her bonnet after she had thrown aside her arm. "Now congratulate me," said she, "for I was married this morning. Papa had opposed my choice so decidedly and so openly, that though Mr. Stafford, a few days since, reconciled him toward it, we concluded to spare him a disagreeable compromise of his dignity by pretending to make a runaway match of it. But I did not dream of its being so soon until yesterday, when Mr. Stafford insisted on our having it done, that he might make me mistress of ceremonies here, and thus, at once, afford you a home, and my matronly superintendence." Mr. Stafford had entered while she spoke.

"He is extremely good," faltered Alice; "and I trust he will believe me to be grateful, but while I can earn a livelihood—while I have health and strength for the exertion, I should think myself censurable to depend on the generosity of any one. Your kindness I have taxed too long, but I shall make every effort to obtain some employment for which I may be qualified, and until I can do that I have no doubt Mrs. Lennox will continue to favor me with her protection."

"Shame! shame! Alice!" exclaimed Helen; "Mr. Stafford has been munificent to me beyond all desert, yet I would blush to be guilty of the false pride of rejecting his benefits. Besides, you are to earn your good quarters; you are to assist in doing the honors; to instruct me to be steady, industrious and neat-handed; and this gentleman," leading forward a fine looking young man who had just appeared at the door—"this gentleman, Mr. Herbert Ellery, my happy bridegroom, you are to help me in training to be a good husband."

So taken by surprise was Alice that she forgot to notice the introduction, but, fortunately for her, Mr. Ellery was too newly married to have eyes for any one but his bride, and apologizing for calling her away, he requested to speak with her in the drawing-room.

Mr. Stafford turned gravely but gently to Alice. "I consider, Alice," said he, "that your mother's letter as fully constitutes me your guardian as if it were invested with all the power of legal formality. As such there is no impropriety in your complying with my wish that you will share my protection under my own roof, particularly now that you will

have the companionship of Helen." As she made no opposition, he proceeded in a livelier tone, "you do not know how old is the promise that I should one day have you under my care—a promise standing ever since you were a little thing like that"—and he pointed to the picture over his writing-desk.

Alice knew the portrait to be that of her mother, changed as she had been for years, and as she gazed at it tears came into her eyes. Mr. Stafford noticed it, and, to change the subject, continued, "but there will be plenty of time to talk all about that. Meanwhile, let me hear what you think of Helen's husband—a handsome fellow, is he not? I owed Helen something for her kindness to you, and to discharge my debt in the way which would please her best, I have given Ellery a share in a business concern which he has managed for me, and if he remains prudent he will soon realize a fortune."

The next spring Helen went into a house of her own, but not before she had seen Alice installed as rightful incumbent in the place which she had temporarily occupied. Innumerable calls were made on the bride of the wealthy Mr. Stafford, and among others, by some of the ladies whom he had seen in the fancy store. He related, much to the amusement of Mr. and Mrs. Ellery, his observations there, and his object in making them.

"It is nothing new," laughed Helen, "to get a wife by purchase, but I never before heard of going shopping for one."

THE STING.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

"It was a little, treacherous thing
To steal upon me when asleep,
And bury in my lip its sting,
So very deep!
Can'st thou not, sir, devise some way,
Some gentle way, a soothing art
To draw the sting, the pain allay,
And ease the smart."

"Oh! yes my fair, I have a way,
A gentle way, a soothing art
To draw the sting, the pain allay,
And ease the smart!"
"Ah! try it quickly then," she cried.
"But, fairest, take it not amiss,"
My lips to hers I close applied
And stole a kiss.

"I feel the gentle, soothing art,"
She sighed and said, "the pains decay,
The sting is drawn, and gone the smart,
Quite gone away;"
"Nay, say not so—the kiss I steal,
It steals the sting, my love, from thee,
But ah! 'tis only gone, I feel,
From thee to me."

TALENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

"Did you say Helen Forester was to be married?" said Mr. Stanhope, looking up from the book he had been reading, and addressing his daughter, as she sat at the opposite corner of the blazing fire on a cold winter night, talking to her cousin, Amy Carter.

"Yes! pa, and such a conquest. Only think—she is to marry Mr. Decoursey."

"What! the young lawyer?"

"The very same."

"Humph!" said the father.

"You are too phlegmatic, I declare," broke forth the animated daughter—"you provoke me. Now, would you think, cousin Amy," and she turned to her companion, "that pa meant by that to say he disapproved of Helen's choice? But it is so. You don't know him yet—he never, at first, has any other way of dissent. But come, pa," and rising laughingly, she crossed over to her father and laid her hand on his arm, "tell us why you don't like Mr. Decoursey. I'm sure he's of good family—and then such a brilliant man as he is! You know Helen is a girl of sense, and you quite provoke me with your dissent. What don't you like?"

"Helen Forester is a girl of sense," said Mr. Stanhope, fondly drawing his daughter to his knee; "at least I used to think so, and even now I must believe she has every sense but one, and that one is common sense. The latter she cannot have or she would not marry Mr. Decoursey for the reason you seem to imply—that is because he is a man of talent."

"You astonish me," said his daughter, and even her silent cousin Amy looked up, her large eyes expressive of unbounded astonishment at this strange remark.

"I heard something of this to-day," continued Mr. Stanhope, "and it was recalled to me by over-hearing you and Amy talk of it this evening. Helen has chosen Mr. Decoursey simply, if I understand it, because he is a man of talent. That then is correct. He has a profession, is from a good family, and rather a fine looking man, but none of these induced her preference. As some of your sex are taken with beauty, and others with courage, so Helen has been taken by Mr. Decoursey's brilliant talents. Is it not so?"

His daughter nodded assent again.

"Now in this Helen is radically wrong. And to convince you, let me enquire what are the requisites for happiness in the married life. You will say compatibility of tastes, a knowledge of

each others character, mutual forbearance, respect for each other, and, above all, affection. The latter is the chief ingredient; but the others are also necessary to continual happiness in married life; for the romance of the honeymoon—say what they will—gradually wears off, and unless supplanted by a less dazzling but warmer affection, *based on compatibility of character and sustained by mutual forbearance*, there is no such thing as felicity for the married couple. Now none of these requisites require extraordinary talent. They depend, on the contrary, for their existence on the moral, not on the intellectual qualities. You understand me. A talented man is not apt, because of his talents, to make a better husband than a man of ordinary abilities."

"But, pa—Mr. Decoursey has such a reputation. He is a man to be proud of."

"Ah! now you have hit the true secret of Helen's preference. She has been fascinated with the *éclat* of marrying a man whom everybody talks of as the distinguished lawyer. It is the glitter of renown that worst of tinsel which has dazzled her."

"But Helen is a girl of talent, and she would be no fit wife for one less able than herself."

"Granted; and Helen would be right in seeking for a husband a man more talented than herself, for I can appreciate the common saying of your sex that they wish a husband 'to look up to.' There is in woman, my dear, a beautiful reliance on the stronger sex, which appeals more strongly to our affections than anything else. You always look most lovely when you look up to us for protection. But this is wandering from my point. Where was I? Ah! talking of the error of making talent the *only* requisite in a husband. Now, Mary, talent is very well in its way, and every woman should wed a man superior to her in intellect, but she should not, like Helen, be led away by the glitter of great abilities to unite herself to a man who has talents without principle, as I fear is the case with Decoursey."

"I do not, my dear, wish to deteriorate from the value of intellect. In this world it is the great lever that moves mankind—it is even more powerful than wealth. But, after all, it is only a means to gain an end, and not the end. Intellect, rightly directed, is a blessing, for with it, we can do much good; but intellect, left to be guided by ungoverned passions or false principles, is a curse to any man, and makes *him* a curse to society. Unless, therefore, a man has the moral qualities which will ensure a right direction to his intellect, I could not consent that he should marry a child of mine, though he had the genius of a Napoleon. Now

Helen's error consists in losing sight of this important question, and, I fear, she has married a man whose intellect, instead of being a blessing, will be a curse to mankind. I speak this only for your private ear. But I know Decoursey to be destitute of religious principle, and I fear his morality would always be measured by his interest. He is a brilliant man, and therefore much caressed: the consequence, I dread, will be that, unregulated by principle, he will fall a victim to his very talents, as many a man has done before. The vast superiority of his mind over that of Helen, in connection with his haughty demeanor, will induce him to have too little deference for her opinion, a perfect confidence cannot, therefore, exist between them. I fear for the result."

"You have thrown a flood of light on a subject that had often perplexed me before," said his daughter, "I have wondered why the wives of men of talent so frequently seemed unhappy. Your explanation accounts for it."

"Yes! and highly intellectual men, who, in this country usually enter the field of politics, are thrown into connexions often not the most proper: they are subjected, moreover, to temptations from which others escape: so that, it is a very critical undertaking for a woman to marry a man of high talent, unless he is controlled by rigid moral or religious principle."

The conversation here ended. Helen Forester was married, and all talked of her brilliant match, and spoke of the reputation of her husband. For a long while Mr. Stanhope's fears appeared to be groundless. Decoursey rose to the summit of his profession; wealth poured in on him; his fame extended throughout the country; and Helen was envied by half her acquaintance her exalted position and her splendid mansion. To crown all Decoursey was exalted to a high public station and repaired to the capitol of the nation to reside.

Like all men of brilliant talent, he was fond of excitement. Hitherto he had obtained it in his profession; but now he was taught, by the society around him, to look for it in another channel. Gambling in a gentlemanly way—as it was called—was fashionable at Washington, and he soon found over his cards or at the billiard table a fascination he could not resist. Need we tell the end of the sad story. Flattered and seduced to his ruin, as much by the want of principle as by the efforts of others, he eventually lost his fortune, and seeking to forget his sorrows in his wine, finally became a beggar and outcast. And the once proud and beautiful Helen Forester died of a broken-heart in an almshouse. Well has it been said, "truth is stranger than fiction."

WOMAN.

THOUGHTS fair and pure have flitted thro' my mind
Of woman, and the path that she should tread,
Of beauteous souls, the loveliest of their kind,
With which like flowrets the lowliest earth is
spread.

Of gentle girls whose forms at eve are seen
Clustering like stars around the poor man's hearth,
Of village maids upon the village green,
Cheering the heart of age with their young mirth.

Of her who leaves the playmates of her youth,
Parents and homes and friends, and with meek
trust

In her sweet instincts, follows him whose truth
To-morrow's storm may stain with damp and rust.

Such has been, such she knows again may be;
But to be happy is not *all*, below;
Him *must* she follow, follow, tho' the sea
Threatens e'en now—oh sea, whose name is woe!

Coldness, unkindness, even hate may glare
From eyes where now all sweet affections shine:
All these, and more than these, her soul must dare;—
"It is my lot—far worse, dear Lord, was thine!

Did'st thou not suffer even unto death,
Leaving for man *thy* home with God above,
And shall not I, with an unfaltering faith,
Bear every earthly ill for him I love!"

Oh, there have been such women—such there are
E'en now in many a home in this wide land,
Who, strong in love that knows nor close nor bar,
Walk patiently with sorrow, hand in hand.

And then I've thought of others—those to whom
Death, or far worse than death, hath sternly said,
"Thou shalt not love"—and who within the tomb
Would gladly then have made their quiet bed.

They died not, for such sorrows crush, not kill,
Into dark stupor crush both heart and brain,
Tho' not forever—God in mercy still
Lingers to bless around the couch of pain.

And then they rise and go forth in the world,
With a strange strength, mild, calm and pure, they
go.

With meek eyes quick to see where grief is furl'd,
With meek hearts quick to minister to woe.

H. P.

A COUNTRY CEMETERY.

THE dead are here; but in their silent beds
No noisy mart disturbs their holy sleep;
Springs sweetest flowers droop lowly at their heads,
God's mourners they: the low winds sighing creep
Among the elms—save this a silence deep
Broods over hill, and lake, and sombre shade;
And all seems sympathy with those who weep.

B. F. T.

THE SPANISH MAIN.

A STORY OF THE BUCANIER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR."

CHAPTER III.

THE words of the governor, announcing that Montreuil was the dreaded rover, and that his own lieutenant had betrayed him, fell like a thunderbolt on the assembly. Every man sprung to his feet. Some of the more timid, thinking only of the terrible character which rumor had assigned the bucanier, moved backward from the board in the direction of the door; others, with their hands on the table and their heads advanced, stood gazing on him, spell-bound, struck dumb with astonishment: while the military men, with the instinct of their profession, gathered around the governor and placing their hands on their swords, looked from him to Montreuil, as if awaiting orders. The two principal actors in the scene appeared to be the least moved, for each still continued to return the defying gaze of the other. Montreuil stood like a lion caught in the toils, his sword half drawn, one foot advanced, his form erect, his chest thrown back, his nostrils dilated, and his dark eye gleaming with haughty defiance and disdain. A charmed circle remained immediately around him, into which not even the aids of the governor had yet dared to intrude. The silence continued for a full minute, each party appearing to pause for the other. At length Montreuil spoke, and his bold words shivered his hearers like an electric shock.

"I *am* the English bucanier," he said, looking proudly around the mute and paralyzed assembly, "I have come alone into your midst as a guest, a venture the bravest of you might shrink from! And alone I shall depart. Make way there!"

He moved, as he spoke, toward the entrance. Not an arm was raised to oppose his progress, but, on the contrary, the crowd of civil functionaries who stood in his passage hastily fell back, huddling together promiscuously in the corner. Even the bolder spirits around the governor had been, for the moment, awed by the lightning glance and determined speech of Montreuil; nor did they recover themselves until he was more than half way to the door. The governor was himself the first to break the spell. Advancing with quick steps, he said,

"Ho! there without, guards—close the door. Gentlemen of Castile," and he turned to his officers, "shall this man walk unopposed from our midst?"

But ere they could advance to lay hands on

him, Montreuil stepping back against the wall, unsheathed his rapier and said,

"Stand back, if ye *are* gentlemen. Singly I defy ye all, and none but cowards would set on a man ten to one. If there is honor in ye, stand back."

At this forcible appeal the group of officers halted and looked from each other to the governor doubtfully. The taunt had stung home; and each, for the instant, felt ashamed of his part as one of a crowd of assailants against a single man. The governor dropped the point of his sword and seemed struck by the remark.

"I ask no favor at your hands," said Montreuil haughtily continuing, "but I demand the right of a guest. To this banquet I came at your invitation, Sir Governor, and from the laws of hospitality and the honor of a gentleman, I claim safe egress, and time to repair on board my ship. Then do your worst! Unasked and at my own wish I entered your harbor, and I am prepared for the consequences, though, unless for a purpose which you well know, I had not come, or if coming, come with a fleet that would have been worthy of me. Make way! or God help him who opposes my passage, if any here is base enough to do it."

He stepped forward as he spoke, holding his rapier guardedly before him. But no one opposed him. Anxious as the governor was to secure this valuable prize, he felt, now that the momentary excitement of the discovery had passed, that he could not make Montreuil a prisoner there without a breach of honor; and besides he was sanguine that even if the rover reached his ship, escape would be impossible. He drew back, therefore, bowing with haughty courtesy, which his officers, taking their cue from him, imitated. Indeed the bold demeanor of Montreuil, conspiring with the impression his graceful manners had made on them during the repast, created an involuntary respect for him in their breasts. Montreuil advanced, therefore, through their midst, until he reached the door, when he turned and lifting his plumed cap, with as haughty a courtesy as their own, glanced proudly around the group and then vanished from the apartment.

For some time after his departure the strange feeling, half awe, half wonder, which his demeanor had occasioned, continued to impress the company, and no one moved or spoke; but, at length, the governor broke silence.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning to his military officers, "this is a strange event; but we have no time to lose if we would prevent this daring and desperate man from slipping out of our hands. I would not, for the crown of Castile, that he should

escape, to boast hereafter of having bearded us here, in our own harbor, with impunity."

"The country would never forgive us," said one of the civil functionaries, speaking for the first time. "Even now, perhaps, we have, when we consider the station and character of this desperado, strained the point of honor too far in permitting his departure."

"Not at all—not at all," said the governor, "the house of De Lopez has never been known to outrage a guest, nor shall the stain begin in my person."

"Nor, by St. Jago," said a blunt veteran, "is he the brutal villain rumor has described him. He is a gallant soldier, who has seen many a well fought field, and is withal modest. Besides it was an act any of us might have been proud of to restore Donna Julia, our noble governor's niece."

"I cannot allow my personal obligations to him," said the old noble, "to interfere with my duties to my king and country. But again let me remind you, gentlemen," he continued, moving toward the door, "that time passes. To your posts speedily, one and all. Let the forts on all sides of the harbor open their fire on this rover's ship, and, my word on it, we have him a prisoner honorably before three hours elapse."

The company at this broke up, the military men hastening to their stations, and the others repairing to the town to disseminate the startling intelligence that the terrible English rover was in their very harbor. We will now transfer the scene to the ship.

Montreuil, on leaving the governor's palace, had walked directly to the quay, where, as several hours would elapse before the boat he had ordered to come for him from the ship would arrive, he stepped into a fisherman's canoe and ordered the owner to set him, with all speed, on board the French man-of-war. During the voyage he sat without speaking, now surveying with a soldier's eye the fortifications that girdled the harbor, and now turning, with a feeling of natural pride, to contemplate his vessel, floating gracefully on the waters, a model of naval beauty. He seemed, more than once, from his glances into the offing to be calculating the time it would require to escape in the present light and baffling wind; and then his eye would flash and his countenance kindle, while he turned his gaze toward the forts, as if, for a moment, he entertained the thought of a successful resistance. But anon he would shake his head moodily and remain in deep thought, as if abandoning altogether so chimerical a notion.

As he approached his vessel his quick glance detected signs of disorder on board, and his first question, on ascending the deck, was to ask for his lieutenant.

"He went ashore about an hour ago, and on landing sent back the boat. From the ship we beheld him enter the palace, and the men had got an impression that he meant you harm, and were about breaking into mutiny to land in order to rescue you, when you were recognized approaching."

"It is well," said Montreuil, whose heart beat high to witness the eager rapture of the crew at his appearance, and, noticing that every face expressed surprise at his early return and the strange manner in which he came, he thought it best at once to acquaint them with their situation. He, therefore, addressing his second in command, said, loud enough for all on deck to hear, "the villain has betrayed us, and we must make an offing at once, for we lie too close under these batteries when they shall be turned against us."

Words cannot describe the indignation of the crew when they heard the announcement of Lucas's treachery, and had the miscreant been then there no power could have saved him from being torn in pieces. Montreuil's influence, however, soon stilled the uproar, by representing to them the imminency of the danger and the necessity for instant action, for already the soldiers could be seen in the forts hastening to and fro behind the embrasures, while the steeples of the town rocked with the clang of the tocsin. Instantly all was bustle and apparent disorder on board the frigate, but amid this seeming confusion discipline controlled and directed everything. In an incredibly short space of time the anchor was catted; the ship's head was cast seaward; the men went to quarters; and, with every stitch of canvass set that would draw, the vessel began to move slowly through the water.

Then was seen the admirable foresight of Montreuil in bringing his vessel to anchor where she lay. Had he gone but a few fathoms further in, he could not have worked out in any breeze without a pilot, and the endeavor would have been altogether impossible as the wind now held. But notwithstanding this precaution the peril was imminent. The shores, bristling at every salient point with fortifications, stretched in a semicircle around the ship, so that she was exposed to a concentric fire, which, if well maintained, would cripple her before she could gain an offing; while her own batteries would be comparatively useless in her position and against stone walls. Montreuil felt this, and though his countenance wore an expression of confidence, his bosom was a prey to anxiety. Now that the excitement of the scene in the banquetting hall had passed off, he saw his situation, in its true light, and thoughts of Julia, for the first time since the discovery of his real

character, intruded on him. In what light, he involuntarily asked himself, would she now regard him? She would hear his name linked with terms of reproach, his motives misconstrued and his character blackened, and this too by those whose opinions she had been taught to respect—and would she continue to love him? He saw all his hopes in that quarter blasted, and a not unnatural wish rose to his lips that he had the author of these miseries in his power.

"The treacherous villain," he muttered between his teeth, "I would run him to the yard arm with but five minutes for a shift. But ha! here comes their fire."

This exclamation was drawn from him by a shot which, at that instant, came whistling from the nearest battery and went through the main-top-sail. Almost simultaneously the whole girdle of forts around the harbor blazed with fire.

"By St. George," exclaimed Montreuil, "they are speedier than I thought they could be. Keep her to it—she'll go a point nigher the wind. Now, my lads, as we sweep past, open on yonder battery where the yellow flag of Castile flaunts so proudly."

With bold defiance the batteries of the frigate now began to reply to those from the shore, and soon the roar of cannon shook the town and reverberated among the hills. It was a noble sight, that of the gallant little ship beating out of the harbor her sides a continuous sheet of flame; while from every embrasure around gushed in reply a fiery stream. The steeples of the town and many of the eminences around were crowded with spectators, who, regardless of their peril from a chance ball, watched the progress of the frigate with intense anxiety, and not a few who at first were most eager for her capture, became, at length, insensibly interested in her favor by her gallant bearing. Meantime the battle raged with increasing vigor. The smoke lay packed along the water around the devoted ship, the cloudy veil being broken only when streams of fire from the guns, for an instant, penetrated its gloom. The forts were, in like manner, shrouded in the white vapor, which clung around their bastions or swept in light whiffs inward at every puff of the gale, while the roar of the cannon, the ringing of the bells, and the huzzas from the combatants conspired to add sublimity and excitement to the scene.

Fortune which, at first, appeared to favor the bucaniers speedily turned against them; for the wind hauled directly ahead. This happened when the frigate was in a most critical position, close under the fire of the three largest batteries, whither she had ventured in the hope of laying by the westernmost point of the harbor and gaining the

open sea, when a very few minutes would have placed her out of reach of the enemy's guns. She instantly fell off; and it became necessary to tack. In this perilous moment a ball struck her foremost which went by the board. She missed stays and fell back to her old course. At this decisive success loud cheers rose from the batteries and their fire was redoubled. All the efforts of Montreuil could not extricate his ship from her position in time. The fire of the enemy became momentarily more deadly; and, to crown the despair of the bucaniers, a shot carried away the rudder. In a few minutes more the frigate was a complete wreck.

There was no longer any hope of escape in the frigate. For an instant the daring project entered Montreuil's mind to carry some one of the vessels in the inner harbor and so escape to sea; but he immediately abandoned this as impracticable. Then he hesitated whether he should not land with all his crew, assault the nearest fort, and if he could carry it, establish himself there until he should get honorable terms of surrender. But his force was inadequate to so desperate an enterprize, and it too was abandoned. There remained but one course, and this was to leave the frigate and put to sea in the boats. There were no armed vessels in the harbor, so that the bucaniers would be safe from pursuit, and, in a week, they could reach the rendezvous, even if they fell in with no trader, a scarcely probable circumstance. This scheme was put into speedy execution: the boats were lowered, hastily provisioned, and, with cheers of defiance, the crew began to pull into the offing.

So daring an enterprize had not suggested itself to the Spaniards, and they deemed the bucaniers already in their power when they were surprised by the sight of the boats retreating seaward. Instantly the guns were turned on the fugitives. The scene now became exciting beyond description. The barges had but a quarter of a mile to pull ere they would pass the westernmost point of the harbor, where, by hugging the shore, they could interpose the headlands between them and the enemy's guns. Both sides knew this, and consequently while the Spaniards redoubled the rapidity of their fire, the bucaniers pulled with increased and desperate energy. Montreuil himself was seen in the stern sheets of his boat, bringing up the rear of the line, waving his sword and cheering on his men, regardless of the balls that whistled over his head and plunged into the water often within a few fathoms of him. Already the leading launch had vanished behind the headland, and the other boats were shooting after her, driving the water before their bows in a cataract of

foam. The second and third barges were abreast of the point, while that of Montreuil was but a short distance astern, and the bucaniers, deeming the danger past, were breaking into loud and triumphant cheers, when a ball struck the boat of their commander amidships, and instantly her crew were scattered on the waters.

This fatal accident at once stopped the career of the other boats, which, regardless of the peril to themselves, put about to aid their shipmates, the largest number of whom they succeeded in rescuing. But to their horror and dismay Montreuil was not to be found. Though they searched in every direction, and remained mournfully near the spot, long after all hope was gone, trusting to pick up his corpse, they saw no trace of him; and, at length, after waiting half an hour, and not until the galleys from the harbor were coming out in fleets crowded with soldiery, did they retire. A few shots were exchanged between the pursuers and the fugitives, but the latter, animated by despair, pulled with such rapidity that they were soon out of reach of the fire. By sunset the boats of the bucaniers were so far down on the horizon as to seem like specks.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY on the ensuing morning the hall in the principal fort was crowded with a dense assemblage of civil and military functionaries, whose eager looks toward a side entrance and state of nervous excitement betokened that some event of unusual interest was about to happen. The suspense of the spectators was not destined to be of long duration. A buzz was heard at the door, and the governor entering took his seat. After saluting the assembly courteously, he called an officer to his side, and whispered a few words, on which that functionary disappeared. He was not, however, long absent. His re-appearance was heralded by a commotion outside, then the crowd near the entrance swayed to and fro, and immediately a body of soldiers appeared clearing the way for a prisoner who followed close behind, guarded by several files of arquebusiers. Heavily ironed, and pale as if from late exhaustion, the captive yet advanced with a firm step to the place assigned him in front of the governor, when, drawing his form up to its full height, he glanced around the assembly, with a look so haughty and fierce, like that of a chained eagle, that each eye that met his quailed before it. Even in his chains, guarded by soldiery, wounded and but half recovered from death, the terror of his name and the proud defiance in his bearing—for the prisoner was Montreuil—awed the spectators.

He had been wounded by a splinter when the

of a word, the tone of thought conveyed by an accidental passage that gave an impression of her unhappiness. There was no positive assertion by which I could form an opinion, but a vague fear that something was going wrong haunted me continually. I became suspicious and close-sighted, I watched every movement of our teacher, every look that passed between him and Anna Taylor with painful anxiety. He *did* hang over her desk more frequently than at first—and then the red, warm color came up to that beautiful cheek which his breath almost touched suddenly, as if a peach had ripened all in a moment under a flash of hot sunshine. I saw her hand once or twice creep toward his on the porcelain slate as if by accident, and then *his* cheek grew warm and his hand shook. Once I saw her eyes lifted to his. Their glances met, and I turned away, heart-sick with the expression revealed there.

A son of the post-master always brought Kenworthy's letters when he came to school, and at such times I watched him keenly—there was no longer a warm flush on his cheek when he reached forth his hand to receive them. The joyful flash which had once lighted up his fine eyes no longer appeared, but there came a whiter shade to the cheek and a troubled look to those eyes as if the pretty rose-tinted paper, with its chaste seal, had come to reproach him.

Still I watched "the master" as if my own heart's weal had hung on his slightest act. It was not long before he began to look nervous till the post-master's boy came in, and greatly relieved if he appeared empty handed. When a letter did appear he would glance apprehensively toward Anna Taylor, and if her large eyes were turned upon him as he broke the seal, a crimson flush shot over his face, and he would put the letter away without reading it, and sometimes the seal remained unbroken for a whole day.

I could rest neither day nor night, thoughts of my friend oppressed me so terribly. I too began to tremble when her letters came, and many a long night have I pondered them over in my mind only to rise heavy-hearted and reluctant to answer them. Kenworthy was not happy—a child might have seen that. Once or twice when a fit of restlessness has driven me into the open air I have passed the almost desolate residence of my friend. Once I saw Kenworthy walking to and fro in the cheerless sitting-room; a lamp burning dimly on the table revealed the disorder of his looks, the nervous movements which betrayed a mind at war with its better self. Once I heard voices either in the house or close behind the garden wall, subdued voices in conversation, and blended therewith were the soft

tones of a woman that made my heart tremble, for low as they were I recognized the voice of Anna Taylor, earnest and passionate, as if pleading with some one, or protesting against some course which she had been urged to pursue. One sentence only reached me, though I was walking slowly, and without pausing might have heard more had not the sound of my footsteps drew the speakers away.

"My father would kill me," these were the words, "and how could you manage with *her*?—how with *him*? It must be as I say. Why should we get up a scene?"

The voice that answered her was troubled and broken, and hushed the instant my foot-tread sounded on the solitude. I turned and retraced my steps, and as I passed the front door a light appeared, and placing himself at the sitting-room window, Kenworthy looked out anxiously, though a book had been hastily snatched from the table. I heard footsteps close by me as I passed on, the rustling of branches, and then a female figure appeared gliding down the road close by the garden wall. I sprang forward and caught hold of her cloak, breathless and almost wild with excitement,

"Anna Taylor!" I said.

The garment was plucked from my hand so violently that my foot slipped. When I recovered myself the female was gone. One glimpse of a dark mass moved across the road, and it seemed as if a shadow only had beset my path.

All real confidence between myself and Anna Taylor had been long since abandoned; but I went to her father's house the next morning resolute to speak with her on the subject which had so long preyed upon my mind. City hours and nights of dissipation had created new habits in the country girl, and though a soft, spring sunshine was waking the blossoms that had slept over winter in every nook and dingle as I passed along, Anna Taylor was still asleep. I went to her chamber, as had once been a frequent custom, drew the curtains and looked on her as she slept. Sweetly, calmly, as if no evil thought had ever found rest in that beautiful bosom, she lay, with her warm cheek buried amid the raven tresses, which had escaped the folds of a richly colored kerchief that bound her temples, and was coiled in a glossy cable upon the pillow. Her superb arms were folded on her bosom, where they rose and fell with each warm breath that swelled gently through the red and parted lips. Though quiet then, the girl must have been restless during the night, for the linen sheets and the counterpane of rich chintz were tossed loosely together and lay in gorgeous and snow-white waves all over the bed; a blanket of soft lamb's wool had fallen to the carpet, and one large pillar lay against the

foot-board, with the neatly plaited frills crushed together, and one corner buried beneath the counterpane. It must have been thrown away by the sleeper from sheer restlessness, for the nights were yet a little cold, and in her slumber the beautiful girl had huddled the bed drapery up to her bosom as if slightly chilled while she was dreaming.

I laid my hand upon her arm, but it was not till I had repeated her name in a whisper and then more loudly that she awoke. She started up at last, drew a hand sleepily over her eyes, and looked in my face. I met her glance steadily, and those eyes so large and beautiful moved, and at length turned completely away.

"Oh, is it you?" she said, starting to one elbow, and with her right hand coiling the massive braids gathered from the pillow and the kerchief knotted o her temple. "Is it very late? I must have been dreaming—hand my comb from the table there—that's a good creature."

I was glad of an opportunity to collect my thoughts, and went to the table she pointed out. The comb was not there, and after searching for it in various parts of the room I went back to the bed.

"Where can it be?" exclaimed Anna, letting down her hair again, unbinding the kerchief and searching about the pillows, "I am certain it was in my hair just before I came to bed."

"Perhaps you lost it in your hurry to get away from me last night," I said quickly.

Anna dropped the braids which she had been holding up with one hand as she searched the bed, and never was look of wonder so natural as that which came over her face.

"Get away from you last night! What *do* you mean?"

Her manner confused me, there was no flutter or evasion there. It expressed pure astonishment, nothing more nor less.

"I mean," said I, but far less confidently than was my desire—"I mean that you may have lost the comb on your way from aunt Clare's garden, where I saw you last evening."

She looked at me with every appearance of mute surprise, her eyes dilated a little, but the color on her cheek remained firm.

"It is you that must have been dreaming?" she said at length, "I have not been in aunt Clare's garden since my return from New York."

I looked at her in silence.

"What should I do there?" she said, after meeting my look firmly for a moment. "The spring flowers are scarcely up, and the house empty now that Anna and her aunt are gone."

"Mr. Kenworthy lodges there!" I said in as firm a voice as I could command.

"Indeed!—I was not aware of it; now that Mr. Kenworthy is engaged I have taken very little interest in him—so he sleeps up at the old house, does he—it must be very lonesome."

Nothing could have been more careless or innocent than the manner in which this was said, but still I was unconvinced.

"Anna," I said, addressing her almost sternly, "do you mean to say that I did not hear you conversing with Mr. Kenworthy in aunt Clare's garden about eight o'clock last evening?"

"I do, indeed, mean to say so!" she replied, "I spent the entire evening in my own room."

"And were not out during the night?"

"Not a moment. I was writing a letter to—to Mr. Warren."

Her composure almost made me disbelieve the evidence of my own senses, it was so complete and natural, but my heart was full of the subject, and now that it was commenced there was no possibility of avoiding it even if I had wished.

"Anna," I said, sitting down and bending toward her as she leaned back on the pillow, "perhaps I have wronged you, but of late my anxiety about Anna Clare has been dreadful."

"Why, what is the matter with Anna Clare?" she rejoined, "is she ill?—of course I cannot know—you never let me read her letters!"

What could I say!—how explain the suspicions, which, if she spoke truly, were but the vague wonderings of an active fancy. I resolved to waive the subject, though still dissatisfied.

"Anna Clare does not seem very happy," I said, "not so happy as one who loves and is truly beloved ought to be."

A flash, one single, exulting flash shot to the dark eyes lifted to mine. It kindled and was gone in an instant.

"Perhaps the sickness of her relative affects her," said Anna Taylor, composedly, but still I could see the brightness revelling in her eyes through their long silken lashes.

"Anna Taylor," I said, standing up and speaking firmly. "Anna Taylor, can you say to me on your word and honor solemnly, before God, that you have done nothing—that you wish nothing which would bring unhappiness to our friend if it were known—that you have been true and faithful as you once swore to be?"

The color did fade slightly on her cheek as I mentioned the solemn promise given at Anna White's grave, and there seemed to be a choking in her throat as she answered.

"You talk strangely," she said, "and ask questions which I might refuse to answer any one, but if a reply will satisfy you I can say very truly that

I have never, in thought or word, done that which would give a moment's pain to Anna Clare. To convince you of it, here is a letter from Warren. He will be home directly: in three weeks we are to be married: and the only conversation that I have had with Mr. Kenworthy, except about my lessons, was regarding this very matter. He has decided to make two weddings in one; so if Anna Clare does not return very soon there will be scarcely time to prepare the dresses. There now, you have got all my little secrets—so my comb cannot be found, it seems, pray give me that velvet band, and do look better natured."

I left the chamber bewildered, half ashamed, but still unconvinced. Miss Clare's house lay on my road home. In passing by the wall, along the very greensward where I believed myself to have seen Anna Taylor the night before, I found her comb, a small one of carved tortoise-shell, broken and crushed into the earth. It had probably dropped from her head as she clambered over the wall—in her haste she must have sprung down and trod upon it—I gathered up the fragments and went away.

Anna Clare came back just as the leaves unfolded, and the woods were beginning to be flushed with wild blossoms. How I had mistaken her letters—it was only absence from the beloved one and the atmosphere of a sick room which had caused the tone of sadness that caused me so much anxiety. She returned to us cheerful, confiding and lovely as ever—the happiest creature my eyes ever dwelt upon. After a few days I fancied that a shade more thoughtful than usual came across her face, but we were full of activity and bustle, the wedding dresses were in progress. Warren had returned—his house stood newly adorned and ready for its mistress; and the noble, warm-hearted youth—more in love than ever—could scarcely brook the delay necessary to a proper performance of the ceremony. In one week, one short week, my friends would be separated from me by ties dearer a thousand fold than those which had bound us together; and I should be alone—no, not alone: the grave of Anna White lay still and green as ever by the old meeting-house: the pale grass was shooting up all over it, and meek, half-open violets gave a tinge of Heaven's own blue to the damp sods. There was no change in the grave—no change in the azure sky that bent over it forever—in the blessed sunshine that called forth the blossoms to beautify the places of the dead. While all other ties seemed breaking up around me, nature remained true—and the dead—there was no treachery in the dead, no suffering for them to fear or inflict. I haunted the grave-yard every night full the week preceding

that appointed for the wedding, for there was something in the cheerfulness and bustle surrounding my friends that oppressed me; a presentiment of evil lay heavily at my heart all the time; and whenever I saw the bridal vestments of Anna Clare, or looked upon the healthy bloom in her cheeks, they always brought up the memory of Anna White in her grave. The bridal chamber and the tomb were strongly blended in my thoughts. Anna White, Anna Taylor and Anna Clare, all would be separated from me in one little week more. Marriage, death! In my gloomy mind one seemed almost as happy as the other, and from that hour to this I have never attended a wedding that the gloom of the grave did not seem to overshadow me.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

PENSEZ A MOI.

BY JEROME A. MAYDIE.

WHEN evening's first and brightest star
Steals faintly trembling in the west,
And rosy hues bathe sky and earth;
And vesper breathings sink to rest—
Then, gazing on the scene around,
With beauty and deep stillness fraught,
'Till memory wakes, and thy fond heart
Melts in a flow of tender thought!

Pensez a Moi.

When 'mid the haunts of summer's hour
Whence light and song and bloom are flown,
With velvet tread thou lingerest
Like one by a bright ruin lone;
While to thine ear each whisper'd sound
Of waters far—the bough—the air—
Comes asking for the beautiful,
In dying plaints of where, oh! where!

Pensez a Moi.

When the free glance of thy full eye,
The deep and dark—subdued is laid
Upon the page some hallow'd muse
With golden tints hath glowing made;
And charm'd by an Elysian dream
A spell as Magi's, bright and strong,
Thy spirit owns, in all its power,
The dear, dear witchery of song!

Pensez a Moi.

When in the gay saloon, where throng
Joy's votaries—the young and fair—
Thou glidest on—the idol one,
Since gayest, fairest of them there;
That seraph smile on lip and brow,
Caught from the spirit's inmost play,
When dazzling loveliness and mind
Bend every heart beneath their sway!

Pensez a Moi.

THE BITTER NIGHT.

BY MRS. C. H. FORD.

"FLING another fagot on the fire, my child," said a weak voice, as of a sick woman, "I am very cold. How the wind shakes this frail cabin. Ah! it was not so in Alman Castle, when your dear father lived. The meanest hind had then a comfortable roof and plenty of fagots. Little did he think his wife and child should ever suffer thus."

The speaker was a lady already advanced in years, whose originally fine disposition penury and disease had rendered querulous. The person she addressed sat by the scanty fire, preparing the evening meal, for although the storm rendered all without dark, the hour was not yet that of the usual twilight. Clad in coarse and faded garments, with her lovely face worn with sorrow and care, it would have been impossible to recognize in her the once proud heiress, but for the graceful figure, the proud eye, and the air of refinement about her face and movements, which nothing could conceal. She heard her mother's command with a sigh, gazed wistfully on the sole remaining fagot, and then mournfully continued her occupation.

Clara Alman had been born in almost princely halls, and educated as the heiress of the broadest domains in the north of England. Up to her fifteenth year the sun of her prosperity had been unclouded. She was beautiful even beyond her sex, and already surrounded by noble and worthy suitors. To one of these she had pledged her virgin heart. All the delicious emotions of a first love were hers, and life seemed to lie before her, like a flowery path beneath a summer morning's sun.

All at once a cloud came over her sky. It was the era of the Crusades; and when the lion-hearted Richard assumed the cross, her father, and subsequently her lover followed his example, and set forth in his suite for the Holy Land. With many tears Clara and her mother saw them depart; but honor bade them forward; and the wife and daughter, even amid their sorrow, felt they could not persuade them to remain.

A long year passed, then another, and then a third. At first Clara heard at long intervals from her suitor, but in the second year the intelligence arrived that both he and her father had fallen, in a deadly skirmish with the Saracens led by Saladin in person. The melancholy news was, a few months later, confirmed by the arrival of a squire of the late lord, who said he had seen his master fall in battle. He added that Clara's suitor had been slain in attempting to save her parent. This

circumstantial account destroyed the last hope lingering in the bosom of Clara and her mother, and they wept long and deeply, almost benumbed by grief.

But from this sacred sorrow they were suddenly and rudely awoke. The vast estates of Alman, though entailed in the male line, were to have descended to Clara on her marriage, by the consent of the king. But the deed had never been made; Richard was now in prison in Germany; and his base brother John ruled unrighteously in his stead. The claimant to the estates was in high favor with the dissolute prince, and now came forward to demand the domains. Rage and revenge were uppermost in his heart, for he had been a rejected lover of Clara; and having renewed his suit, after the death of her intended husband, had been again refused. Malignant by nature and pitiless from depraved habits, he felt no remorse in ejecting both mother and daughter from their habitation, and leaving them, utterly unprovided for, to the most abject poverty. All appeals to the prince were in vain. He stood too much in need of supporters to his usurped throne, to venture a rupture with the possessor of the Alman manors.

Since this event nearly the whole of a long year had elapsed, which had been spent by the sufferers in mingled grief and penury. Winter had now come, and the rude cabin in which they had found shelter many leagues away from their old residence, shook in the tempest; while the snow beat in between the chinks, and the cutting blasts sent a chill to the very hearts of the inhabitants.

"Why don't you put on another fagot?" querulously said the sick mother, as a rude gust whirled through the leaky lattice and made her shiver. Poor Clara, though far less warmly clad, endeavored not to appear cold, but the icy blueness of her skin contradicted her demeanor. The tears gushed into her eyes. She looked around.

"Dear mother," she said, "we have but one more fagot, which must last us till this storm abates. If we use it now, we shall have nothing with which to cook our scanty breakfast in the morning."

"Merciful God," exclaimed the mother, clasping her hands and lifting her eyes to heaven, "what will become of us? I can endure this cold no longer. I feel I shall die before morning. No fagots—oh! virgin mother of Christ have mercy on us."

"Mother," said the devoted girl, running to her and clasping her around, "I will hold you in my arms all night. I am young and can impart my own warmth to your frame. Cheer up, dear mother," she continued, though in a voice of

larm, for fright and the bitter chilliness of the atmosphere were rapidly producing a fearful change in the parent's countenance, "I will put on the other fagot—we will eat our scanty supper, and you shall drink the last cup of wine. We kept it for an emergency, and when can we better use it. To-morrow will be clear—I know it—I feel it; and then we can get all we want, for I will beg for it sooner than see you thus. Dear, dear mother, see—the fire burns brightly now. Eat—and we will seek rest—and you shall all night sleep warmly in my arms."

"God bless you, my child," said the mother, and the tears gathered into her eyes, "but I fear the worst," she continued, with a desponding shake of the head. "The storm looks as if it would last for days—then what will become of us?"

Clara shuddered. Her heart felt as if oppressed with a mighty load, for, as she listened she recognized those deep tones in the tempest which always forebode a duration of some days. Had it not been for the presence of her mother, whom she felt the necessity of encouraging, she would have sat down and wept in despair.

Suddenly there was a knock at the door. Both females started and looked at each other. Clara hesitated to move. A voice was now heard, asking admittance from the awful storm, which the traveller said surpassed any he had ever witnessed. Fear was no part of Clara's nature. Her heart was ever open to pity. Without further thought she unbarred the door. A tall figure wrapped in a knight's cloak, followed by a servant, entered. The intruder lifted his cap as he came in, displaying a weather-beaten face, surmounted by thick locks of gray. He shook the snow from him, advanced to the fire, and then with surprise in every feature of his countenance, gazed around the room.

"You seem illy provided for such weather," he said, turning, for the first time, to Clara, "have you no fagots?"

The poor girl shook her head.

"One can't expect a stoup of wine in such a place as this," he said apologetically. Clara gave a silent gesture of dissent, as she returned his gaze, "then Henry, we must thank the saints there is some left in your flask. Give these good people a portion, for they seem to need it."

Since the stranger had entered both Clara and her mother had gazed at him, without removing their eyes for an instant; it might be at his free demeanor, it might be from some other cause. Now, for the first time, Clara turned to the servant, who, hitherto remaining in the background, advanced at these words to the fire. The eyes of the girl and those of the follower met.

"Henry!" "Clara!" were the mutual exclamations, as they fell upon each other's bosom.

"My husband!" was the simultaneous ejaculation of the mother, as she faintly opened her arms to the older warrior, who, starting at her voice, rushed to her, recognizing in those tones the bride of his youth.

"By our patron saint," said the earl, when the mutual surprise of the parties had been, in part, dissipated, "this beats the romances of the Round Table; I never thought to find you here. By what foul wrong," and his brow darkened like a thunder cloud, "have you been brought to this pass?"

Clara, for her mother was unable to compose herself sufficiently to become the narrator, now related the story of their expulsion and subsequent suffering.

"By St. George," said the irascible earl, starting up with flashing eyes and shaking his clenched hand fiercely, "I will pull the beard from the miscreant for this outrage. Richard has returned, know ye, my sweet daughter," his mood changing, and he accompanied the words by drawing Clara to his bosom—"the king shall have his own again, and we will rout this villain from my father's castle ere a fortnight."

The lover now for the first time interposed.

"Should we not, before we talk further," he said, "procure fuel for the fire? Happily I noticed a ruined shed, about a hundred yards distant: I will go and tear enough of it down to keep up a roaring fire until morning."

"Well said, and I will assist you," said the bold earl.

In a short time they had brought to the hut and piled up in one corner the necessary fuel. As the last load was cast down the earl turned to Clara, who was weeping and smiling by turns at this great change in their circumstances.

"There, now that Lord Henry has won it, go to him with a kiss, you weeper," he said, with almost boyish spirits, "and he will tell you how he did not perish in battle, but, stunned like myself and buried under the slain, was made prisoner by the Suracens, and how, after a long confinement, we escaped together and have finally reached home. I will tell the same to your mother—go, sweet one, but first give your father a kiss."

That was a happy night in the hut on the heath. As the old earl said afterward, never, in the proudest halls, had he spent one like it.

Little remains for us to tell. The next morning saw the sun, shining brightly on the landscape, and ere noon the whole party, deserting the frail cabin, had found refuge in a hostel, about four miles distant, which the earl had been seeking the

preceding night, when, in the darkness, he lost his way.

The return of Richard spread universal joy among his people. The flight of prince John was followed by that of his chief favorites, who justly dreaded the wrath of the monarch to whom they had proved traitors. Clara's unworthy cousin, hearing at the same time of the return of his monarch and of the earl, did not wait for the appearance of the latter, but took ship immediately for France.

Great were the rejoicings at Alman Castle when the bold earl once more took his seat on the dais in the great banqueting hall, and greater still were the bonfires and congratulations, when, a few months later, the lady Clara became the wife of him she had loved so long.

NOVEMBER.

BY MRS. CATHARINE ALLAN.

THE Autumn skies are blue above,
The Autumn hills are brown,
On every kingly forest tree
There shines a golden crown,
And flashing through the valley's haze
The sunlit waters go,
And in the wood the wind is heard,
Like plaintive song of woe!
The ocean shores are bare and bleak,
White scud is in the skies,
Thgo' ev'ning's twilight overhead
The rushing wild duck flies.
From out the chesnut woods you hear
The nutters laugh and call:
And sunbeams play in purple round
The hazy waterfall.
The flowers have vanished from the wood,
And by the running streams—
We think of them as schoolmates dead
Or friends we knew in dreams.
The dry stalks crackle as we walk—
Keen, fitful gusts are heard—
Oh! with what melancholy strange
The thoughtful heart is stirr'd.

INNOCENCE.

BY MRS. ELLEN SIMPSON.

SUCH child-like beauty, type of realms above,
Warms dullest hearts with dreams of bliss divine,
We hear afar the strains of heav'nly love—
Afar we see the glancing angels shine:—
Oh! Innocence, the smile on thy young face
Kindles as if that music still was heard,
And in thy eyes-expressions we can trace
As if thy heart with rapture wild was stirred—
Yet thou art calm, as all things holy are,
Blessing my soul as some sweet evening star!

OUR FEMALE POETS, NO. II.

MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

THE distinguishing characteristic of Mrs. Osgood's poetry is grace. What Raphael was to other painters she is to other poets. The spirit of beauty broods upon her soul, sheds its warm glow over all her imaginings, and breathes a music into every word she utters. We cannot read her verses without insensibly recurring to graceful and beautiful associations. Visions of mossy dells, rustling woods, and low sweet waters rise before us: we dream of wild roses on the cliffs and new mown hay in the meadows; and light and playful forms, like those of young girls dancing, float before us, more graceful than the clouds that gambol in the summer sunset.

There is an exquisite refinement in her writings. What a finished lady is to other women this poet is to her sister poets. In every line you see the delicately jewelled hand, the graceful attire, the conversation that is never rude even when laughing and familiar. If she moves, she moves like Circe, in one of Flaxman's illustrations, up-borne by her divinity. Yet she is not the mere machine of polished society. She is rather the wilful girl—impulsive and imaginative—who has been educated into the composed but still brilliant woman, that most beautiful of all characters. The resemblance forces itself on us continually in reading this poet. Amid passages full of the most graceful thoughts, we are suddenly startled by an outburst of almost girlish playfulness.

No true woman can write for the public without unconsciously betraying much of her character; for it is not so much the intellect as the heart, after all, which prompts a female to write. Nor would we have it otherwise. She who has learnt the art of concealment has lost one of the jewels of her sex—that ingenuousness which is so beautiful to the eyes of man. You may see through the poems of this poet, as through a rose-colored glass, into the very depths of her sweet soul. In confirmation of this, we cannot resist the temptation to quote a passage of a letter now lying before us, from one who has known Mrs. Osgood long and intimately, and who is herself not only gifted with high genius, but what is more, has all the noblest qualities of a true woman. Nor do we intrude on the privacy of the domestic hearth in doing this. We all love to view the face, to hear the daily life of those whom, never having seen, we yet know, in spirit, from their writings. The knowledge of the good and noble qualities of such should become common property to rouse our emulation. The writer says



WINTERHALTER P.

S. A. SCHOFF Sc.

*Original deposited for the
Library of the University of Michigan*

—“of Mrs. Osgood as a woman no one can speak too highly. She is one of the most child-like, natural and loveable creatures on earth—affectionate, confiding and modest—a good mother and wife. I have never seen any person who did not love Mrs. Osgood from her writings, if she was not known personally—for herself, if she was.”

Mrs. Osgood first appeared as an author during a residence in London, where her husband was in his professional capacity of an artist. She there published a volume, entitled “A Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England,” containing many of her best poems. Among the pieces in this volume was one which we shall now quote, not because it is her best, but because it possesses as many of her characteristics as any, perhaps, she has written.

THE UNEXPECTED DECLARATION.

“Azure eyed Eloise! beauty is thine,
Passion kneels to thee, and calls thee divine;
Minstrels awaken the lute with thy name;
Poets have gladden’d the world with thy fame;
Painters, half holy thy loved image keep;
Beautiful Eloise! why do you weep?”

Still bows the lady her light tresses low—
Fast the warm tears from her veiled eyes flow!

“Sunny haired Eloise! wealth is thine own;
Rich is thy silken robe—bright is thy zone;
Proudly the jewel illumines thy way;
Clear rubies rival thy ruddy lips’ play;
Diamonds like star drops thy silken braids deck;
Pearls waste their snow on thy lovelier neck;
Luxury softens thy pillow for sleep—
Angels watch over it—why do you weep?”

Bows the fair lady her light tresses low,—
Faster the tears from her veiled eyes flow!

“Gifted and worshipp’d one! genius and grace
Play in each motion and beam in thy face:
When from thy rosy lip rises the song,
Hearts that adore thee the echo prolong:
Ne’er in the festival shone an eye brighter,
Ne’er in the mazy dance fell a foot lighter,
One only spirit thou’st failed to bring down,—
Exquisite Eloise! why do you frown?”

Swift o’er her forehead a dark shadow stole,
Sent from the tempest of pride in her soul!

“Touch’d by thy sweetness, in love with thy grace,
Charm’d by the magic of mind in thy face—
Bewitch’d by thy beauty, e’en his haughty strength,
The strength of the stoic, is conquer’d at length!
Lo! at thy feet see him kneeling the while—
Eloise! Eloise! why do you smile?”

The hand was withdrawn from her happy blue eyes,
She gazed on her lover in laughing surprise;
While the dimple and blush, stealing soft to her cheek,
Told the tale that her tongue was too timid to speak.

Since her return to America she has written frequently for the periodicals of the day. One of her best poems was thus published. It is called “The Daughter of Herodias,” and is founded on the scriptural account of the death of John the Baptist. Of this poem Mr. Willis has said, “it is quite up to the best style of Mrs. Hemans.”

Its length prevents its insertion here. It is distinguished by unusual force, and many passages evincing imagination as contradistinguished from fancy. How fine are the lines

“The ineffable sorrow, that dwells in the face
Of the Sphynx, wore a soft and mysterious grace.”

And this simile is novel, at least in the application.

While crowning every verdant ridge, like drifts of
moonlit snow,
Rich palaces and temples rise, around, above, below.

The description of the first appearance of the daughter in Herod’s banquetting room we shall make room for.

Lo! light as a star thro’ a gathered cloud stealing,
What spirit glanced in mid the guard at the door?
Their stern hands divide, a fair figure revealing;
She bounds, in her beauty, the dim threshold o’er.

Her dark eyes are lovely with tenderest truth;
The bloom on her cheek is the blossom of youth;
And the smile, that steals thro’ it, is rich with the ray
Of a heart full of love and of innocent play.

Soft fall her fair tresses her light form around;
Soft fall her fair tresses, nor braided nor bound;
And her white robe is loose, and her dimpled arms
bare;
For she is but a child, without trouble or care.

Now round the glad vision wild music is heard,—
Is she gifted with winglets of fairy or bird;
For, lo! as if borne on the waves of that sound,
With white arms upwreathing, she floats from the
ground.

In 1842 Mrs. Osgood published at Providence, R. I., a little volume called “The Snow Drop.” It was dedicated to her two daughters, and is chiefly occupied with poems intended for children. But one or two have a higher aim; and all are graceful and fanciful. The following is among the best.

THE CHILD AND ITS ANGEL-PLAYMATE.

“My child! thou droop’st like a flower,
That trembles ’neath the summer shower,
And day by day, and hour by hour,
More faint thy meek replying
To tender questionings of mine;
A dreamy sorrow, half divine,
Fills those dark eyes, that strangely shine;
My child, my child! thou’rt dying!”

“Sweet mother—no! but by my side,
Where’er I go,” the child replied,
“Through all this glorious summer-tide,
Is one, you cannot see—
A little child with sunny wings,
And eyes like Heaven;—of holy things,
With earnest voice, it talks and sings—
And softly plays with me!”

“Let us go home!” it warbles low;
And when I say, “I dare not so!
My home is here,” it whispers—“No!
Fair child! thy home is mine!”
And then, of some far lovelier land
It fondly tells, where many a band
Of blissful children, hand in hand,
With sportive fondness twine.

It says, they know not how to sigh,
For nothing there can droop and die:
But bloom immortal glads the eye,
And music wond'rous sweet
Doth ebb and flow, without alloy,
From lyres of light, while Love and Joy
Time to the tune, their blest employ,
With weariless winged feet!

A purer prayer it teaches me,
Than that I idly learned of thee;
It softens all my thoughtless glee,
It makes me true and kind.
My angel-playmate! most I fear,
'T will wave its wings and leave me here!
'Thou'lt miss me in that holier sphere!
Oh! leave me not behind!"

It says *this* is not life, but death,
A daily waste of mortal breath,
And still its sweet voice summoneth
Me to that other land;
But even while it whispers so,
The flowers around me brightly glow,
And yet—and yet, I pine to go,
And join that joyous band!

My mother! I'll come often back;
I'll not forget the homeward track,
But oft when Pain and Sorrow rack
Thy frame, I'll hover o'er thee;
I'll sing thee every soothing lay,
I learn in Heaven;—I'll lead the way
For thee to God;—my wings shall play
In dreams of light before thee!

Oh! mother! even now I hear
Melodious murmurs in my ear;
The child—the angel-child is near!
I see its light wings glow!
I see its pure and pleading smile!
It moves beside me all the while,
Its eyes my yearning soul beguile,
Sweet mother! let me go!

Hark to their plaintive spirit-strain!
"Let us go home!" again—again
It rises soft—that sad refrain!
My play-mate! stay for me!
It clasps my hand! It warbles low—
"Let us go home!" I go—I go!
My pinions play—with heavenly glow—
My mother—I am free!"

The fair child lay upon her breast,
As if in its accustomed rest,
A slumbering dove within its nest.
But well the mother knew
That never more that pure, blue eye
To her's would speak the soul's reply;
"She is not *dead*—she could not *die*!
My child in Heaven! adieu!"

The ensuing poem is from the same volume, and is playful and pretty.

MAY-DAY IN NEW ENGLAND.

Can this be May? Can this be May?
We have not found a flower to-day!
We roamed the wood—we climbed the hill—
We rested by the rushing rill—
And lest they had forgot the day,
We told them it was May, dear May!
We called the sweet, wild blooms by name—
We shouted, and no answer came!
From smiling field, or solemn hill—
From rugged rock, or rushing rill—
We only bade the pretty pets
Just breathe from out their hiding-places;
We told the little, light coquettes

They needn't show their bashful faces—
"One sigh," we said, "one fragrant sigh,
We'll soon discover where you lie!"
The roguish things were still as death—
They wouldn't even breathe a breath.
Alas! there's none so deaf, I fear,
As those who do not choose to hear!

We wandered to an open place,
And sought the sunny buttercup,
That so delighted in your face,
Just like a pleasant smile, looks up.
We peeped into a shady spot,
To find the blue "Forget-me-not!"
At last a far-off voice we heard,
A voice as of a fountain-fall,
That, softer than a singing-bird,
Did answer to our merry call!
So wildly sweet the breezes brought
That tone in every pause of ours,
That we delighted, fondly thought
It must be talking of the flowers!
We knew the violet loved to hide
The cool and lulling wave beside:—
With song, and laugh, and bounding feet,
And wild hair wandering on the wind,
We swift pursued the murmurs sweet;
But not a blossom could we find;—
The cowslip, crocus, columbine,
The violet, and the snow-drop fine,
The orchis 'neath the hawthorn tree,
The blue-bell and anemone,
The wild-rose, eglantine, and daisy,
Where are they all?—they must be lazy!
Perhaps they're playing "Hide and seek"—
Oh, naughty flowers! why don't you speak!
We have not found a flower to-day—
They surely cannot know 'tis May!
You have not found a flower to-day!—
What's that upon your cheek, I pray!
A blossom pure, and sweet, and wild,
And worth all Nature's blooming wealth;
Not all in vain your search, my child!—
You've found at least the rose of health!
The golden buttercup, you say,
That like a smile illumines the way,
Is nowhere to be seen to-day.
Fair child! upon that beaming face
A softer, lovelier smile I trace;
A treasure, as the sunshine bright,—
A glow of love and wild delight!
Then pine no more for Nature's toy—
You've found at least the flower of joy.
Yes! in a heart so young and gay,
And kind as yours, 'tis always May!
For gentle feelings, love, are flowers,
That bloom through life's most clouded hours!
Ah! cherish them, my happy child,
And check the weeds that wander wild;
And while their stainless wealth is given,
In incense sweet, to earth and heaven,
No longer will you need to say—
"Can this be May? Can this be May?"

We must here finish our quotations, regretting that our limits warn us to pause. But we commend her delighted volumes to all lovers of refined and graceful poetry.

Mrs. Osgood has not confined her contributions in the periodicals of the day to poetry, but has written many tales and short romances of great beauty. Her stories are distinguished by the same characteristics which mark her poetry, and are graceful, feminine and fanciful. The only thing we have to fear is that she may write too much and frequently.

C. J. F.

ANNETTE MOORE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE gentlest girl in our village was Annette Moore: the greatest beauty was Isabel Strafford. The latter had dark hair and eyes, a splendid face, a majestic figure, and was in every movement the belle and the flirt. The former's countenance was like what we dream of angel's faces—so mild was the smile, so calm and heavenly the expression of those soft blue eyes. Isabel lived in a continual round of gaiety, and divided her time between company and dress. Annette thought little of these things, though I always admired her neat and simple dress more than the richer attire of Isabel. But while the latter wasted her moments in fashionable dissipation, the former was occupied in some work of charity.

When Isabel was twenty and Annette in her nineteenth year, the village was thrown into commotion by the arrival of the young heir of Herbert Hall, the fine old mansion just over the bridge at the upper end of the principal street. He had been travelling for several years in Europe, and had come back to settle on his estate, which embraced many of the finest farms in the vicinity, besides a vast tract of forest running for miles, back of the village, toward the hills. It was conceded that young Arthur Herbert was the richest man in the county, and the village gossips, for weeks before his expected arrival, were engaged in discussing whether or not he would be too proud to associate with us.

He came finally, and all were in raptures with his affability and condescension. The village landlord had heard him say jestingly to the village doctor, who had been the friend of his father and could joke with the son on any subject as with one of his own children, that he intended to choose a wife from the vicinity. Immediately every tea-table became the theme of discussions as to who would be the favored one. Many false claims were advanced, but, by general consent, Isabel and Annette came to be regarded as having the best chances of success, for each possessed superior advantages of birth and education over the other girls of the village, and it was thought one so fastidious as Mr. Herbert could not overlook this.

Nor were we mistaken. The young heir soon made the acquaintance of both Isabel and Annette, and, no doubt finding the country dull after the exciting life of travel he had just led, spent much of his time with one or the other of the girls. But we soon saw that his visits were not equally divided, for he spent thrice the time with Isabel that he did

with Annette, and saw her thrice as often. I own I was mortified at this. Annette had always been my favorite. She was so meek, kind and gentle that I loved her as I would a younger sister, and it vexed me when I saw that others did not admire her as I did. I had suffered myself to build castles in the air about young Herbert and my favorite; and now, finding he saw Annette with other eyes than mine, I began to have a less favorable opinion of him, to think him shallow and of little worth—for how could he be otherwise, I asked myself, if he preferred the vain Isabel to my darling little Annette?

Isabel soon grew prouder than ever. The marked attentions of the young heir so inflated her that she would scarcely associate with her old friends, but, when not riding with or entertaining Herbert, spent her time in reading novels of fashionable life which she procured from the circulating library of the neighboring county town. She wasted even more time than before at her dress, and came to church every few weeks in an entirely new attire, procured from the city in the latest fashionable style.

When Mr. Herbert came home it was generally believed that Isabel was engaged to a young man in our village, who, having some fortune, intended to adopt a profession and was now studying medicine in Philadelphia. But when he returned in the summer she would scarcely notice him. I often wondered that Mr. Herbert did not hear of this, for I had still too high an opinion of him, to think he would marry a woman guilty of such heartlessness.

I had never said anything to Annette of my cherished dream: there was something about her character that checked me. At first I thought she was not unfavorably disposed to Mr. Herbert, for indeed he was possessed of rare accomplishments, but when his attentions to Isabel became more marked, she evinced no signs of disappointment.

All at once I missed Annette. She did not come to visit me as frequently as formerly, and, about this time, I left our village for a summer jaunt to the springs. I had been there but a little over a month when one morning I heard that Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Herbert, of —, had arrived the night before. Were Isabel and the young heir married? I looked eagerly for them at the breakfast table, when, to my astonishment, who should enter, leaning on Mr. Herbert's arm, but Annette.

He had discovered Isabel's heartlessness, and renewing his visits to Annette, saw, on a closer acquaintance, the good qualities which never obtrusive in her, he had overlooked at first. The reason was now explained why her visits to me had grown less frequent.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

The prevailing patterns for autumn costumes are brilliant and tasteful beyond description. The evening dresses are generally in styles altogether new, as will be seen by consulting our plate, in which Madame and Monsieur Quarre have made an especial effort.

FIG. I.—AN EVENING DRESS.—The distinguishing characteristic of this costume is the novel style of the sleeves, which, it will be seen, are adorned with wings, decorated at the top with a rosette. The dress is composed of an outside skirt of tarlatane muslin, open in front, and worn over a richly embroidered *jupon*. The corsage is after an entirely new pattern, is made high on the neck, surmounted with a lace collar, and adorned with a rosette in front. Waist half pointed, with a rosette, and two ends of tarlatane, trimmed with lace, worn instead of a sash. The sleeves reach half way to the elbows, and net-work mitts are worn on the hands, leaving the arm bare.

FIG. II.—AN EVENING DRESS.—This is of rich figured silk, a material all the rage just now. The corsage is low on the shoulders: waist a *point*; and a magnificent colored sash is worn, the ends depending in front nearly to the feet. A single deep tuck is in the skirt. Cap richly adorned with roses and small daisies, and having two ends of lace behind.

FIG. III.—A PROMENADE DRESS.—This is of rich *gros de Naples*, shot pink and lavender; pointed high corsage, edged round the neck with a narrow lace, the wrists of the long tight sleeve decorated with a broad frilling of white English lace. *Mantelet* of white *tulle*, of a most graceful form, encircled with a broad *volant* of English lace, headed with a narrow one of a similar description; a second row is also *passé* round the shoulders, ending just at the point of the waist in the front. Capote of shaded straw colored ribbon, the interior trimmed with small *nœuds* of the same, the exterior having an elegant shaded lilac *sauve* plume, falling gracefully on the right side of the crown.

WALKING DRESSES.—These still continue to display considerable variety. Of the latest styles, in addition to that represented in our plate, we may cite the following as very beautiful. A dress of rich silk, shaded pink and lilac; the corsage half high and fitting tight; the sleeves are straight and large toward the wrist; under sleeves of cambric terminated by ruffles; the skirt is very long and full; there are two rows of trimming down the front; they are composed of treble *ruches* of the same material, the plaits being confined in the centre by a silk cord or flat gympe. Mantilla of rich black lace, falling low behind, and arranged in full folds: it is closed from the waist to the top of the dress, and the border is set on a little full; it folds over the arm most gracefully, giving to the figure an appearance at once elegant and *distinguee*. Bonnet with open brim, ornamented in the interior by *nœuds* and long ends of lilac ribbon; the trimming of the exterior is composed of pale roses and leaves, placed on the left side, rather high toward the crown. Another

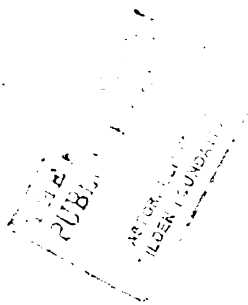
elegant **PROMENADE COSTUME** is of *glace* shot *Pekin* silk figured with a small round spot; the *jupon* is trimmed with two immense deep *volants* a *dents*, the top one having a small heading of the same; tight high corsage, opening all the way down the front, and showing an under chemisette of embroidered muslin, fastened with small buttons of mother-of-pearl up the centre; tight close-fitting sleeve, ornamented with a deep piece put on rather scanty, and placed about half-way from the shoulder to the elbow, this piece is made deeper at the back than in the front, allowing for the band of the arm. Scarf of shot white and blue. Bonnet of white shot *moire*, the interior of the brim decorated with half-wreaths of pink shaded roses, and the exterior with a plume of shaded feathers and ribbon.

CARRIAGE DRESSES.—We give a new costume for the carriage. It is of rich brocaded silk, striped, green and violet; the body is tight; the waist without point and corded; sleeves straight and wide from the elbow; under sleeve of cambric, full and confined at equal distances by bands of very narrow work, finished at the wrist by ruffles of work or lace; the skirt is very full, and has two broad flounces. *Pelerine* of beautiful lace, ends pointed, trimmed with broad lace and disposed to fall over the sleeve; it is carelessly tied in the centre of the bust. Bonnet of pale pink *crepe* or *tulle*, covered with rich lace; form rather long, and rounded at the ears; the curtain deep, having in the centre a *nœud* of pink and white gauze ribbon; the flowers composing the trimming of the exterior are large, and intermingled by leaves of the most beautiful green; they are placed on the left side; the interior of the brim is ornamented with corresponding flowers, but there are no *brides*.

EVENING DRESSES.—In addition to the styles represented in our plate, we give the following.—A dress of splendid embroidered muslin a *double jupon*, each *jupon* edged with a row of rich-looking lace of a moderate width; a tight corsage, and very short sleeves, over which is worn a *pelerine* cape similarly embroidered, and encircled with a double row of white lace; this cape is formed round, and the ends crossed in the front, and attached with a rosette of shaded silk; the waist slightly pointed; this robe is worn over a full primrose-colored skirt, showing the embroidery to great advantage. The coiffure is arranged perfectly simple and in ringlets. Also an **EVENING COSTUME** of rich *glace* silk, the skirt trimmed with a deep *volant*, the edge stamped in round vandykes, and opening on either side, so as to show the round fancy gympe buttons, which are placed at distances, reaching from the waist to the edge of the skirt, and gradually enlarging downward, the *volant* headed with a narrow frilling or frill of the same material; the corsage is formed very low, the top of the bust being decorated with deep folds, the top edged with lace; the waist a perfect *point*; the short sleeve is entirely formed of three folds, caught up in the front with two small fancy buttons. Head-dress, a small round *beret*, composed of pink *crepe*, decorated on the left side with a small plume of shaded pink feathers, and on the right side is a branch of *petit* shaded pink daisies.



FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER 1843



CAPS.—Morning caps are getting more in favor as the mornings get cooler; they continue to be of a small size and worn rather backward on the head; they are chiefly composed of *tulle* and lace. Although flowers may be adopted for morning caps, they are but seldom used, ribbon being considered in better taste. Amongst the former, we cannot help citing the following, named *a la paysanne*, composed of a piece of lace passing straight across the top of the head, the *papillons* on each side being also formed of lace, rounded at the ears, where they are decorated with a *chou* of amber satin ribbon, a twist of the same passing round the crown, and tying in a simple bow on the top of the head; a small wreath of pale lilac daisies is also attached at one end under this bow, and passes over the side of the cap round to the back part.

CLOAKS AND WINTER COSTUMES.—The extreme hotness of the season has prevented the appearance of winter costumes; but the *artistes* have been busy in designing appropriate styles, of which we have

been duly advised. For the earlier part of the season *fur camails* will be much worn. We have designs for ermine and sable; the former being generally lined with pale blue satin, and having a very small square open collar, lined in the same manner, and so as to show the color of the lining next to the skin, thereby taking off that heavy appearance of so much white; round the opening of the arms is placed a pretty blue fancy silk trimming, terminated with a *nœud* and tassels, resembling that which attaches the collar. This same style and form is also adapted for the *zibeline* fur, the only difference being that it is lined with a rose color satin. *Crispins* will also be in vogue. These will be made in velvet, particularly of green, cut on the *biais* and trimmed with a rich chenille fringe. A very pretty style will be of the same material and shape, long and very large, and trimmed with the fur of the musk cat.

Three very beautiful costumes are those given in the subjoined engraving.



The first is a **PROMENADE DRESS** of dark green, made perfectly plain. A short cloak of purple silk velvet, richly figured in arabesque down the folds, and trimmed with deep black lace. It is lined with black satin, and has a broad collar of black velvet. Tassels of purple silk. Bonnet of purple velvet, so very dark as to shade half way between the purple of the cloak and black, trimmed with a rosette, and hanging ends of fringe.

The second is a **CARRIAGE DRESS** of deep violet satin, corded round the bottom with a rouleau of velvet, the front of the *jupon* ornamented with a broad facing of stamped velvet; corsage *a l'Amazon*, the collar and hampels edged with a *biais* of velvet; long hanging sleeves, bordered with a fold of velvet; this redingote is worn over a dress of fawn-colored *moire*. Bonnet of pink *velours epingle*, trimmed over the crown with a double fulling of rich white blonde, and attached

on the right side with a small pink rosette of the same, the interior of the brim decorated with small *nœuds* of pink ribbon.

The third is a **PROMENADE DRESS** of purple blue *moire*, made perfectly plain. Crispin of black *velours d'Afrique*, lined and edged with a *mauve* colored plaid satin, the capuchin cape of black velvet. Bonnet of peach color, the form rather shallow in the centre, but very deep at the ears; the crown round and decorated with three rouleaus of the same; a double twist of velvet passes across the front, and forms an end, which is trimmed with a narrow silk fringe, from this end also depends two very long rich silk tassels; round the back of the bonnet are small loops of ribbon velvet, fastened in the centre with a *nœud* and two ends of the same; the interior of the brim decorated with *nœuds* of pale green pink ribbon. Gloves to match the hat in color.

EDITORS' TABLE.

WE are rapidly approaching the end of our fourth volume, and shall open the ensuing one with high spirits and assured hopes of still greater success. Our list of contributors will boast the name of every American lady of eminence in literature: our embellishments, through the enterprize and lavish expense of the publisher, will be second to none in elegance and superior to all others in novelty. During the present volume several styles of illustration entirely original have been introduced, which our contemporaries have paid us the compliment of imitating.

In this number appears an excellent story from Mrs. Annan, certainly one of the best as well as most popular of our authors. One always rises from the perusal of her writings not only amused but instructed. We are glad to welcome Mrs. Allan again to our columns. The romantic turn of "The Spanish Main," however improbable it may appear, falls short of many events which that day and country witnessed. In our next, "Anna Taylor," will positively be brought to a close. We could not give more of it in the present number without destroying the variety we always endeavor to maintain.

We had intended to notice the exhibition of paintings from ancient and modern artists, now being held at the Artist's Fund Hall, in Philadelphia, but our limits compel us to postpone our criticisms.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

J. M. Campbell & Co. have issued "The Huguenot Captain," or the life of Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigne during the civil wars of France in the reigns of Charles IX., Henry III., Henry IV., and the minority of Louis XIII. This bold partisan leader, it will be recollected, was the grandfather of the celebrated Madame De Maintenon, the wife, by a secret marriage, of Louis XIV. During the religious wars of France, D'Aubigne played a prominent part, and his biography is, therefore, intimately interwoven with the history of that period. It is a valuable work. From the same house we have the third number of the "Foreign Semi-Monthly Magazine," embellished with an engraving of Mrs. S. C. Hall, the authoress, and containing a splendid article by Macaulay, on the life and writings of Addison, and a paper that all should read, on the evils of burying in cities.

J. M. Moore, No. 138 Chestnut Street, has issued "Poems on Man," by Cornelius Mathews, author of "Puffer Hopkins." This gentleman is also favorably known for his consistent efforts in behalf of an international copy-right. There is a healthy, masculine spirit in these poems that we highly commend, and we shall avail ourselves of the earliest possible opportunity to speak of them at length. The volume is well got up and sold remarkably cheap. Price fifty cents. We may add, *en passant*, that Mr. Moore has the best collection of English books of any house in Philadelphia, his importations always being the

latest, and most select. A visit to his store is a pleasure of the highest kind.

J. Winchester & Co. New York, advertise a new novel by H. W. Herbert, Esq., author of "Marmaduke Wyvil," "Cromwell," "The Brothers," &c. This author is one of the most brilliant of the age, and in the biographical romance has had no equal since Sir Walter Scott.

Harper & Brothers are still occupied with their serials. Alison is brought to a close, and McCulloch's Gazetteer has reached its fifth number.

E. H. Butler & Co. continue their publications of "The Pictorial History of the United States," and "The American Naval Biography." Another number will finish the latter.

A. J. Rockafellar, 98 Chestnut Street, is publishing a series of original American novels. Two of the series have already appeared—"Ernest Harcourt, or, the Loyalist's Son," a romance of Pennsylvania, during the Revolution, and "Marion's Men," a story of the South, the time of which is in the same epoch. We are glad to see publications from native authors, amid the trash from foreign writers with which we are deluged.

Lindsay & Blackiston have issued "Trials and Triumphs, or Virtue Rewarded," an excellent little story, which we can commend. The same house publishes "The Wrongs of Women," by Charlotte Elizabeth, being a story of a forsaken home. Nobly does this author vindicate her sex, and stigmatize the wrongs with which weak and unoffending women are so often visited by those who have sworn to love them.

PUBLISHER'S GOSSIP.

WE may safely assert that the embellishments of this number defy competition either in elegance or novelty. The head of Innocence breathes a beauty and grace that remind us of Raffaele, while the arabesque border is in an entirely new style, and as delicate in execution as in design. *Nothing similar to this picture has yet appeared in any periodical.* But the second plate—the view of Kosciusko's Monument at West Point—is decidedly the wonder of the season in magazine embellishments. This astonishing picture was cut in a thick brass plate, expressly for us, by the celebrated die-sinker Leonard, who has no rival in America, if we except the able gentleman employed in the U. S. Mint. Our plate will bear the minutest examination. The foliage, shrubbery, water, hills, the sails, and even the aerial perspective are managed with a skill that is truly wonderful. The picture is engraved after a view taken on the spot; and the scene is familiar, we suppose, to most of our readers. *We ask the particular attention of the editorial corps especially, to the taste, minute finish and astonishing power evinced in this embellishment.* Nothing has been executed in this country at all comparable to this, even if we consider it merely as a specimen of die-sinking.

The colored fashion plate is as beautiful as any we have issued. The designs for winter costumes are from the very latest patterns.

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LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

LILBURNE VILLA.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

LETTER I.

TO CHARLES HEATON, ESQ.

COME to Lilburne! The spring is opening in all its beauty. Yesterday I heard a bob o'link, and this morning found violets. You don't know how beautifully my house is situated: indeed I am in love with my purchase, and would not part with it for twice the sum it cost me. The villa—for it is quite Italian in style—crowns the brow of a rolling hill that overlooks the country for miles, so that, sitting in my little porch, I can see Mantua village about half a league off, with innumerable mansions and farm-houses, some nearly buried in trees, dotting the hills around the horizon. A noble wood covers the heights to the north-east and protects me from the inclement storms of that quarter. Behind the wood the hill slopes down to the valley, through which runs one of the most romantic of streams. The shores on both sides are rocky—quite as much so as those of your pet Brandywine—and on either hand tall forest trees rise towering, stretching up the hill side, until they seem to pierce the sky. Oh! you should be here on these still April afternoons, to listen to the water murmuring between the stones, or watch the golden sunshine flickering among the eddies. Come to Lilburne!

I have not yet described my house, cottage, or villa—call it as you like. You know I bought it a bargain, but you never heard the history. It was built by a gentleman, who, when in Italy, fell in love with a beautiful Florentine girl. To please her he came home, bought an estate and erected on it this villa, the exact counterpart of her father's, just outside the delightful Tuscan capital. But, poor fellow! on returning to Europe he learned that his affianced bride had just died, and he soon followed her of—a broken heart. There are three rooms on the lower floor, the kitchen being in an out-house. The principal room stretches across

one side of the building, is octagonal in shape, and has a saloon ceiling. The walls are adorned with pilasters, with mirrors in each of the compartments between. The windows reach to the floor. At one end this room opens into the hall, which is ten feet square; at the other it leads into a circular apartment about the same number of feet in diameter—you may use it for a library or smoking room as you please. It is one of the prettiest affairs you can imagine. The ceiling is a dome, richly ornamented; and around the walls run a row of light and graceful columns. The floor is of tessellated marble. When I am married I think Mary and I will dine here; but till then, I shall use it to smoke our meerschaums in, if you will come to Lilburne.

The other rooms I can pass over more hastily. At the opposite end of the house is a dining-room, equal in size to the grand octagonal parlor. Up stairs the chambers are of the same number, extent and pattern with those below. The little circular room over our smoking retreat I shall use for a library. The octagonal apartment I shall reserve for my wife. The other chamber will be for a friend. The servants must go to the attic.

Isn't it a beautiful little villa? You know I am considered fastidious in my taste, and, before I knew the place was in the market, I pronounced it the prettiest affair in the state. Certainly there is nothing like it anywhere where I have been in America. You may say it is too small. You mistake. Nothing is in worse taste—pardon the bad English—than the American notions in favor of large houses, which can never be kept clean in summer or warm in winter. The place is just big enough for a wife and *one* friend. I have both—or hope to have—and ask no more.

In a month and a half I shall be married. It will then be the first week in June, and the rose-bushes in the garden will be in full bloom. You know how Laurel Hill looks at that season—well—my garden will be as balmy and even more beautiful. I am having the walks put in order, the summer-house freshly painted, and a bench placed

between two althea bushes that form a natural arbor at the foot of one of the most retired walks. I shall be lavish of expenditure that everything may be as beautiful as possible to welcome my bride. I never cared for wealth until now; but, thank heaven! I have enough for my own wishes, and more than enough for Mary's, who is the gentlest and most loving of creatures in the world, and every day endears herself more to me by her sweet letters.

I am almost delirious with anticipations of happiness. You always called me enthusiastic, though the world thinks me cold; but let the world chuckle over its superior wisdom: I am too proud to lay bare my heart to it, and it is only in the presence of such friends as you that I suffer my warmer emotions to bubble up unchecked. But this is egotism—from which I pray the gods to preserve me! My enthusiasm, however, has not blinded me in my choice of Mary. I have had many affairs of the heart, such as all young men have; but my feelings for her are very, very different from those I have experienced toward other women. It is true I admired her from the first; but I never dreamed, in our earlier acquaintance, that she would ever be my wife. She had a sprightliness that bewitched me, and I loved at parties to chat with her in a corner, listening to her playful remarks—there never was malice in them—on the beaux and belles passing to and fro. I was charmed, too, with her style of dress. But I thought her a flirt, and you know how I detest such a character. I would not believe she had the warm, enthusiastic, uncalculating, devoted heart of a woman. Yet, against my soberer convictions, I found myself often visiting her. And the charm grew on me with every visit; for gradually, as I became familiar with her, she appeared more in her true character, and I found that, as you say of me, she hid, under this gay demeanor, a true heart, full of all womanly impulses and capable of the deepest affection. How proud was I when I made this discovery, for it assured me that she looked on me as a friend, an honor I had long since begun to covet more than I would admit to myself. What need to tell the rest? From the first there had been a strange sympathy between us, and now that we could lay aside our assumed characters, we felt a natural relief. Love "came upon me unawares." My good uncle and guardian talked to me daily of the folly of marrying a woman without fortune; but I told him I had enough for both, and I never doubted but that Mary loved me for myself alone. God bless the dear girl!—my bosom even now thrills at calling up her image, as she looked when I first told her of my love. There is a glance of a

woman's eye at such a time—if your affection is returned—as she looks at you timidly for an instant and then——

Really I am too sentimental for a sworn bachelor like yourself. But come to Lilburne and we'll talk of philosophy and smoke in my cubiculum. You shall read Cicero and I Demosthenes, when we wish to relax. By the bye I have found some curious documents respecting the early Indian tribes of this vicinity; and, what will interest you more, I've picked up an original edition of *The Tale of a Tub*, with annotations in Swift's own handwriting. What think you of that? HARRY CARLTON.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR FRIEND.

Good God, can it be true? I will not believe it—to do so would drive me mad. Mary!—poor Mary!—would to heaven I had never met you, or that you had never loved one so ill-fated. It is not for myself I care. I could endure everything—a wasted fortune, a broken heart, all, all, even death itself—but that *you* should suffer is too much. Oh! for what folly or crime has this stroke fallen on me!

You have heard that I am ruined; for these things travel like prairie fire. Everything is gone: not a plank of the wreck is left. The perfidy of the agent to whom I entrusted my funds has lost me all, and the wretch is now safe from my vengeance only by committing suicide. Fool!—fool that I was not to suspect him!

Since I laid down my pen, I have slept—it is the first sleep that has visited me for three days. I can now write more calmly. Let me explain my views. Lilburne must go. The halls where I looked forward to such happiness, I must desert. But alas! that is not all. Mary can never be mine. It would be criminal to marry her now, and condemn her to a life of poverty; for with a load of debts, amounting at least to twenty thousand dollars, and no profession, what can I expect but a hard struggle with fate? Mary, though not rich, has been brought up tenderly, and could not, however willing, endure the privations to which, as the wife of a poor man, she would have to be subject. She would marry me still—already she has written to me to say so—but it would be base in me to take advantage of her devotion. How could I bear to look on her bright cheek turning pale—to see her eyes becoming sunk—to watch her form growing emaciated, as I feel it would do, under the pressure of labors to which she has been unaccustomed. No—delicious as is the dream of having such a wife to console me in my misfortunes—I must abandon it. It cannot be. God bless her and

assist her to forget me. But I will not weep: it is unmanly. May you never feel the agony that now tortures me.

H. C.

LETTER III.

Lilburne is advertised. I have given up everything, even my mother's jewels. The creditors talk of releasing me; but I am almost indifferent to it.

It is the first week in June and the roses are out. Do you remember what I said about Laurel Hill, when I asked you to Lilburne? I was there—at the cemetery, I mean—the other day, and I thought how gratefully I could lay down my life and sleep quietly in that spot. I was forcibly reminded of the lines our old friend Clark wrote on it. Ah! I envy him his fate.

H. C.

LETTER IV.

Thank you for your manly remonstrance. I can say with Francis I., "all is lost but honor." My character has been exculpated, I am released by my creditors, and with a somewhat lighter heart I can now contemplate my future life.

You blame me, I see, (though you write no words of reproach) for giving way to unmanly despondency. Perhaps, at first, I made myself liable to your censure; but the blow was the severest man can experience, and I may claim, therefore, some palliation. But now I am as composed as your favorite Bolingbroke—there are noble thoughts in his essay on exile, and I find consolation in reading it daily.

From Mary I have not heard for a week. Since my failure I have not seen her. I have been resolute in my refusal to grant her request for an interview, which could only pain us both and do no good. After I had denied her petition, she wrote again and again; but I did not answer her. My determination was fixed; and bitter as was the task, I felt I ought not to waver in its execution. To have yielded would have been fatal, for I could not resist her tears. My silence has probably aroused her pride—well, it is best it should be so; for her love for me can be conquered by no other means; and since our union is impossible, it is right I should suffer myself to be misjudged, if by so doing I can advance her happiness. May she be blest with some one better calculated than myself to assure her felicity. I must school my heart to contemplate her marriage to another. Oh! to think of my dreams at Lilburne but a few weeks since. Alas! the sympathy of her fine mind and soul, which I then looked forward to as that which was to constitute so much of my happiness, must now be given to another. God in heaven bless her!

I am offered a situation at a salary of five hundred

a year. With economy, I am told, I can live on it. I will try. I met Gower the other day; he affected not to know me. But I can easily forget such people. Yet do not think I shall remain contented in this corner where destiny has flung me, like a weed plucked from the highway. No. I *will* rise. All earth combined shall not keep me down. It may be lustrums—it *will* be years before I gain a 'vantage ground. But let me once get my foot in the saddle again, and the jade, Fortune, *shall* go, if whip and spur can make her.

Yours truly,

H. CARLTON.

LETTER V.

When I wrote to you of my failure I thought my cup of misery was full. But a hand is now at my heart, wringing its life blood out, drop by drop. God have mercy on me, and spare me Mary! She is ill—she is dying—oh! my friend, what shall I do, where shall I look for aid? If Mary goes I shall indeed be hopeless—life will be not worth the having. I have seen her on her bed of sickness and she has prevailed. If she recovers we are to be married; for I see now the error into which I fell. But I fear she never will recover—and if she dies I shall have been her murderer. Oh! if a life of penitence—if prayers day and night could save her she would yet live. Almighty Father!—break not the bruised reed—spare her, spare her in thy mercy and for her sake, not for mine.

I cannot write. Every minute I expect to hear of her death. For hours she has been so critical they will not allow me to see her.

LETTER VI.

She is past the crisis—she lives yet—there is some hope.

It was ten days ago that she sent for me again. The messenger said she was sick, perhaps on her dying bed. In an instant the veil fell from my eyes. I thought I had schooled myself to part from her, to see her the wife of another, but the communication that she was to be separated from me even by death—that, though she would never be a rival's, she was to be seen by me no more—almost stunned me. All my resolutions faded at once. I hurried to her chamber nearly frantic, for the words of the messenger led me to suppose that her illness was brought on by anxiety of mind consequent on my neglect. When I entered the chamber she was sitting up. She was very thin, and in her long robe of white and snowy cap seemed like a disembodied spirit. The look of mild reproach she turned on me cut me to the

heart. I was abashed: I could say nothing. She was the first to speak; and never, never shall I forget the sweet, chiding tones with which she rebuked my desertion. She said it was unkind, that I did her injustice, that I was ruining my own happiness, and that she could see it in my hollow eye and sunken cheek. She did not say a word—dear, angelic creature—of her own sufferings. She seemed to forget herself and think only of me. I was subdued. I knelt and implored her pardon. The change in her appearance brought tears into my eyes when I thought that it had been all my work. I asked myself, "had I the right to trifle with her health in this way?" For the first time, since my bankruptcy, I saw my conduct in its true light. I had acted as if there was no one but myself to consult, and in determining my conduct had regarded only the physical privations Mary would have to endure as my wife, and totally neglected the mental sufferings my neglect and assumed coldness would inflict. Oh! you should have heard her talk—her words seemed those of a beneficent angel. She could scarcely speak above a whisper, but every syllable breathed the deep love she bore me, and her eyes looked on me with a tenderness and devotion unutterable. She chided me gently for my reliance on myself, for the pride of my heart, and bade me look for aid to a higher power. I am, dear Charles, an altered man. I believe I have seen the weakness of leaning on a false philosophy in trouble instead of reposing on the strong arm of God. She pointed out to me several passages in Scripture applicable to our situation, and made me promise to read them. I did so, and they have shed comparative peace on my soul. She said that nothing but the cessation of my love—which would break her heart—could reconcile her to the idea of a separation. Before, it had been her *pleasure* to marry me, now it was her *duty*. "Where thou goest," she said, "I will go. Thy people shall be my people. Where thou diest, I will die, and thy grave shall be my grave."

The interview was too much for her. She grew worse. At first they allowed me to see and converse with her a few minutes every morning. In these interviews she endeared herself still more to me. I once loved her: I now worship her. If God, in his infinite mercy, spares her, I shall feel that he destines me to some high duty, for with such an angel for a daily companion, to sympathize in all my sorrows and gladden my sunshiny hours, what is there I cannot do? I feel nerved for any thing. There is a consciousness within me which assures me we shall never want. True—we must live economically, but there is little that we *really* need, and I am surprised how many things I can

now do without, that I used to consider necessary to my comfort. The love of a true woman will gild a cottage more elegantly than art can adorn a palace. The heart gives its hue to everything. See how happy children are over trifles; it is because they have not yet acquired factitious wants. Let us learn a lesson from them.

But soon she grew more dangerous, and they forbade us to speak. They would have kept me out, but her uneasiness if she did not see me was more injurious than the excitement of the interview. When she could no more speak, she would press my hand. Oh! that pressure of the hand, how eloquent it often is. Yesterday was the crisis, and I did not see her all the morning. You received my epistle—it tells you, (if you can read its almost illegible lines) more than even this how I suffered.

Farewell! She has fallen into a gentle sleep, and every sign is favorable. God be praised for his mercies.

With a full heart

HARRY.

LETTER VII.

Mary is better. She can now sit up and bear a little gentle conversation. The balmy air of this delicious month and the sight of her budding flowers aid her wonderfully. Our love increases daily, if indeed that can be; and it has now a gentleness which mutual sorrow only can give. We never know the tone of our own hearts till misfortune has swept over them.

In the autumn we are to be married. Mary—I never knew this till a few days ago—has a little income of five hundred a year, a legacy from a maiden aunt. She insists on it that, with economy, we can live on a thousand a year. At any rate, we shall try. Everything like deep dependency has left me, and I look forward to the future with hope. Do you remember the motto of 'Hyperion? It often occurs to me.

H. CARLTON.

LETTER VIII.

The thunder clouds have rolled westward and glimpses of sunshine begin to break through the stormy sky. Lilburne is mine again. The house of Gratz and Son, in Hamburg, whose failure precipitated the insolvency of my agent, has proved in a better condition than was supposed and has paid fifty per cent to its creditors. This puts me in possession of funds sufficient to pay off my debts, interest included—to purchase Lilburne—and to command a respectable capital for any moderate business. Mary lifts up her finger archly, and asks me where now is my despair. We shall move to Lilburne next week. Everything is as I left it, for the place was not to be sold until next

spring. We shall live there, it being but eight miles from town and close to the turnpike: so, you see, I can ride into the city daily to business. Both Mary and I prefer the country, and we shall be supremely happy.

I have an offer to enter an established firm on fair terms. I shall accept the proposition. My income will not be large, but sufficient for the comforts and some of what Bolingbroke calls "the superfluities" of life. Lilburne is settled on Mary: so, if rainy days come hereafter, her income and the produce of the farm will keep us quite as comfortably as the mass of our neighbors.

H. CARLTON.

LETTER IX.

Come to Lilburne. Since Mary and I are married the place seems more beautiful than ever. The smoking-room is still at your service, and I confess I cannot yet cure myself of the meersch-chaum, though Mary says it is horrible, but then there is such a playfulness in her manner that I don't more than half believe her. The circular room up stairs I have fitted up for a library, and there you will find our favorite authors, Bacon at the head, in the folio edition, like a stout old general leading up his new recruits. Come, and we will finish our discussion on Descartes.

The rides around here are beautiful. Bring your horse, by all means. I am too poor now to keep two, but the barn is full of provender. Mary has her sweetest smiles ready for you, and vows she shall convert you into a Benedict. She has a lovely cousin here, who will take your heart by surprise, unless you keep watch and guard. It is Isabel Harcourt, of whom you have heard me speak—isn't it a pretty name? She is a proficient in music and—what is not always the case—enters fully into the spirit and sentiment of the composer. You should hear her sing some of the Scotch ballads, or play one of Beethoven's pieces. Besides, she is a fine conversationalist. If this knowledge will make your visit more pleasant set forth at once.

You don't know how glorious the country looks under this October sky—and the woods, with their myriad hues, remind one of dream-land. From the back of the house you can see such sunsets! And night and morning there is a mellow haze hanging low on the hills, the exact counterpart of what you see in the pictures of Claude Lorraine.

It is nearly midnight. Mary sleeps calmly beside me, one golden tress stealing over her face and down on her bosom, undulating in her breath. How can I be more happy? Let me give thanks to the giver of all.

H. CARLTON.

TO ELYSIA.

BY ORLANDO GEORGE.

ARE Yorkshire's hills as fresh and green—

Are Yorkshire's fields as fair—

Does Nature clothe her every scene

In hues as bright and rare

As when together, free from care,

And blithe as morn in May

We lived, and loved, and wandered there

The gayest of the gay?

Still does the evening ray illumine

Our early trysting glade—

And still the vernal wild-flowers bloom

Where 'neath the linden shade

My first warm vows of love were paid—

The dear, enchanting spot—

Where once you owned the love, false maid,

That since you have forgot?

Elysia, say if bright as erst

The argent starlets shine—

As when their timid radiance burst

Between the clustering vine.

And saw thy matchless form recline,

With all its glorious charms.

On this now guilty breast of mine—

Within these felon arms?

Does not each balmy zephyr now

Through that sweet bower that sighs,

Reprove thee for thy broken vow

And bid its memory rise?

And do not evening's gentle eyes

Look down in seeming scorn

On one who could thus lightly prize

An oath so often sworn?

Sometimes meseems the blessed light

Shunned by the setting sun—

The witness of thy false troth-plight.

Should blast thee, faithless one,

And that remorse e'en now begun,

Through future life to burn

For injuries such as thou hast done

Were but a mild return.

But oft nor long my mind is crossed

By feelings thus severe—

The heart's first flowers have felt the frost,

And life's young leaf is sere;

Yet this one thought is left to cheer.

That he who has forgiven

The greatest wrongs and insults here

Lays closest claim to Heaven.

Then I forgive thee, though thou'st lent

Enchantment to the bowl.

And I forgive thee, though thou'st sent

This sickness to my soul;

Yes—freely I forgive the whole,

And only ask as free

That Lethe's murky wave may roll

O'er every thought of thee.

LUCILLA MINOR.

BY MISS JULIETTE GEORGE BACON.

"LUCILLA, you provoke me beyond all endurance," exclaimed Mrs. Minor in an angry tone; addressing her step-daughter, who was apparently so much perplexed with the binding off the heel of a comfortable woollen stocking, that she scarcely heeded her mother's angry remark.

She was simply clad in the neat, white short-gown and blue stuff petticoat which were then the fashion, and her glossy brown hair fell in rich profusion over her face and neck, as though it sought to conceal from the searching eyes of her mother, the confusion and distress which had suffused her cheek with so bright a color.

Mrs. Minor gazed on her daughter for some moments in silence, when not receiving any answer, she said, in a milder tone, "may I ask why you object with so much perverseness to Mr. Sherman for a husband?"

"Because I hate him, mother," exclaimed the girl, passionately, "and you know it well, and yet you continue to persecute me by favoring his addresses, when you know that I never can—that I never will marry him!"

"Is it your dislike for him, or your foolish love for the dissipated George Fowler that causes you to reject Sherman?" asked her mother tauntingly.

"Mother," replied Lucilla sadly, yet composedly, "you know very well that my love for George, unworthy as you would make me believe him, has closed my heart against the addresses of any other man; but I assure you that had I never known my noble-hearted lover, I should still have shrunk with disgust from the love of such a man as Sherman."

"And why, pray?" sneeringly observed Mrs. Minor. "Is he not——"

"Oh! spare me," impatiently interrupted Lucilla, "the enumeration of his many virtues, of which his wealth is the beginning, the middle, and the ending. Mother, I know his character well, and so do you, and I know that he is not more contemptible in person than he is in mind. Is he not despised by his equals, and hated and feared by the poor around him? His wealth is the rich reward of cruelty and oppression, and with that wealth," she added bitterly, "he would purchase of you my hand, and of me my heart. Mother, will you—can you sell your child?"

Mrs. Minor's selfish heart was touched by the truth of her daughter's words; but she repressed the kindlier feelings which were for a moment awakened, and said calmly, "I cannot believe,

Lucilla, that you really entertain so decided a repugnance to Sherman. You deceive yourself."

Her daughter did not reply. She knew that she had never, for an instant, disguised, either toward her mother or Sherman himself, her supreme dislike and contempt for him; and his perseverance under these circumstances only deepened that contempt.

"But, Lucilla," continued Mrs. Minor, with an entire change in their mode of attack, "I would speak with you of the past. You remember your father, do you not, my daughter?"

"Can I ever forget him," said the now weeping girl. "Would to God he were now alive!"

"Amen!" replied the mother with a serious and sorrowful countenance: then after a pause she continued, "you recollect that young Fowler's attentions to you had attracted the notice of your friends even before your father's death, and that he most decidedly discouraged them."

"I do," replied Lucilla, sadly.

"And, that even when on that bed of sickness from which he never rose, he bade you forget, as you valued his blessing, one so unworthy of you as Fowler had proved himself to be; and you gave him your solemn promise that you would do so. Did you not, Lucilla?"

"I did," she said firmly, "I did." But after a moments thought she exclaimed, suddenly casting a searching glance at her mother, "but how knew you of this; for father had requested that we should be left entirely alone. Say, mother, how did you learn all this?"

Mrs. Minor reddened as she replied, "I heard it from your father."

"And if he told you so much, he must have told you also, that he gave me his full and free permission, if ever it was proved that Fowler was the victim of slander and not of vice, to retract every word of my promise, and to become the wedded wife of him whom he knew I loved so well. Did he not tell you this, mother?"

"I cannot say that he did not," replied her mother hesitatingly, "but Lucilla, by your own words you condemn yourself. You have no proof of Fowler's innocence!"

"I have, mother," she replied, "I have;" and drawing a letter from her bosom she read aloud to the dismayed Mrs. Minor, a full development of the means that had been used to attach infamy and disgrace to the young lawyer's name. "Mother," said the girl as she finished it, "this letter is from Fowler himself, and in less than a week all the particulars will be before the public, with the names of those concerned; and Fowler's name will stand bright and free from all suspicion."

The mother's mind was now made up. She had

left no art untried to alienate her daughter from her manly and true-hearted, but poor lover, and to win her to receive the addresses of the wealthy but narrow-minded Sherman.

Previous to her husband's death Mrs. Minor and Lucilla had lived in affluence; but Mr. Minor was a careless business man, and when he died his family found themselves entirely destitute, and dependant on their industry for their support. It was but natural then that so selfish a woman as Mrs. Minor should covet a comfortable home for herself, even though it was at the sacrifice of all that made life lovely and desirable to her daughter's heart. Mrs. Minor had hoped everything from the disgrace that clouded the fair fame of Lucilla's lover; but her hopes from that quarter were now at an end, and she had but one effort more to make. Assuming a stern look she rose and approached her daughter.

"Lucilla," she said in an expressive, almost sad manner, "your father in his last hour said to me that he should die contented, for he left me to the care and affection of a dutiful and loving daughter, who would comfort me in my sorrows, and lighten the heavy trials and afflictions to which he knew I would be subjected, by her obedience and love. I believed him, but he and I were both deceived. You are breaking my heart, Lucilla, by your perseverance in your obstinacy. It has been my earnest, unselfish wish to see you again in the situation which you are so well fitted to adorn. Let me again see you moving in the circle from which poverty has removed you, and again shining its brightest ornament, and I can then go down to my grave in peace. Lucilla, it is your mother who entreats you; surely you will not let her entreat in vain. But," she continued more sternly, "if you despise my counsels and marry a man whose name has once been branded with infamy, my curse shall—"

"Stop, mother, for heaven's sake stop!" exclaimed the excited girl, "or you will drive me crazy!" Her mother's words had won back her daughter's heart to her, and distressed and heart-broken though she was, she resolved, let the result be what it might, to try to comply with her parent's wishes. She thought not of herself; she gave but one thought to her absent lover; but dwelling alone on the comfort and happiness her union with her rich suitor would secure to her mother, she threw herself at her feet, and taking her hand, said in an almost stifled voice—

"Hear me, dear mother. I will try to overcome my repugnance to Sherman. I will receive him as my avowed lover, and will prepare to meet him at the altar;" her heart misgave her, and she added,

"but even there, mother, should I still retain the feelings with which I now regard him, I must be at liberty even there to reject him."

Her mother turned away her head to conceal a smile, then raising her daughter, she said, "be it so, my child. I know that if you make the effort you can learn to love him, but," she continued, affectionately kissing her daughter, as she shook her head sadly in dissent, "you have made your mother's heart easy, for which she blesses you. But, Lucilla, there is another thing to be done. You must dismiss George Fowler and banish him from your presence."

"It shall be done this night, mother," replied Lucilla calmly. "Do you distrust me?" she asked, as she noticed her mother's eye fixed inquiringly upon her.

"Oh, no, my daughter, but Fowler must not see you with traces of tears on your cheek. The proud fool will think that you weep for him."

"Mother!"

"Yes, Lucilla, I mean what I say. Do not let him know that there is a struggle in your heart."

"Mother," again exclaimed the indignant girl, "George must know all. If I am to break his heart he shall know why. Nay, words will be useless," she continued, as her mother was about to interrupt her, "I have given you my promise, and I will keep it; but for this evening, I must—I will be free." With these words she left the room.

Mrs. Minor almost wondered at her success. She gave not a thought to Lucilla's assurance that she might yet reject Sherman even at the foot of the altar, "what! Lucilla, the gentle, blushing girl, who had ever shrank from the notice of the world, and who felt even the attentions which her loveliness ensured her an homage which it was painful to receive—would she, proud and sensitive as her mother knew her to be, boldly and despising the world's laugh, publicly reject the hand of him by whose side she stood as an affianced bride. It was not possible!" She did not dwell a moment on the thought.

The evening came, and with it the two rivals, who entered Mrs. Minor's little cottage gate at the same moment. Lucilla was in her chamber, but at the summons of her mother she descended, attired for a walk. With a scarcely perceptible "good evening" to her rich lover, she took the arm of George who had approached her, and left the house.

They walked some distance in silence, which was only broken by some general remarks on the beauty of the evening. George was offended at meeting his hated rival, who was received by Mrs. Minor with many expressions of pleasure, while he was merely greeted with cold politeness. Lucilla's

reception of Sherman should have dissipated his jealousy; but he seemed not to have noticed it, and walked sullenly by the side of the fair girl, whose very heart was aching at the misery she was about to inflict. She was so absorbed in her own sad thoughts that she noticed not his silence, when her mind reverting to the letter she had received, she said,—

"Oh! George, I was very, very happy to learn that you had discovered the authors of that base slander. I knew you to be blameless, but I wished the whole world should know it too."

"It will not matter much to me," replied George coldly. "It was for your sake alone that I troubled myself with the investigation, for I could not ask you to become the wife of a branded man; for myself, I only despised the slander. But all my labor has been thrown away."

Lucilla looked sadly, and reproachfully in his face.

"It is true, Lucilla, you cannot deny it. Did I not see Mr. Sherman received as a favored guest beneath your roof this night, and it was but a few days since that you promised me that he should henceforth be as a stranger to you?"

"I did, George, I did," said poor Lucilla with an effort at composure,—“but do not speak so harshly to me to-night, dearest, for indeed I cannot bear it. Oh! I am very, very wretched!” she sobbed, as her repentant lover folded her in his arms.

"What is the matter, my sweet Lucy?" he whispered; "what cause have you for grief? Tell me, I entreat, I implore you."

The sobbing girl could not reply, and her lover much alarmed, drew her to a rustic seat under a large maple tree. "Speak to me, Lucy," he said, "and say that I have not offended you. Forgive me, if I spoke harshly just now, but it does provoke me so to see that disagreeable fellow forever at your house."

"What if I should give him a right to be there always?" asked Lucy, gazing anxiously in her lover's face.

"You are jesting with me, Lucy; but no, your face is too sad for that. It cannot be Lucy; no, I know you cannot receive that man as a lover."

"And yet I have promised to do so," said the trembling girl.

"Lucilla!" exclaimed George, almost contemptuously.

"Hear me, George, hear me and pity me, but do not condemn me; for my burden is already too heavy for me to bear." She proceeded to relate the events of the day, her conversation with her mother, and her solemn promise to try to love Mr.

Sherman. She concluded and looked anxiously at George. He remained silent as if unconscious of her presence. "George," she said with a deep sigh, "my heart is breaking, not only with my own sorrow, but that I am obliged to make you as miserable as myself. Say that you pity me, George, oh! say that you do."

"I do pity you, Lucy," he replied, "and I love you more fervently than ever. You shall never be the wife of that bad man."

"I must, George, I must," she said. "Oh! I could not bear the curse of my mother. But George there is hope for us yet. I have promised my mother not to see you after this night, but as I have told you I reserved the right of rejecting Sherman even at the last moment." She hesitated, but her lover entreated her to proceed. "Well, then, George, you must forgive me if I forget the delicacy belonging to my sex, and suggest my only way of escape. If I can learn to regard Sherman with more kindness than at present, I must; and I will try to do my duty; but George, if I find that I still detest and hate him, and should send or come to you."

Her lover interrupted her. "You are an angel, Lucy. Oh! I see it all. Bless you, bless you for the hope you have given me. All shall be prepared, and you will yet be mine."

"Do not hope too much, George," said Lucilla sadly. "It is but a faint hope at the best. You remember my promise."

"I do," said George, so cheerfully that the young girl looked at him in surprise; "but you must let me see you occasionally, Lucy, indeed you must."

"No; it cannot be," said Lucilla, so decidedly that her lover forbore to press the matter.

"When are you to be married?" he asked, after a short silence.

"I do not know. Perhaps even now my mother is appointing the day for the sacrifice of her child," she said bitterly; "but I do her injustice, for she believes that she is securing my happiness."

They conversed together for some time longer, and George became gradually more cheerful as they leisurely strolled homeward; but poor Lucilla wondered at it; for how could he be so cheerful when her heart was breaking.

Here was the secret. George knew that the more Lucilla became acquainted with her wealthy suitor, the more she must despise him; for besides his wealth he had nothing to recommend him. Diminutive and unattractive in his person—pompous and disagreeable in his manner—narrow-minded and uneducated—could such an one win the heart of the young, pure-hearted Lucilla. No, it could not be; and supported and encouraged

by this belief, George bade Lucilla adieu and returned to his office, resolved to devote all his energies to his profession, that his sweet Lucy might never have cause to regret her union with the poor lawyer.

With far different feelings did Lucilla enter her house. She had felt wounded, almost insulted by George's want of sympathy, (so she thought it) and it was with calmness that she listened to her mother's information that her marriage was to take place in about two months, and that Mr. Sherman had generously insisted on defraying all the expenses incidental to it.

Day after day rolled by, and the preparations were constantly going on, while the fair victim plied her needle, and listened to the vows and protestations of her affianced husband with the same unvarying coldness and apathy. She received the congratulations of those who envied her with a bitter smile, while she turned from the pitying glances of others to hide the starting tear.

The day before the wedding at length arrived, and unable to bear the conversation of those around her, Lucilla sought out a small light closet which opened from her mother's apartment, and which in happier days she had designated as her library. She seated herself by the window, and gazed sorrowfully on the scene before her. She almost despised herself for her compliance, which had been wrung from her by the entreaties and threats of her mother. Had she done right in thus sacrificing her happiness and that of another, to one, who though her mother, she could not but feel was both selfish and cruel. But then the threat of a mother's curse rung in her ears. As she dwelt upon it she trembled at the thoughts that crowded through her mind. She had probably never heard, but she felt it in her heart that the curse causeless, shall never come!

"Oh! it cannot be so very wrong," she murmured to herself. "It is I, that am to suffer or be happy; surely I might choose for myself." She was disturbed by the entrance of her mother and Mr. Sherman into the adjoining room; but fearing lest she should be summoned to join them, she remained perfectly quiet; little dreaming of the salvation that awaited her.

After carefully closing the door, her lover took a bundle of papers from his pocket, and selecting a number of bank bills presented them to her mother, and said, "there, my dear Mrs. Minor, is the payment for the first year, and here," taking in his hand a roll of parchment, "is the settlement I have made on you of three hundred dollars a year; the first payment to be made on the day your daughter becomes my wife."

"Mr. Sherman," said Mrs. Minor, in an embarrassed manner, as she returned both parchment and money, "Lucilla is not yet your wife, and I have occasionally seen her countenance wear an expression that makes me tremble lest she should even now annul the engagement." •

"Why you told me," said the mortified suitor.

"I told you everything," interrupted Mrs. Minor.

"When we held that conversation the morning before I succeeded in obtaining her consent, I felt that you were very generous in offering so handsome a recompense for my influence, though I must acknowledge that I had little hopes of success. Her heart was another's, and I felt that it would require all my management to make her give him up. My entreaties, and the assurance of my curse, alone wrung from her her conditional consent. No, Mr. Sherman; to-morrow evening will be soon enough," she continued, replacing the money in his hands, "and now let us go and seek the froward girl."

Lucilla sat motionless in her chair. She was free! Oh! joyful thought! But her joy was saddened by the recollection of a mother's selfishness. Fearing lest her concealment should be discovered, she sprang lightly from the low window, and entering the house by a back door, sought her own chamber. She had scarcely reached it ere her mother sent, requesting her presence below. She replied that Mr. Sherman must call on the morrow, and then seated herself to reflect and decide on what was best to be done. She felt that all conscientious scruples had been removed the moment she learned that she had been sold by her mother for a poor annuity; and her only difficulty was how to inform her lover of her freedom. She had not seen him since she bade him that sad adieu, and she had heard but little of him; but that little was favorable. He was the most industrious young lawyer in the county—so said old Judge H—, with whom he studied, and who loved him as his own son.

But did he love her yet? Did he not despise her for her indecision in that dreadful hour of trial? She did not know. What should she do? There was no one whom she could trust with her errand, and she must see him that very night. Well, she would go herself and trust to the love that she once knew, and yet hoped—oh! yes, she was certain—dwelt in his heart for her.

The evening meal passed in silence. Mrs. Minor was offended with her daughter's refusal to see Sherman; but Lucilla was too much absorbed in her own thoughts to notice it. She hastened to her room and prepared herself for her walk. Her lover's office was in a village about two miles from her own home, but the evening was

a bright moonlight one, and what had she to fear?

She bound back her rich brown hair with the bright blue ribbon which George had given her in their early days of courtship, and which he loved to see her wear; and tying on her little straw bonnet trimmed with the same becoming color, she paused for a moment with pardonable vanity before the little mirror which hung against the wall. "Oh! I hope George will not think me very much changed," she murmured to herself. "He used to call me his rose—alas! the rose has left my cheek. Will he love me still, when he sees how pale and thin I have grown? They say that the love of man vanishes with the beauty which gave it birth; but I will not wrong my lover by such unworthy thoughts. Has it not been my love for him that has so changed me? I will not think of it," and she turned with a sigh away.

Yet surely never mirror reflected so lovely a form and face as the one in that little chamber. Lucilla had exchanged the little blue stiff petticoat for the only article of wedding finery that was the purchase of her own money; and clad in a snow-white skirt and short-gown, neatly bordered with plaited ruffles, her little straw bonnet and her small white shawl carelessly folded around her figure, she looked like one adorned for a bride. A more beautiful creature never won the love of man than that fair girl, and she did her lover but justice when she thought that the paleness which had displaced the rose on her cheek, would but the more endear her to him.

She stepped softly down the stairs and from the house, and hastened on her way. As she was emerging from a wood through which the road passed just at the entrance of the village, she was startled by the appearance of a man approaching her, but her alarm gave place to a cry of joyful surprise, as recognizing her lover, she threw herself into his arms.

George folded her to his heart as he exclaimed, "Lucy! my own Lucy! am I then so blessed?"

"Then you do love still," whispered Lucy, smiling through her tears.

"Have you doubted my faith, naughty one?" replied George, as he kissed the tears from her cheek. "But how thin you are, my poor Lucy," he continued, as he led her into the moonlight; "is it possible they have made you suffer so much?"

"Let the past be forgotten, George," she said; "I am now repaid for all my sufferings. Do you know that I trembled lest you should be changed, and that I should meet you only to return home more wretched than before."

"You did me injustice, Lucy," he replied. "Do

you think that I could have borne my banishment from you, had I not hoped—had I not known that you would yet be my bride. I tell you, Lucy, that had you stood before the altar on the fatal morrow, even there, in the face of the whole congregation, would I have forbidden the banns, and claimed you as my own. Come, dearest," he continued, "I have made a confidant of the good old judge, and he even now awaits us. I have looked with hope, nay, almost certainty for this hour. A few moments will place you under my care and protection forever; can you give yourself to me with perfect confidence, dearest?"

"Can I not?" whispered the blushing girl, as she looked trustingly in his face. "But, George, you must know my reasons for this step, and you only; for it involves the reputation of one, whom I ought to respect and love. I can trust you."

"Yes, I will be silent as the grave," he said.

She then related to him all that she had heard that afternoon, and his indignation knew no bounds.

"She is my mother," said Lucilla entreatingly.

"I know it, dearest, but does she deserve the name. To sell her only child, and to such a man?"

"But, George," said Lucy imploringly, "you know it was a great temptation. You have never experienced the great reverses to which she has been subjected. It is a hard thing, George, to be reduced from affluence to abject poverty. It was not so great a trial to me, for I was young and able to endure hardships; while my poor mother, mortified and chagrined by the neglect of those she called her friends, and with a delicate constitution, was daily sinking under her afflictions. George, you must promise me one thing, or I return this night to my own home, to become the wife of Sherman."

"I will promise you anything, Lucy, only do not name that wretch. What do you desire?"

"That my mother shall have a home with us, and that she shall never suspect that we have learned her secret. It must be so," she said, as George hesitated for a moment.

"It shall be so, Lucy," he replied, "and I love and honor you the more for your request. Your mother shall be my mother, and we will make every effort to render her so happy that she shall rejoice in the hour in which you became my wife. Are you satisfied, dearest?"

"Oh! yes, I am only too happy," she said, as laying her hand on his shoulder she burst into tears.

The judge and his good lady welcomed her as a beloved daughter, and it was with tears of pleasure dimming his eyes that Judge H— pronounced the words which made her the wife of the proud and happy George Fowler.

The next morning Mrs. Minor was visited by Judge H——, who disclosed to her the news of her daughter's marriage, and at the same time informed her of the fact, that the night previous, he had adopted Fowler as his son and heir. Mrs. Minor was silenced. She lived many years, and with tears both of pleasure and contrition confessed to her children her wicked selfishness when she would have sacrificed her sweet daughter to the rich Sherman; and rejoiced that her designs had been frustrated, and blessed the hour that gave her the noble-hearted George Fowler for a son-in-law.

Mr. Sherman received, on the morning of his wedding day, instead of his bride, a bundle containing all the articles which he had provided for his future wife; and a polite note from Fowler regretting the trouble and expense to which he had been put, but assuring him that he must consider himself fully remunerated by the bright hopes, with which, for a few weeks, he had been flattered.

He did not grieve long for Lucilla's loss, but soon found another and more willing bride; and report did say that he chose a maiden of Lucilla's height and form, so that he rather gained than lost by his disappointment. For the garments prepared by the fair hands of Lucilla exactly fitted the form of his new wife.

THE POETRY

OF LOVE, JOY AND GRIEF.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

To hang upon his looks by day,
To think all things he does are right;
To heed whatever he may say,
And do it with a fond delight;
To make each thought of him thy sigh;
To love him next to God above,
And dream that he can never die—
This is the POETRY OF LOVE.

To think him, absent, by thy side;
To cheer his grief with whispers gay;
To love him as when first his bride,
And think each one thy bridal day;
To live thro' life unchanged in years,
With love that Time cannot destroy,
And have each thought express'd in tears—
This is the POETRY OF JOY.

To sit down by his dying bed,
To count each pulse, to feel each pain;
To love him after he is dead,
And never more to smile again;
To love him *after* as *before*;
To find his grave thy sole relief,
And weep for him forever more—
This is the POETRY OF GRIEF.

CLARA CLAYTON;

OR, "QUI MAL FAIT, MAL TROUVERA."

BY W. E. RIANHARD.

CHAPTER I.

"AMBITION'S meteor glittering in his eyes,
Toward the treacherous glare he madly flies;
Urg'd on by hope of fortune, power and fame,
And anxious for the jingling of a name.
Lo! on the tide of popular applause
He proudly floats, secure to win his cause;
With favoring gale he almost gains the shore,
Then bursts the storm, he sinks and all is o'er."
— ULSSTER BARD.

It was a bright and beautiful morning in the "leafy month of June." The soft summer wind swept lightly over the face of Nature, kissing the liquid dew-drop that sparkled on every leaf, or mingling its warm breathings with the sweet perfumes of myriads of wild flowers; while the lark sang clear and high, as he put forth his sweetest trills and cadence to welcome the first rays of the morning sun, now just peeping above the horizon, and burnishing with gold the tops of the many tall tulip trees and stately elms, that graced the banks of a beautiful little stream which winds its way, with many a graceful bend, through one of the most fertile regions of the south-west, contributing its little mite into the broad bosom of "La Belle Riviere."

Near a spot endeared to us by many pleasing recollections of by-gone days, (known by residents as the "Old Beaver Dam,") seated on the trunk of an immense fallen tree, were two forms; and as they are destined to take some share in our little narrative, we think they are entitled to, at least, a rough sketch.

One of these we will call "Uncle Charles"—as black as the ace of spades, as polite as a French dancing master, and possessing a flow of language that would put many a sprig of oratory to the blush. He was a favorite of all, particularly with the élite, by whom he was considered the very quintessence of a waiter, or the very "Bogle" of a ball-room. His companion was no less celebrated in his line. There was a joyous expression in his large, full eye, as it shone, from under his broad-brimmed wool hat, that gave evidence of his being "on hand" for that day. He was in his shirt sleeves, and his lower extremities were completely buried in the fulness of a pair of a linsey-woolsey inexpressibles, which were patched and repatched until it would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer to have told their original color; but their ample folds ill concealed a *set of understandings* that would have made awful havoc in a meadow

or corn field. Over his brawny arm was slung a green bag, from the end of which projected the well worn handle of a fiddle bow, which at once gave evidence of his occupation; for he was no less a personage than "Uncle Bristow," the fiddler of a hundred barbecues, whose enlivening "grey eagle" or "Jimmy git your hoe cake done," caused many young hearts to look upon him as the only medium through which to arrive at mirth and jollity. After a pause of some moments, our ebony son of Apollo was the first to break silence.

"Uncle Charles, de nigger fiddlers in town gettin' so high now dat dey don't play nothin' but what dey calls de 'Crack'd-coverin',' and de 'Cow-choker,' dat somebody dance at de 'talian uprour. And den de ladies gittin' so dat dey jist walks thro' all de figers, and piles on what de gemmans calls de 'French agony,' and de 'Grecian bend,' and curt'sies down, every now and den, berry slow jist like a pump-handle faintin'—I don't call dat no dancin' myself—I likes to see dem 'git up' and 'wing.'"

"Dat is a wery deniable fact, Uncle Bristow—but you see, dem dat 'sociates deyselfes wid de expulsions ob fashionable 'siety must be governated by de special jurisdictions ob de circle in which dey resolves. Now to 'splain dis wid forcibility, I would say, dat if de dictates ob de high 'ton' frog-nosticated dat you was white—you would be as white as de lilly ob de valley, in de abstrac' 'ceptation ob de term—while, at de same time, in de lit'ral 'ceptation ob de term, your big black face would put de raven wings ob de holy hour ob midnight to de blush."

"Dat is desactly de case, Uncle Charley. But dis gwine to be a warm day."

"Yes, Uncle Bristow; dis is gwine to be one ob dem extortionate days dat werry often come under de special observation ob de people, dat dwells under de sublimated genifluxions ob de southern atmospherical. De system ob de solar is so arranged dat de sun always come nearer to de earth in de summer month, to 'sperience warmer longimitude, which fully accounts for de uncoun-table heat ob de dog days."

"Ah! dem is my ideas desactly, Uncle Charles. And I hab hear ob massa say dat 'de thermopoly hab lowered upward ob nero,' and I does b'lieve dat birds ob dat kind flies high in de hot weather. And I have often noticed myself dat it is inwairibly warmer in de summer months dan in de winter time—but I cant 'scourse on de 'casions ob de seasons like you does—you is a talkin' black man, Uncle Charley, suah."

"Dat I is—but you knows Uncle Bris, dat I was always wery observatin' in my disposition—

and dat I has always had de most diabolical disadvantages ob sociatin' in de fust class ob de people. And den dare is Massa Edward Ardley, who hab always much satisfaction in 'culcatin' de profects ob de dictationary into my 'sconcelar organ."

"Scuse de misruption, Uncle Charley. But Massa Edward is de bes young gemman dat I knows. Many a night we trabel these woods; he lub huntin' like little pig lub butter-milk. But de las winter he no holler loud and clar at de dogs, but talk soft, and seem lemancholy and abstrac', and sometimes stop short when de dogs hab tree de 'coon, and say he gwine home."

"Ah! dat is de main pint, Uncle Bristow. I hab judge ob de conundibilities ob de human heart by de sensations dat I has 'sperienced in my own. I knows dat you has circuminspection to de exper-lative degree, Uncle Bris, and dat you dis day will be ocularly dismontrafied ob de special gravitation ob Massa Edward's system. But here dey comes now—and you see—he way behind wid Miss Clara Clayton on he arm—he not gravitatus now. But I hears de old folks say dat she not half good 'nough for him—she indubitably extortionate in de dressin' system."

"Well! here we are at last," exclaimed the enthusiastic Edward Ardley. "What a scene for a painter! How beautiful are our own western forests—see! what a glorious cluster of grape-vines, and how gracefully they twine around the trunks of those giant elms, clinging to them for life and support like a fond and gentle woman to the strong form of man. Kentucky has ever been jutely celebrated for her tall trees and beautiful women, and——"

"Now, Edward! don't go off in one of your meditative moods," interrupted Clara Clayton. "To be sure there is much truth in the latter part of your speech, as the many bright eyes around us will bear witness, or the many fairy forms, such as Moore says,

'Nature moulds when she would vie
With fancy's pencil, and give birth to things
Lovely beyond its fairest picturings.'

Oh, yes! we Kentucky girls have vanity enough to believe that. But, for 'tall trees,' 'verdant fields,' 'running brooks,' or the many other things which poets have 'harped upon' for so many ages, I have a decided aversion; talk about

'Treading the morning dews, and gathering in their prime
Fresh blooming flowers, to grace my braided hair.'

No! no! such things savor too much of rusticity for me. Your 'pearly dew-drops' have completely ruined my once beautiful light silk

gaiters, look at them now! and tell me if the few stiff, wild flowers you have stuck in the side of my head will remunerate my sad loss! These are 'rural felicities'—how ridiculous and absurd! Give me the city and the nicely swept 'trottoir,' where a gay and giddy creature can trip along without being in momentary fear of spoiling a pretty silk skirt with stains of the horrid pokeberry, or ruining a pretty boot with the nasty grass, wet, as you say, with 'sweet meadow dew.' For the wealth of Cræsus I would not be a farmer's wife, and be continually subject to such inconveniences."

"Nay! dear Clara, put aside such thoughts, at least for the present: to me they are indeed painful. But see! our friends are already forming for a reel. Give me that long coveted hand."

Clara Clayton was the sole child of wealthy and indulgent parents, whose only happiness was to see each wish of her heart gratified. Clara was no angel, but that better thing—a lovely woman. She was born with all the genuine feelings of her sex, and possessed a heart capable of the liveliest and warmest affection. She had all the softness, pliancy, and impetuous tenderness of woman's nature, and alas! many of her foibles. Yes! the beautiful Clara Clayton had failings. The seeds of ambition were sown in her heart. Possessing sparkling wit, a beautiful and intelligent face, a faultless and commanding figure, displaying in each beautifully rounded limb Hogarth's line of beauty and grace—these, united with every accomplishment, and the immense wealth of her father, made her the shrine at which every slave of fashion bowed in humble adoration.

Her companion was the son of a farmer of good circumstances, and had been taught practically those useful lessons in husbandry which too many are content to learn in theory. He possessed brilliant talents, a highly cultivated mind, and a noble and confiding disposition. He was quick, almost to a fault, but keenly alive to the feelings of others, following on all occasions the dictates of a warm and generous heart. These qualities, united with a strikingly handsome face, and a symmetrical, though slight person, were indisputable passports to the hearts of all classes. Edward Ardley and Clara Clayton had been affianced for years—they had met and loved as children. She had loved him, as a boy, for his frank and manly qualities, for his bold and skilful horsemanship, or for the many deeds of daring, in which he invariably took the lead. And he had loved her, as a girl, for her light and graceful dancing, her witty retort, for the sweetness of her voice, or for the exquisite touches of her fairy fingers, as they swept over the chords

of the harp or guitar. Their young love had grown with their growth, and strengthened with their strength, until it had become a "pleasant yet a fearful thing," a very part of their existence.

She had ever indulged the fond hope of winning him from his much loved plough to a city life, and had, at various times, used all her arts and soft persuasions with little or no effect, but on the present occasion had resolved to do so at all hazards or relinquish him forever.

And, gentle reader, was he blind to this prominent feature in her disposition? No! he had long watched, with feelings of pain and regret, the all-absorbing passion of ambition as it sped its onward course with fearful rapidity, swallowing up, like some fell demon, all other better and gentler emotions of her heart. Still he loved her fondly, and entertained the happy idea that, in the innermost recesses of her heart, were hidden treasures that still remained bright and untarnished, and that, away from the giddy vortex of the gay city, the quiet home-pleasures of domestic life would bring forth those bright and ever-during qualities of the heart which outlive the reign of fashion and folly, and grow brighter and fresher as the years of life roll away. Alas! little did he know her heart.

We left our friends preparing for the dance—let us return to them.

"Yes! Edward. I will give you my hand for this dance, and would willingly be your partner through the grand cotillion of life—provided the set were formed under the canopy of a gas-illuminated ceiling and on a bona fide Brussels, and not on what your country loving poets are pleased to style the 'velvet carpeting of nature.' But we will speak more fully on that subject in the course of the day, that is, if I survive this dance, for it appears to me in those all-beginning, never-ending country dances of yours, that

'Each strives to win renown

By holding out to tire each other down.'

Oh! for a Strauss' waltz, or a gallop from 'La Bayadere'—your grotesque specimen of a musician is continually sawing away at 'Jim along Josey,' or some such vulgar air, fit only for the 'canaille,' the very thought of them are enough to put ones hair all out of curl, and make it stand 'like bristles on the fretful porcupine.'"

"Were those vulgar airs, dear Clara, the productions of some *fashionable* composer you would think differently: you remember how much you disliked the *vulgar* air of 'Lucy Long' until you discovered it was by your much admired Bellini."

"Come, sir! right hand across, Miss De Barry awaits your hand—how provoking," she said aside, "to be foiled with ones own weapons!"

We will not follow our friends through the dance. But after many a jig, reel and contra-dance, find our little party scattered around in various groups. Some were listening to the incessant chatterings of the noisy grey squirrel, or watching the antics of myriads of minnows as they sported and skimmed over the surface of the calm, clear water; and others were partaking with unfeigned appetites of the many good things of this life that each ladye fayre had bountifully contributed for the occasion.

"Ladies," exclaimed Uncle Charles, "I has concocted some berry melodious lemonade, dat I has most bountifully infected wid de profects ob port wine and frigi-osity, and I tink a little taken bodiaciously would fully exasperate de excrescences ob dat diurnal cylindric luminary dat is hanging high in de heavens, shedding be refulgent rays wid so much vigorosity dat he 'casion all who be light upon specially, to perspiration wid much free-osity. And den here is some berry unconstitutionable and berry deniable sand-witches dat hab been expatiated by de lilly white hands ob Miss Emily De Barry herself."

"Oh! for shame, Uncle Charles, you are becoming very much of a flatterer, but I see how it is, my *delectable* cousin Edward has been particularly attentive to that branch of your education—but here he comes to answer for himself."

"Excuse me, Emily! for interrupting your *tête-à-tête* with Uncle Charles, but what were you saying of me?"

"Oh! nothing—only that I don't wonder that Miss Clayton finds you irresistible—you look remarkably well to-day, your raven locks form an admirable contrast with your white panama—your 'tis' is exquisite too—and the collar *killing*—quite 'a la Byron,' I declare."

"Well! really Emily, you are the most incorrigible creature I know, and were I not aware of the depths and many beauties of your fine mind, I would at once set you down as a rattle-brain or a mad-cap—you are a dear lover of flowers, Emily, here is a fine field for you—surely! these are the banks 'whereon the nodding violets blows,' we only need the 'wild thyme' now to complete the illusion. We might then imagine ourselves strolling on the very banks the immortal Shakespeare knew."

"Very true, cousin Edward, particularly as we have already had no small share of 'dances and delight.' But upon investigation I find that the absence of 'thyme' is easily accounted for. It has stolen noiselessly away. But, oh! do give me that beautiful bunch of violets you have in your hand. How I love them! They speak of modesty—and justly too—yes!

'I do love violets,
They tell the history of woman's love;
They open with the earliest breath of spring,
Lead a sweet life of perfume, dew and light,
And then they perish with a sigh,
Delicious as that life.'

Ah, yes! sweet little flowers ye perish—and so it is with all things—they are bright and beautiful a little while, and then they pass away. What a beautiful spot this is! In every leaf and flower we find a tongue that teaches us with mute eloquence those beautiful and sublime lessons which are so well calculated to direct the mind to God, and to make every heart a meek temple of religion."

"Yes! beautiful enthusiast. In contemplating such scenes the heart naturally turns from Nature to its divine author. The sweet warblings of the wild summer birds—the soft, low murmurings of the gentle stream—or the modest grace of the humble wild flowers, all speak in eloquent tones of the unbounded love and wisdom of that great and incomprehensible Being who governs and directs all things. How beautiful in theory are the ideas of the untutored Indian, who, knowing no God, seeks one in nature—and finds it in your glorious orb of day."

"On that point, cousin Edward, I do not exactly agree with you. Theoretically or practically I have a most decided aversion to anything like idolatry. You will, therefore, excuse me if I leave you, for here comes Clara Clayton, and I would not see you practically engaged in that which you consider so beautiful in theory. And you know the old proverb says, that 'three is ay sonsey.'"

"Well, Edward!" said Clara approaching, "as usual, you and that giddy cousin of yours are ever strolling off together, to admire some wild, outlandish spot, or some miserable excuse of a flower. In that respect your hearts seem to beat in perfect unison, and for ought I know in many others; in fact, of late I have been more than half inclined to look upon her as a very formidable rival."

"Nay! my fair Clara. You do me great injustice. Emily is but a mere child—scarcely seventeen. Yet in many respects she is not young—though to a casual observer she appears so—she has all the artlessness of a child, with much of the sound judgment of maturer years."

"And I have no doubt, sir, she entertains the same exalted opinions of yourself. I have ever looked upon Emily De Barry as a wild rattle brain. But I am generally contented with glancing at the surface of things; while you, on the contrary, seem particularly happy in fathoming their depths. In fact, Edward, we differ essentially on many particulars, so much so that as husband and wife I fear we will be a very ill-assorted pair. In regard

to that I have much to say, and to that alone are you indebted for the pleasure of my company to-day, and if I know myself I shall never again be one of a party of this kind. My antipathy to any thing that is rural is becoming so great that I have resolved upon telling you to-day that if you still persist on remaining in the country you forfeit all claims to my hand. If you love me as you say you do, you will act accordingly. I may be weak in many points, but in this I am decided."

"You amaze me, Clara, you know not what you ask, ask any other sacrifice and I will make it for your sake, but this would be folly—madness. I have ever loved my pursuit. I know no other. My fortune is not large enough to enter into business in the city without disposing of my farm. In mercantile affairs I would be a mere child, and with all my means invested in a business I knew nothing about, failure and ruin must inevitably follow."

"But you forget, Edward, my father's great wealth. At his death my fortune will be sufficient for us to live in magnificent style, and then, if you are so disposed, you can retire from business altogether."

"Ah! Clara, you are now grasping at a bubble that may burst ere you reach it. Your father's affairs are even now in a very precarious situation. He has been eagerly engaged in the ruinous speculations of the day, and without a speedy change in affairs, the great depreciation of stocks and real estate, and his large amount of endorsements, may soon add another name to the list that is daily, yes! almost hourly, filling up with awful rapidity."

"There you are at fault, Edward. My father's tact and business capacities, and his acknowledged skill in financiering, will enable him to bear up against the storm that now hovers over him, and finally come off triumphantly—that gives me little or no uneasiness."

"I hope that I am wrong in my conclusions, Clara! but I fear not. Yet let us return to our subject. Have you considered well the step you are about to take? or is it one of your thousand freaks? Your dislike for the country is unreasonable, and you have nothing whatever but a false taste for the hollow baubles of fashion and folly to justify you in your opinions, or rather prejudices. My place is but a short distance from the city. You will have plenty of servants, and the carriage ever at your command, consequently you will not be debarred the pleasure of visiting your friends whenever you feel disposed. In a little while you will be contented and happy away from the giddy throng, and learn to look upon nature with feelings of delight and satisfaction. Try it

for one year, and at the expiration of that time, if I find your health or your spirits the least impaired, I will sacrifice everything and move to the city."

"Gracious Heavens! Edward, a whole year in the country. The very idea is horrible. Why I would die of *ennui* in less than a month! I know I could never become reconciled to retirement, and besides that I do not take pleasure in watching the growth of vegetation as you do, or find companionship in the song of birds, or the many voices with which nature is said to be gifted. There may be 'a beauty in the leaf and a glory in the flower,' but it is too tame for me. Give me the flashing lights, the thrilling music, and the wild excitement of the opera or the ball-room! They constitute the sphere in which I would ever shine, and *will* do so at all hazards. And if you are still strong in your determination not to gratify me, you must seek elsewhere for a companion, and owe the consequences to your own perverseness."

"Heartless, unfeeling girl! To you I owe the first drop of bitterness in the sweet cup of life. But it is ever thus in life. A thought of bliss breaks off to give place to a fancy of horror, and the fragments of happiness and discomfort lie mingled together in our path. The monuments of man's blessedness and of man's wretchedness are so close together that we rarely look for the one without discovering the other. Ah! rash girl, bitterly will you repent the step that ambition and folly have prompted you to take."

"Scuse de interruption, Miss Clara and Massa Edward, but de sun hab gone down to him rest 'neath de 'rizon ob de western country, and de shadows ob de night is fast respellin' de dews ob de meliflows—de carriages are in a most perfect state ob anxious wait-ation, and de balance ob de ladies and gemmans hab committed me to de difficulty terpitation ob 'prizin' you dat dey only waits de pleasure-ability ob your company for de brakin' up ob de days festivals."

CHAPTER II.

"Oh! rest thee in thy green-turf grave,
There is no sorrow there;
For entomb'd within, the wretched have
A freedom from despair." MONTGOMERY.

A few short weeks had flown, and we find Clara Clayton in her chamber, seated on an elegantly cushioned chair, with one arm resting on a table, scattered promiscuously with costly laces and rich jewellery, which had been negligently thrown aside after the ball of the preceding evening, while the small delicate hand, "white as the driven snow," held in its taper fingers an open note. Her beautiful eyes were downcast, and the long, fringe-like lashes were wet with tears.

"Yes! these are the first bitter tears I have ever wept, I feel as though some sad spirit had touched the fount and turned them into gall. And here is Edward's note too, enclosing my ring—his I shall ever keep—yes! little treasure, I will wear you till my dying day! 'Twas the first pledge of early love—would to heaven I could recall him—but no, my pride forbids it—what a strange note too—the only words '*Qui mal fait, mal trouvera*,' are continually ringing in my ears. Already I feel those prophetic words will be fearfully fulfilled. Yesterday, our private box was disposed of, and to-day, our beautiful carriage and horses are to meet the same fate, and ma is continually preaching economy, a thing I have never dreamed of. How beautiful those emeralds look!—come hither ye pretty things—ye were the envy and admiration of each beau and belle last night—Henry Merlin admires ye too, and thinks ye become my dark tresses admirably. He is really a splendid fellow—a man of fashion too—has travelled, and has, I think, decidedly *Pair distingué*—he is immensely wealthy too, they say, and has more than half proposed—and why should I think of the past? I have sacrificed love to ambition, and have now a deep game to play, but having the advantage of the move, with skilful manœuvring must inevitably come off winner.

"Let me see! To-day, I ride with him—at twelve his magnificent turn out will be at the door—four blood bays and liveried servants—truly! an establishment worthy of a queen. I don't know why pa and ma dislike him so much—I'm sure I don't. But I must make my toilet."

"Well! my truant cousin," exclaimed Emily De Barry. "To what kind spirit are we indebted for this unexpected pleasure this morning? You outrageous fellow! you have not been near us for two months. But have you heard the news this morning?"

"If you allude to the failure of Mr. Clayton, Emily, I have. I heard it whispered some days ago, but as I have just come to town I have heard nothing more this morning."

"Why! ignorant *Mister* Ardley! You are then not aware that your old flame Clara Clayton has eloped with the handsome gambler Merlin! It has created quite a sensation among the fashionables, and I have no doubt will be the theme of 'small talk' for a long time."

"That is indeed news, Emily. Poor girl! my heart bleeds for her and her parents; at this time they are but ill prepared for a shock so dreadful as a daughter's disobedience. But I cannot say that I am very much astonished at her conduct, knowing her as I do. Merlin is a handsome, dashing fellow,

and is reputed to be immensely wealthy. If he is so in reality she will have a fine field wherein to gratify her love of show. I am much more surprised that a man like Merlin, with the stigma of gambler attached to his name, should be taken by the hand and admitted into society as he has been."

"That is equally astonishing to me, Edward. I have ever looked upon Merlin and his ill-gotten wealth with feelings of indescribable horror. But if a man has wealth, society is ever apt to look with a lenient eye on his *little* indiscretions, while men of sterling worth and integrity, but of moderate means, are shut out from its exclusive circles."

"That is very true, dear Emily, but my time will not admit our discussing the merits and demerits of society this morning. I have much to attend to in the city to-day, and merely called to inform you that my father has received letters from the east, relative to some business of my uncle, who is now in England. Consequently as soon as practicable I will leave for New York, and shall, in all probability, be obliged to cross the Atlantic. If such be the case my absence may be of some duration, as I shall take advantage of the opportunity to visit 'La Belle France' and Italy, tread the classic shores of the Mediterranean, stand upon the 'Bridge of Sighs,' pass the 'Gate of Tears,' pluck the sweet rose in the land of Syria, or the blue lotus on the 'happy Banks of Ganges.'"

"And I, Edward, (as I cannot, like the sweet maidens where those crystal waters flow, light the cocoa lamp for your safety;) will offer many a fervent prayer to high heaven for your protection, and—I was going to say speedy return. But travel may make you forget us."

"Never—never will I forget, for an instant, the fairest and sweetest flower that ever sprung from her soil. I must say adieu to-day, and in a few days will come to bid you my final farewell."

Three years after the commencement of our narrative, stretched upon a rude pallet in a miserable hovel, we find the sad wreck of the once beautiful and gay Mrs. Merlin. The sunken eye, the pallid cheek, the shrivelled limbs, and the hollow cough, all told too plainly that disease had been busy there. By her side were Edward Ardley and his fair cousin Emily De Barry, now his affianced wife.

"And you did not know, Edward," resumed Mrs. Merlin, "that Henry was dead? Yes! he has gone. After the loss of all his fortune at the race-courses, gambling-houses, and other sinks of iniquity in New Orleans, we removed to Natchez, where he became a miserable drunkard, and the scanty means I had accumulated with the aid of my needle, were, with horrid oaths and imprecations, wrung from me, from day to day, for the

means to gratify his beastly appetites. One night I refused him—oh, God! that I had died ere that night—and he struck me. He then left the house for his usual haunts of crime and debauchery, and was that night cruelly beaten and murdered by one of his companions in guilt. They say I am mad, Edward—but no, I am not mad—'tis those fearful words, '*Qui mal fait, mal trouvera*' that torture and rack my brain—sleeping or waking they ever haunt me like some foul fiend, grinning and exulting at the agonies of a victim who cannot escape him. Terribly indeed have those prophetic words been fulfilled. And when this frail body is gathered to the dust, let those words alone, without name or date, mark the grave of Clara Merlin, the gambler's wife. Take this ring, Emily, wear it for my sake, it is the first gift of the only man I ever loved. Let it ever be to you a guide and a talisman. And when you hear the sweet seductive tones of ambition's or folly's voice, look upon it and think of the melancholy end of the once happy Clara Clayton. I do not hope that the history of my past life may interest, but it may prove beneficial and instructive to all who place their affections on the hollow, gilded baubles of this world.

"I feel that I can last but a little while longer, but I will die with a full assurance of the mercy and goodness of Him, who, in the beautiful language of the Psalmist, 'will hear me from his holy heaven: the salvation of his right hand is strong and mighty to save them that trust in Him.'"

Old time stalks on with rapid strides; years have rolled away, and all that remains to tell the sad history of the victim of ambition is a plain white tomb-stone, that lifts its modest head in a retired spot not far distant from the "City of the Falls," whereon is the simple inscription, "*Qui mal fait, mal trouvera.*"

THE INVITATION.

PARAPHRASED FROM SAPHO.

BY O. H. MILDEBERGER.

Oh! Venus, thou celestial fair!
On silken pinions light as air,
Come to my cottage, wing your way
Just at the closing of the day:
There unto scenes of joy awake,
And of the richest fruits partake:
You'll see the brimming goblet shine
With nectar from the choicest wine:
Come—quickly come—the guests are few,
They burn to gain a sight of you,
For there, sweet goddess none you'll see
Save friends of Venus and of me.

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WHO IS SHE?

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"But who is she?" asked my stately aunt, with an incredulous stare, as I paused out of breath after expatiating on the accomplishments and good qualities of my friend Amy Bowlby, to whom my cousin Tom was paying, what we young ladies thought, very particular attentions. "I hope Thomas won't think of disgracing the family by any improper connection."

Who was she? For the first time in my life I was at a loss for an answer to a question about Amy. Who was she? In all my acquaintance with her I had never thought of making this enquiry. I knew she was sweet-tempered, lovely and accomplished—that her father was a shop-keeper in comfortable though not wealthy circumstances, and that he was considered one of the most worthy men in the place. What more need I know? Whether her ancestors were rich or poor, gentle or not, was a question that had never troubled me.

But my aunt had different views. She was descended from a family which had come over with the earliest settlers and taken up a patent for a large tract of land, that still sufficed for the support of the descendants of the original proprietor, the value of the property having increased in an exact ratio with his family. In the present generation the estate had, for the first time, ceased to be sufficient for the luxuries of his many descendants, so that the portion which fell to my aunt barely afforded her a comfortable subsistence. But with the near approach of poverty her family pride increased, dimming her many excellent qualities.

"I don't know indeed," I answered, after an embarrassing silence, but determined to stand by my friend, "what Amy's family originally was, but I know her to be an estimable girl, her father a worthy man and all her relatives excellent people. In this country where 'worth makes the man' that is surely enough."

"I am astonished to hear you say so, child," replied my aunt, nervously wiping her spectacles, "I never knew any one of *our* family to hold such sentiments before. You ought to know that birth and family are sure guarantees of education, and education, even you will admit, is what makes the man."

I would have withdrawn from the discussion had the speaker been any one but aunt Mary; but she had a good heart and I knew she would hear me without offence. So I resolved to defend Amy.

"But aunt Mary," I said, "cannot persons be properly educated even if their family has been

poor or ignoble. You know you have often said that the education of the heart is of more importance than the cultivation of the intellect. Now a poor man can bring up his children to practise morality even if he can't afford to give them an expensive education in schools."

"Very true," said my aunt, a little staggered and wiping her spectacles hurriedly, "very true, but though a child thus brought up may make a very good person and fill his or her station in society decorously, yet such an individual is not fit for the society of ladies or gentlemen, owing to the want of those accomplishments and other acquirements which are always found in the best circles."

"But suppose I find you a person who, though of a poor family, has such acquirements—what then?"

"Why, if it was one of our sex, she would be a prodigy. A man may and in this country often does rise. Still neither a man nor woman, if brought up out of good society, can ever acquire finished manners. It's impossible."

"There, my dear aunt, I differ with you. 'Grace and refinement come by nature, though susceptible of improvement,' is the substance of a remark I have met somewhere in my late reading. And, in the circle of our acquaintance, I can find numerous examples of the truth of the observation. There is Harry Conway, who is of a rich family and has had the best education, yet where will you find a more vulgar man? There, too, is Sally Vernon, the rich heiress—she is conceited, impertinent and awkward. Yet she has been educated in Paris. Look at George Stanforth—he cares only for his horses and neglects his sweet wife! Do you call him a gentleman?"

"There is some truth in what you say, but these exceptions don't disprove the rule. Generally, my dear niece, you will find no person, except one of family, *can* be a gentleman or lady. I've lived in this world thirty years longer than you have, and ought to know more of the matter than a young person."

This was the reply which aunt Mary always gave when she had no more to say, so I wisely turned the conversation. But I secretly resolved to find out what I could of Amy's family, and if it should happen to be what my aunt considered *genteel*, to tell her so at the earliest opportunity in order to have my revenge on her for disparaging my friend. An opportunity soon occurred. My cousin Tom had already engaged himself to Amy, and the next day made me his confidant, for he expected a general opposition on the part of his aunts and wished to secure an ally. But to do Tom justice he wished to conciliate his family

only for the sake of peace. For himself he was indifferent whether they thought his match suitable or not. He was, in his own right, master of a fortune—the best in the family—and he had early learned to think for himself.

"Amy is every way fitted to make me a good wife, and her family is highly respectable—what more need I ask for?" he said, "I believe she is descended from a noble race—but that I care nothing about. I intend to take the broad ground that personal qualities are sufficient provided the lady's family is respectable."

I gave Tom my assurance that I would take his part when he was absent. The very next morning the tempest burst.

"So," said aunt Mary, "I am told our Tom is really engaged to Amy Bowlby. Tom is his own master and can do as he pleases, but, for my part, I think he is disgracing the family."

Aunt Mary spoke under some excitement, for her prejudices made her feel the affair keenly. One or two of her maiden sisters followed her to the same effect. All looked at me as if I was expected to speak. I did not wish to shrink from the discussion.

"Tom is engaged to Amy," I said decidedly, "he told me so himself. Nor does he think he is *disgracing* the family, and I must say," I continued warmly, "that such an expression might have been spared in my presence, considering the friendship existing between Amy and myself."

"It was hasty, my child, I confess," kindly said aunt Mary, "but then though Amy may make you an excellent friend, it don't follow that she will make Tom a good wife."

"Why not?" said I. "Amy is sweet-tempered, accomplished, of a good person and handsome face, and loves Tom distractedly. What more does it require to constitute, not only a good wife, but one for a man to be proud of? Your only objection to Amy is that her father keeps a retail store instead of being an importer or commission merchant."

"And a very good reason," responded one of my aunts, who had aunt Mary's prejudices without her good sense. "Who wants, I ask, to visit a shopkeeper's family and have to go through the store down stairs to get to the parlor on the second floor?"

"That isn't the case at Mr. Bowlby's—besides, if it was, I don't see how it would make him or his family either better or worse."

"But," interposed aunt Mary, anxious to place the discussion on what she thought its strongest grounds, "you can't get over Miss Bowlby's family. They are nobodies. Now we have been among the gentry ever since our great-great-grandfather came from England. Tom ought to keep up the

importance of the family by marrying into one equally as old."

"You know we talked of this matter," I responded, "some days ago, and stopped at last because we found we could never agree about it. Tom says—and I think he is right—that if a girl's family is respectable and she herself worthy, it matters little whether her ancestors were kings or peasants, though he says if history is to be believed, the former were the worst men, and if any preference is to be given, it should be to the descendants of the latter. Now the truth is," I continued maliciously, "that our family, if the traditions in it are true, was originally that of a respectable farmer in England, who sold his property there and bought with the proceeds a large tract of forest land on this side the water."

"Well, but we have been among the gentry ever since," answered aunt Mary warmly, not liking the turn I gave to the conversation.

"Still, we were not always so, my dear aunt," I replied, "and, if we look around us, we shall find that most of the families of our acquaintance have once risen out of nothing, while others have fallen gradually from wealth, rank and consideration into obscurity. Indeed, in this country, it is difficult to find a family which has retained its standing since so late a period even as the settlement, while, prior to that period, the origin of most is lost in obscurity. The vast majority of the adventurers who came here at first were in impoverished, or, at best, middling circumstances—a few were the poor younger sons of decayed families—and still fewer were men of fortune. Even admitting noble birth to be something to be proud of, how few do we find who can really trace their origin to it! I know one indeed——"

"Who?" eagerly asked three of my listeners in a breath.

"Miss Amy Bowlby," I replied demurely, "her great-grandfather was an English earl, and they still bear the family name, though I suppose there is no chance of inheriting the coronet. Amy's mother is from a noble Huguenot family. Misfortune stripped her parents of their wealth, and they left Charleston, where they once lived in the first circles, and established themselves here, considering it a better field in which to find support for themselves and children by honest industry."

I said this with some triumph. Its effect was electric. Not one of the group spoke a word. Aunt Sarah looked at aunt Ellen and both looked at aunt Mary. I was busily occupied in my sewing, or pretended to be so.

"Well, I declare!" at length said aunt Sarah, "I never dreamed of this, and yet I *always*

thought there was something very lady-like in Miss Bowlby."

"We will call on her of course," said aunt Ellen.

Aunt Mary had too much good sense to say anything after the opinions she had expressed. But I saw from her demeanor how much she was mortified at her mistake. She bent her eyes on her knitting and could not look me in the face.

Tom was married before the winter was over, and no one is more popular in our family than THE SHOP-KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

THE UNSTRUNG LYRE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

LOVE! no more, with soul of fire,
Sweep the strings and sound the lyre!
All too wild the sad refrain,
When thy touch awakes the strain:
Thou henceforth must veil thy face
With its blush of childish grace.
Still thy sweet, entrancing tone,
Fold thy wings and weep alone!

Mirth! oh! ne'er again come thou
With thy careless, cloudless brow,
With thy frolic fingers flying
Lightly o'er the lyre replying,
Making music like a smile,
Glisten thro' its strings the while!
Thou and I, gay sprite! must part;
Go thou to some happier heart!

Lyre! amid whose chords my soul,
Lulled by its own music, stole,
Folly, Pride and idle mirth,
Long have turned thy tones to earth;
I will bear thee, hushed and holy,
Changed in heart, and sad and lowly,
Into Nature's mother-breast,
There my lyre and I may rest.

There her harmony shall blend
All its soul with thine, sweet friend!
Silent lie upon her shrine,
Tranced in dreams of love divine,
Till some spirit, lovelier far
Than earth's joy and passion are,
Missioned from its home to thee,
Teach a holier melody!
Then, awaked by airs of Heaven,
Be thy discord all forgiven!

Meekly let thy music low
With Creation's chorus flow,
With the chiming of the spheres
Into listening angels' ears!
Let henceforth thy dearest lays
Be attuned to prayer and praise,
And nought earth-born e'er again
Thee, my pleading lyre, profane!

BARRY CORNWALL.*

It is no easy matter to write a song. A poet, however great his genius, cannot sit down in his study and resolve to compose a lyric with any certainty of success; for it is only when the heart is full and the imagination on fire, that the glowing ideas, directness of purpose and vivid language which characterize the song, come freely. It is for this reason that all the best songs in the language have been either written by persons who are unknown to fame, or flung off, at a white heat, by poets, in moments of lucky inspiration. A lyric should be single in its theme—should go at once to the subject—should never lose sight of the main idea—should be clothed in language appropriate and elegant—and should glow with enthusiasm or melt with tenderness as the subject may demand, but always be interpenetrated, or, as it were, fused with the passion or sentiment. Thus, in that noble lyric of Burns beginning, "Ae fond kiss and then we sever," we find the writer rushes, without prelude, into his theme, as if the agony of his soul could not brook delay nor utter aught but his heart-breaking sorrow. Thus, too, we find that the words and idea glow together like melted lava, carrying us before them with their intense passion. Indeed we know not where to find so perfect an example of what we think a song should be. The four verses of the second stanzas have never been surpassed.

"I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy;
But to see her was to love her,
Love but her, and love forever.
Had we never loved so kindly,
Had we never loved so blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

Some of these days we shall indite a paper on song-writing; for our thoughts are full of the subject, and, night and day, our heart is musical with the lyrics and snatches of lyrics, we have picked up, from the Elizabethan age downward. There was a stateliness and chivalry about the songs of Sidney's time that charm us even now. All through the writings of Shakspeare are scattered beautiful lyrics, like water-lilies gemming a starry lake, pure, delicate, ethereal, and lovely, to our eyes, as virgins. The dramas of his contemporaries abound in random pearls, for those grand old masters were so prodigal of genius that often they flung away, by the road side, jewels which would now be treasured with eager avarice. The

rise of the Puritans was a death-blow to poetry. The old school went out with Charles the first, and a new one came in with his rascal of a son. There were intermediate links, it is true, and, if we had the leisure, we might trace them through this period. But the exquisite delicacy, the chaste simplicity of the Shakspearean lyrics were fast giving way to the glitter and conceit of Charles the second's school. Yet, perhaps, in the interval, appeared the finest songs of the language. Waller is even yet a favorite. Milton's *Comus* is a lyric. Herrick was a lark, singing high in heaven; and his melody swims through the soul till we grow dizzy. Then came Suckling. He was a courtier among courtiers, and a wit among wits. He lived when a smart saying would make a man's fortune, when poetry had lost its earnestness and became a *bel esprit*, when a pensioned king buffooned it among actresses and scoundrels, and made faces at Clarendon in the cabinet. Had Suckling lived fifty years before he might have been as delicate as Shakspeare, but the times control the man, and his songs reflect the age of Nell Gwynne, French fiddlers, and Rochester. Yet what can be finer in its way, or more characteristic of that day, than the lyric, "Pr'ythee why so pale, fond lover!" The last stanzas is the best.

"Cease, cease, for shame!
This cannot move,
This cannot shake her,
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her!
—The devil take her!"

From the age of Pope to that of Burns there were few song-writers. That dreary waste reminds us of a blackened heath which has been burnt by fire. It could afford no sustenance. It was destitute of original genius. The few writers that began to bloom in it sickened and died like plants sown in marble, which put forth a few leaves at first, but perish as soon as the vitality of the seed is exhausted. But with Burns came a new era. Warin from nature, of intense passion yet delicate sentiment, his songs thrilled the vast heart of Scotland until she grew wild with music. Instantly a revolution began. The land rung with lyrics. Before the close of the century more songs had been written than were composed in the ninety preceding years. The fervor of that time will never be forgotten. By mountain glens, in humble cots, at the borders of the forest the lays of Burns were sung, becoming at once household gods and proving how directly he had gone to the hearts of the people.

He was followed by a crowd of emulating, and, in some cases, imitating admirers. "Auld Robin Grey" was anonymously published—a song that will live forever. Hogg soon arose, and who can

* *English songs and other small poems.* By Barry Cornwall. 1 vol. Boston. W. D. Ticknor & Co., 1841.

deny that he has written many fine songs? Campbell's battle lyrics stir the soul like peals of sudden thunder. Allan Cunningham caught the inspiration, and to him we are indebted for many fine lyrics, among them that singularly pathetic ballad. "Its hame, oh! hame, hame fain would I be!" which Sir Walter Scott could never listen to without tears, and which we have heard sung by maidens far from their native land, in accents to melt the coldest heart. In a word, this is the age of Song-writing: and we repeat again that we intend, some of these days, to write a paper on the subject, but not until leisure and inspiration will allow us to do so, "*currente calamo*"—with a pen that burns as it goes.

Who would look for poetry in a lawyer? Yet one of the most delicate song-writers of this century, Barry Cornwall, known in the courts of Westminster as plodding "brother Proctor," is of that crabbed, logical and captious profession. We have his volume now lying on our table, fresh as the white rose beside it, the last and loveliest of October. Barry Cornwall—the friend and eulogizer of Lamb—the poet of sentiment and love—welcome to our sanctum! There is a bond of union between us in that we are both lawyers and rather ashamed to be found anywhere except over a brief. In the seclusion of our study, with the stillness of this golden day around, we will cut the leaves and read.

We have opened at page 64. There is something exquisitely sweet and delicate in the following "song over a child."

Dream, Baby, dream!
The stars are glowing.
Hear'st thou the stream?
'Tis softly flowing.
All gently glide the Hours:
Above, no tempest lowers:
Below, are fragrant flowers
In silence growing.

Sleep, Baby, sleep,
'Till dawn to-morrow!
Why should'st thou weep,
Who know'st not sorrow?
Too soon come pains and fears;
Too soon a cause for tears:
So from thy future years
No sadness borrow!

Dream, Baby, dream!
Thine eyelids quiver.
Know'st thou the theme
Of yon soft river?
It saith "Be calm, be sure,
Unfailing, gentle, pure;
So shall thy life endure,
Like mine, forever!"

We turn to page 97—still by accident—and meet a lyric which is in direct contrast to the former. There is something almost unnaturally savage in "the song of the outcast."

I was born on a winter's morn,
Welcomed to life with hate and scorn,
Torn from a famished mother's side,
Who left me here, with a laugh, and—died;
Left me here, with the curse of life,
To be tossed about in the burning strife,
Linked to nothing, but shame and pain,
Echoing nothing, but man's disdain;
Oh, that I might *again* be born,
With treble my strength of hate and scorn!

I was born by a sudden shock,—
Born by the blow of a ruffian sire,
Given to air, as the blasted rock
Gives out the reddening roaring fire.
My sire was stone; but *my* dark blood
Ran its round like a fiery flood,
Rushing through every tingling vein,
And flaming ever at man's disdain;
Ready to give back, night or morn,
Hate for hate, and scorn for scorn!

They cast me out, in my hungry need,
(A dog, whom none would own nor feed.)
Without a home, without a meal,
And bade me go forth—to slay and steal!
What wonder, God! had my hands been red
With the blood of a host in secret shed!
But no! I fought on the free sea-wave,
And perilled my *life* for my plunder brave,
And never yet shrank, in nerve or breath,
But struck, as the pirate strikes—to death!

And now, like the gentle voice of her you love,
heard at your quiet hearth after the sound of fierce
tempests out of doors, let us listen to a lay of love.

Come—let us go to the land
Where the violets grow!
Let's go thither, hand in hand,
Over the waters, over the snow,
To the land where the sweet, sweet violets blow.

There—in the beautiful South,
Where the sweet flowers lie,
Thou shalt sing, with thy sweeter mouth,
Under the light of the evening sky,
That Love never fades, tho' violets die!

From this delicate little lyric we skip to a poem entitled "A Chamber Scene," warm and breathing love in every amorous verse.

Tread softly through these amorous rooms;
For every bough is hung with life,
And kisses in harmonious strife,
Unloose their sharp and wing'd perfumes!
From Afric, and the Persian looms,
The carpet's silken leaves have sprung,
And heaven, in its blue bounty, flung
These starry flowers, and azure blooms,

Tread softly! By a creature fair
The deity of love reposes,
His red lips open, like the roses
Which round his hyacinthine hair
Hang in crimson coronals;
And Passion fills the arched halls;
And Beauty floats upon the air.

Tread softly—softly, like the foot
Of Winter, shod with fleecy snow,
Who cometh white, and cold, and mute,
Lest he should wake the Spring below.
Oh, look!—for here lie Love and Youth,
Fair Spirits of the heart and mind;
Alas! that one should stray from truth;
And one—be ever, ever, blind!

After that, what so fitting as the little song, on page 146, which is holy as the slumber of an infant.

Softly woo away her breath,
Gentle Death!
Let her leave thee with no strife,
Tender, mournful, murmuring Life;
She hath seen her happy day:
She hath had her bud and blossom:
Now she pales and shrinks away,
Earth, into thy gentle bosom!

She hath done her bidding here,
Angels dear!
Bear her perfect soul above,
Seraph of the skies,—sweet Love!
Good she was, and fair in youth,
And her mind was seen to soar,
And her heart was wed to truth:
Take her, then, for evermore,—
Forever—evermore!

And here is a lyric which has been floating through our mind ever since we first heard it.

I die for thy sweet love! The ground
Not panteth so for summer rain,
As I for one soft look of thine;
And yet—I sigh in vain!

A hundred men are near thee now—
Each one, perhaps, surpassing me:
But who doth feel a thousandth part
Of what I feel for thee?

They look on thee, as men will look,
Who 'round the wild world laugh and rove;
I only think how sweet 't would be
To die for thy sweet love!

We had closed the volume, but it opens of its own accord to page 44, where what is called modestly "A Love Song," pleads for an ear.

Give me but thy heart, though cold;
I ask no more!
Give to others gems and gold;
But leave me poor.
Give to whom thou wilt thy smiles;
Cast o'er others all thy wiles;
But let thy tears flow fast and free,
For me, with me!

Giv'st thou but one look, sweet heart?
A word—no more!
It is Music's sweetest part,
When lips run o'er!
'Tis a part I fain would learn,
So prythee, here thy lessons turn,
And teach me, to the close,
All Love's pleasures—all its woes!

These are but a few of the flowers we might cull, nor do we say they are the choicest; but, as time forbids "our further delectation," we close the book, advising you, friend reader, to purchase it forthwith—if a bachelor, that you may warm your heart with a little sunshine before you go hence, and, if not, that you may read it with your lady-love under the light of her eyes.

The sentiment of many of these lyrics is good; but the execution is often inferior. There is a baldness about some which the author tries to excuse in his preface, although he seems conscious that he pleads a bad cause. We will not argue

with him, but give judgment at once. Had he left the songs to speak for themselves we should have loved him better. A lame defence is far less noble than a frank confession. We may forgive a man for writing trash, if he keeps it from the world, but, when he thrusts it in our face, it is time to use the knout. So, when a good thing is set up for something better than it is, the cheat should receive his need.

But our poet has many qualities to mitigate his sentence. He has a deep sense of the beautiful—a passionate devotion—a heart that vibrates to each of the various emotions of love. He has often a delicacy of sentiment that reminds us of a woman. But he is great in only a single sphere. With him love is omnipotent and he is omnipotent with it. The instant he abandons it, his wand is broken and the enchanter is powerless. * * *

THE WEARY SPIRIT.

THERE was a time, a joyous time, when to the willing lyre

The spirit of the bard could sing his songs of youthful fire,

Love, Beauty, Pleasure, Wealth and Hope forever at his side,

Time seem'd a guardian-angel!—and happiness a guide.

But like some Arab Genii their words were false tho' sweet,

Their Present was enjoyment, but their Future was deceit,

Time hath become a tyrant-chief that leads the follower on

To shout at every step he treads o'er some light vision gone.

And one by one they've pass'd away, as to some far off grave,

Some dark, mysterious sepulchre beneath the ocean's wave;

I gaze around, but all is lone and desolate to me.

And life, bereft of friends most dear, seems an infinity.

Yet now and then a beam of light, a moment such as this,

When I commune with those who feel my memories of bliss,

Will come, as tho' in mercy, to teach me of that time

When freed the soul shall walk those lands eternal and sublime.

Those lands of which we seek the shore beyond the welkin blue,

With its beacon light of planet isles forever shining through,

And there at last all troubles o'er, with wings in calmness furled,

The weary spirit may repose far in that better world.

S. C.

ANNA TAYLOR.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER V.

"The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the maiden is desolate now."

THE wedding day came at length, the publications had been duly read, and everything was in readiness for the double marriage. Some little difficulty, however, arose about the place in which the festivities were to be kept up. Mr. Taylor had made great preparations at his spacious dwelling for the union of his only daughter and her friend, but aunt Clare persisted in the affectionate desire, which she had all the time expressed, to see her niece married beneath the family roof tree. It was settled at last that Anna Clare should be married early in the evening at the old farm-house, and that, directly after the ceremony, the whole company should repair to Mr. Taylor's, witness the second union, and celebrate both weddings together at the more stately house of the rich man, and that both parties would start the next morning on a bridal tour. These arrangements were settled by the old people almost exclusively. Anna Clare was only desirous that her aunt should be made happy in any way that pleased her best—and for the first time in her life Miss Taylor seemed perfectly indifferent to the display that was to be made where she was a principal object. Once or twice she had even attempted to combat her father's resolution to invite a large company, but, finding him firm, yielded the point and allowed things to take their own course.

It was a glorious spring morning, and we were all out in the fields gathering blossoms to decorate the bridal rooms. The brides, the bridegrooms and several of our village friends all were together as we went through the fields. At length we dispersed; some went into an orchard where the trees were laden with apple blossoms—some kept the open fields and were lost to sight among the violet hollows, and by some accident I was left alone on the edge of the Wintergreen woods with the bland sunshine falling over me like a blessing, and the sweet south wind circling me with the warm light, and sighing around me balmy with the breath which had stolen from the orchard blossoms, and the thousand wild flowers that flushed the turf all around. Still was I very sorrowful. A presentiment of ill hung upon my spirit which no reason could subdue. The beauty of that spring morning, the merry laughter which came ringing cheerily out from the distant orchard—where Warren was

breaking down the flowering branches for a troop of girls that glanced in and out through the green foliage—all served only to deepen the almost supernatural gloom that hung upon me. But why should this be? All was joyful—everything around me bright with spring beauty—why should gloom hang over me alone? I asked these questions again and again. I reasoned earnestly with my own spirit and could answer nothing. But still the gloom was there, and that strange depression which has never yet failed to warn me of approaching sorrow, clung around me like a garment.

I entered the woods and pursued the footpath winding through its green shadows toward the river. There was a place where the bank had broken away years before, leaving a little grassy ravine which opened to the water. Just in this pretty hollow grew a tuft of some strange plant, bearing a profusion of delicate white blossoms which I happened to remember must be in full bloom.

"They will be so chaste and beautiful for Anna's hair to-night," I murmured to myself with a strange effort to shake off the depression which still hung about me, and hastening my steps with the new impulse which a recollection of the flowers had created, I followed the footpath through the woods which led me to the old moss-grown log, mentioned before in this narrative. It was green almost as the sward on which it lay; for the soft spring moss was shooting up from the dark fibres matted more thickly every year since it had fallen, and the sunshine flung out each varied tint with beautiful effect. Not three feet from this log was a clump of young hemlocks entangled with a ragged thorn-bush, which overhung the little ravine that I was seeking, and completely concealed it on that side.

The hollow had not been touched by the sun that morning, and a drop of dew hung trembling in every one of the white and starry flowers that I sought. They looked so life-like and pure in the thick grass that I was reluctant to pull them at once, and sitting down on a fragment of rock bedded in the turf, unconsciously dropped once more into a train of mournful thoughts. I do not know what length of time elapsed, but I was aroused by the sound of voices coming through the thicket overhead, and it seemed as if some persons were standing by the old log close beyond, for the shadow of two persons, a male and female, broke the network of sunshine flung through the hemlock boughs on the opposite bank. In the moody state of mind which oppressed me I had a nervous dread of company, and began to gather the blossoms in haste, determined to steal up the gorge unnoticed,

and return home. But my hand had scarcely reached the first snowy tuft when it was arrested by the voice of Anna Taylor.

"Why should you doubt what I have told you so often?" it said, "did she not remain obstinate in her resentment till my letter arrived, informing her of your worth and station? Had love softened her pride—why did it not exhibit itself when you sought an explanation hurriedly, so strenuously? Had you remained the poor dependant her dignity would have held out longer I fancy!"

There was a reply, but so subdued that I could neither distinguish the words, nor make myself quite certain of the person who spoke. But the next instant Anna spoke again slowly, and with distinct emphasis.

"If such are your doubts, such your feelings, we have but to say farewell here, and after to-morrow, forever. I can witness your sacrifice and go firmly through my own."

Again there was a reply, but though I heard the language, the voice that uttered it was so tremulous with struggling passions, that it sounded perfectly strange.

"No, Anna no, I cannot give you up! If I forget conscience, honor, everything—your love so wild, so passionate, and your glorious beauty must be my excuse!"

My eyes were fixed on the shadows, and though the two speakers remained hidden, their motions were revealed to me. An arm was flung around the female—both shadows were lost in one in an instant—then they flung far apart and disappeared altogether, as if some sudden fright had separated them.

Who were they—rather who was *he*? I sprang up, caught a branch of the hemlock, and tried to climb the steep bank. The leaves and bark stripped off in my hand—I fell back, staggered dizzily a moment, and sprang towards the opening of the hollow, determined to confront the speakers, or at least satisfy myself as to their identity. But I had scarcely advanced three paces when the woods became tumultuous with merry laughter, quick, eager footsteps sounded lightly on the turf, and when I emerged from the gorge, Anna Taylor was surrounded by a group of girls laughing and talking carelessly as the most gleeful among them. Warren was by her side, and for the first time, almost, in my life, I observed that his brow was clouded, and his whole appearance restless and dissatisfied. I looked for Kenworthy. He was standing a little apart, bantering lightly with one of the girls remarkable for her *petite* prettiness, who gave out a silvery laugh every time she sprang up to snatch the branch of wild cherry blossoms, which he had

taken from her and was holding out of reach. It was not till a shower of white leaves was shaken off in the contest, that Kenworthy resigned the hand and gave me a view of his face. It was flushed, and his dark eyes glittered with wild excitement. That might have been from exercise. Again, all was doubt and suspicion in my mind. But I was determined to hear his voice while the passionate tones I had just listened to were yet lingering in my ear. I approached him quietly.

"I do not see Anna Clare," I said, with all the indifference it was possible for one so anxious to assume. "Have you left her in the orchard—or has she returned home?"

It might have been fancy, and if he did start when the name of his bride was uttered, it was almost imperceptibly.

"Miss Clare," he said, looking about as if to make himself certain that she was not in the group, "I don't know, indeed—we thought you had wandered away together. Have you been long in the woods?"

There was something anxious in the expression of his face, as he asked the question that renewed my doubts. I also saw that Anna Taylor, who was gradually drawing toward us, had left off talking and seemed to be listening for my answer, though her face was turned another way.

"I was down in the bottom garden ten minutes, perhaps more," I said, pointing to the clump of hemlocks.

Anna Taylor turned quickly, gave me one keen glance and moved away, not before I had caught a full view of her face. I had never seen it so pale but once before, and that was when Anna Clare was taken lifeless from the water in those very woods.

After a moment's hesitation she walked toward the hemlocks, and looking down into the hollow through the branches, came back again.

"Those lovely white flowers," she said, drawing me aside, "I should like some for my hair to night. Let us stroll away and get them."

She put her arm through mine and we went down into the hollow together. Anna seated herself on the rock I had so lately occupied, and began to gather the blossoms into her lap.

"And so you heard all our little quarrel," she said with a forced laugh, bending down till her face was entirely concealed.

"How—what quarrel?" I replied, completely surprised out of all presence of mind.

"Now, you only make strange of it to save my feelings, I know," she said, plucking up a tuft of blossoms by the root, and busying herself in untangling a strawberry vine that had grown with

them. "Pray don't mention it to the girls. They would make fine gossip of a dispute on my wedding day, but Warren is so unreasonable at times—"

"Warren!" said I, "was it Mr. Warren you were talking with?"

"Why, who else can you suppose it was?" she replied quickly.

"I don't know, Heaven only *does* know what you are about, Anna, but the language I heard was not such as you would be likely to use with Mr. Warren."

"I believe people are not very particular what language they employ in a lover's quarrel," she replied with some impatience, "I don't know the words that I said, nor could you have heard half that I really did say, down here, and through these thick hemlocks, unless indeed you took some especial pains for the purpose."

I saw by the expression of her eye—for now she looked in my face—that she was only attempting to learn the extent of my knowledge by this half charge.

"I heard enough—and very unwillingly—to render me unhappy with doubt, nothing more," I said gravely, "I do not know who the person was," here her eyes brightened and she drew a quick breath—"but for Anna Clare's sake—for your sake—I hope that it was Mr. Warren, as you say, and only a foolish love quarrel."

"It was nothing else, believe me!—but hark, they are calling for us all through the woods—let us make haste and put these lovely flowers in water, or they will be quite withered before evening." The strange girl gathered up her silk apron as she arose, and the next moment was exhibiting the snowy blossoms it contained to the troop of friends that had for several minutes been loudly calling our names, and warning us that it was time to go home.

"Perfectly beautiful—don't you think so?" Anna was addressing Mr. Kenworthy, and holding up her apron that he might admire the contents. He bent his head as if to inhale the fragrance which stole up from the mass of blossoms. I watched them keenly, and was certain that a few low words passed between them. Warren stood aloof, moody and silent, the very feature of a warm hearted man forced into a quarrel on his wedding day.

As we were returning home through the meadows, Anna Clare joined us from a footpath leading to the burial-ground. A serene and not unpleasant sadness seemed hanging about the sweet girl, but when she caught Kenworthy's eye, her face beamed all over with sudden smiles, and moving slightly forward she took his arm and

enquired very gently if he had noticed or regretted her absence from the party. The answer was murmured in a low voice, but after the first glance, the eyes of the bridegroom avoided those of the bride all the way home.

The evening came at last. Every nook and corner of that old farm house was brilliant with lighted candles. They glanced on the neatly waxed tables, the chest of drawers looming to the ceiling, the high backed chairs and the striped carpets that decorated the parlor and out-room. Evergreens were woven about the sashes with apple blossoms and crimson maple branches, till even the kitchen was fragrant as a garden. The snow-ball trees and lilacs in the front yard, beautiful with the first delicate garniture of their young leaves, were bathed in a flood of light that streamed through the front windows, and a huge old lamp in the hall sent a flood of brightness down the door yard walk beyond the gate, where a new carriage and a pair of beautiful greys which Kenworthy had ordered from the city, stood ready to convey the bridegroom and his bride to the second wedding.

Aunt Clare had been dressed since three o'clock, and there she sat in her favorite corner, in a dress of gray silk taken from the chest of drawers for the first time in twenty years, and with a bow of white satin riband looping back the transparent borders of her cap from one temple, just enough to reveal a glimpse of the smooth gray hair parted beneath. Now and then, one who had noticed the good old maid closely, might have seen the kerchief of snowy lace rise and fall slowly upon the bosom it covered, as if she had striven to suppress a sigh which was but rendered more painful by the effort. Once or twice, when she thought herself quite alone, tears came stealing one by one down her cheek, but if a footstep approached, she would take off her spectacles, and wipe the glasses hastily on the folded handkerchief in her lap. The minister—he who had read the burial service of Anna White—came in as I was remarking these movements from the opposite room, where I had gone for the last time, to be certain that everything was ready for the ceremony.

It was earlier than his hour, but our minister knew something of the human heart, and felt, perhaps, that his support might be required by an old and lone woman, about to part with the only object of her earthly love, even if the bereavement did come in the form of a splendid alliance. He took the old maid's hand, she tried to smile, but the tears rained thick and fast from behind her spectacles, and as I went up stairs again her sobs came to my ear mingled with the mild low voice of our minister. There was something very touching in the sound, it was the very tenderness of grief, and

I was walking slowly up stairs, almost in tears myself, when the door of Mr. Kenworthy's room opened and he looked out. I was struck with the pallor of his face which, contrasted with the unusual brilliancy burning in his eyes, gave a sort of wildness to his appearance that startled me.

"Who was it that just came in?" he enquired, and I could hear that his breath came thick and unsteadily.

"The minister," I said, trying to smile.

"And where does all that sound of weeping come from?"

"It is aunt Clare, poor old woman, you know Anna is all the relative she has on earth."

My words, simple as they were, seemed to agitate him greatly. He leaned against the door-frame and pressed a hand to his forehead.

"Are you ill?" I inquired, terrified by the expression of his mouth.

He dropped his hand.

"What makes you think so?" he said, forcing a languid smile.

"You are very pale, and—and——"

"Oh! it is only this white waistcoat," he said, hastily interrupting me, and thrusting his hand beneath the garment of snowy silk that covered his bosom, he broke off with a start, for that instant there was a bustle in the hall, the gleam of white garments passing through, and the next moment Anna Taylor came hurriedly up the stairs with her bonnet on, and a black silk cloak flung over her bridal dress. Kenworthy looked earnestly at her as she came up; she returned his glance, reached forth her hand, and it seemed to me that he must have wrung it painfully.

"Warren will be here in an hour," she said, "I came early in order to be useful." Again I saw him press her hand before we passed on to the bridal chamber.

Pure as the mind of its beautiful owner was that chamber in the old farm-house. Drapery white and as if woven from drifted snow hung in a cloud over the bed, and was wreathed about the windows in a thousand wavy folds, with wild cherry blossoms and such spring garlands only as had no tinge of color to stain their bridal whiteness. The room was full of soft and delicious fragrance; and the fresh night wind which came sighing through the curtains only served to shake new odor from the opening buds entangled there.

Anna Clare was standing before a looking-glass weaving the starry blossoms we had gathered for her in the morning among the braids of black hair coiled around her head—she dropped some of the flowers when we entered and met Anna Taylor near the door.

"I am so glad you came early," she said, throwing her arms around Anna Taylor's neck, and pressing the damask cheek now half averted with her lips. "How you tremble, Anna, I did not dream that you would be frightened. I thought it was only silly, timid creatures like me that gave way to nervousness at such times. Come set down and let me take off your cloak and bonnet."

Anna Taylor sat down with her face from the light, and she seemed to breathe with difficulty.

"Not yet," she said, resisting Anna Clare's attempt to untie her bonnet, "my hair is arranged very nicely, and we had better not put in the flowers till it is time to go down, they wither so easily."

"Well stand up and take off your cloak," I said, "we should all be dressed alike, you know, so let us see if everything is in keeping."

She hesitated a moment, then flung aside the cloak and stood forth where the light could fall on the rich folds of her satin dress: never did my eyes rest on a creature so magnificently beautiful. The color upon her cheek was like that of a ripe peach: there was an unsettled brilliancy in her eyes that made them perfectly overpowering.

"How beautiful you are," said Anna Clare, stepping back, more fully to admire the superb girl, "it is no wonder Warren loves you so. How proud he will be of you, and how much of happiness you will both know in the old homestead."

That rich color came and went on Anna Taylor's cheek, and her lips trembled: she made a broken answer and really seemed so much embarrassed with thoughts of the solemn ceremony drawing nearer every moment, that her usual self-possession had entirely departed.

Anna Clare turned to the toilet which stood beneath the little mirror, and a shade of sweet mournfulness stole over her face as she took a bouquet of violets from a glass and divided it into three parts with her trembling fingers.

"Some might think it a gloomy omen," she said with a faint smile, "that this, the day of our friend's marriage, should be the anniversary of Anna White's death."

A superstitious thrill shot through my frame. I had forgotten the mournful cause, and yet shadows, mournful and gloomy, had been hanging about me all day long as if my soul were faithful to the dead in spite of an imperfect memory. Anna Taylor started and trembled, the color entirely forsook her face, and she sat down shading its changes with her hand.

"To me now," continued Anna Clare, "it is a beautiful thought that you and I, her dearest friends, should have our earthly love sanctified and rendered

more holy on the anniversary of that day when she was admitted to the perfect love of heaven. I thought of it all the morning while I was at her grave—and it seems to me as if she were here even now—her blessed spirit I mean—rejoicing in our happiness, and in the true faith we have kept with each other.”

The sweet girl paused a moment, and tears, not unhappy ones, trembled through her eye-lashes as she gazed upon the violets, as if the spirit of our friend were lingering amid their beauties.

“You remember,” she said, and now the tears seemed to flow back into her soft voice, “you remember the day when we sat together on the old rock after you and I, dear Anna Taylor, had been a little unkind to each other. The day when I first saw Mr. Kenworthy,” again she paused—a faint tinge came to her cheek, and a smile lighted up the tears that still lingered in her eyes.

“Do you remember your words that day, Anna?”

“Now, Heaven be merciful to me as I am faithful to you. I can never forget them, for they seemed to me a very solemn comfort, a kind of vow which I repeated to my own heart, and promised to keep likewise, not for a day or an hour, but till death. I shall never forget that day or that promise—how could I? It was then that I saw him for the first time in my life, who is to me now more a thousand times than life itself. It was that day—as if whole years of existence were to be crowded upon me at once—that I lay trembling for hours upon the verge of another world. You remember how ill I was—but no one would believe how new, how beautiful existence became to me after that day. I thought of you a great deal in my illness, Anna, and when you were so kind and watchful I reproached myself continually for having said anything to irritate you—so the moment I was well enough to go out I went to the old rock on my way to Anna White’s grave. You remember the violets that choke up the little hollow close by, they were the first things that I saw after sitting down to rest in our old place. I gathered some of the roots and planted them on the upper part of poor Anna’s grave, just above the spot where her heart rested. While I was pressing the turf around the roots, the thoughts of your words on the rock came to my mind very forcibly, and I repeated them aloud, as if the dear sleeper below would witness the promise for me. When I came away it seemed as if I had written that promise in sweet blossoms on the heart of our departed friend, and as if the violets I had planted would perish in her dust if you or I ever broke the pledge we had given.”

I could see through the tears that filled my own eyes, that the hand which Anna Taylor held to her

face shook violently: she shrunk back and shuddered in the great easy chair, but our companion went on without looking up or seeming to notice her terrible agitation.

“This morning when you were all in search of flowers I thought of my violets, and went to the grave-yard. We had kept our promise, and my conscience told me that some few might be in blossom for our wedding day. You will hardly believe how important they seemed, or how still my heart kept with anxiety as I drew near the burial-ground. The yellow sunshine fell about the grave, but the top was all wet with dew, for the head-stone had flung its shadow there till deep in the morning. I knelt down and parted the thick grass with my hands. They trembled at first, and I could not see very distinctly, for I had begun to weep without knowing it. I shook the tears away and saw the whole grave flushed with violets in full blossom, and wet with dew which still hung in drops all over their leaves. When I parted the grass the sunshine fell upon them, and it seemed as if they had been weeping all night for the dead, and now broke into a smile of welcome to our wedding day. I gathered these, amid the sun and dew. We have kept our promise and need not fear them over our hearts to-night.”

The lovely girl closed the thick lashes that trembled over her cheeks an instant when she ceased speaking, and coming close to me with a smile, placed a few of the violets in my bosom. Then turning to Anna Taylor, who still sat shrinking back in her chair, she dropped on one knee, and was about to perform the same office for her sister bride: but the moment Anna Taylor felt the damp leaves touch her neck, she started up with an exclamation that was almost a cry of terror, and pushed the gentle girl away. She saw our looks of amazement, and evidently made a strong effort to conquer her agitation.

“Not now,” she said, “not yet. You know I am a little superstitious.”

At that instant the old kitchen clock warned us of the little time we had to spare. In half an hour we should be called for the ceremony. Anna Taylor stopped speaking, and stood pale and motionless while the eight rusty strokes were clanging through the house. The pause seemed to have given her composure and strength. She took the violets from Anna Clare with a strange smile, and stepping to the mirror looked in as if anxious about the expression of her face.

“I will put them in by and bye,” she said, taking up her cloak. “I must go down and see if father has come. He promised to bring my pearl bracelet.”

"But we shall wear no pearls," I said, "and we were to dress entirely alike, you know."

"True," she replied, with that strange smile again, folding the cloak about her, "I had forgotten, but still I must get the bracelet, or father may injure it in his pocket."

"See how you are crushing the violets in your hand," I said hastily, for she had indeed clenched the frail things so tightly that they must have stained her glove.

"Have I?" she said, unclasping her fingers so abruptly that the flowers fell to the carpet. She bent as if to gather them up, then hastily rising, drew the cloak over her dress again, and said with the same wan smile I had noticed so often during the evening—"you will have time to arrange them again before I come back."

She waited for no answer but left the room, closing the door after her, and walking very fast so long as we heard her footsteps in the passage. We drew on our gloves and sat down—Anna in the chair her sister bride had just occupied; and I against the open window, every moment expecting the return of our friend. It might not have been more than fifteen minutes, though it seemed a full hour, when a carriage swept up to the gate, and after lifting the window drapery a little I saw a young man spring out and come up the yard with a light step, which could not be mistaken.

"It is Warren," I said, drawing near to Anna Clare. "His bride must come up now or she will hardly be in time."

"I suppose she wishes to be with her father as long as possible," said Anna, while the faint hue of her cheek glowed to a rich damask, for she heard Warren's step on the staircase, and knew that he was going to Kenworthy's room. We heard another soft step approaching our door. "She is coming now," said Anna, rising as the door was gently pushed open.

No—it was aunt Clare come to bless her child before she became another's forever. How mild, and yet how expressive of troubled fondness was that aged face as it bent over the blushing girl. No word was spoken, though the lips with which the old woman touched the forehead of her child quivered as if the affections of her whole being were pressing for utterance.

"Bless me, aunt!" said the sweet bride, "there is no one on earth to bless me but you."

"God bless you, my child," said the old woman in a voice that was low, but strangely distinct, "God will bless you!"

Anna lifted her arms as if to clasp the neck of her relative: but the old lady put her gently back, for she hoard steps in the passage—quick steps—

those of a man eager to reach his destination; and aunt Clare was not a woman to indulge in scenes in the presence of persons who might not understand them.

There was a hurried knock, the door flew open on the instant, and Warren stood flushed and panting on the threshold. He gave a sharp glance round the chamber.

"Not here—where is she? where is *he*—Miss Taylor I mean?" he added turning unfortunately first to aunt Clare, and then to me.

"She is below with her father," I said.

"She is *not* below, nor is *he* in his chamber!"

Before we could speak he had rushed down stairs—there was a tumult of voices below; lights flashing through the yard and down the street. Deacon Taylor rushed into the chamber without knocking and out again; the tumult grew louder, and a carriage whirled from the gate—and there stood that lone woman, with Anna Clare in her arms, mute as a statue, and almost as white. The bride had fainted perhaps; no one could tell; for if we approached her the poor aunt would wave us off with one hand, and gather that pale head to her bosom with the other, and poor Anna lay there like a babe stricken with death in its mother's embrace.

We left the room, one and all, for aunt Clare turned her face toward the door with a pleading look as if she desired to be alone.

When I returned again the house was deserted and still as the grave. I crept up stairs with a heavy heart. The door to Kenworthy's room was open, and I went in. He had taken nothing with him, not even his dressing-case. The light which he had been using was not one-fourth consumed, and since it had been kindled had sacrificed the happiness of a human being. Strange—strange that the destiny of an immortal soul may be sealed forever in less time than is occupied in burning out a farthing candle!

I went to the bridal chamber: the windows were still open, and every gush of air that swept through came laden with fragrance. Lights were burning in the heavy silver candlesticks which stood on the toilet as we had left them hours before, but the wicks were long and crusted on the top, and they flared dismally as I opened the door and let in a fresh current of air.

Not a sound was in the room. It seemed like a death chamber, for there upon the snowy bed lay a human form rigid as marble, and to appearance quite as lifeless. I knew that it was Anna Clare, by the gleam of her satin dress which lay around her heavily and still, like the marble folds which an artist sometimes throws over his recumbent

statues. I went around the bed—for she was lying on one side—and bent over the sufferer. Her eyes were partly closed, the lids perfectly motionless, and the entire face so cold, that I should have thought her dead but for the bright vermilion tinge on her lips. I listened for her breath, there was no sound or motion—how like it all was to dissolution save that unnatural tinge of red—the star-like flowers seemed frozen in her hair, and the violets lay upon her bosom as if they had been taken back and flung upon the tomb-stone. No breath heaved them from whose shelter they were gathered, or gave one flutter to their dark leaves—there they reposed, purple and still, over the heart which had throbbled so fondly but a few hours before. The bridal gloves were still on the small and lifeless hands—the snow white slippers on her feet. It seemed as if they had dressed out a corpse in mockery, and laid it upon Anna Clare's bridal bed.

After a time it seemed to me that the violets moved. It might have been a breath of air passing over them, but once more I bent down agonized with suspense, pressed those crimson lips with my own, and shrunk back with a shudder. They were moist and cold. That vivid red was a ridge of blood that had welled up to her mouth, drop by drop, even when she did not seem to breathe.

I looked about terrified by the loneliness that surrounded me. I heard some one coming up the yard, enter the hall, and ascend the stairs with a mournful and measured step. It was poor aunt Clare. She had been forth alone in search of a doctor, for in the confusion, all her neighbors had left the house supposing that enough to comfort the sufferers remained above stairs. The doctor was absent, and the poor old woman came back as she supposed to her solitary watch. She moved round to where I was standing, and taking the sufferer's hand drew off the glove and pressed it to her lips and forehead and withered cheek. Then laying it softly on the bed she drew me close to her side.

"Is it not written," she said, in a solemn voice, "that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation. Thirty years ago I lay as she does now, with a crushed heart, smitten to the earth, lifeless as she is. I awoke with the energies and hopes of my being paralyzed, weary and broken—with no future but the grave—no powers of feeling which the events of life could arouse for an instant. I was betrayed like her, and they who wronged me were her father and my own sister—an! now—now what am I? a poor whimsical old maid—alone—alone, for she is dying, and I have nothing left to love or hate."

The old woman fell upon her knees and wept, till the sound of her grief filled the chamber.

"Do not give way so—she will recover, she moved a moment since—this is not death!" I said, with a desperate effort to give consolation.

"God forbid that she ever breathes again," said the old woman lifting her face, which gleamed out stern and solemn through the tears that bedewed it. "Girl, girl, you little know what it is to creep broken-hearted to the grave through a lapse of dull weary years. Your soul drained of its best affections, bereft of all faith in human virtue—unloving—unloved. Oh, God! it is misery, that, when life is darkened, it will yet cling to you. Kneel down, child, clasp your hand with mine and pray that the heart of that good young creature may break at once! Oh, it is a dreadful fate to feel its strings withering up one by one—a weary, weary, fate—and pray for me, girl—for the old maid. It would be a happy thing if we could both go together. We have never been apart since she was a little helpless child. What can I do when she is gone?"

"Aunt," murmured a faint voice from the bed, "don't mourn so—I shall be better soon—don't, don't." Anna Clare opened her meek eyes and struggled feebly to rise, but she fell back faint and helpless again.

But why should my pen dwell upon that painful scene, why describe the feebleness that crept over the poor old maid as she followed her child to the grave, her life ebbing away step by step with the failing strength of my poor friend as a shadow diminishes with the substance? I am sad and agitated with dwelling on the mournful history.

The next year I stood alone on the old trysting rock—stood alone by the graves of Anna White and Anna Clare. They were side by side, the same willow overshadowed the head stones, and the violets had crept from one grave to the other and woven a network of blossoms over both alike, and a few stray plants were spreading over the resting place of poor aunt Clare, for the graves were close together, and nothing but the dates cut deep in the marble slabs mark the difference between the weary and the broken-hearted.

Since that terrible wedding night I have seen Anna Taylor and her husband, how and where I have no heart to say here. Enough, that the retribution of their own acts was following them close and sure. At some future time, perhaps, when Anna Taylor is dead and her history complete, the rest may be written.

Warren! they tell me he has returned to his native village and settled down in the homestead. That the oak grove rings with the shouts of chil-

dren at play, and that a sweet young matron is sometimes seen leaning upon his arm on a spring morning when the orchards are in bloom, or sauntering idly at sunset by the "trout stream woods," while the children are gathering young winter-green on the knolls, or treading down the broken leaves in search of ground-birds nests.

WILT THOU THINK OF ME.

BY A. M. CLARKE.

WHEN the purple dawn streaks the eastern hills,
And the bright stars fade in the azure sky;
When the morning dew through the flower distills,
Like the tears that start in glad beauty's eye—
When the glorious sun casts his beams around,
And wakes by his light Nature's song of glee;
When the birds and flowers mingle sweets and sounds
To gladden thy heart—wilt thou think of me?

When the spring appears, and the zephyrs creep
Through the shady vales where the violets glow;
When the summer comes and absorb'd in sleep,
Are the voice of birds and the streamlets flow;
When the yellow leaf and the fading flowers
Show the marks of autumn's touch to thee—
When the chilling blast of the wintry hours
O'er the landscape sweeps—wilt thou think of me?

When thy hopes are fair, and thy hours are bright,
And thy thoughts are tinged with the glow of love;
When thy bosom feels the thrill of delight,
And all around thee in gladness move—
When the scene shall change, and sadness and gloom
From thy heart shall take all its lightness and gleam;
When thou fain would'st rest in the friendly tomb—
In thy joy and grief—wilt thou think of me?

When my wanderings cease, and my time is o'er,
And my head shall rest the green turf below;
When each pulse is still, and my heart no more
Feels the thrill of joy, or the throb of woe,
When this aching breast shall forget to weep,
And my thoughts no more can revert to thee—
When my eyes are closed in a dreamless sleep,
May I know that thou wilt remember me?

THE TOILETTE.

BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

BEAUTEOUS as Dian on the summer hills
Winding her silver horn at early day—
What soft emotion in thy bosom thrills,
To bid thee pause? Is he, the loved, away
In battle-field, or toss'd on ocean's breast?
Or has he left thee but an hour before
After his lion-heart its love confess'd?
Thy cheek the rosy blushes cover o'er,
And fast and wild I see thy pure heart beat—
"T is this—ah! sleep and dream, for love's young dream
is ever sweet.

VILLAGE LIFE.

BY MISS CHRISTIAN HANSON.

Village Life! How many pleasing ideas does the term call up in the fervid imagination—peace, purity, cheerfulness, simplicity, kindness, rural scenes and rustic sports. The words have magic power. The chord of feeling is touched and sweetly will it vibrate beneath the hand of the magician, fancy. Hallowed by the muse of Goldsmith and of Crabbe, village life is decked with images the most delightful. It rises up before us even as they have painted it: the holiest, kindest feelings live in their pages: the religious, the domestic, the neighborly virtues shine brightest there. The village church—the village school—the village green! Sweet thoughts of gentleness and love are ye a dream? Do ye exist only in the pure minds which have so sweetly shadowed ye forth? Ah! how often has the inhabitant of the busy city, worn with the cares of the world, yearned for your peaceful joys, dear village life? How often has the member of refined society, satiated with gaiety, longed for a retreat, which he thinks can only be found among your shades! Yea! the mourner over past joys—the man or the woman who has seen the fleeting wealth of this world depart, seeks for obscurity and happiness in village life.

THE SWISS GIRL.

BY ANNA WEARTON.

SHE stands among her native hills,
But from her azure eyes
The sad and patient soul looks out
As twilight in the skies,
She thinks not of her native cot,
Or sheep-fold in the vale,
Or merry sisters round the hearth,
When beats the wintry hail.

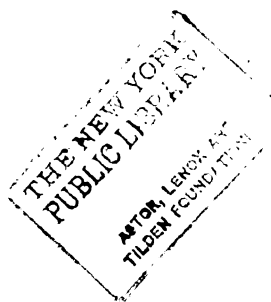
They say she daily climbs the height,
To muse and look alone,
O'er winding vale and snowy hill
Toward the far-off Rhone!
For there her lover toils for wealth
In plains of gay Champagne,—
It is her dream to see him first
When he returns again.

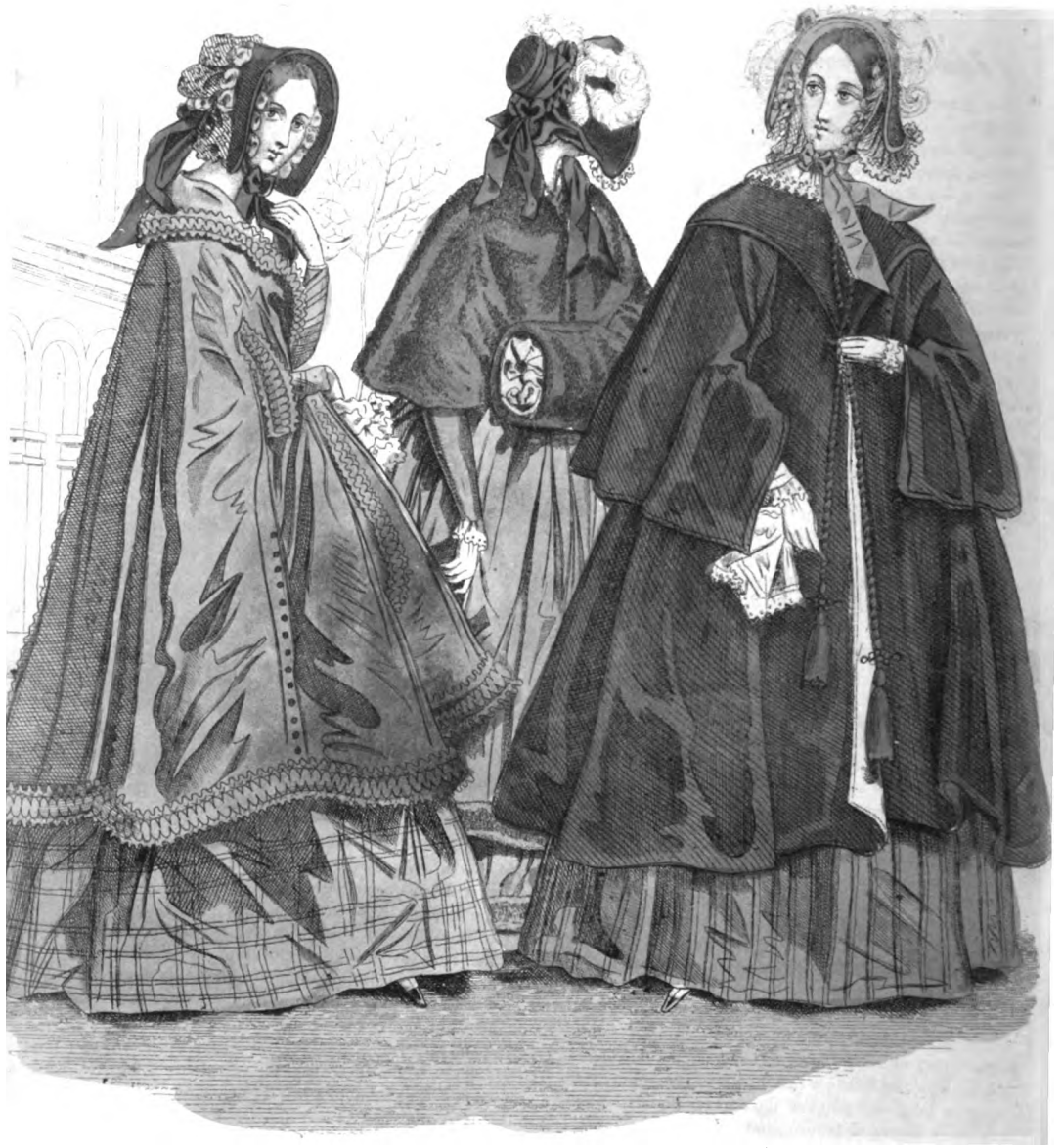
Dream on!—for faithful to his vow,
He nightly turns his eyes
To where the faint but rosy east
Tells of his Alpine skies.
Dream on!—he longs for thee, sweet girl,
As ring-dove for his nest,
And soon the wand'rer shall return
To love, and home, and rest!



Sheep Girl.

ENGRAVED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE.





Fashions for December 1843

Engraved for the Lady's National Magazine.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

WE give this month, in our colored plate, further out-of-door costumes for winter, appending below descriptions of the newest styles for morning and evening in-door dresses.

FIG. I.—A PROMENADE DRESS of plaid green silk, over which is worn a mouse colored manteau, the bottom of which is edged with a vandyke trimming. The armlets, and a sort of hood, turned down and lined with crimson, are also trimmed in this manner. Bonnet of dark purple velvet, trimmed outside with roses and black lace, and ornamented in the interior with roses.

FIG. II.—A PROMENADE DRESS of rich brown color, trimmed with two bands of fur around the skirt. Tight sleeves, adorned with lace cuffs. A rich fur cape and muff to match the color of the dress, and a velvet bonnet a shade darker trimmed with marabouts complete this beautiful and fashionable walking dress.

FIG. III.—A PROMENADE DRESS of striped blue silk, over which is worn a black or purple velvet cloak, with wide hanging sleeves over the armlets. The cloak is lined with white silk. Bonnet of a deep rich blue, trimmed with black lace and crimson buds inside and light blue marabouts outside.

AN EVENING DRESS.—A very elegant style of evening dress has just appeared in Paris, composed of rich white *glace* silk, shot with French grey; the jupe trimmed with three rows of broad open-worked *point d'Alecon* lace, placed at regular distances, so as to give it the appearance of broad tucks. The corsage and short sleeve is made to fit close to the figure; the former being encircled with a *berthe*, and the latter entirely covered with two deep falls of the same description of lace as that which decorates the skirt. The coiffure is gracefully arranged with a *nœud* of French grey ribbon, placed on the left side of the head.

A CARRIAGE DRESS.—We have also received the pattern of a Carriage Dress peculiarly appropriate for the season. The dress is composed of blue cloth of the richest quality; the corsage a *l'Amazone* being high, fitting close to the figure, and having lappels to fall back in the front; it has, however, no collar; the waist is long and pointed, the corners being slanted off; it is fastened before, and as far as the lappel reaches, has two rows of gold buttons; the sleeves are tight nearly to the wrist, it is then widened so as to form an open cuff, from beneath which is seen a double ruffle; there are four gold buttons on the sleeve between the wrist and elbow; the cuffs and lappels are trimmed with rich blue velvet; the skirt is long and very full, and is simply ornamented with five rows of velvet up the front. The front of the bonnet is open, long and rounded at the ears; it has a wreath of the most delicate blue flowers, placed high and far back toward the crown; the interior has *brides* of blonde, interspersed with blue flowers to correspond with those which ornament the exterior.

BALL DRESSES.—Many very beautiful patterns for ball-dresses have come out since our last report,

and, in our next number, in season for the winter assemblies, we shall give full details of the newest ball costumes. Generally we may say that crapes and *bareges* are the materials most in favor. We cannot do better than cite the following as being of the latest fashion and most *distingue* appearance. A dress of white crape, a *double jupe*, the under skirt trimmed with a fulling of green silk, which encircles the top of the hem, and is repeated upon the edge of the upper skirt ascending *en tablier* up the front, very short sleeves, open and embroidered all round, *corsage a la grecque*, similarly embroidered round the shoulders; in order to complete this *toilette* it is necessary that the *coiffure* should be extremely simple, and without any other ornament than a gold and green ribbon. The other dress is composed of pink *barege*, embroidered in white silk, the *jupe* being encircled with a light embroidery, the front breadth of the skirt being entirely covered by a similar one reaching up to the point of the corsage. The second skirt is made very much shorter, and open in the front, the sides of which are ornamented with embroidered facings, a wreath of embroidery running round the edge *pareille* to the one on the under skirt; the sleeves are made large and very short, being exquisitely and delicately embroidered, as well as the *corsage a tunique*. The head dress is simply composed of a branch of pale pink and white roses, rendering this the most graceful *toilette* that the present season has produced. We have also remarked that *organdie* is becoming a favorite material for this kind of dress; for instance, nothing can be prettier than one in white, a *demi jupe*, both of which *jupes* are embroidered, the upper one being trimmed with a splendid lace.

EVENING DRESSES.—These are all the vogue. They are worn over ball-dresses or at the theatres—the form of them being of the most *distingue* character, but what strikes us principally is the manner in which they are trimmed. Above all they have some resemblance to the shape of a large *camail*, and are composed, that is to say the exterior, of satin, lined with *florence*, with the addition of a very thin wadding between the two *tissus*. The wadding is then run all round to the lining, and then, with a plain round cord, a pattern is formed, of squares about four *centimetres* in size which may be placed so as to form a double row. The double cord is then attached, a *points devant*, a space of a *millimetre* being left between each square; when this is done all round, the satin is placed over and run down on each side of the cord like quilting; the working in of the silk causes the satin to rise so as to form regular small squares. By the same method the lozenge form can be adopted, with this difference, that the centre of each lozenge is run round till it gradually diminishes in the centre, adding much to the effect. It is needless to observe that this elegant description of mantle will be generally adopted this winter.

CAPS.—The caps most in fashion are the *bonnets a la veille*: they are small, round and plaited, allow of the ear being seen, and show to great advantage the front of the face. Some have *nœuds* of different colored ribbon.

EDITORS' TABLE.

THE fourth volume is now closed. The ensuing one will surpass the present as much as it has surpassed its predecessors. A corps of permanent contributors, selected from the first female writers of America, will monthly adorn our pages, and aid us in making this magazine the *peculiar favorite* of the ladies. We hope to show, during the coming year, what the sex can do to create a literature, that shall at once be elegant, amusing and instructive. For this purpose we shall rely chiefly, if not altogether, on female pens. And we are assured of success because among our permanent contributors will be found writers of every cast of mind, who will sustain alike the variety and merit of our pages.

In the other departments the merit of the magazine shall be fully maintained. For a description of the embellishments to be used we refer to the prospectus. There too will be found presented the reasons why this periodical has gained, and will maintain the reputation of giving the earliest and most correct reports of the fashions. Taste and elegance in attire, we need not say, are indispensable to a lady; and the latest information on dress is a matter of moment to the sex. From the full reports that accompany the plates much benefit may be derived, especially by those residing in the country.

We wish, in conclusion, to every fair reader a happy new year!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

E. H. Butler is the publisher of "The United States Almanac for 1844." In the accuracy and completeness of its statistics this work is without a rival. It embraces information on astronomy, commerce, politics, and a variety of other subjects; and is, in short, a complete compendium of knowledge. The editors are Mr. Downes, late of the N. E. Boundary Survey, and Freeman Hunt, editor of the Merchant's Magazine. Mr. Butler continues the publication of Frost's Pictorial United States, and of the Naval Biography, both excellent works which improve with every number.

J. M. Campbell & Co. has issued the "Errors of Romanism traced to their origin in Human Nature," one of Archbishop Whately's works, which, in these days of theological discussion, will be read with anxiety by all sects. From the same house we have the fourth and fifth numbers of "The Foreign Semi-Monthly Magazine," the latter adorned with a portrait of Espartero.

Harper & Brothers continue the publication of their serials. McCulloch's Gazetteer has advanced to the sixth number. Milman's Gibbon is being published in numbers, of which the first is before us. Hannah More's works appeared in serials from the same house, which is also occupied on Prescott's History of the Conquest of Mexico, a work shortly to appear.

Lea & Blanchard are engaged chiefly in the publication of medical works; but they have issued,

during the month, the second series of Campbell's life of Frederick the Great, as well as a new work by Cooper, entitled "Life Before the Mast." They announce also a new novel in press from the same author.

J. & H. G. Langley will soon publish an illustrated edition of Eliza Cook's poetry. Also a complete edition of Mrs. Ellis's works elegantly embellished. They will also publish an edition of Mackworth Praed's poems, now first collected by the Revs Rufus W. Griswold. The same gentleman, we learn, is engaged in editing a splendid edition of the songs of the late T. H. Bayley.

The Appletons have published "The Rose, or Affection's Gift for 1844," a very beautiful annual, illustrated by ten engravings. They announce Liebig's new work, "Familiar Letters on Chemistry, and its relation to Commerce, Physiology and Agriculture." This house is chiefly occupied, at present, in the publication of religious works.

PUBLISHER'S CARD.

As this is the last number of the volume, subscribers who have paid only to January, 1844, will receive the work no longer unless they intimate their wish to that effect and renew their subscriptions. Clubs will bear in mind that the January number will be ready for mailing early in December, and that no time ought, therefore, to be lost in forwarding names and money. The ensuing volume will be far richer than the present, in both the literary and pictorial departments. We refer to the prospectus.

The premiums offered for procuring subscribers to this work are worth the attention of post-masters, or others who may find it convenient to procure clubs. *What we promise we perform*; and all premiums offered shall be duly sent. We publish our annuals and novels in a way that allows their transmission by mail:—can the same be said of all our cotemporaries?

We wish it distinctly understood that we shall not impose on subscribers by issuing a good number for January only, but that the merit of our work will be sustained throughout the year. We are determined to publish as good a magazine for two dollars as has hitherto been done for three. We have the means to do this, and we intend to use them. A young and vigorous periodical possesses great advantages over an older one, especially over one eaten up by a heavy list of non-paying subscribers.

THE JANUARY NUMBER.

Look out for the January number! It will be *unsurpassed and unsurpassable*. We say this fearlessly. Wait and see!

ANNA TAYLOR.

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